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# SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY,

AN
ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE
FOR THE PEOPLE.

CONDUCTED BY
J. G. HOLLAND.

FROM MAY. 1872, TO OCT 1872.

SCRIBNER & Co.
NEW YORK.

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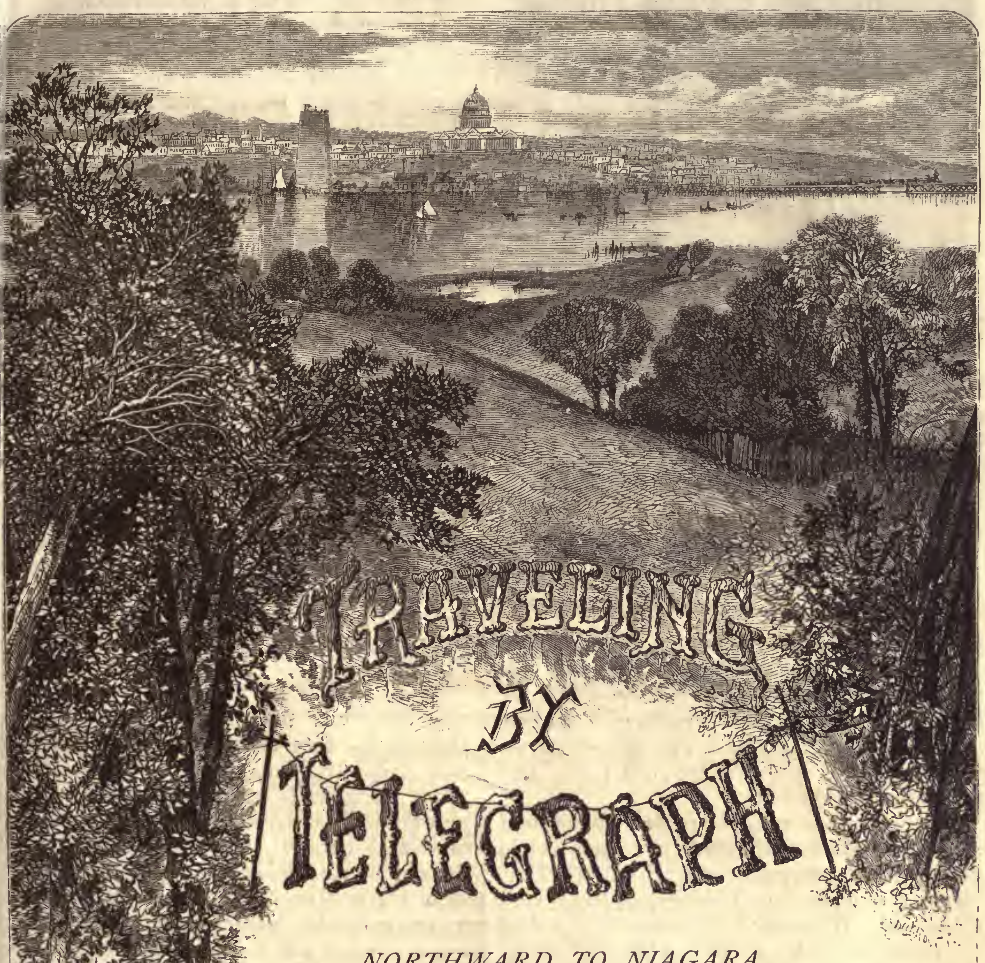
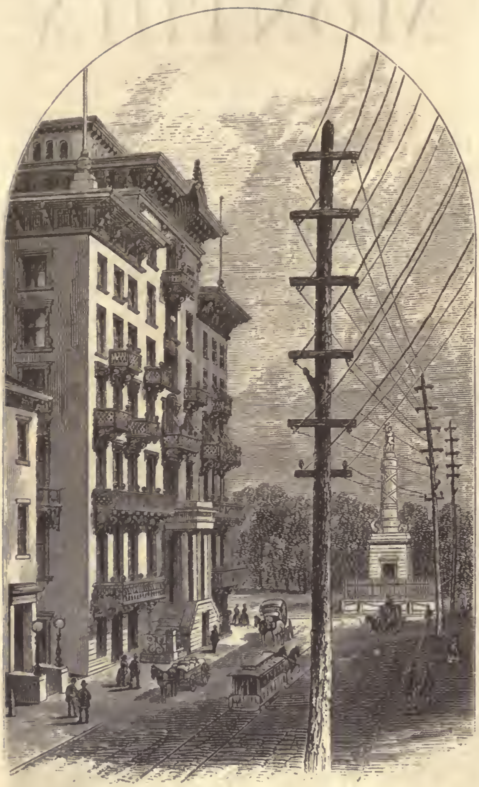


# TRAVELING BY TELEGRAPH

## NORTHWARD TO NIAGARA.

MORNING on Arlington Heights, after a frosty night; season, Indian summer. The broad reach of the Potomac, curving from Georgetown to below the mouth of the Eastern Branch, sleeps under the slant rays of the haze-tempered sun, unreached by the puffs of wind which rustle the crimson foliage that still clings to the oaks on the Heights, or send the fallen leaves chasing each other by fits and starts, like flocks of yellow-birds frollicking over a patch of thistles. The air is crisp and cool; the sunshine just warm enough to be inviting. Both together act like a tonic, filling body and mind with a healthy glow that gives a zest to mere existence. The view from the Heights is not imposing. It is not particularly beautiful. Yet it would be hard to look



BARNUM'S HOTEL AND BATTLE MONUMENT, BALTIMORE.

on it with indifference on a day like this, when all the sunshine of the ripened year seems to have got into the blood,—when the mind dances with the overflow of animal spirits (*pace* Huxley and the rest—"nerve-vibrations!"), and we are eager to find pleasure in everything.

Did you never envy the perfect abandon of some plump little chip-munk, as he lay stretched along the sunny side of a rail, alertly lazy, rippling his tail and chippering from very gladness? We share his careless joy to-day, his utter surrender to the delight of living. A tardy vacation has given us a respite from the rush and worry of every-day life, and we have followed the example of Nature, giving ourselves up to a brief period of æsthetic loafing.

The budding and blooming activity of spring, the panting toil of summer, the hurried ingathering of early fall, are past. Mother Earth has finished her year's work, has put on her holiday garb, and entered upon a fortnight of do-nothing enjoyment. She enjoys herself handsomely. There is no fretting over the mistakes and mishaps of the year, untimely frosts, occasional hail-storms, and too frequent droughts; no borrowing trouble from the immeasurable bundle that winter is bringing. "Let by-gones be by-gones," she says: "let the future take care for itself!" It is the holiday of the year, and for the nonce Nature's sole business is to have a good time. We have a chance to do likewise: we will do it!

Thus meditating, we sit at the foot of the old flag-staff and drink in the influence of the season and the scene. Before us, almost beneath us, lies the ample plain of Washington, rimmed by low hills and a placid river. Through an opening in the trees we look down upon the Heights of Georgetown, but the distance is too great for us to distinguish the handsome dwellings which give that ancient city so honorable a fame. In Washington everything is eclipsed by the magnificent proportions of the national buildings. The Treasury building and the Patent Office gleam in the sunshine like mammoth blocks of marble, and over all rises the noble dome of the Capitol, a mountain of light.

Behind us is that relic of plantation grandeur, Arlington House, an imitation Grecian temple, with a double row of clumsy columns sustaining nothing and shutting out half the view. Behind the house endless rows of painted head-boards mark the resting-places of thousands of boys in blue and boys in gray who lie in peace awaiting the Final Reveille.

Sauntering about the garden, enjoying the sunshine and the flowers, or wandering through the deserted rooms of the old mansion, vainly trying to re-people them as of old, when their walls rang with merriment or glowed with generous hospitality, when culture and comfort, fame and fashion made the old house their abiding-place, we fall in with a party from Baltimore, pilgrims like ourselves to this historic spot. Fortunately, there are no ladies in either party to keep up the bars of formality. We meet, mingle, and by the time the circuit of the grounds is completed, the two parties are merged into one.

At last the doubled party stands on the grassy mound in front of the house. The artist closes his sketch-book, and we begin to speak of returning. Our coachman brought us by a roundabout road through Georgetown. "Why not return by the Long Bridge?"

"Impossible," is the reply of one of our new friends; "it has been torn down. That is the Alexandria and Washington Railroad ridge," he goes on, noticing our look of urprise toward the long black line crossing he river below us. "By the side of it the altimore and Potomac Railroad Company re putting up a splendid bridge, with car-age-ways, on the site of the old Long ridge, to connect with the Alexandria and redericksburg Railroad; but it is not passa-le yet."

"Baltimore and Potomac! Never heard f that road before. Something new, isn't it?"

"Quite new,—indeed, not completed yet. here has been a great deal of heavy work o do here at Washington and at Baltimore, -tunneling, bridging, and so on. When we et that done the rest of the road can be put rough rapidly."

"Some very interesting cuttings at this nd of the line," interposes another (rail-oad men, all of them, it is easy to see). If you care for such things, you'll find them ell worth a visit."

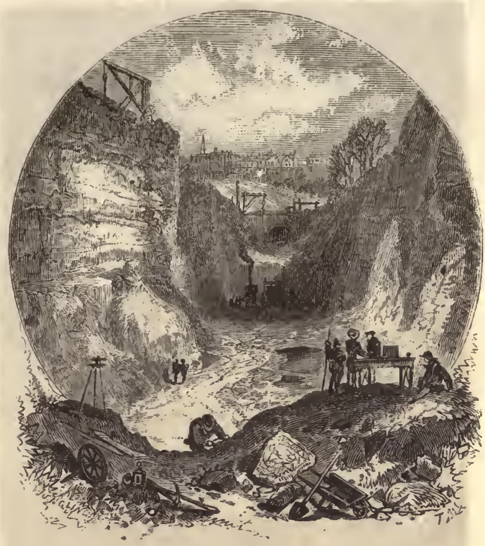
"How deep are they?" eagerly queries ur scientific companion, whose geological roclivities are incessantly leading him and s into dirty places.

"Forty or fifty feet, perhaps."

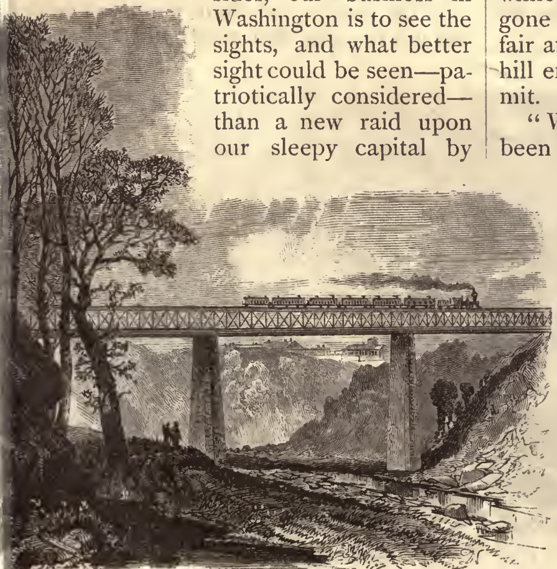
"Splendid! singular formation here at ashington; calico-clay,—very curious, you now—"

"No! we don't know, and don't want to," rtist interrupts, with some acerbity. Artist ever did admire clay-banks.

But science carries the day, as it always oes, sooner or later, against prejudice. Besides, our business in Washington is to see the sights, and what better sight could be seen—patriotically considered—than a new raid upon our sleepy capital by the army of progress?—particularly when we should have for (volunteer) chaperones such entertaining captains in that army.



CLAY-CUTTING, UNION RAILROAD, BALTIMORE.



H BRIDGE OVER GWYNN'S FALLS, BALTIMORE AND POTOMAC RAILROAD.

The spell of reverent silence that falls on us as we drive slowly past the white field where

> ". . . Glory guards with solemn round
> The bivouac of the dead,"

wears away as we descend the hill, forgetting the sorrowful Present of the old mansion, while our thoughts recur to the happy years gone by, to the joyous companies of the fair and the famous who climbed this historic hill ere the dead took possession of its summit.

"What a glorious place this must have been for lovers' strolls!"

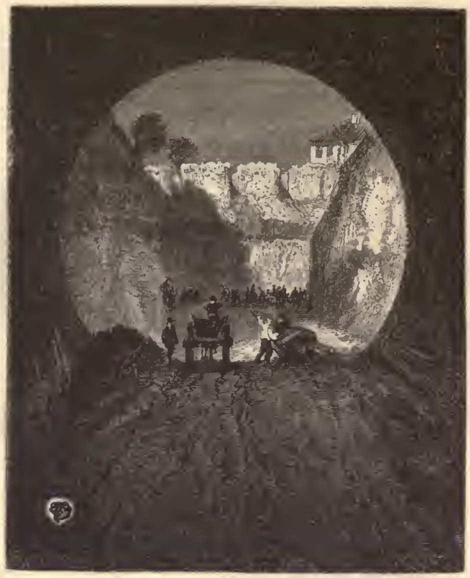
The remark comes from the back seat, as the line of carriages winds round a charming curve through a deeply-shaded dell.

"That shows how your mind runs," is the mild rebuke from the opposite side; and we all look at the offender as if shocked by a thought so out of keeping with the character of the place.

"And what were *you* thinking about so seriously?"

"I?—I—I—was thinking what splendid tie-timber these oaks would make."

"Sacrilege! You railroad men would dig the hill down, if it stood in



CUTTING ON UNION RAILROAD, SEEN FROM TUNNEL.

your way, and use the bones to ballast your road!"

"But what is this new road you were telling about? What is the need of it? Isn't the present road sufficient?"

"Quite sufficient."

"Is yours any shorter?"

"A trifle longer, if anything."

To our abject ignorance of railroad matters the idea of building a new road by the side of an old one, when the old road is capable of doing all the work, seems the height of absurdity.

"I see you don't understand these things. The construction of this Baltimore and Potomac road has been compelled by the dog-in-the-manger policy of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company. Controlling the only line between Washington and Baltimore, that corporation has naturally sought to use it so as to send all the travel and traffic between Washington and the West over their main road. It has carried it efforts in this direction so far as to refus to extend even the ordinary courtesies t other roads, to the great inconvenience o the public."

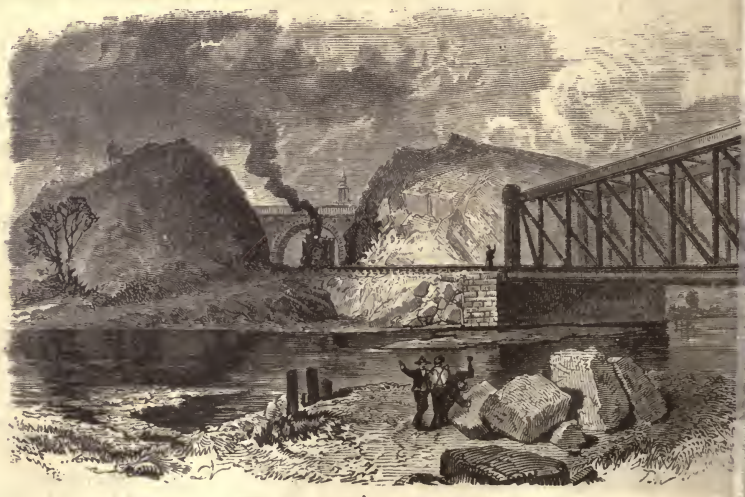
"How so?"

"Suppose you wish to go to Chicago by wa of Harrisburg or the Falls. You go to th station here and call for a through ticket You can't get it. The Baltimore and Ohi Company will ticket you only to Baltimore There you are put to the delay and troubl of buying a new ticket, and transferring yourself and baggage across the city to anothe station before you can fairly begin your journey. Passengers from the West are subjecte to the same inconvenience, none of the grea East and West lines north of Baltimore bein able to check beyond our city.

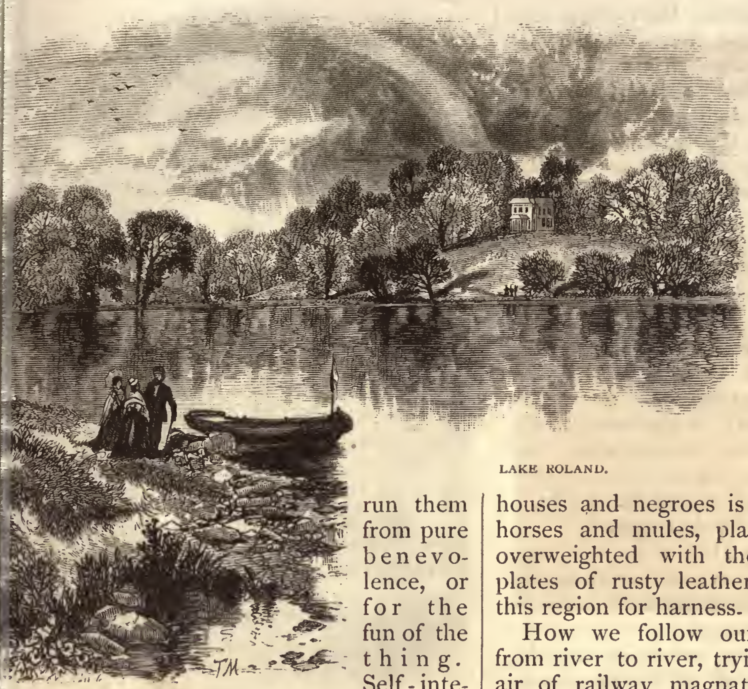
"The main competition being with th Pennsylvania Central in connection with th Northern Central, these Companies have undertaken the construction of the Baltimor and Potomac line. When it is finished, pa sengers will be able to check through fro Washington to any part of the country, an trains will be run to accommodate then Besides, the monopoly of the B. and ( Company broken, competition will natural benefit the public by a reduction of rate which might be considerably lowered ar still give a reasonable profit, as well as by saving of time and trouble."

"A tender regard your great Railro corporations have for the dear public, trul —when it pays!"

"Of course, 'when it pays.' You sure do not imagine that men build railroads ar



ROCK-CUT, JONES'S FALLS, BALTIMORE.



LAKE ROLAND.

run them from pure benevolence, or for the fun of the thing. Self-inte- st is at the bottom of every work, ex- pt, perhaps, missionary work, — and no e pretends that railroading is of that rt. Under a monopoly, self-interest may and generally is grasping and unwise. ut, with plenty of competition, the truest lf-interest is that which studies to give e public the greatest return for its money nsistent with legitimate profit. In rail- ading the main returns are safety, speed, onomy, and comfort. The road which ex- ls in these will get the most custom, and esumably will make the most money. ere self-interest compels the study of blic interest, and the public reap the nefit of the improvements thus suggested. hat those improvements have been you n easily estimate, by comparing the faci- ies for intercourse enjoyed now with those at existed fifty or even twenty-five years o."

Our first lesson in the science of railroad- g is interrupted by the superior attractions the Potomac as seen from Georgetown idge. With one accord we stop our horses look about us and enjoy the prospect.

A pretty picture the river makes, with its shy shores and rocky islands above the idge, its broad expanse broken only by all craft below. The scene on the shore quite the opposite. For picturesque lapidation the lower streets of Georgetown deserve the palm. And the mud is fearful. Half a regiment of new-made citizens, as picturesque in their raggedness as the tumble-down buildings around them, are digging up the road and carting soft dirt upon it with a degree of alacrity and vigor that corresponds well with the general aspect of the place. But worse than the appearance of the houses and negroes is that of the wretched horses and mules, plastered with mud and overweighted with the broad bands and plates of rusty leather that do service in this region for harness.

How we follow our enthusiastic guides from river to river, trying hard to affect the air of railway magnates, but without any desirable impression on the workmen; how the geologist is enraptured by "splendid exposures" of variegated clays; how the artist, plodding along with the aspect of a martyr, brightens up now and then at the sight of an extra bit of color, or something that vaguely suggests the banks of the Yellowstone,—is not essential to the telling of our story, though the story hinges on its muddy adventures.

"You have seen how railroads are made," our chief guide says, as we stand leaning over the fence on the brow of the hill overlooking the Eastern Branch; "would you like to see how we run them?"

"To put the question in another way," he continues, "will you accept the hospitalities of the Northern Central Railway Company, and spend the rest of your vacation on a run through some of the finest scenery in the country?"

"What do you mean?"

"Simply this: it is necessary for certain officers of the company to make a business trip over the road and its branches once or twice a year. We intend to make such an excursion next week. Our custom is to combine pleasure with business, and take a party of friends along. We shall have a special train, and everything to insure a pleasant time, taking the whole week for it. Will you join us?"

Baltimore—Philadelphia—Harrisburg—up the Susquehanna, among the coal mines—over the Alleghanies—through the Glen region—to Niagara Falls! The programme is too tempting to be lightly treated; and there is no mistaking the frank heartiness of the invitation. We talk it over on our way back to our carriages, which have been left half a mile behind.

"Beautiful scenery," says the artist, who has spent a summer along the banks of the Susquehanna. "There's not another river in the country like it."

"Then there are the coal mines," says the geologist. "I've seen pretty much every kind of mining but that."

"And the Alleghany wilderness," says another. "Next to the Adirondacks, I'm told."

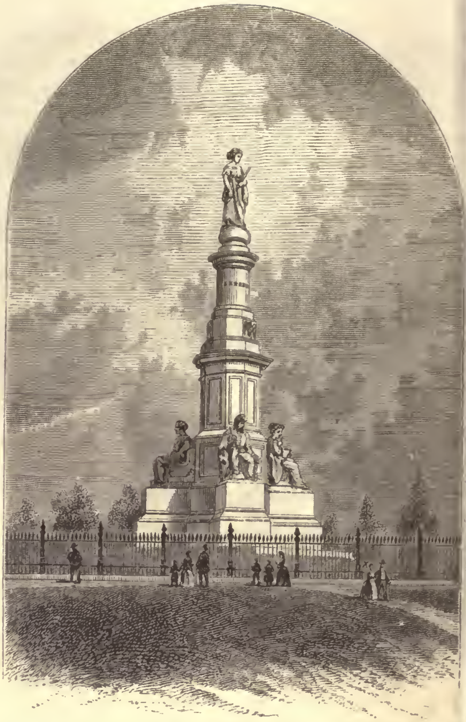
"And Watkins' Glen," say we all. "That's the latest rage, and we haven't seen it."

"And the special train!"

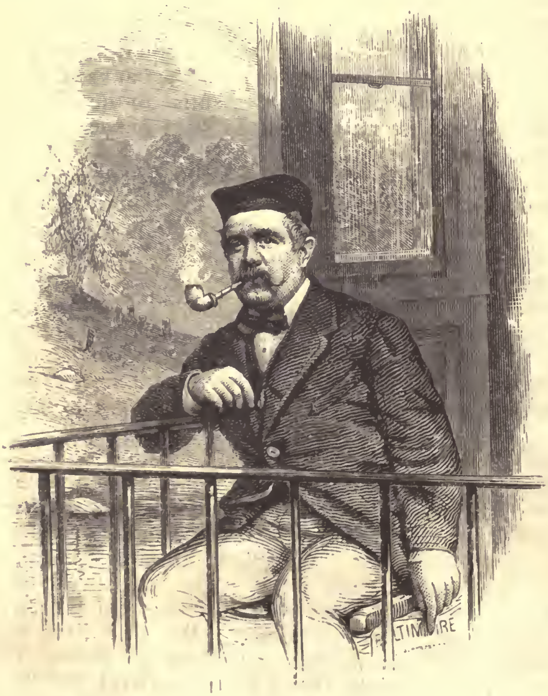
The Potomac may have its attractions; but it can offer no "special train."

About face! for the North!

"Remember," urge our seductive friends, as we scrape the red and yellow clay from our boots: "Calvert Station, eight o'clock Monday morning. Don't disappoint us!"



GETTYSBURG MONUMENT.



THE JOLLY MAN.

Three or four oblong osier baskets and a case or two, crowd the passage way of kitchen and lunch-room: a ja of pickled oysters, a pine-apple cheese and a small brown-paper parcel o the table.

"What's that, Robert?"

"Crackers, sah!"

"All that, and only a dozen of us Too much bread, Robert,—too—much —bread!"

Farther on are a number of compartments, a pile of traveling bag and great-coats on the sofa of one, table with morning papers, writing materials, and so on, in another. Beyond is a good-sized room, cozil fitted up with easy-chairs and othe luxuries of modern travel. But the characteristic feature of the car— directors' car, specially constructe for excursions like this—is the rea section. In place of the usual platform is a recess six or eight feet deep roofed, and furnished with camp stools. Here, as we leave the station, the most of the company gathe to enjoy the scene as it unrolls behind us. The genial sunshine—a touch

Nature—makes kinsmen of us all, and rangers of the moment before fall to chatng with the frankness and freedom of ncient friends.

"Jones's Falls will not find it easy to carry vay *that* bridge," and the speaker points ith pride at a handsome iron structure as e rumble over it.

"That innocent-looking stream carry away idges! It doesn't look much like it now."

"Wait till next spring, and see the differnce. It's the pest of Baltimore. 'What all we do with it?' is the problem that our ty officers find hard to solve. One engieer proposes to sink its bed; another to ut it in between high walls; another would ake a new channel for it altogether, and rn it off in another direction. And while e doctors disagree about remedies, the imatient patient rises in fury, floods the lower rt of the city, and plays the mischief genrally."

"Bridges are numerous along here," the rtist remarks, as we pass another a few rods om the first.

"We have two more to cross before we ass the city limit, all new," our host replies. Were you ever over this line before?"

"Not to my knowledge."

"Our track used to follow the side of the ll, above there, on a steep grade. To avoid is, and the risk of accidents at the street ossings, we have lately shifted our line, at eat expense, so as to run closer to the Falls nd under the intersected reets. These costly bridges nd embankment-walls are art of the price we have ad to pay for the change."

"Baltimore has the name f being slow; yet there ppears to be a good deal oing in this direction in e way of building, grading, nd other improvements."

"A very great deal. All is part of the city is new, nd to the west of us the ty is stretching out toward ruid Hill Park at a rate at would surprise one acuainted with Baltimore nly as it was before the ar."

"So we saw yesterday: we ere up that way,—spent e afternoon in the Park, fact. The morning we evoted to your new churches—that is, the outsides of them. Handsome buildings. But we were chiefly interested in the Park. It will take our Central Park a century to grow trees such as you have to begin with; and for variety of scenery you have the lead for all time."

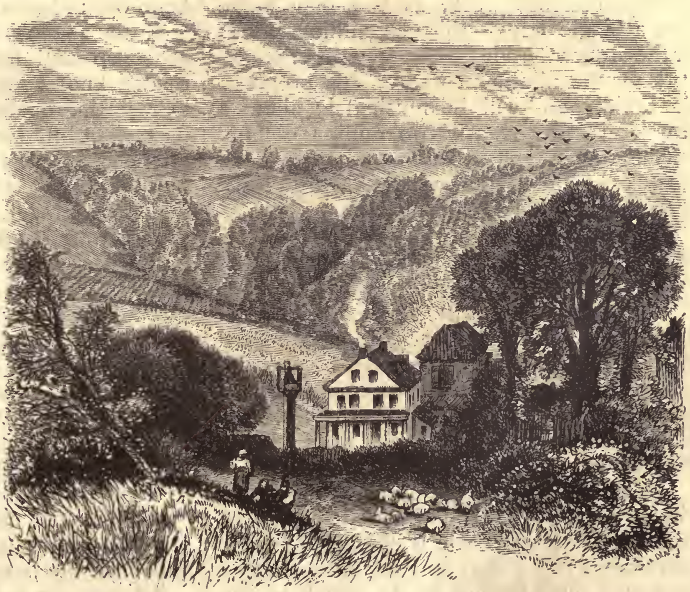
"One characteristic of the new part of Baltimore," observes the junior guest, "pleases me more than the Park or the churches. You build houses for homes [junior was married recently]—homes that people of ordinary incomes can live in; and all the streets are clean."

"The lay of the land insures a thorough scouring of all the streets with every rain, and a rapid drainage, except for a few streets down in the marsh. It's healthy,—but these hills have given us a world of digging. There's some the Union road is doing."

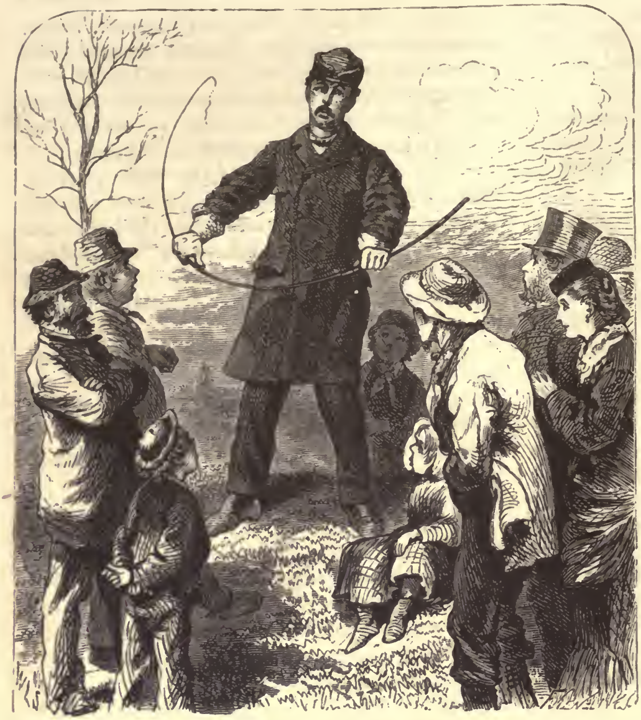
"Another new railroad?"

"Yes; but a short one. It runs only to Canton, a suburb of Baltimore, connecting the Northern Central, the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore, and the Baltimore and Potomac roads with each other and the new harbor that the Canton Company are making at that place.

"But the Union tunnel, great as it is, is rivaled by the Potomac tunnel, which we are coming to directly. There's the mouth of it, just this side that handsome bridge across our track—Boundary Avenue Bridge it's called. Here we join the Baltimore and Potomac road, a connection that will save



MARYLAND HILLS.



"THIS WHIP, GENTLEMEN, IS THE UNION LINE."

through passengers, from the east or west, nearly an hour in passing our city. This tunnel runs directly under the city for a distance of a mile and a half, in some places fifty-five feet below the level of the streets. It's an immense work, as you may judge from a single item,—thirteen million bricks for the arches, besides a vast amount of stonework for the abutment walls. It's progressing rapidly, and will be finished in about a year, at a cost of nearly two million dollars. Beyond the city line, to the west, the road crosses Gwynn's Falls over the highest bridge in this part of the country."

Approaching the Park our attention is called from the massive dam of Druid Lake to a broad plateau of fresh earth.

"Two years ago those eighteen acres were covered by a hill a hundred feet high, a third of it solid rock," our host said, proudly. "We have leveled it to make a site for our workshops, round houses, turn-tables, and sidings,—the most expensive part of our work at this end of the improvement."

We try to enter into the professional pride with which our friends look on this work of theirs; but our attention is distracted by the movements of a group of Park deer, startled from their quiet feeding by the shriek of the locomotive. For a moment they sniff the air with pristine wildness, then bound tumultuously toward a sheltering grove. But suddenly remembering that they are at home in the midst of civilization, they stop short and look about them as though wondering why they were scared.

The Veteran goes on, his talk as full of facts and figures as an official report.

"The tonnage of our road has increased 500 per cent. in six years. With the outlet which the Union Road gives, this gain must be immensely augmented. Already Baltimore ranks third in the United States for importations and fourth for exportations. Her new tide-water connection with the great Pennsylvania Railroads, new docks for the shipment of coal, petroleum, and other staples, her—"

"Lake Roland!"

The enumeration of the coming glories and successes of Baltimore is suddenly cut short, and we all climb down to *terra firma* to stretch our legs.

"Shall we look at the Lake?"

"Can't stay long," conductor cautions; "8.30 mail's due in twenty minutes; must keep out of her way."

In the shadow of the hill the fallen leaves are crisp and frosty. The air,—but every reader knows the indescribable purity, the exhilarating quality of November air at half-past eight of a sunny morning. Should any one suggest the possibility of a sweeter atmosphere or a fairer scene than we rejoice in as we straggle along the hill-side, among the scattered oaks and chestnuts, his reputation for good taste would vanish instantly.

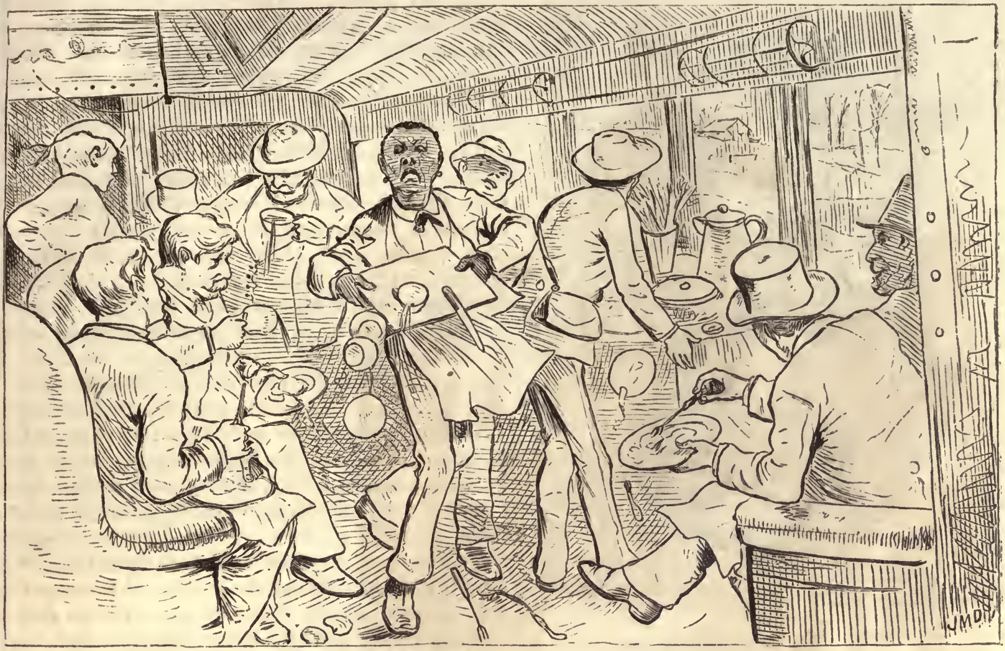
The lake—the chief reservoir of the Baltimore water-supply—nestles among the low hills as naturally as if it had always been there, and as complacently as if it had no other purpose than to add to the beauty of an already beautiful landscape.

But the warning whistle of the locomotive hurries us back to the car.

"What's our programme for to-day?"

"We run by telegraph—to Harrisburg—shall take the day for it."

All day for a three-hours' ride—by tele-



DINING—FORTY MILES AN HOUR.

graph! The incongruity is a little comical, to say the least. But the Veteran does not appear to be conscious of it.

"Usually a special train is run by special schedule," he explains; "but as we could not tell where or how long we might stop by the way, we have arranged to run by special orders from our office in Baltimore. At each station the conductor will receive a dispatch, telling him what trains to look out for, what to keep out of the way of, how long he can be in making the next station, and so on. If we wish to stop longer at any point, we telegraph the fact, and the road is kept clear for us."

There is a peculiar charm in this free-and-easy railroading, with no other object than to see all there is to be seen, and enjoy one's self generally. The present moment, the present scene, receives undivided attention, regardless of what is to come, and undisturbed by any desire to get anywhere. It has all the freedom of a sauntering tour on foot, with none of the fatigue, and with the delightful ability to hurry over a commonplace region a mile a minute if we want to. As yet we have had no occasion to hurry.

"Shall we stop at Cockeysville?"

"What's to be seen there?"

"Only a quaint old town, with its rough stone tavern, looking as though it had been transplanted bodily, with its surroundings, from some English village."

"And the marble quarries, where the monolithic columns of the Capitol at Washington came from,—the only place in the country where such large blocks could be quarried."

We see the town from the track. The quarries lie to the west, half a mile or more. We shall have enough to see without going out of our way.

Thus far our course has been through a rolling country, the shallow valleys richly cultivated, the ridges clad with handsome growths of oak, hickory, chestnut, and maple. Near Ashland, with its reeking furnaces, long lines of flat cars, laden with iron-stone from the neighboring ore-banks, occupy the sidings. Just beyond we strike the valley of the Gunpowder, a pretty and peaceful stream, which we follow to its source, near the State line. The valley is narrow, and the stream wriggles from side to side so rapidly as to be half the time under the road, to the annoyance of the road-maker, no doubt, but to the great delight of the traveler, to whom it brings an infinite variety of scenery.

As we approach Parkton, the rounded, massive shoulders of serpentine, gneiss, and lime-rock give place to narrow ribs of olive slate in vertical strata. The hill-sides, hitherto

THE VETERAN.

smooth and gracefully curved, become curiously rugged, scored by parallel gashes between thin, close-set, jagged walls of slate, which project like saw-teeth in some places, and in others like long sharp knife-edges. Gray with lichens, and black-barred by the slanting shadows of the naked tree-trunks, these ragged ridges stand out sharply against the dark-green laurel-covered background, giving the landscape an aspect as fantastic as one might wish to see. Farther on the country becomes wilder, with a corresponding change in the appearance of the people and their habitations.

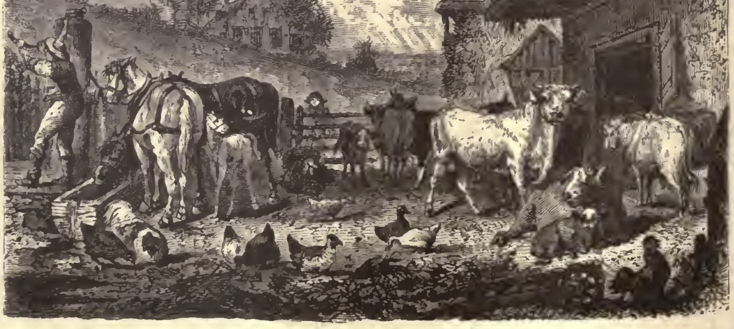
The nature-loving members of our company occupy the rear section. There is little conversation, but what is said reveals character more than any amount of mere talk. The artist revels in scenic effects. The man of science sees every tree and shrub and stone, and rejoices in them like one who meets old friends in unexpected places. The wiry business man develops a Nimrod, breaking our dreamy, sun-steeped luxury of thought with—"By George! what a covert for birds!" or, "What a charming stream for trout!" While the jovial man lays off his mask of jollity, forgets to flirt with the "cherished idols" in the wayside windows, and thanks God that the sweetest joys of life,—appreciation of nature and art, sunshine and trees and flowers and children,—are not to be measured by one's bank account.

"Think of the poor boys and girls shut up there over their spelling-books on a day like this!"

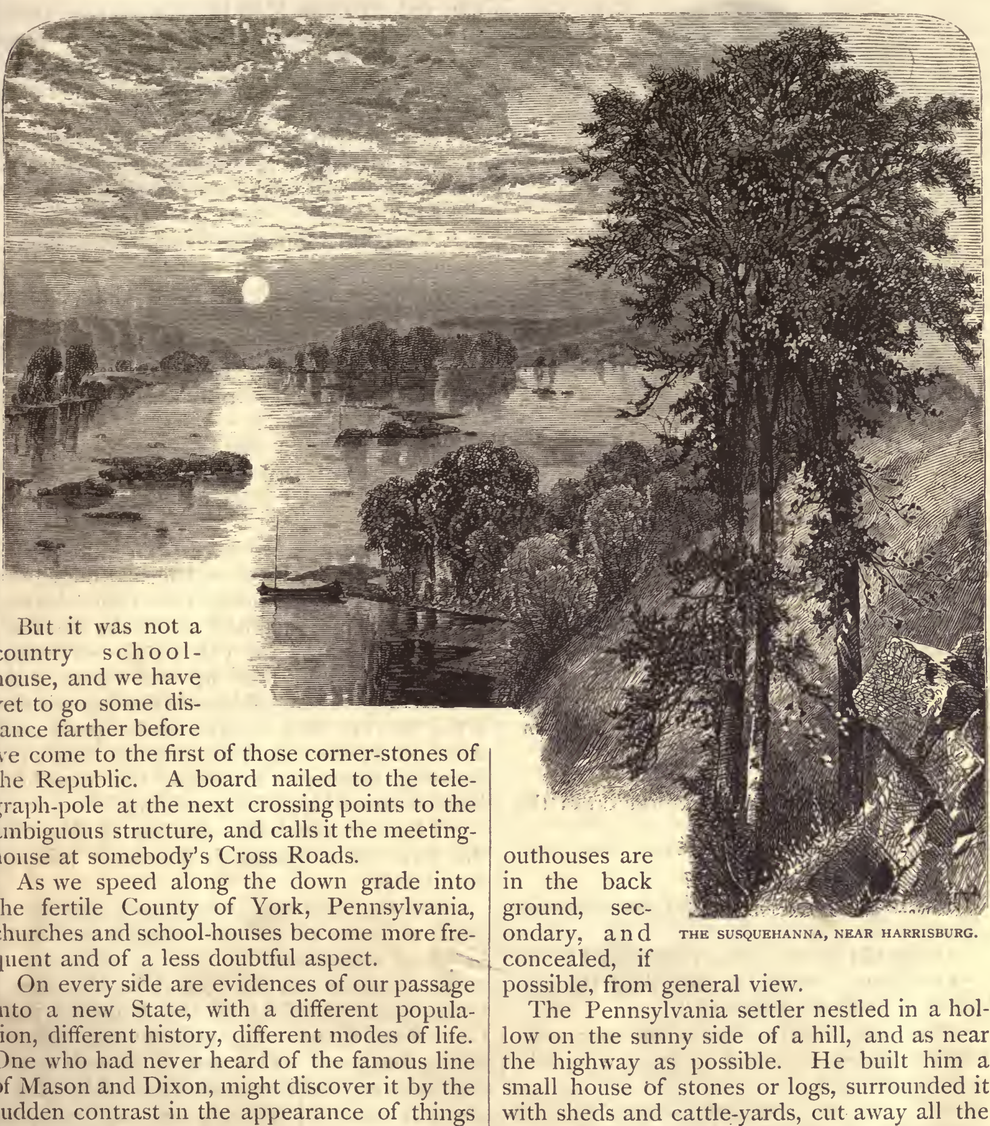
We are thundering along through the rough, uncleared country near the State line,—rough by contrast with the fairer region we have just left. It is the old border-land between conflicting systems, and seems to have been left pretty much uncared for. The pitying exclamation was called out by the forlorn appearance of a rude board house on a brushy knoll near the track. All around are pleasant woods, steeped in sunshine and dashed with scarlet from the ripening leaves of belated bushes; but round the house only dead brush and stumps. There is not another building in sight.

"Don't you think you'd find it hard resisting the temptation to take to the woods sometimes, if you were shut up there?"

"Not at all. I should be like the honest Scotchman in the matter of salmon-fishing on 'Sawbath' day. 'Na, na,' he said, 'I's na' razeest at a',—I just gang!'"



PENNSYLVANIA BARN-YARD.



THE SUSQUEHANNA, NEAR HARRISBURG.

But it was not a country school-house, and we have yet to go some distance farther before we come to the first of those corner-stones of the Republic. A board nailed to the telegraph-pole at the next crossing points to the ambiguous structure, and calls it the meeting-house at somebody's Cross Roads.

As we speed along the down grade into the fertile County of York, Pennsylvania, churches and school-houses become more frequent and of a less doubtful aspect.

On every side are evidences of our passage into a new State, with a different population, different history, different modes of life. One who had never heard of the famous line of Mason and Dixon, might discover it by the sudden contrast in the appearance of things on either side. In physical characteristics the better portions of the Counties of Baltimore and York are not much unlike; in all that shows the hand of man they are strikingly different.

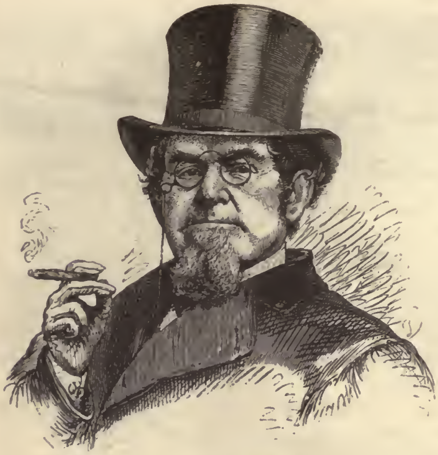
The well-to-do old-time farmer of Maryland sprang from a high-bred, aristocratic race. The very location of his residence shows it. The first requisite seems to have been a commanding prospect. He shunned the valley, choosing rather the highest point accessible, away from the highway, and overlooking a wide reach of country. Here he built a cream-colored Grecian temple, and surrounded it with trees. The barns and outhouses are in the back ground, secondary, and concealed, if possible, from general view.

The Pennsylvania settler nestled in a hollow on the sunny side of a hill, and as near the highway as possible. He built him a small house of stones or logs, surrounded it with sheds and cattle-yards, cut away all the trees, and spent the rest of his life improving his little farm and erecting an immense barn, which he painted red, and ornamented with as many windows as the frame-work would admit of. What purpose he had in lighting up his hay-mows like a five-story cotton-mill it is impossible to conjecture.

"Perhaps a sash-factory was one of the first manufacturing enterprises in this region,—and you know the Pennsylvanians are strong for encouraging home industry!"

"Or the fashion once started became a craze, like that of Yankee farmers for lightning-rods," suggests another.

Close by, sometimes attached to, the old



"THE SUBSCRIBER."

homestead, the thrifty descendants of the original settlers have erected a more pretentious, yet comparatively small red-brick house. In some cases the front yard is fenced in and planted with shrubbery, or a few flowers, but as a rule the æsthetics of life appear to be but little regarded. The farms, however, show admirable care and culture, while solid wealth and homely comfort are visible on every side.

"Pennsylvania milk, Robert?"

"No, sah; got dat at a station 'cross the line, sah."

"Very rich milk."

"Have another glass, sah?"

"Thank you, yes. We don't get such milk as that in the city."

"Delightful flavor, don't you think?"

"Delicious. What do they feed the cattle with over there, Robert?"

"C'on, sah, mostly; rye sometimes, sah. Dere's nothing better'n a little ol' rye, sah, for dat purpose."

"Evidently not;" and the man of science empties the second glass abstractedly, reconsidering his first impression that the peculiar flavor must have been due to something in the soil.

The English Captain and one or two others purpose leaving us at Hanover Junction, to visit Gettysburg, and the question is whether the whole party shall not go with them, special train and all.

"Can it be done?"

"Oh, yes; it can be managed easily enough,—take another cigar,—that is, if the Superintendent's at home. It's off our line, you know."

Only thirty miles,—an hour's run. We can see all there is to be seen and get back to the Junction by three o'clock,—time enough to reach Harrisburg before sunset."

The guests are eager to go, and the hosts obliging. The telegraph must decide.

The Captain goes on with his stories of life and adventure in India, and we wait patiently the result of the correspondence over the wires.

"All right!" our chief executive exclaims, coming in with a slip of paper. "But we shall have to wait ten or fifteen minutes for a freight-train which has the track."

Soon the way is clear, and we are speeding over the level country toward the little town, so unexpectedly, so terribly raised to historic eminence.

"Whew! what a dust!"

"Dirt ballast, you see."

"So I do; but I can't see much else. Let us go in."

All the morning we have been riding outside, undisturbed by dust, amusing ourselves at times with watching the dead leaves spring after us, snatched up by the whirl of wind that follows the car. Like so many dogs, they would take up the chase with sudden impetuosity, follow in hot pursuit for a rod or two, then slacken their speed and whirl off to one side, giving up the race with seeming despair. But here the road-bed itself seems whipped into the air.

"I have noticed the absence of dust all the way, but supposed it had been raining here lately."

"On the contrary, it has been very dry; but that makes no difference with a road well ballasted with stone."

At Hanover we are joined by the courteous Superintendent of the Hanover and Gettysburg Road. The railroad men fall to talking business. The rest of us talk over the incidents and issues of the terrible struggle that made Gettysburg one of the focal points of our country's history.

Every part of the country—East, West, North, South—is represented in our small company; but there is no partisan feeling, no recrimination, no exultation. The conversation turns rather upon the gallantry, the heroic courage of the opposing forces,—upon personal reminiscences, and those personal amenities which, even on fields of slaughter, are frequent enough to demonstrate the inherent grandeur of pure humanity.

Carriages are in waiting at the end of the line, and as our time is short, we are soon climbing the hill toward Cemetery Ridge, passing along the main street of the village,—

a thriftless, torpid-looking place, seemingly oppressed

> With the burden of an honor
> Unto which it was not born.

We go straight to the central position so opportunely fortified after the disastrous retreat of the shattered Eleventh Corps on the afternoon of the first day's fight,—the sharp curve of the ridge on the edge of the town, to the left of the cemetery. From this low mound, against which the tide of war broke so furiously and so vainly, we survey the battle-field. Whip in hand, our intelligent driver traces the approach and disposition of the opposing forces, and with amazing graphicness describes the progress of the battle. The peaceful valley and quiet town swarm again with invading hosts, drawn on by a power they knew not of, to decide the fate of the nation here. Beyond the town, to the westward, Seminary Ridge smokes again, and the cheer of victory is raised. The re-enforcing host pours through the mountain gap, and the victors of the morning are hurled in disastrous retreat through the village. At our feet the pursuit is strangely stayed. By morning the ridge is blue with fresh troops, and the line that could not have been held at sunset is impregnable at sunrise.

"This is the Union line, gentlemen, on the morning of the second day. The butt of the whip is Round Top,—you see the crest of the hill beyond the monument. Sickles holds the low ridge there by the peach-orchard. We stand at the sharpest point of the curve. To our right is Culp's Hill, the end of the lash."

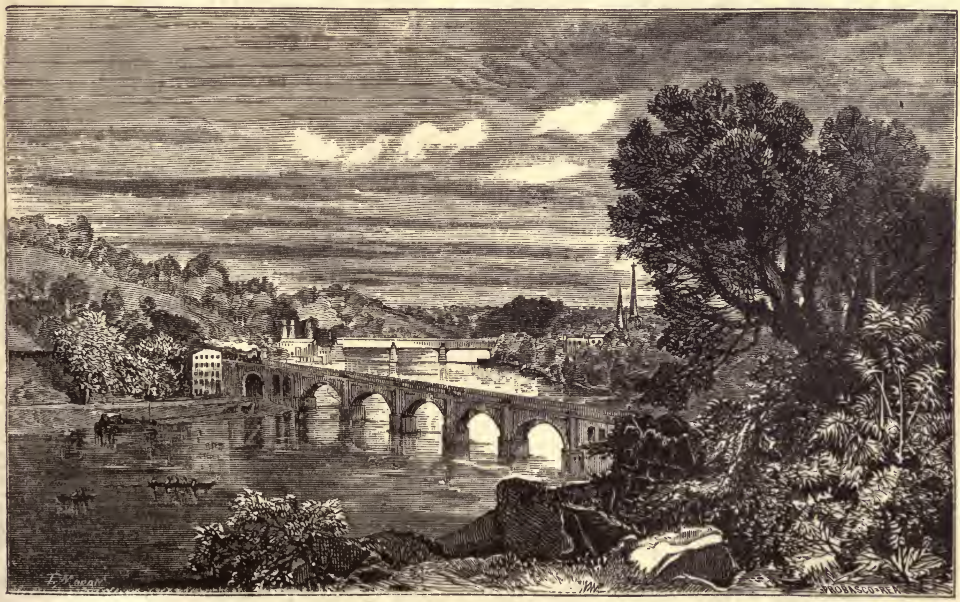
The terrible assault on Sickles's unfortunate line follows; we see it broken—then driven back upon Cemetery Ridge. From distant Round Top the roar of fierce assault comes up, but the point is held. So too the wooded slope and crest of Culp's Hill, the loss of which would leave the "coign of vantage"—this narrow promontory whereon we stand—almost an island. A night of agony, —a morning of suspense. Culp's Hill is re-assailed. Then there follows that storm of concentrated fire upon this point of the line, the simple thought of which makes us shrink and tremble; then those terrible charges in the face of a fire that swept regiments away like mist. It is vain,—and the war-cloud rolls sullenly away.

"Astonishing!" exclaims the English officer, who had followed the driver's description with rapt attention. "Who is this guide?"

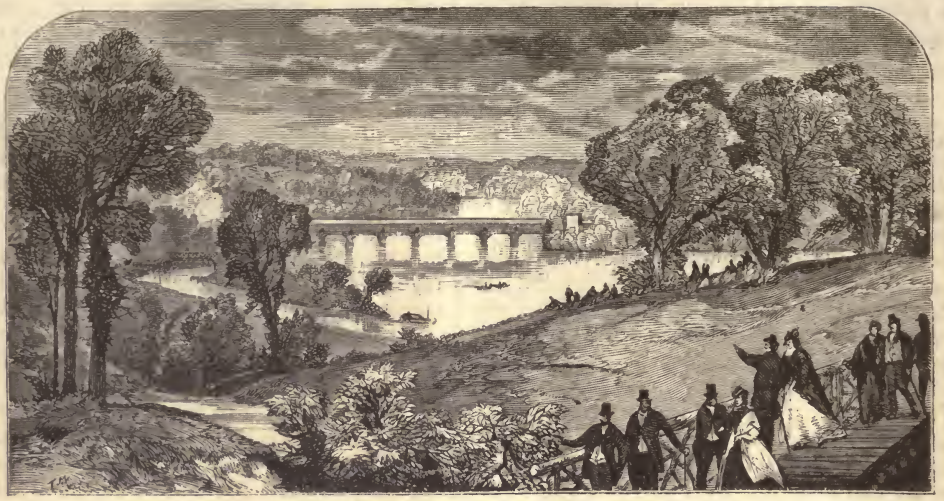
"Only an uneducated hackman, who has been over the field until he knows every inch of it."

"But how intelligent his description, how pertinent his answers! It is not a story that he has learned by rote."

"No; he has picked up his knowledge here and there, partly by his own observa-



VIEW OF THE SCHUYLKILL FROM LAUREL HILL.



COLUMBIA BRIDGE, FAIRMOUNT PARK, PHILADELPHIA.

tion, but mainly from conversation with officers he has accompanied over the field."

"He's a wonderful fellow!"

We return to our carriages, ride slowly through the cemetery and around the monument, cast a look of regret toward Round Top, which we have not time to visit, and hurry back to our car, to get ahead of the one-o'clock train.

"I say, driver, is there any place in town where one can find any views of the battle-field—or relics? I should like to take something of the kind home with me," the interested Captain explains.

"We passed a little shop, where they keep such things, above there a bit."

"Have we time to go back?"

Executive looks at his watch.

"Yes, if you're quick about it."

"To the shop, driver!"

Small boy weighing a pound of sugar; shop plainly not used to a rush of customers. We fill it to overflowing.

"Got any views—or relics?"

"Yes; there in the case behind you."

"What's the price of this?"

"Don't know."

"And this?"

"Don't know!"

"Who does?"

"Mr. Keeper."

"Where is he?"

"Somewhere around,—went out only a minute ago."

"Find him."

Boy evidently in great tribulation. He can't leave the shop, lest we carry it off in our pockets,—and he can't sell the relics for lack of knowledge. Bystanders sympathize, and they are numerous. Three carriages at one door are enough to make a sensation in such a quiet place, and all the idlers have gathered to see what's going on. They take up the call.

"Where's Mr. Keeper?"

The excitement grows as the word is passed along the street. It's as arousing as a dog-fight.

"Where's Mr. Keeper?"

"Here he comes!" And Mr. Keeper rushes in, hatless and coatless and out of breath.

"What's the price of this?"

"Ten cents."

"And this?"

"Five cents."

"Must be genuine; couldn't afford to make 'em at that rate!"

The variety is as small as the prices, and we are soon satisfied. The excitement subsides, we bear away our trophies, and the startled proprietor sits down to reckon his sales, which must have reached the sum of one dollar.

Was he disappointed?

If he was not, another was. When news of the arrival of a special train reached the ears of the enterprising proprietor of the new Gettysburg Springs House, he straightway prepared a dinner that should do justice to the occasion. But, unhappily, we could not stay to eat it. We dined on the road.

Robert's provision does not allow of any regrets for the dinner left behind; and eating at the rate of forty miles an hour is a new sensation, at least to some of us. It is none the less an enjoyable one. But it is indescribable.

At Hanover Junction the original Gettysburg party are left behind to take the next train for Baltimore.

*We* are nine :—

1. The Veteran.
2. The Chief Executive of the Party.
3. The Quiet Man, who sees that everybody has a share of all the good things going.
4. The Little Man, who takes a joke hard,—and enjoys it.

[These four are railroad men; the next five are guests.]

5. The Man who had been Abroad.
6. The Jolly Man.
7. The Man who has been up the Yellowstone, (Artist).
8. The Man who hasn't been Anywhere.
9. The Man who has an Eye for Rocks.

"Where's that ore going?" asks the latter, as we pass a long train of flat cars on a siding. "To Baltimore?"

"Yes; but not to stay there. It's all shipped to Europe."

"Coals to Newcastle!"

"Fact, nevertheless. We are carrying large quantities of it for exportation. It's the most remarkable iron-ore—or rather *steel*-ore—in the world. It was discovered by Dr. Nes, of York, two or three years ago. The hills along the Codorus are full of it. Smelt it and you have—not pig-iron—but steel, better than the best English steel, at a third the cost."

"You see that knife?" The Little Man exhibits a pocket-knife. "It was made direct from the ore."

"By the Bessemer process?"

"No; without any extra manipulation. It's silicon-steel."

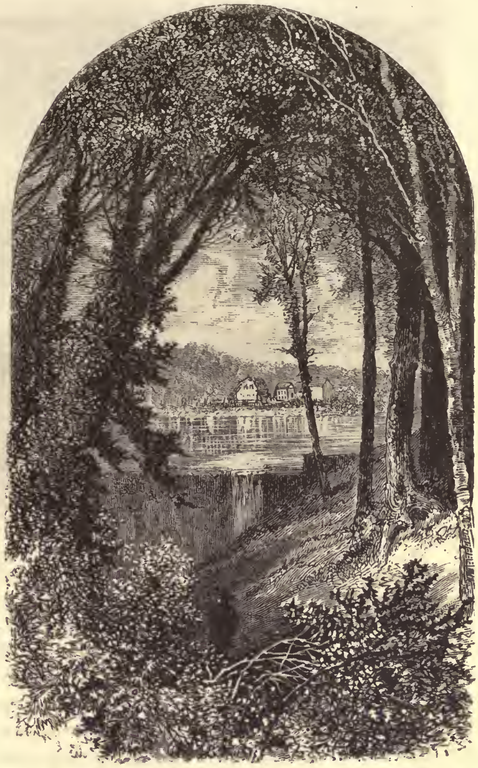
"Oh, I've heard of that," said the Geologist, "but I never took much stock in it."

"If you ever had a chance 'to take stock' in it, and didn't, you may wish you had. It's going to revolutionize the iron business of this country."

"How much stock have you to sell?"

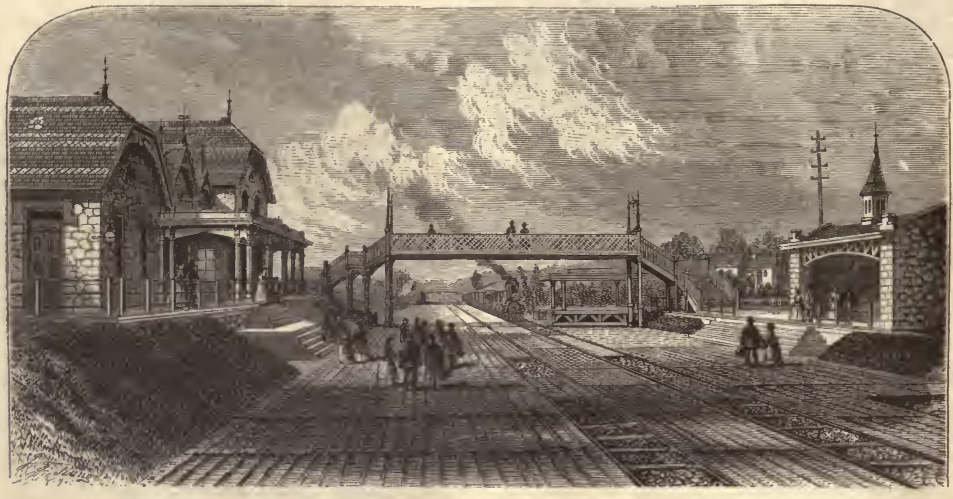
"None, I'm sorry to say, to sell,—or to keep. Seriously, it's a wonderful discovery.

"The process of making steel with it is very simple. An ordinary puddling furnace is used. After charging with pig-iron, twenty per cent. of this new ore is added, and the compound is treated like ordinary wrought-iron, only the result is steel. Or, by the addition of fifteen per cent. of this ore a fine quality of Bessemer steel can be made of ordinary pig-iron. Large quantities of the ore are now used thus in making both wrought and cast steel. The Elmira Rolling Mills made 10,000 tons of steel rails with it this year. Those we are using on this road wear remarkably well. The Erie Railway and a number of other roads are using the same rails with the greatest satisfaction. For files, lathe tools, fine cutlery, indeed for all purposes for which steel is used, this silicon steel is pronounced—by those who ought to know—superior to the best English steel,—and it can be made as cheap as common iron."



HESTONVILLE, NEAR PHILADELPHIA.

All this time we are speeding down the beautiful valley of the Codorus. As we approach York the valley widens, the slate and sand-stone (silicious iron-stone) give place to lime-rock. Everywhere are evidences of a rich farming community, rejoicing in fertile fields, immense barns over-filled, and comfortable houses. York is a worthy center to such a region. It is a handsome, thriving, wealthy borough. We shall not see a more beautiful or busier place in the whole breadth of the State. To the north, the fertile lime-stone country extends to where we



BRYN MAWR.

strike the Susquehanna near the double mouth of the Conewago. A long island stands across the mouth of the creek and deflects its waters north or south, as the main stream is low or high. Its rocky course is up-stream now. At this point we enter a region of red-shale, much broken by dikes of trap-rock, which cut up the river-bed and cause the water to rush tumultuously through deep sluices hemmed in by black and jutting reefs. Above York Haven the river is full of slender islands, with occasional reaches of still water, whence long lines of wild-ducks rise and spatter away as we thunder past.

Awaiting orders at Goldsboro, we admiringly study the new locomotive that has served us so faithfully to-day. Polished, massive, magnificent, it stands a triumph of human genius,—a type of beautiful strength.

"Could we ride with the driver?"

"You won't find it so pleasant as you imagine, but you can try it."

The conductor signals, the engineer grasps one of the mysterious levers which put him *en rapport* with the modern behemoth, and the docile monster whisks away as if rejoicing in the lightness of the play-day train behind him. As our speed increases we become painfully aware that we are not on springs. The easy swing of the car does not pertain to the locomotive, which jumps to its work with a rioting, trampling, trip-hammer energy that disdains the thought of ease and softness. We cannot keep our feet, and find it hard to keep the high and narrow slippery seat, with nothing to hold on to. The speed seems terrific. The country no longer glides away from us with a drifting motion,—it rushes on us like a thunderbolt. The trees and houses have a whirling motion, fierce, tumultuous, maddening, as though hurled towards a vortex from which we are momentarily escaping. Instinctively we shrink as the track cuts under us, and the huge rocks by the wayside seem flying at us.

Ahead is a curve. What is beyond it? We watch the disclosing line with peculiar fascination, for terrible possibilities are ever just out of sight. Gradually our senses become used to their new experience, and we are willing to forego our useless vigilance. On the right the river flows like a river in a vision,—noiseless, swift, and strangely calm. On the left the hills waltz and reel, bearing down on the track like an endless avalanche. Above, the fiery clouds betoken the close of a brilliant day, but it makes us dizzy to look at them. It is pleasanter to study the steady poise of the driver. Alert, self-possessed, unpretending, he sees every inch of the track by flashes of observation, lets out or restrains the heedless energy of his all but living engine, and holds the lives of us all with a grasp as true as it is seemingly unconscious. We plunge into the shadow of Kittatinny Mountain, pierce the point of rocks that projects into the river, and stop amid a confusion of backing trains, shrieking engines, and the shouts of trackmen. We are at Bridgeport and as soon as the bridge is clear we shal cross to Harrisburg.

"I shall have a realizing sense of my obligation to the engine-driver, after this," re marks the untraveled man, as we climb down from the locomotive; "and a wholesome respect for his skill and courage."

The red flames of the Lochiel iron-works gleam on the water as we roll slowly over the long bridge. The islands opposite are but vague shadows on the smooth surface of the river; and, by contrast with the roaring, tumultuous, headlong speed of the past half-hour, the quiet, gliding motion of the car seems to drift us into the night as into a dream.

Morning finds us in the City of Brotherly Love.

We had a jolly run last night over the road, to be retraced to-day, but it was not by telegraph.

The forenoon is well advanced before our hosts have finished the business that called them hither, and the "special" is headed once more toward the Susquehanna. At the last moment the Executive enters with a representative of the Pennsylvania Railroad,—"the Subscriber."

"And where is the Poet?"

"Could not get away to-day."

A chorus of regrets testifies the disappointment of all at this announcement, for the poet had proved a delightful companion on our midnight run from Harrisburg.

"But he sends these verses in commemoration of our ride last night. I propose that the Quiet Man be appointed reader."

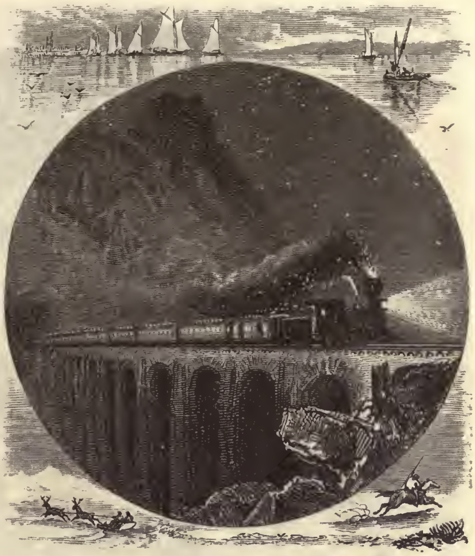
The appointment is made by acclamation, and the charms of Fairmount are forgotten while the reading goes on.

### THE RAILWAY RIDE.

In their yachts on ocean gliding,
On their steeds Arabian riding,
Whirled o'er snows on tinkling sledges,
  Men forget their woe and pain;
What the pleasure then should fill them—
What the ecstasy should thrill them—
Borne with ponderous speed, and thunderous,
  O'er the narrow iron plain.

Restless as a dream of vengeance,
Mark you there the iron engines
Blowing steam from snorting nostrils,
  Moving each upon its track;
Sighing, panting, anxious, eager,
Not with purpose mean or meager,
But intent intent for motion,
  For the liberty they lack.

Now one screams in triumph, for the
Engine-driver, grimed and swarthy,
Lays his hand upon the lever,
  And the steed is loose once more;
Off it moves, and fast and faster,
With no urging from the master,
Till the awed earth shakes in terror
  At the rumbling and the roar.



THE MIDNIGHT RIDE.

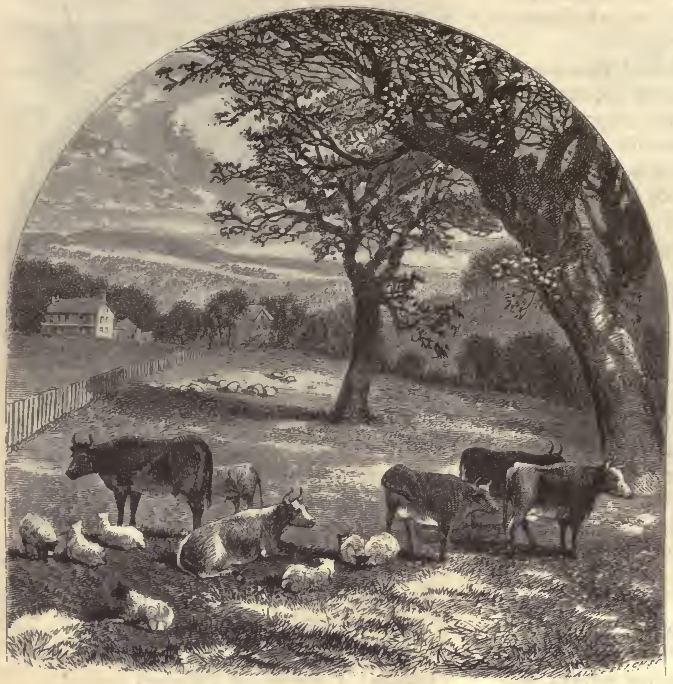
Crossing long and thread-like bridges,
Spanning streams, and cleaving ridges,
Sweeping over broad green meadows,
  That in starless darkness lay—
How the engine rocks and clatters,
Showers of fire around it scatters,
While its blazing eye outpeering
  Looks for perils in the way.

To yon tunnel-drift careering,
In its brown mouth disappearing,
Past from sight and passed from hearing,
  Silence follows like a spell;
Then a sudden sound-burst surges,
As the train from earth emerges
With a scream of exultation,
  With a wild and joyous yell.

What the chariot swift of Ares
Which a god to battle carries?
What the steeds the rash boy handled
  Harnessed to the sun-god's wain?
Those are mythic; this is real;
Born not of the past ideal,
But of craft and strength and purpose,
  Love of speed and thirst of gain.

Oh! what wildness! oh! what gladness!
Oh! what joy akin to madness!
Oh! what reckless feeling raises
  Us to-day beyond the stars!
What to us all human ant-hills,
Fame, fools sigh for, land that man tills,
In the swinging and the clattering
  And the rattling of the cars?

"To judge from the station-houses along this part of the line," remarks the Traveled Man, breaking in upon the lively discussion of the poet and his art that followed the reading, "one would think himself anywhere but in America. I have seen nothing prettier in England or Switzerland."



NEAR WEST CHESTER INTERSECTION.

"The Pennsylvania Railroad prides itself on leading America in this as in every other praiseworthy enterprise."

The Subscriber rounds the period with Jacksonian emphasis, contracts his face in personation of the sphinx-like majesty of a great corporation, meditates a moment, then goes on to explain the company's policy in this matter. And the policy is a good one.

For twenty miles in this direction the country is but a suburb of Philadelphia. Handsome country seats and pretty cottages are on every side. The high land, beautiful scenery, and delightful climate make the region extremely attractive to those whose business permits a daily escape from the confinement of the city. The railroad company adds to the attractiveness of the region for suburban residence by providing at convenient intervals station-houses that for beauty and comfort have no rivals this side the Atlantic.

"All the new stations are to have buildings after this fashion," remarks the Subscriber, as we are admiring the substantial elegance of Bryn Mawr; "and as fast as circumstances warrant it, all the old wooden station-houses along the line will be replaced by stone ones. They are the cheapest, in the long run."

"It goes against the grain of our independent Americans," resumes the Traveled Man, "to have any one interfere with their freedom to be killed when and where they choose; but I hope to see the day when every railroad station will have a foot-bridge over the track, and everybody be compelled, English fashion, to use it."

Near Radnor the line runs through a beautiful estate. We stop to admire, and are courteously invited to inspect it.

"What time can we spend here, conductor?"

"Twenty minutes, at most."

"Time enough to see the green-house and the grounds," urges the gentleman in charge, recognizing the Superintendent of this division of the road, who had joined us at Bryn Mawr.

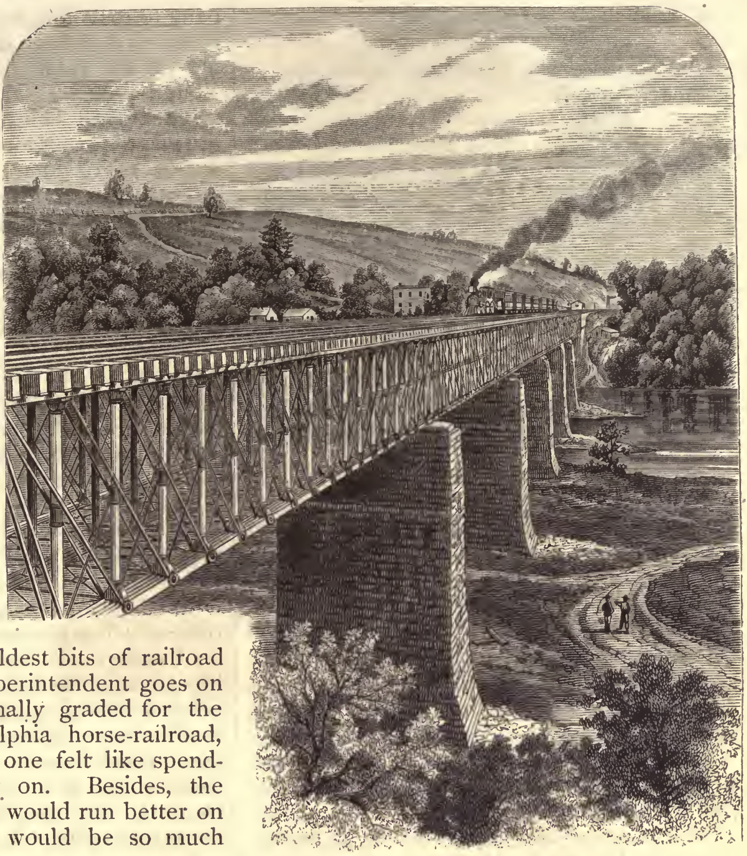
As we hastily visit the chief attractions of this charming property, the Superintendent explains how Mr. Askin, the wealthy owner, is gathering around him a community that shall do honor to the place—a city in the midst of a garden. He has built a number of substantial brick houses, furnished them with water from the large reservoir that supplies the estate, with gas made on the premises,—in short, all the conveniences that city and country can afford. These houses he rents at a low rate of interest on the cost of construction, to picked families, for whose use he has built a handsome school-house and a church. For beauty of situation this model village is unsurpassed; and if it does not prove a model morally and socially, as well as materially, it will not be the proprietor's fault.

Fifty Alderney cows furnish the principal revenue of the estate. The other stock is equally choice. The barns and stables are constructed with loving regard for the health and comfort of their occupants; while the thrifty care and scrupulous neatness manifest on every side show that, in this respect at least, the rules of the establishment are as strictly enforced as they are wisely framed.

"Straightening the road, you see;" the

Division Superintendent observes, as, when under way again, we wind and twist first to one side, then to the other, of a broad plain of fresh earth. "It will be a great improvement when we get rid of these sharp curves."

The contrast between the old and the new in road-making could not be more forcibly illustrated. The new line, not quite finished, sweeps with noble curves, piercing hills and filling valleys, while the old track tamely hugs the hillsides, winding along like a country wagon-road.



COATESVILLE BRIDGE.

"This is one of the oldest bits of railroad in the country," the Superintendent goes on to say; "It was originally graded for the Lancaster and Philadelphia horse-railroad, an experiment that no one felt like spending over much money on. Besides, the engineer argued, a train would run better on a crooked road—there would be so much more friction!"

"Fact?"

"Yes, truly; and not so absurd an idea either, when we remember how the lack of friction bothered the first experimenters with tramways. The first locomotive put on the road—one of the earliest used in the country—was advertised to run regularly "when the weather was fair." When it rained they had to fall back on horse-power. The driving-wheels slipped as they do now when the rails are wet; and nobody had the wit to sand the track."

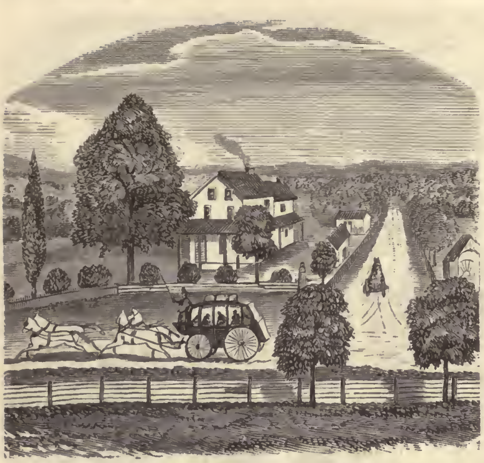
"Is Cap. Hambright still on the road?"

"I believe he is, as he has been from the first. Wonderful changes in railroading since he took the first brigade of horse-cars over this road, forty years ago!"

"This is one of his inventions." The Executive is signalling the engineer as we approach a station. "Simple as this cord and bell contrivance is, it was a stroke of genius that could not have been bettered."

To the patriot the region we are riding through has, however, a deeper interest than arises from any railroad associations. Valley Forge is just beyond the low hills to the north. South and west lies the valley of the Brandywine, and on every hand are places whose names are on the saddest page of our country's history. Wayne station recalls the dashing "Mad Anthony," whose home was near the village we are passing,—Paoli,—where a monument commemorates the massacre of a detachment of his soldiers, unluckily surprised and captured.

Soon we pass the intersection of the road that runs to the pretty village of Westchester; then cross the low ridge which forms the southern boundary of the beautiful Chester Valley. As we approach Downingtown the view up the narrow valley is lovely in the extreme. Farther on the ridges are broken into rounded hills with swelling outlines, sweeping down from wooded crests to richly cultivated fields. At Coatesville we strike the West Branch of the Brandywine, and stop to look at the long bridge that crosses the valley, seventy-five feet above the grade of the Wilmington and Reading



BIRTH-PLACE OF ROBERT FULTON.—(FROM OLD PRINT.)

Railroad, which runs below. For half an hour the Artist has been feasting his eyes on the billowy curves, the feminine grace and loveliness of the Garden of the State, and now finds it hard to sympathize with his hosts in their admiration of the bridge's rigid lines.

To a genuine railroad man there is nothing so pleasant to look upon as a new bridge,—the newer and straighter the better. The artist may call it an ugly bar across a beautiful landscape, but his opinion is regarded with pitying surprise.

The Coatesville bridge is an imposing, indeed a beautiful, structure—as a bridge; but the Artist cannot help thinking what a lovely scene the valley might present if the bridge were only out of the way.

While the lighter footed are scrambling down the bank to view the bridge to better advantage, the Subscriber remains above, in earnest converse with the occupant of an adjoining shanty.

"Discriminating old lady, that," he remarks, with his usual Hickory formula, when we return. "She took me for the Superintendent of the road!"

"She went for the tallest hat; that's all."

"And the most dignified looking personage of the party. And ver-ry properly! [Here the Subscriber rolls out his customary bit of Jacksonian rhetoric.] I assured her I was only Superintendent of the Oil Regions, but she was not to be put off; so I had to compromise the matter—and myself—by promising speedy attention to her complaint."

"Husband killed? or baby?"

"Worse,—far worse! She wants the company to pay for or rebuild an edifice that the trackmen have demolished for encroaching on the road. A cow-shed she calls it. You see—"

The shrill whistle of the locomotive drowns the beginning of the story of the old woman's grievance, and its continuation is forgotten in our hurried retreat to the car. As we sweep out of sight, the confiding matron stands at her door, beaming with satisfaction that her complaint has at last gone to headquarters.

Alas for the uncertainty of corporation promises!

Immense iron-mills roll up their clouds of smoke from the valley as we cross the bridge. At Parkesburg we pass another group of foundries, with machine-shops, car-works, and so on. Christiana has more of a like sort; indeed, all the thrifty towns of this region give evidence of a vigorous appropriation of the mineral wealth the country abounds in.

At the Gap we pierce the long wooded ridge which separates Chester from Lancaster County. Tall columns of smoke, rising like trees in the still air, mark the site of the celebrated nickel-mine to which we owe our smaller coins—the only mine of the kind in the United States. Beyond, to the south-east, is the rich chrome region along the Octorara, branches of which we crossed at Penningtonville, Christiana, and the Gap.

For the next twenty miles our route lies over the fertile plain watered by the Pequea and the Conestoga, with a monotony of excellent farms, plethoric barns, substantial dwellings, and all the other tokens of rural wealth and comfort.

"*Tame?* So it is," the Traveled Man admits; "but so much the more delightful. You may talk of beautiful scenery, of sublime scenery; I have seen the best, and it is all well enough in its way; but for solid satisfaction there's nothing can equal the sight of happy human homes."

If the homes of this region are not happy, the fault lies with the inmates, not the surroundings.

Dinner at Lancaster, a city worthy of a longer visit than we can give it. Here, on the Conestoga, the boy Fulton made his first paddle-wheel; here, before Fulton was born, a citizen of Lancaster, Mr. William Henry, made the first recorded experiments in steam navigation—experiments which probably set Fulton's active mind working in that direction. To this center of intellectual life the young Vermonter, Thad.

tevens, wandered; here he fixed his home nd found his final resting-place. Here, oo, Buchanan lived; his old homestead, Vheatland,—or rather the noble grove of ickories which surround the house,—lying o our left as we leave the city.

Till we reach South Mountain—the first f those long earth-waves that stretch from he Potomac to the Hudson—the country epeats the familiar characteristics of Lanaster Valley. Then we suddenly enter a egion thickly strewn with huge boulders.

“Were they dropped here by some tranded iceberg, in the drift period you eologists tell about?”

“They have a traveled, water-worn apearance, surely,” the Geologist replies, “but they are natives. We shall see nough of them for the next ten miles.”

At the tunnel the interpreter of the rocks oints out the dike of trap whence all the oulders of this region came. The higher lopes all the way to Middletown are strewn vith a plentiful crop of them. At this place ve strike the Susquehanna again. For the emaining ten miles of our course the road uns close to the river, but its wooded banks llow only occasional glimpses of the water.

Sweeping over the level river plain near he end of our day's ride, we pass a lofty urnace-stack, which pours its sooty products nto the still air.

“The Lochiel Iron Mills that we saw from he bridge last night?”

“We haven't come to them yet. These re the Baldwin Steel Works. The most of ur rails are made here.”

“Have we time to see the operation?”

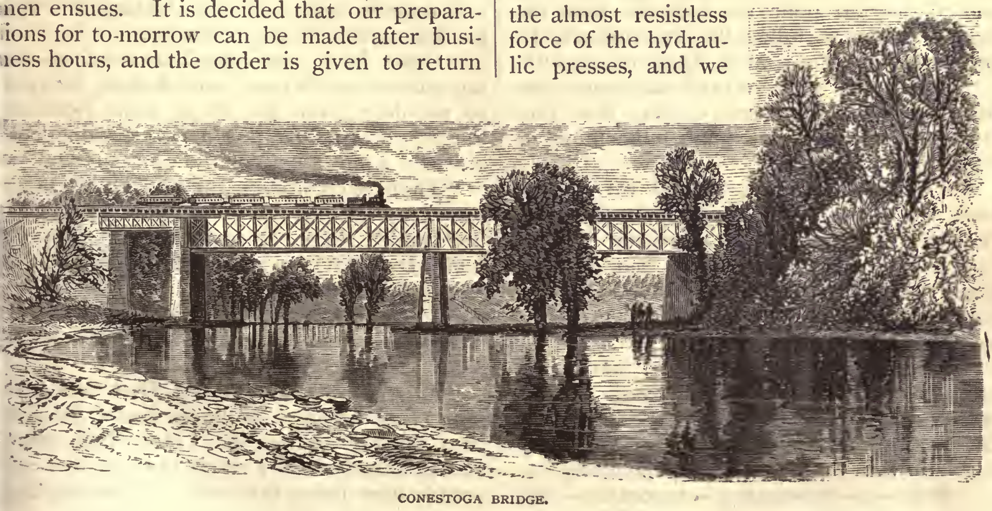
A hasty consultation among the railroad nen ensues. It is decided that our preparaions for to-morrow can be made after busiess hours, and the order is given to return to Baldwin Station, which has been left behind.

Our visit is fortunately timed, for preparations are already making for charging the huge converter. With but a passing glance at the preliminary storm of fire that roars from the mouth of the converter, we follow the superintendent past the hot piles of ingots lately drawn from the moulds; past the great receivers wherein Æolus is imprisoned and forced to do fiery service; past the engines which generate the power used in the Cyclopean operations going on all around, and stop to watch the gigantic steam hammers under which the glowing masses of steel are forged by blows that may be twenty tons or twenty grains as the forger wills. Just beyond the forge is the rolling-mill where the white-hot bars of steel are seized and drawn into rails with a rapidity that bewilders. But it is time for tapping the furnaces, and we hasten back, with scarcely a look at the various piles of rails awaiting shipment.

This is no place for the philosophy of the Bessemer process: no place for describing all the steps by which crude iron is now so quickly converted into steel. Our attention is absorbed by the scenic effect, and that is beyond the power of words to describe. Even the pencil of a Weir would fail to do it justice.

“What are those circular artists driving at over there?” queries the Subscriber, pointing to a number of men on a raised platform, each with his hand on a wheel like that of a car-brake.

The Superintendent explains how their movements control the almost resistless force of the hydraulic presses, and we



CONESTOGA BRIDGE.

stand amazed at the magic by which a turn of the wrist is made to manipulate the ponderous converter, with its charge of melted metal, as easily as a man might handle a glass of water.

A whirlwind of sparks pours from the converter's mouth and rolls along the vaulted roof, sending sudden gusts of fire almost into our faces. The converter comes to rest and the fiery blast is turned off. In a moment streams of molten iron creep along the conduits from the row of furnaces, and pour a flood of scintillating metal into the converter. The charge complete, the blast is turned on again with augmented force, and through a hundred openings air is forced into the liquid metal burning out the carbon and sulphur and other impurities, and sending the dross up the chimney—a coruscating metallic fountain. Our eyes are blinded by the brightness, yet fascinated by the play of colors that mark the progress of the purification. The prevailing hue is a rose-tint of exquisite loveliness, lost in the dazzling whiteness when we look steadily, but reappearing as often as the eye is rested by looking away for a moment.

"We have pure iron now," remarks the Superintendent, as the flame suddenly ceases. "In a moment will be added the compound, which is to change the iron into steel."

The converting mixture pours a fiery cascade into the converter, and a magnificent eruption of many-colored scintillations shows the intensity of the chemical action going on. It ends abruptly, and as the huge retort is canted over to pour its contents into the moulds below, we follow the Superintendent's suggestion, and look in at its shining mouth.

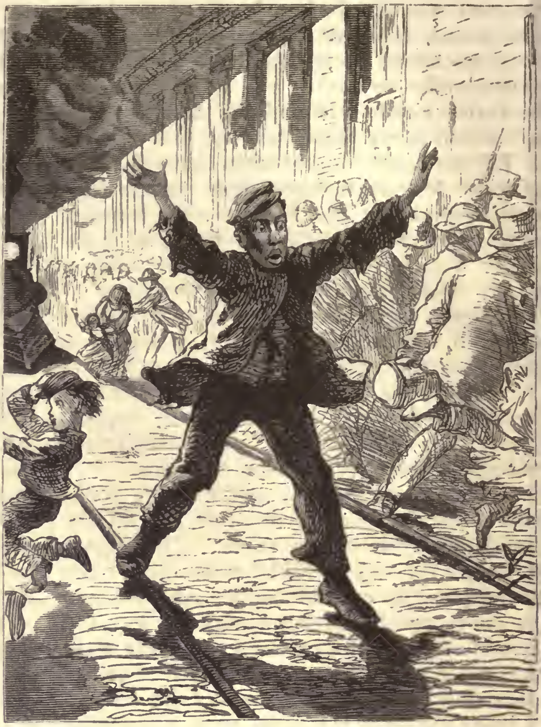
"You know what white-heat looks like now," he says; and we confess that thus far we have had no adequate conception of its perfect whiteness.

On our way back to our car we stop to look at the crushing-machine for pulverizing the refractory lining of the converter.

"If you only had jaws like that, Subscriber," remarks the Little Man, "you wouldn't have had to send back the chops they offered you at the hotel this morning."

The Subscriber watches the machine a moment, working his mouth with unconscious envy, as the blocks of quartzite crumble to sand in its resistless bite: then keeping time with the machine, he ejaculates,—

"With—a—masticating—apparatus—like—that—a man—might *live*,—yes, sir!—a man might LIVE—in a second-rate boarding-house!"



CRAZY DICK CLEARING THE TRACK.

An express train follows us into Harrisburg. As we press through the waiting throng that crowds the platform and overruns the road-way,—for the station is sadly lacking in capacity,—a wild-looking son of Ham sweeps down the track, hustling men and women right and left, clearing the way for the approaching locomotive.

"Crazy Dick," says the Executive, as the apparition speeds past, now dashing forward to shoulder from the track some heedless loiterer, now falling into a reckless dog-trot, scarcely a foot ahead of the cow-catcher.

"There seems to be method in his madness."

"Indeed there is, and a useful method too. Dick saves a good many lives in the course of a year."

"In the employ of the road?"

"No, on his own hook. It's a craze he has."

The train passes on, and Dick slouches away, looking as if he never had a thought or a purpose in his life. His whole mind seems absorbed by a single object—to keep people from being run over, and nothing but an approaching train can rouse him to activity. Then his zeal flames out in a magnificent burst of action, to be followed by abject listlessness until the next train is due. "*Live?* Oh, Dick is one that takes no thought for the morrow. The men about the station see that his board is paid at the lunch-counter; and the engineers, conductors, and other roadmen club together now and then and rig him out with a new suit of clothes. He sleeps anywhere."

Among many incidents in Dick's career, recounted on our way to the Superintendent's office to make arrangements for to-morrow's run up the river, one especially illustrates the intensity of his life-saving instinct.

Two or three years ago a company of Harrisburg firemen succeeded in enticing Dick away from his self-elected duty—not an easy thing to do—and took him off with them on an excursion to Altoona. Arrived there, Dick straightway forgot his companions and fell to guarding the track, as at home. Like many another public benefactor's, Dick's motives were misjudged. His zeal was attributed to the wrong spirit, and before his friends could explain matters he was marched off to the police-station on the charge of drunkenness. Naturally, the simple-minded fellow took his arrest very much to heart; but that was nothing to his distress on his return to Harrisburg, to find that during his absence a boy had been run over and killed—the first accident of the kind that had occurred since Dick came upon the field.

"I done knowed su'thin' would happen if I went away!" the poor fellow cried, deploring his remissness in a storm of weeping. Since then nothing can induce him to desert his post; and so plainly beneficial is his mania, that he is allowed to pursue his mission unchecked, although it is only too evident that it must some day come to a tragic end.

## MY BROTHER.

I WILL not ask my neighbor of his creed,
Nor what he deems of doctrine old or new;
Nor what the rites his honest soul may need,
To worship God—the only wise and true;
Nor what he thinks of the anointed Christ;
Nor with what baptism he hath been baptized.

I ask not what temptations have beset
His human heart, now self-abased and sore;
Nor by what wayside well the Lord he met;
Nor where was uttered, "Go and sin no more!"
Between his soul and God that business lies:
Not mine to cavil, question, or despise.

I ask not by which name, among the rest
That Christians go by, he is named or known;
Whether his faith hath ever been "professed,"
Or whether proven by his deeds alone:
So there be *Christhood* in him, all is well;
He is my brother, and in peace we dwell.

If grace and patience in his actions speak,
Or fall in words of kindness from his tongue,
Which raise the fallen, fortify the weak,
And heal the heart by sorrow rent and wrung;
If he give good for ill, and love for hate—
Friend of the friendless, poor, and desolate—

I find in him discipleship so true,
So full, that nothing further I demand.
He may be bondman, freeman, Gentile, Jew,
But we are *brethren*,—walk we hand in hand!
In his white life let me the *Christhood* see:
It is enough for him—enough for me!

# FANNY WINTHROP'S TREAT.

"Well, Bertha, is Fanny all ready?"

Now that is just like papa,—to have some idea distinctly clear in his own mind, and labor under the illusion that it is just as clear to everybody else.

So when papa startled us with this utterly disjunctive inquiry, mamma patiently waited for further light, which not forthcoming, I remarked in my usual dutiful manner to my wrath-provoking parent: "Certainly, papa, all ready; but is it for dinner, or to be married, please?"

The dazed expression of his eyes was suddenly transformed into a comical mingling of astonishment and delight at our obvious ignorance.

"How strangely forgetful you are growing, Bertha! You can't say anything more about my little slips of memory. I told you yesterday that I would take Fanny to New York with me to-night. if you would get her ready in season."

I sprang three feet into the air, came down on my toes, and swung dear old bothersome papa around the room in my delight, for—don't sneer, girls—I had never seen New York in my life, and my brain fairly turned with the kaleidoscopic visions which the mere name brought into view.

No fears vexed me that I must lose the trip because father had neglected to speak of it until just two hours before the train would leave the station, which was itself two miles from us. No, indeed: was not that long-suffering, quick-achieving mamma of mine equal to greater emergencies than this? Had I not seen her during the seventeen years of my life, at sundry times and in divers manners, set right poor papa's blunders, bring order out of his confusion, and make things that were not appear as if they were?

So, although the precious little woman looked grave, after a single glance at my beseeching eyes, I was not surprised to hear her reply gently to father's outburst: "Of course, dear, she will be ready for that;" and then she briskly summoned me above stairs to a grand dress-parade.

The result of this ceremony was a skillfully packed hat-box, and a trimly costumed little maid tapping impatient boot-heels at her father's failure to put in an appearance when the carriage was brought around. But mamma finally unearthed the sinner, and where do you think she found him? Calmly seated on his own bed, clad in overcoat, gloves, and hat, with his traveling-bag and umbrella at his side and our tickets securely set in his hat-band, while his own precious exasperating self was utterly absorbed in reading the last *Nation!*

It required some time and eloquence on mamma's part to convince him that he was not on the train, well under way for New York, and she the peace-destroying conductor.

Now mamma was quite too loyal to her liege lord to admit his besetting weakness even to me, but it was evident, as she hurried the somewhat shame-faced culprit into the carriage after me, that she regarded the trip as a most dangerous experiment. I even overheard a playful—though serious enough on her part—little altercation between them in the hall, in which papa successfully resisted her attempt to tie a string around his finger, that he might be sure to remember to bring me home with him!

"Do I not well to be angry" at a father with whom such precautionary measures are no joke, but a dire necessity? However, no knight of old could have been more pronounced in his devotion than was father to me throughout that journey. Although most of its hours were to be spent in a sleeping-car, yet he purchased a stock of reading-material, and of the usual corky apples, stale pop-corn, and swindling candies of railroad commerce, sufficient for a wakeful week's consumption.

When bed-time came, and our berths were in readiness, he assisted at my very cursory toilet. Nobody could have exceeded the highly careful manner in which he held my brush, comb, hand-glass, and hair-pins for me while I braided my long locks. There was but one drawback to his brilliant success as a dressing-maid, and that was his utter inability to remember which of all the things in his hands was a reflecting medium, so that he was quite as apt to present to me the back of the brush or the points of the hair-pins as the mirror, when I wished to see myself as others saw me.

Finally, he tucked me into the berth as if I had only as many months of age as I had years, and then woke me at irregular intervals through the night by his anxious inquiries as to whether I was asleep or not.

We arrived at New York in the morning, and drove at once to the Fifth Avenue Hotel.

After a late and lingering and luscious reakfast, papa made ready to keep an apointment he had with Judge Coates to neet him at his office down-town.

Such profuse regrets as that good, but alas! nost fallible, man expressed because he was orced to leave me alone in a strange hotel n a strange city! Such minute charges as e gave me as to what I might or might not lo in case a fire or a revolution should reak out during his absence!

At last, after providing me with a new ovel and a box of *marrons glacés* for comanions, and promising to return and dine vith me at five o'clock, he tore himself way.

As for me, the day passed pleasantly, vhat with the solaces already mentioned, nd the strange panorama of gay, bustling New York visible from my windows.

The only drawback to my complete enoyment was my frequent thought of how oor papa was grieving over the necessity f leaving me, and worrying over my lonely state! Poor papa, indeed!

Five o'clock came, but no father. I knew is business was of great importance and night easily have detained him later than he ad intended, so I felt no real alarm until even o'clock.

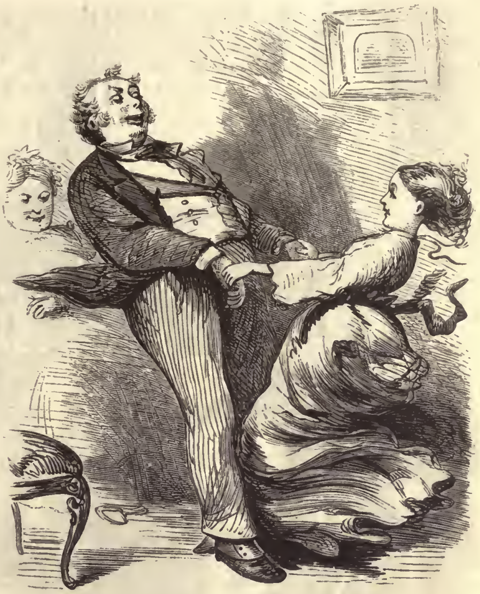
After that time, as the evening dragged its low length along, and instead of seeing efferson's Rip Van Winkle, as we had lanned for our first "lark" together, I ound myself doomed to loneliness, hunger (for I had declined to dine until papa's reurn), and fast-multiplying fears, I was inleed a pitiful contrast to the enviable little naid whom her father had left purring luxuiously over her book and *bonbons*.

My terrors, at first vague, took on more nd more definite form and blackness, until ire and burglary for myself, and apoplexy nd garroting for my father, became hideously familiar to my tortured vision.

It is a remarkable psychological fact that, o lulling had been the effect of my father's ecent gallantry, no suspicion of his havng relapsed into his normal state of forgetfulness came to lighten my gloom by kindling my filial rage.

It must have been long after midnight vhen at last I cried myself to sleep in my chair, for I dared not venture into my bedroom.

I was awakened from a horridly vivid dream of the Nathan murder (the scene of which was visible from one of my windows), with personal variations and grotesque complications, by a violent knocking at the door of the room in which I ought to have been peacefully lying.



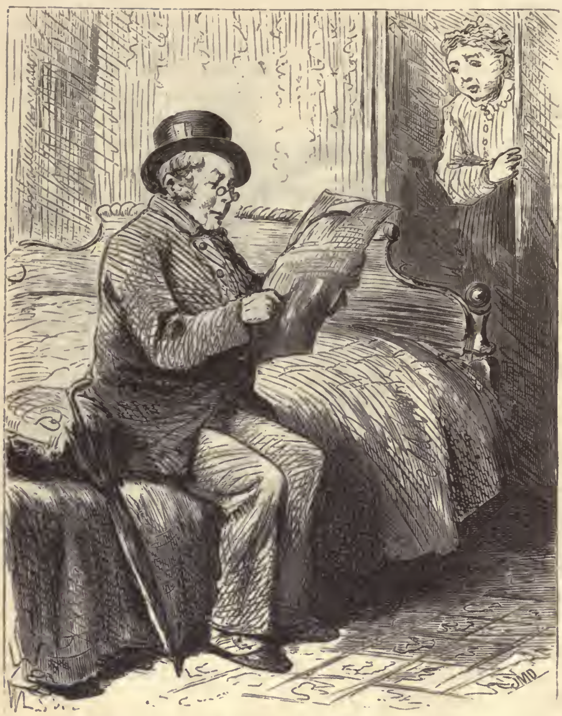
FANNY MANIFESTS HER DELIGHT.

Trembling as I was with exhaustion and terror, I could not have gone so far even had I dared. Presently the knocking was transferred with increased vigor to our parlor-door, and after a time I made out my father's voice, broken as it was with fatigue and anxiety. At this I managed to drag myself to the door, and, after removing the table, and a sofa, and three chairs, with which I had barricaded it, unlocked it and let in the most remorseful, heart-broken creature you ever saw. It makes me laugh to this day, grieved and even angry as I was and am, whenever I recall papa's absurd appearance, and how thoroughly wide awake he was, for once, to my existence and to the dangerous liabilities of his besetting sin.

After a hail-storm of tears, hugs, and kisses he made a clean breast of it, for there was nothing else to be done under the circumstances.

It seemed that he had found Judge Coates at his office, and the interview had developed some very important complications of the case they were engaged upon, which drove all other interests out of mind. Accordingly, when the Judge had said, "Come home with me to-night and we will talk it all over after dinner," he had consented.

"But I told the Judge," said he, looking



"UTTERLY ABSORBED."

at me deprecatingly through eyes full of penitent tears, "I told him all the time that I was sure there was something that I ought to go back to my hotel for. So you see, darling, I didn't really forget you, only that wretched business was uppermost for the time. But the Judge talked me out of this fancy, and off to Brooklyn I went, and we ate a capital dinner (unkindest cut of all), and smoked our cigars, and smoothed out that whole case, so that old What's-his-name himself couldn't ruffle it again. It was after midnight by this time, and, everybody else in the house having gone to bed, the Judge himself showed me up to my room. Just as he was bidding me good-night he said, 'By the way, Winthrop, why didn't you bring down that pretty' [*Did* Judge Coates say 'pretty,' or was that a stroke of inspiration on papa's part?] 'little daughter of yours, whom we met last summer at the White Mountains, to make us a visit?'"

"I am afraid, my child," said poor papa, thoughtfully, "that Judge Coates may think I left him somewhat abruptly, for of course I came away at once."

Somewhat abruptly, I should think.

There he was, still wearing a pair of gayly embroidered slippers which had been lent him when his boots were given to the servant for brushing; in his hand was a little gray hat, which he had snatched as he rushed through the dark hall at Judge Coates's; and around his neck was a week's accumulation of pocket-handkerchiefs of various materials and complexions, and—as truly as I live—Judge Coates's night-gown (which he had just handed his guest when he took flight so mysteriously), all of which, however, made a sorry substitute for the overcoat he had left behind him. Altogether he was such a *bizarre* figure as even New York cannot often show.

One of my weaknesses is that I cannot stay vexed, no matter how great the provocation may have been; so I actually forgave that guilty man, and sent him to his bed to sleep the sleep of the just.

While we were breakfasting amicably together the next morning Judge Coates came in, so anxious was he to learn the fate of his eccentric guest. His version of the night scene was not unlike father's. No sooner had he uttered his inquiry after his daughter than papa, clutching his hair like a madman and rubbing his face, wet with the moisture of sudden fright and sorrow, on the borrowed night-gown, shrieked out "What a fool I am! THAT is the very thing I told you I ought to go back to the hotel after;" and then, plunging out of the room and down the staircase, he had drawn the bolt of the street-door and vanished from sight before his host could recover from his astonishment.

When father had reached the ferry and found how long he must wait for a boat to New York, he fairly raved with frantic apprehension for me, according to his own representation; and it is one of the marvels of the policing of a great city that h was not seized and locked up as the desperado he certainly looked.

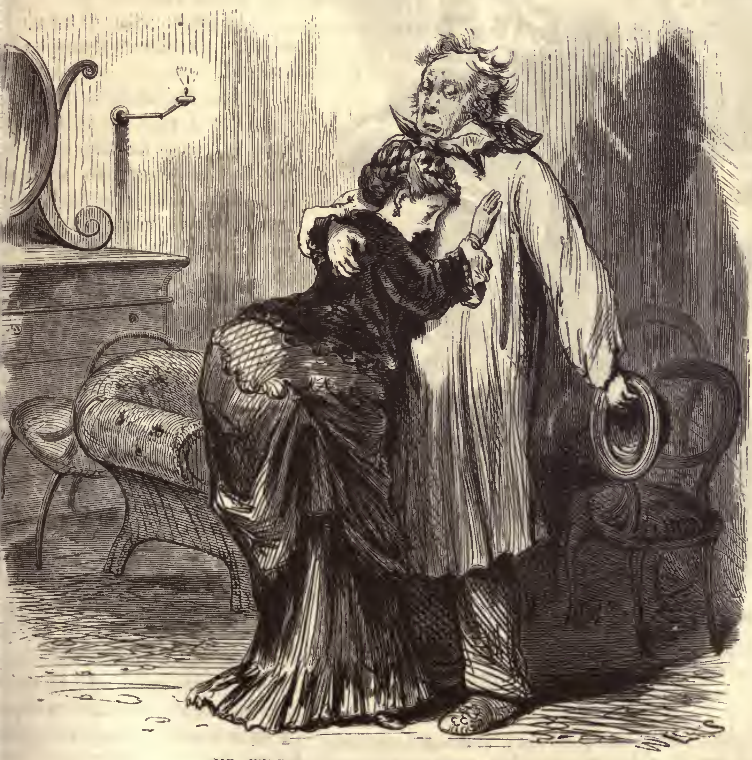
But, to make a long story short in th ending, it all came out serenely after all. Judge Coates sent a dispatch home abou me which brought over his wife and only son, the owner of the gray hat, to dine with u that night and take me to the opera. Th next morning they sent the carriage for m and took me bodily to their house, where finished my visit triumphantly. As fo father, he gave me the daintiest set of pin oral he could find at Tiffany's as a peace-ffering, and while we remained trotted after is injured daughter wherever she went. ndeed, he was, I might say, omnipresent nd devoted to a fault, since Charley Coates nd several of his friends stood ready to re-eve his overburdened mind of such a esponsibility.

All pleasant things come to an end, and y visit was not an exception. It was not hat my fancy had painted when papa had roposed my going to New York. Indeed, was not New York at all; but it had been "treat" of the first quality, and I had ard work to keep the tears back when I aid good-bye to the charming family who ad entertained me so delightfully.

As papa had some last business to attend to New York, it was arranged that we should eet in the waiting-room of the Twenty-eventh Street station, whither Charley oates had promised to take me at the roper time.

On our way over from Brooklyn Charley aid a wager of half a dozen of Jugla's two-uttoned gloves, number five and three-uarters, that father would not be there to eet me, which was very impertinent in the young man (I allow nobody to make game of poor papa's besetting sin but myself), and he lost, as he deserved. Papa was at the station before us, and we arrived just in time to catch him in the act of convoying a frumpy-looking miss out of the waiting-room into the train. It may have been all very well for him to say, by way of excuse for himself, that "all girls look just alike in these days," and that this creature had yellow braids and a blue veil just like mine, which were all he looked for; and that when he asked her where Charley was and if she was ready to get into the cars, and took her bandbox (as if *I* ever would be guilty of a bandbox!) out of her hand, she had never said a word (which silence he ascribed to "grief at parting with Charley"), but had trotted dutifully after him and her bandbox.

"He ought to have known by the style, even if you'd both been done up in mummy-cases just alike," muttered Charley Coates, indignantly. "Mr. Winthrop is the greatest man in the United States for a tough law question, and even for melting a jury; but he is no more capable of taking care of such a daughter than, etc., etc., etc.;" all of which made it necessary for me to be awfully severe with the youth, so that I got through with the parting far better than I had feared I should.



MR. WINTHROP MAKES HIS APPEARANCE.

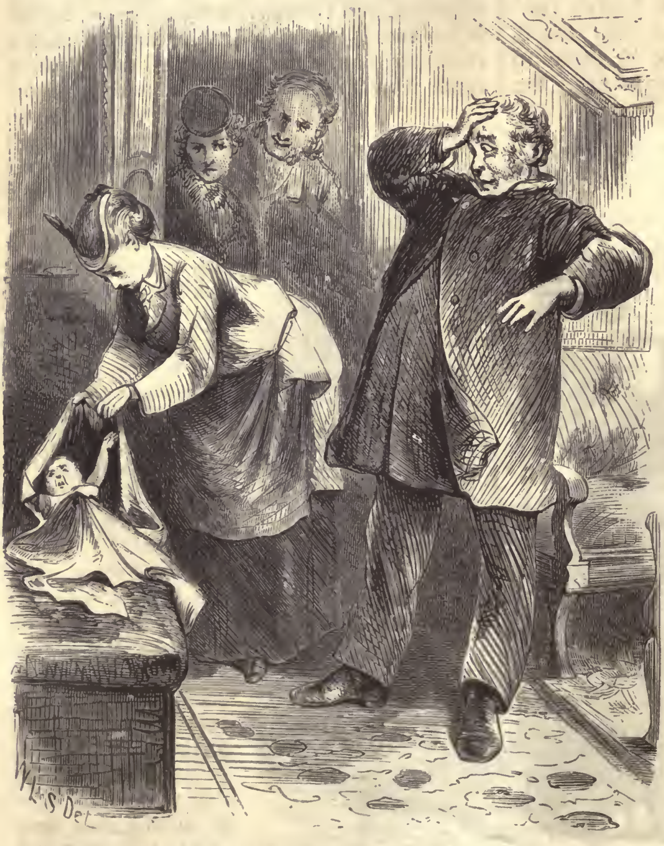
However, when the train was fairly off, and I found myself seated directly behind the creature with the yellow braids and the bandbox, so that I could not have forgotten my last grievance if I had tried, I cried a little behind my blue veil.

Papa found me out, for a wonder, and dragged out of me my opinion that I was mourning in secret over the fact that I was the unfortunate daughter of an unnatural father who didn't even know his own only child by sight, although there *were* people who thought that she wasn't just like everybody else! (sniff, sniff, sniff). Then he pronounced judgment on the case in his most wide-awake and impressive manner, and affirmed that it was not "the nice-looking (such taste!) girl in front" of me, "or the nice-looking boy" I'd left behind me (the idea!), that had thrown me into "this maudlin state," but that I was a "dear little tired-out girl" who had had quite too much gayety and dissipation during the last two or three days for such excitable nerves. And then he told me stories of the good times he had when he was young (and nobody can be more entertaining than my father if he will only keep present-minded) till I forgot my troubles, and we "made up" beautifully, and I fell fast asleep on his shoulder and only waked when we stopped at the junction where we were allowed time for refreshments.

The frumpy young woman had left the train long before at some way station; and papa had turned over the back of her seat so that we could be comfortable, and taken out the shawls from the strap to wrap around me as I slept, for it was getting late on a cold winter's day.

I was still half asleep, but hurriedly rolled my wraps together, not strapping them, and followed father into the eating-room. The change of air, and a few sips of strong coffee woke me sufficiently to recall that this mos confusing of all junctions was the place where we were to change cars for home, and tha very possibly our traps, which we had left to keep our seats for us, might already be on their way back to New York, or any other destination than the right one. Father rushed frantically off into the midst of shrieking whistles, jingling bells, shouting porters, and crashing luggage, but soon emerged with the statement that all was right, and finished hi oysters complacently.

"Your hand-bag was black, wasn't it pet?" he asked, with his last spoonful.



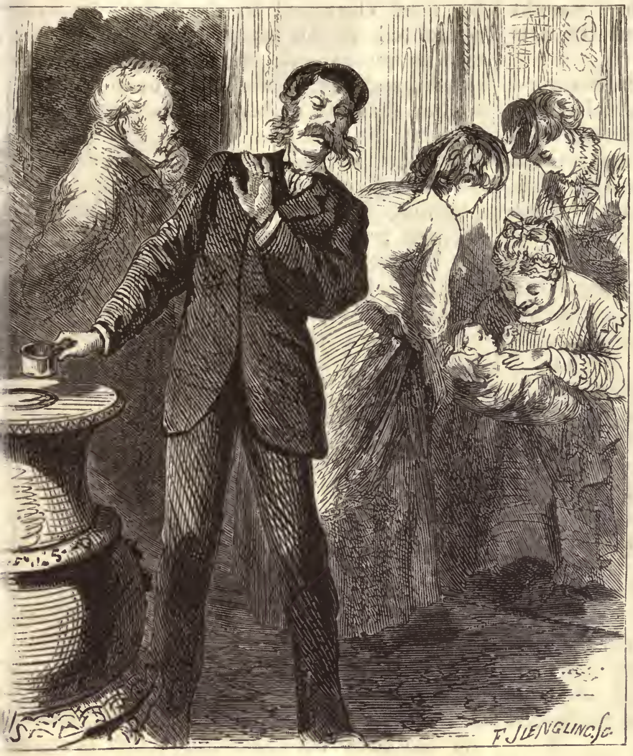
"POOR PAPA CLUTCHED HIS HEAD, AND STAMPED HIS FEET, AND EXECRATED HIMSELF AND HIS FATE GENERALLY."

"No indeed, papa! It was beautifu Russia-leather, and you gave it to me yourself, last Christmas!"

"O—ah—y-e-s—I remember. A pretty dark color, wasn't it?"

"Father, you haven' made another blunder?" cried I.

"No, no, child! It's al right, as I told you. There was no one in the car we left but a poor little woman in black, and she had chosen to get into your sea and go to sleep there; how she managed to do it so quickly I can't imagine. There must be something soporific in that situation mustn't there, Fanny? just picked up the things as quietly as I could, so as no to disturb the poor soul, who looked as if she had cried herself to sleep over tougher sorrows than yours, my girl and put them on board our train. I have taken a compartment in the drawing room car this time, as thought you would want to finish your nap. It is wel you brought so many wraps (I had no idea they were so heavy till I moved them into


F. JUENGLING, Sc.

THE CONDUCTOR TO THE RESCUE !

e other car ; they must weigh a dozen or iteen pounds), for it is going to be a fearfully old night."

Now I have only as definite ideas of weight s girls in general, but father's estimate f the avoirdupois of my black and white aid, my water-proof cloak, and a fleecy hite Nubia struck me as extravagant, and wakened alarming suspicions as to the pos- ble fate of my lovely Russia-leather satchel.

But as we entered the drawing-room car hom should we find in sole possession but eazie Phillips and her father !

Now Teazie is one of my two "most inti- ates," and as she had been spending a fort- ght in Boston, we had so much to say to ch other that I quickly forgot my fears. To e sure I asked papa where my wraps were, oon after the train started, and he ran and eeped into the first compartment, and came ck saying, "There they are, all right ; but e will stay here with our friends instead of king a nap. Shall we not ?" So we four ttled back in our easy-chairs and had the est of gossips,—at least Teazie and I had.

At what time we became actually consci- us of the fact that we were not, as we at rst supposed ourselves to be, the only occupants of that car I cannot say. I remember that the conductor had been back and forth several times, and that latterly he had eyed Teazie and me sharply and with a peculiar expression of countenance which did not seem simple admiration. Papa, too, had remarked to Colonel Phillips, apropòs to a stifled wail and intermittent gurgle which came to our ears from the dusky recesses of the car, "We have a baby among us, have we ?" and each of us made facetious remarks about its vocal development, as light-hearted people will do who have no responsibility for the young performer.

But at last the conductor, standing at the door of the first compartment, called out : "I beg pardon, but which of the young ladies do these things belong to in here ?"

"They are mine, sir," said papa with emphasis, for the conductor's tone had an unpleasant ring.

"Well, why in thunder, then, don't you come and stop your baby's noise !"

At this astounding challenge father "went for that sinful" conductor, who made way for him just in time to save himself from a crushing reprimand, for as he stepped back from the door of the compartment he opened to his wrathful passenger a vision which silenced him. When I saw papa clutching his own unlucky head with both hands I ran to him.

"Papa ! papa ! what is it ?"

What should he do but whirl upon me with the startling cry : "Frances Winthrop, where under the canopy did you borrow this baby from ?"

I pushed him aside, and there, surely enough, was a baby wrapped in a black and white plaid, somewhat like mine, and doing its best to protest against its mufflings.

"Father Winthrop ! Are THESE the things that you brought from the other car for mine ?"

"Merciful powers !" was all his answer, but it was sufficient.

The "borrowed" baby had by this time disentangled itself with its indignant little fists sufficiently to cry at its ease, and I, who am a desperate lover of babies, caught it up and tried to soothe it with all the arts at my command.

Poor papa clutched his head, and stamped his feet, and execrated himself and his fate generally. Colonel Phillips and Teazie and the conductor stared in blank amazement at the three actors in this pleasing little drama, until it happened to occur to me that they had not the cue: so I proceeded to explain that this was only one of the frequent little entertainments which papa and his besetting sin were wont to get up for the benefit of whomsoever it might concern.

"Help me, Phillips! Think for me!" cried poor papa, his wits utterly demoralized by the horrors of the situation and the shrieks of the chief victim there present. "That poor little woman in black!" he went on; "there she had cried herself to sleep, and I, like an infernal scoundrel, must needs make off with her baby and the rest of her things!"

"Ai! ai!" wailed the little Greek chorus from out my unfamiliar arms in fitting response to papa's remorseful apostrophe. So I left the gentlemen to canvass plans for the relief of the poor mother's agony, and bent all my powers to the care of her vociferous offspring.

Luckily, Teazie was wiser in her generation than I, thanks to an overflowing nursery at home, and suggested that the child was hungry; and that, perhaps, since papa was in the habit of stealing babies, he might have been provident enough to bring away proper nourishment also.

Accordingly, while I trotted and 'sh-'sh-'shed and dandled papa's elephant up and down the whizzing car, Teazie went on a foraging expedition and soon brought back a rusty old black bag (which looked even less like my Russia-leather beauty than that yellow-haired creature like me), and out of it she pulled, surely enough, a bottle of milk!

I snatched it, and would have popped it at once into the baby's mouth, which was accommodatingly open; but Teazie swooped upon it with all the airs of a mother in Israel, exclaiming:—

"What a little goosie! It must be warmed, of course."

It actually was half-frozen, and what we should have done in this dilemma without the impertinent conductor I don't know.

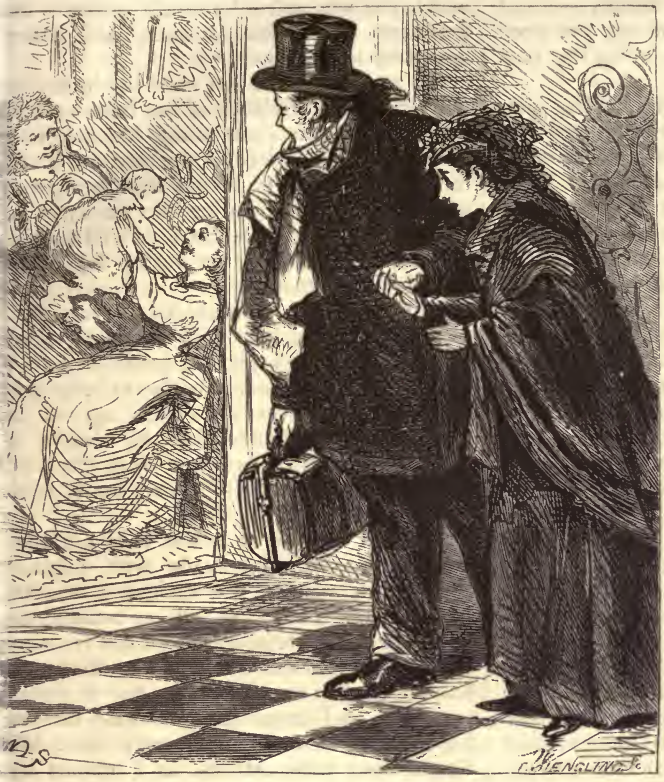
He was now transformed into the most gracious, fatherly creature imaginable. He patted father soothingly on the back; he devised ways and means with Colonel Phillips; he chirruped to the baby; he complimented me on my not very marked success as nurse-maid; and scarcely had Teazie proclaimed the necessity of heating baby's supper than he rushed to the disused water-tank at the other end of the car, and after a gallant struggle with the chained cup tore it off, returned triumphant, and stood polishing away its dust and rust with his scented pocket-handkerchief, while we looked on admiring. Nor did he stop here. He himself, with his own bediamonded fingers, poured the milk into the cup and held it over the hot stove, to the great detriment of his comfort and complexion, until Mother Teazie expressed herself satisfied with its temperature (that of baby's milk—not the conductor's color).

If you do not think that this was very much to do, then all I have to say is, just examine the next drawing-room car conductor you chance to see, and imagine his serene elegance toasting before the fire in an uncomfortable and even ludicrous attitude, all in a howling baby's behalf, and perhaps you will change your mind.

Moral: Men are sometimes better than they look.

But let us return to our little *mouton*. As the baby had been too much occupied with its own vocal exercises to criticise our culinary operations, its appetite was not in the least affected by the dust and the rust and the odorous pocket-handkerchief, and the way that milk disappeared was astonishing to us ignorant outsiders. I indeed, remembering vaguely stories which I had heard of the fatal results of over-feeding, demurred at giving the insatiate atom its will with the bottle, but Teazie (the airs that child put on, for she was a year younger than I, were almost insufferable!) laughed at me, and informed the conductor authoritatively tha she might find it necessary to have him sto the train before we reached A—., in order to replenish nursery-supplies, to which he listened meekly submissive to her will.

However, although we really stopped a the next station (have I said that ours wa the express train, which did not usually sto between the junction and our destination A—.?), it was not for milk, but to se down poor papa. The train conductor ha been called into council, and although i took him some time to understand tha father was neither a wicked kidnapper no a madman, but only an impetuous absent minded gentleman of the best intention he at last agreed with Colonel Phillips an



PAPA AND THE SWEET-FACED LITTLE WOMAN.

ur nursing-father, the drawing-room car conuctor, that papa must get to a telegraphffice as speedily as possible, and send back message to the junction for the arrest and onsolation of the bereaved mother, which essage he was to follow in person by the ight train. When he meekly remarked at he supposed he had better take the aby with him, the proposition was received ith shouts of laughter which greatly relieved ur overcharged spirits. But poor papa ould not laugh. He had always before im the sorrow-worn face of the baby's other. Still he looked relieved when he ound that his penance was not to include ugging back the borrowed baby bodily. t was ordered by the council that I should ake the baby home with me as best I could, be kept under mamma's tender care till apa should bring its own mother there to aim it. The little creature, now that it as no longer cold and frightened and huny, lay on my arms smiling and cooing and uzzing in the most bewitching manner. ndeed it proved to be a perfect beauty, and had contrived to love it so already that I m afraid if its poor mother had appeared that night I should have almost hated her.

Papa gazed at it with mingled emotions, and finally whispered to me, with a pitiful attempt at a smile, "Pussie, don't you think your mamma will—will—will be *rather pleased?* She has always wanted to adopt a baby!" I couldn't in conscience think that mamma's emotions would be altogether pleasurable when she saw me return from my "Treat" minus my father and plus somebody's baby; but I believed after all that things would come out right, and said so to poor papa as he now kissed me good-by, for we had reached the station where he was to be left. I even restrained my lips from saying what was in my heart: "Don't for pity's sake bring home the wrong woman." For it was forlorn enough for him to go back in the dark, cold night, with his burden of remorse, in search of a probably half-crazed mother, instead of being welcomed home in an hour or two, as he had hoped, by his own loving little wife, without any ugly thrusts from me.

We others reached A—. speedily, and, as mamma had sent the close carriage with abundant robes and wraps for us, I resisted Colonel Phillips's entreaties to be allowed to go home with me, two miles out into the suburbs, and drove off gleefully alone, with my precious baby now fast asleep in my arms.

How sweet mamma and Aunt Fanny looked, as they stood in the shining hall to receive us! How unutterably amazed they looked when no papa appeared, and John handed in, not my hat-box (for, of course, papa had gone off without giving me my check), or anything that was mine, but an old black bag; while I, instead of flying through the door to hug them in my usual tempestuous manner, stepped gingerly out of the carriage and up the steps, an old black and white shawl hugged in my arms, and with unnatural calmness remarked:—

"Mamma, I have had a beautiful time in New York, and I have brought you home a baby!" and then went off into an indefinite series of giggles and shrieks;—a not very surprising reaction from my enforced matronhood and excitement during the past few hours.

I spare you explanations and further particulars, only assuring you that never was baby, "borrowed" or otherwise, so brooded and made much of as was mine. The little monkey seemed not at all to miss its mother, and indeed it had as many mothers as it could properly attend to in mamma and Aunt Fanny and me. But I must wind up my story. Before dinner next day, as we were having a grand frolic with Miss Baby, papa marched in triumphantly, with the air of a conqueror and a philanthropist rather than the culprit he was, and accompanying him was not only the sweet-faced little woman in black (and the right woman, for a wonder) but my own wraps and beloved Russia-leather bag!

Mamma says that papa's absent-minded blunders have a way of ending, after all, so satisfactorily as to fail of making any salutary impression on his delinquent mind, and of driving him to mend his ways.

And so it proved in this case, if you will believe it. Mrs. Simms (that was the little woman's name) was really intending to come to G—., only five miles from us, where some connections lived, who she thought might give her shelter till she could find work to support herself and child.

Her husband had died three weeks before in Minnesota, and as soon as she could settle up her small affairs she had started for the East. At the time when papa made his atrocious descent upon her possessions she had been traveling several days and nights without rest, and having laid her baby down on the seat opposite her for its nap had, as father surmised, cried herself to sleep.

Unluckily she slept on after reaching the junction, where she ought to have taken the same train with ourselves and the abducted baby.

She had wakened later to find that she was on the wrong route, and—horror of horrors!—that her baby had mysteriously disappeared.

The conductor was of the humane species, and as soon as he could collect her story from her agonized confusion he had put her in the way of speedy return to the junction, and telegraphed a statement of her case before her. And so it came to pass, after the lapse of two or three terrible hours of resultless search and inquiry, in which she was aided by kindly officials, tha the news of her baby's safety and father' approach reached her.

An aggravation of her case lay in the fac that she had not only lost her baby and he bag, but her purse, containing her ticket an about three dollars (every penny she had i the world), had been filched from her pocke while she slept, or during the frenzy of he search for her baby! So it is well that sh had father to care for her during the remainder of her journey.

Now of course it would be in vain for man who steals bags and babies to reser being suspected of picking pockets: and, t this very day, mamma can always bring pap to terms, whenever he rebels against he gentle, wise guidance, by the simple inquiry, "My dear, are you sure that yo haven't Mrs. Simms's pocket-book somewhere about you?"

We had noticed that the baby's clothe though simple, were made with exquisit nicety, and mamma was delighted to retai Mrs. Simms, baby and all, as seamstress and here the grateful little soul has remaine ever since. Papa obviously quite plume himself on this acquisition to our househol treasures, and frequently goes into the sewing-room to beam complacently upon Mr Simms and little Moses, as I named he At first, as we observed, whenever pap appeared on the scene Mrs. Simms watche him and her baby with vigilantly suspiciou eyes, fearing probably a second attack of h singular kleptomania. This apprehensio was somewhat justified, it must be confesse by the fact that when any visitors came t us who had heard the baby-story (and went far and wide wherever the chief acto was known) papa felt called upon to demonstrate before their incredulous eyes ho inevitably—the haste of changing cars ami the maddening noises of Y—. junction bein understood—a thoroughly wrapped-up infan *must* be mistaken for a bundle of wraps, an unsuspiciously tucked under the arm an made off with.

For a time, Moses lent herself graciousl to this exhibition and saved papa's reputation for sanity again and again. She lon ago outgrew her *rōle*, however; but we sti boldly champion her against the infanti world as the soundest of sleepers when slee is in order, and the sweetest and merrie of wide-awakes. And whatever else poo papa's mind may let slip, he never forge the claims of our Borrowed Baby.

## WORK IN REST.

I.

Ah me, how vast is the boundless space!
Ah me, how long is the endless time!
How sweet, how holy the psalm sublime
That floats, as balm from a crystal vase,
From all that is, to the heavenly place.

II.

How sweet, how holy that ceaseless psalm!
It melts and sinks through the depths above,
Fainting like pulses drowned in love,
Dying, like zephyrs in groves of palm,
Or the inward flow of the tide's full calm.

III.

How smooth, how calm are those star-sprent planes!
How calm are the drifted worlds that stream
The ether oceans with foamless gleam!
A benediction of calmness reigns
Through being's illimitable domains.

IV.

There is no hurry in all the skies;
The fret and flurry of finite years,
The heats of spirit, the worry and fears,
And the tears that bleed from our human eyes,
Are all unknown in those unknown spheres.

V.

So smooth, so still, through the stormless deep,
Unchafed by ripple, unrocked by tide,
With a patient, tireless, majestic sweep
Through the long, bright lapse of their years they glide,
And yet their changeless sereneness keep.

VI.

There is no heat, no hurry in heaven;
The living creatures, the spirits seven,
The prostrate elders who next adore,
The millions who chant on the amber shore,
Are calmed with rapture for evermore.

VII.

God never hastens. Through all the deeps
Of the Goodness infinite, teeming still
With ever-creative thought and will,
And the patient care all being that keeps,
The calm potential and blissful sleeps.

VIII.

For God, the All-worker, works in rest;
Out of His nature creation grows,
Out of His being all being flows,

As the rivers from Eden, unrepressed,
Boundless, exhaustless, beautiful, blest.

IX.

And deep through the unknown, soundless sea,
  Outward forever, on every side
  The spheral waves of His effluence wide
Vibrate through shoreless infinity,
  Filled and filling with life as they glide.

X.

And the vibrant thrill of that boundless Life
  Is the measureless, ceaseless pulse of Love,
  All-blessing, beneath, abroad, above,
With sumless, blissful beneficence rife,
Too wise for sorrow, too strong for strife.

XI.

And up to that Infinite Life and Love
  The endless cry of creation goes;
Million-voiced, dumb, at the Heart above
  It knocks, till the answer all worlds o'erflows
  With love that lightens and glory that glows!

XII.

O, Infinite Energy, born of Repose,
  Repose, of Infinite Energy born,
  Unspent, serene as creation's morn,
  My restless spirit, toiling and worn,
In the restful might of Thy being inclose.

XIII.

O Thou, the All-worker, work in me
  Thy patience, purity, power and peace!
O clear my vision Thy purpose to see,
Work in me and through me, that I in Thee
  May rest and work, with eternal increase.

# AT HIS GATES.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

## CHAPTER XII.

HELEN had not remarked that postscript to her husband's letter, but Dr. Maurice had done so, to whom it was addressed; and while she was hiding her head and bearing the first agony of her grief without thought of anything remaining that she might yet have to bear, many things had been going on in the world outside of which Helen knew nothing. Dr. Maurice had been Robert's true friend; and after that mournful morning a day and night had passed in which he did not know how to take comfort. He had no way of expressing himself as women have. He could not weep; it even seemed to him that to close out the cheerful light, as he was tempted to do (for the sight of all that brightness made his heart sick), would have been an ostentation of sorrow, a show of sentiment which he had no right to indulge in. He could not weep, but there was something else he could do; and that was to sift poor Robert's accusation, if there was any truth in it; and, if there was, pursue—to he could not tell what end—the murderers of his friend. It is the old savage way; and

Dr. Maurice set his teeth, and found a certain relief in the thought. He lay down on the sofa in his library, and ordered his servant to close his doors to all the world, and tried to snatch a little sleep after the watch of the previous night. But sleep would not come to him. The library was a large, lofty room, well furnished, and full with books. It was red curtained and carpeted, and the little bit of the wall which was not covered with book-cases was red too, red which looked dark and heavy in the May sunshine, but was very cozy in winter days. The one spot of brightness in the room was a picture of poor Drummond's—a young picture, one of those which he was painting while he courted Helen, the work of youth and love at a time when the talent in him was called promise, and that which it promised was genius. This little picture caught the doctor's eye as he lay on his sofa, resting the weary frame which had known no rest all night. A tear came as he looked at it—a tear which flowed back again to its fountain, not being permitted to fall, but which did him good all the same. "Poor fellow! he never did better than that," Dr. Maurice said to himself with a sigh; and then he closed up his eyes tight, and tried to go to sleep. Half an hour after, when he opened them again, the picture was once more the first thing he saw. "Better!" he said, "he never did so well. And killed by those infernal curs!" The doctor took himself off his sofa after this failure. It was of no use trying to sleep. He gathered his boots from the corner into which he had hurled them, and drew them on again. He thought he would go and have a walk. And then he remarked for the first time that though he had taken his coat off, the rest of his dress was the same as he had put on last night to go out to dinner. When he went to his room to change this, the sight of himself in the glass was a wonder to him. Was that red-eyed, dishevelled man, with glittering studs in his shirt, and a head heavy with watching and grief—was that the trim and irreproachable Dr. Maurice? He gave a grin of horror and fierce mockery at himself, and then sat down in his easy-chair, and hid his face in his hands; and thus, all contorted and doubled up, went to sleep unawares. He was good for nothing that day.

The next morning, before he could go out, Mr. Burton called upon him. He was the man whom Dr. Maurice most wanted to see. Yet he felt himself jump as he was announced, and knew that in spite of himself his countenance had changed. Mr. Burton came in undisturbed in manner or appearance, but with a broad black hatband on his hat—a band which his hatter had assured him was much broader than he had any occasion for —"deep enough for a brother." This gave him a certain air of solemnity, as it came in in front of him. It was "a mark of respect" which Dr. Maurice had not thought of showing; and Maurice, after poor Haldane, was, as it were, Robert's next friend.

"I have come to speak to you about poor Drummond," said Mr. Burton, taking a chair. "What a terrible business this has been! I met with him accidentally that morning—the very day it happened. I do not know when I have had such a shock!"

"You met him on the day he took his life?"

"The day he—died, Dr. Maurice. I am his relative, his wife's nearest friend. Why should we speak so? Let us not be the people to judge him. He died—God knows how. It is in God's hands."

"God knows I don't judge him," said Dr. Maurice; and there was a pause.

"I cannot hear that any one saw him later," said Mr. Burton. "I hear from the servants at St. Mary's Road that he was not there. He talked very wildly, poor fellow. I almost thought—God forgive me!—that he had been drinking. It must have been temporary insanity. It is a kind of consolation to reflect upon that *now*."

The doctor said nothing. He rustled his papers about, and played impatiently with the pens and paper-cutter on his table. He bore it all until his visitor heaved a demonstrative sigh. That he could not bear.

"If you thought he spoke wildly, you might have looked after him a little," he said. "It was enough to make any man look wild; and you, who knew so well all about it——"

"That is the very thing. I did not know about it. I had been out of town, and had heard nothing. A concern I was so much interested in — by which I am myself a loser——"

"Do you lose much?" said Dr. Maurice, looking him in the face. It was the same question poor Robert had asked, and it produced the same results. An uneasy flush came on the rich man's countenance.

"We City men do not publish our losses," he said. "We prefer to keep the amount of them, when we can, to ourselves. You were in yourself, I believe? Ah! I warned poor Drummond! I told him he knew nothing of business. He should have taken the advice of men who knew. How strange that an ignorant, inexperienced man, quite unaware what he was doing, should be able to ruin such a vast concern!"

"Ruin such a vast concern!" Dr. Maurice repeated, stupefied. "Who?—Drummond? This is a serious moment and a strangely-chosen subject for a jest. I can't suppose that you take me for a fool——"

"We have all been fools, letting him play with edge tools," said Mr. Burton, almost sharply. "Golden tells me he would never take advice. Golden says——"

"Golden! where is he?" cried Maurice. "The fellow who absconded? By Jove, tell me but where to lay my hands on him——"

"Softly," said Mr. Burton, putting his hand on Maurice's arm, with an air of soothing him which made the doctor's blood boil. "Softly, doctor. He is to be found where he always was, at the office, making the best he can of a terribly bad job, looking fifteen years older, poor fellow. Where are you going? Let me have my ten minutes first!"

"I am going to get hold of him, the swindler!" cried Maurice, ringing the bell furiously. "John, let the brougham be brought round directly. My God! if I was not the most moderate man in existence I should say murderer too. Golden says, forsooth! We shall see what he will say before a jury——"

"My dear Dr. Maurice—listen a little—take care what you are doing. Golden is as honourable a man as you or I——"

"Speak for yourself," said the doctor roughly. "He has absconded—that's the word. It was in the papers yesterday morning; and it was the answer I myself received at the office. Golden, indeed! If you're a friend of Drummond's, you will come with me and give that fellow into custody. This is no time for courtesy now."

"How glad I am I came!" said Mr. Burton. "You have not seen, then, what is in the papers to-day? Dr. Maurice, you must listen to me; this is simply madness. Golden, poor fellow, has been very nearly made the victim of his own unsuspicious character. Don't be impatient, but listen. When I tell you he was simply absent on Tuesday on his own affairs—gone down to the country, as I might have been myself, if not, alas! as I sometimes think, sent out of the way. The news of Shenken's bankruptcy arrived that morning. Well, I don't mean to say Drummond could have helped that; but he seized the opportunity. Heaven knows how sorry I am to suggest such a thing; it has nearly broken Golden's heart. But these are the facts; what can you make of them? Maurice, listen to me. What did he go and do *that* for? He was still a young man; he had his profession. If he could have faced the world, why did he do *that?*"

Dr. Maurice replied with an oath. I can make no excuse for him. He stood on his own hearth, with his hand clenched, and blasphemed. There are moments in which a man must either do that, or go down upon his knees and appeal to God, who nowadays sends no lightning from heaven to kill the slayer of men's souls where he stands. The doctor saw it all as if by a gleam of that same lightning which he invoked in vain. He saw the spider's web they had woven, the way of escape for themselves which they had built over the body of the man who was dead, and could not say a word in reply. But his friend could not find a word to say. Scorn, rage, stupefaction, came upon him. It was so false, so incredible in its falsity. He could no more have defended Robert from such an accusation than he would have defended himself from the charge of having murdered him. But it would be believed: the world did not know any better. He could not say another word—such a horror and disgust came over him, such a sickening sense of the power of falsehood, the feebleness of manifest, unprovable truth.

"This is not a becoming way in which to treat such a subject," said Mr. Burton, rising too. "No subject could be more painful to me. I feel almost as if, indirectly, I myself was to blame. It was I who introduced him into the concern. I am a busy man, and I have a great deal on my hands, but could I have foreseen what was preparing for Rivers's, my own interest should have gone to the wall. And that he should be my own relation too—my cousin's husband! Ah, poor Helen, what a mistake she made!"

"Have you nearly done, sir?" said the doctor fiercely.

"I shall have done at once, if what I say is received with incivility," said Mr. Burton, with spirit. "It was to prevent any extension of the scandal that I came here."

"There are some occasions upon which civility is impossible," said Maurice. "I happen to know Robert Drummond; which I hope you don't, for your own sake. And, remember, a great many people know him besides me. I mean no incivility when I say that I don't believe one word of this, Mr. Burton; and that is all I have to say about it. Not one word——"

"You mean, I lie!"

"I mean nothing of the sort. I hope you are deceived. I mean that this fellow Golden is an atrocious scoundrel, and *he* lies, if you will. And having said that, I have not another word to say."

Then they both stopped short, looking at each other. A momentary doubt was, perhaps, in Burton's mind what to say next—whether to pursue the subject or to let it drop. But no doubt was in Maurice's. He stood rigid, with his back to the vacant fireplace, retired within himself. "It is very warm," he said; "not favourable weather for walking. Can I set you down anywhere? I see my brougham has come round."

"Thanks," said the other shortly. And then he added, "Dr. Maurice, you have taken things in a manner very different from what I expected. I thought you would take an interest in saving our poor friend's memory as far as we can—"

"I take no interest in it, sir, whatever."

"And the feelings of his widow," said Mr. Burton. "Well, well, very well. Friendship is such a wide word—sometimes meaning so much, sometimes so little. I suppose I must do the best I can for poor Helen by myself, and in my own way."

The obdurate doctor bowed. He held fast by his formula. He had not another word to say.

"In that case I need not trouble you any longer," said Mr. Burton. But when he was on his way to the door he paused and turned round. "She is not likely to be reading the papers just now," he said, "and I hope I may depend on you not to let these unfortunate particulars, or anything about it, come to the ears of Mrs. Drummond. I should like her to be saved that if possible. She will have enough to bear."

"I shall not tell Mrs. Drummond," said the doctor. And then the door opened and closed, and the visitor was gone.

The brougham stood before Dr. Maurice's window for a long time that morning. The old coachman grumbled broiling on the box; the horses grumbled, pawing with restless feet, and switching the flies off with more and more impatient swingings of their tails. John grumbled indoors, who would not "set things straight" until his master was out of the way. But the doctor neglected them all. Not one of all the four, horses or men, would have changed places with him could they have seen him poring over the newspaper, which he had not cared to look at that morning, with the wrinkles drawn together on his forehead. There was fury in his soul, that indignation beyond words, beyond self-command, with which a man perceives the rise and growth of a wrong which is beyond his setting right—a lie which he can only ineffectively contradict, struggle, or rage against, but cannot drive out of the minds of men. They had it in their own hands to say what they would. Dr. Maurice knew that during all the past winter his friend had been drawn into the work of the bank. He had even cautioned Robert, though in ignorance of the extent of his danger. He had said, "Don't forget that you are unaccustomed to the excitements of business. They will hurt you, though they don't touch the others. It is not your trade." These words came back to his mind with the bitterest sense of that absence of foresight which is common to man. "If I had but known!" he said. And then he remembered, with a bitter smile, his visit to Dr. Bradcliffe, his request to him to see poor Drummond "accidentally," his dread for his friend's brain. This it was which had affected poor Robert, worse than disease, worse than madness; for in madness or disease there would have been no human agency to blame.

The papers, as Burton had said, were full of this exciting story. Outside in the very streets there were great placards up with headings in immense capitals, "*Great Bankruptcy in the City.—Suicide of a Bank Director.*" The absconding of the manager, which had been the news the day before, was thrown into the background by this new fact, which was so much more tragical and important. "The latest information" was given by some in a Second Edition, so widespread was the commotion produced by the catastrophe; and even those of the public who did not care much for Rivers's, cared for the exciting tale, or for the fate of the unhappy professional man who had rashly involved himself in business, and ruined not only himself, but so many more. The story was so dramatically complete that public opinion decided upon it at once. It did not even want the grieved, indignant letter which Mr. Golden, injured man, wrote to the *Times*, begging that the report against him should be contradicted. This letter was printed in large type, and its tone was admirable. "I will not prejudge any man, more especially one whose premature end has thrown a cloud of horror over the unfortunate business transactions of the bank with which I have had the honour of being connected for fifteen years," Mr. Golden wrote, "but I cannot permit my temporary, innocent, and much-regretted absence to be construed into an evidence that I had deserted my post. With the help of Providence, I will never desert it, so long as I can entertain the hope of saving from the wreck a shilling of the shareholders' money." It was a very good letter, very creditable to Mr. Golden; and everybody had read it, and accepted it as gospel, before Dr. Maurice got his hand upon it. In the *Daily Semaphore*, which the doctor did not see, there was already an article on the subject, very eloquent and slightly discursive, insisting strongly upon the wickedness and folly of men who without capital, or even knowledge of business, thus ventured to play with the very existence of thousands of people. "Could the unfortunate man who has hidden his shame in a watery grave look up this morning from that turbid bed and see the many homes which he has filled with desolation, who can doubt that the worst and deepest hell fabled by the great Italian poet would lose something of its intensity in comparison?—the ineffectual fires would pale; a deeper and a more terrible doom would be that of looking on at all the misery—all the ruined households and broken hearts which cry out to-day over all England for justice on their destroyer." Fortunately Dr. Maurice did not read this article; but he did read the *Times* and its editorial comments. "There can be little doubt," that journal said, "that the accidental absence of Mr. Golden, the manager, whose letter explaining all the circumstances will be found in another column, determined Drummond to his final movement. It left him time to secure the falsified books, and remove all evidence of his guilt. It is not for us to explain by what caprice of despair, after taking all this trouble, the unhappy man should have been driven to self-destruction. The workings of a mind in such an unnatural condition are too mysterious to be discussed here. Perhaps he felt that when all was done, death was the only complete exemption from those penalties which follow the evil-doer on this earth. We can only record the fact; we cannot explain the cause. The manager and the remaining directors, hastily summoned to meet the emergency, have been labouring ever since, we understand, with the help of a well-known accountant, to make up the accounts of the company, as well as that can be done in the absence of the books which there is every reason to suppose were abstracted by Drummond before he left the office. It has been suggested that the river should be dragged for them as well as for the body of the unhappy man, which up to this time has not been recovered. But we doubt much whether, even should such a work be successful, the books would be legible after an immersion even of two or three days. We believe that no one, even the persons most concerned, are yet able to form an estimate of the number of persons to whom this lamentable occurrence will be ruin."

Dr. Maurice put down the paper with a gleam in his face of that awful and heartrending rage which indignation is apt to rise into when it feels itself most impotent. What could he do to stop such a slander? He could contradict it; he could say, "I know Robert Drummond; he was utterly incapable of this baseness." Alas! who was he that the world should take his word for it? He might bring a counter charge against Golden; he might accuse him of abstracting the books, and being the author of all the mischief; but what proof had he to substantiate his accusation? He had no evidence—not a hair's-breadth. He could not prove, though he believed, that this was all a scheme suggested to the plotters, if there were more than one, or to Golden himself, if he were alone in his villany, by the unlooked-for chance of Drummond's suicide. This was what he believed. All the more for the horrible *vraisemblance* of the story, could he see the steps by which it had been put together. Golden had absconded, taking with him everything that was damning in the way of books. He had lain hidden somewhere near at hand waiting an opportunity to get away. He had heard of poor Drummond's death, and an opportunity of a different kind, a devilish yet brilliantly successful way of escape, had suddenly appeared for him. All this burst upon Dr. Maurice as by a revelation while he sat with those papers before him gnawing his nails and clutching the leading journal as if it had been Golden's throat. He saw it all. It came out before him like a design in phosphorus, twinkling and glowing through the darkness. He was sure of it; but—what to do?

This man had a touch in him of the antique friendship—the bond for which men have encountered all odds and dared death, and been happy in their sacrifice. But even disinterestedness, even devotion do not give a man the mental power to meet such foes, or to frame a plan by which to bring them to confusion. He grew himself confused with the thought. He could not make out what to do first—how he should begin. He had forgotten how the hours went—what time of the day it was while he pondered these subjects. The fire in his veins, instead of acting as a simple stimulant, acted upon him like intoxication. His brain reeled under the pressure. "Will you have lunch, sir, before you go out?" said John, with restrained wrath, but a pretence of stateliness. "Lunch!—how dare you come into my room, sir, before I ring!" cried his master, waking up and looking at him with what seemed to John murderous eyes. And then he sprang up, tore the papers into little pieces, crammed them into the fire-place, and, seizing his hat, rushed out to the carriage. The coachman was nodding softly on the box. The heat, and the stillness, and the monotony had triumphed even over the propriety of a man who knew all London, he was fond of saying, as well as he knew his own hands. The coachman almost dropped from his box when Maurice, throwing the door of the little carriage open, startled him suddenly from his slumber. The horses, which were half asleep too, woke also with much jarring of harness and prancing of hoof and head.

"To the *Times* office," was what the doctor said. He could not go and clutch that villain by the throat, though that might be the best way. It was another kind of lion which he was about to beard in his den.

## CHAPTER XIII.

None of the persons chiefly concerned in this history, except himself, knew as yet whether Reginald Burton was good or bad. But one thing is certain, that there were good intentions in his mind when he startled Dr. Maurice with this extraordinary tale. He had a very busy morning, driving from place to place in his hansom, giving up so many hours of his day without much complaint. He had expected Maurice to know what the papers would have told him, had he been less overwhelmed with the event itself of which they gave so strange a version, and he had intended to have a friendly consultation with him about Mrs. Drummond's means of living, and what was to be done for her. Something must be done for her, there was no doubt about that. She could not be allowed to starve. She was his own cousin, once Helen Burton; and, no doubt, by this time she had found out her great mistake. It must not be supposed that this thought brought with it any lingering fondness of recollection, any touch of the old love with which he himself had once looked upon her. It would have been highly improper had it done anything of the kind. He had a Mrs. Burton of his own, who of course possessed his entire affections, and he was not a man to indulge in any illegitimate emotion. But still he had been thinking much of Helen since this bewildering event occurred. It was an event which had taken him quite by surprise. He did not understand it. He felt that he himself could never be in such despair, could never take "a step so rash"—the only step a man could take which left no room for repentance. It had been providential, no doubt, for some things. But Helen had been in his mind since ever he had time to think. There was a little glitter in his eye, a little complacent curl about the corners of his mouth, as he thought of her, and her destitute condition, and her helplessness. What a mistake she had made! She had chosen a wretched painter, without a penny, instead of himself. And this was what it had come to. Now at least she must have found out what a fool she had been. But yet he intended to be good to her in his way. He vowed to himself, with perhaps some secret compunction in the depths of his heart, that if she would let him he would be very good to her. Nor was Helen the only person to whom he intended to be good. He went to the Haldanes as well, with kindest sympathy and offers of help. "Perhaps you may think I was to blame in recommending such an investment of your money?" he said to Stephen, with that blunt honesty which charms so many people. "But my first thought was of you when I heard of the crash. I wish I had bitten my tongue out sooner than recommended it. The first people who came into my head were my cousin Helen and you."

Dismay and trouble were in the Haldanes' little house. They had not recovered from the shock. They were like three ghosts—each endeavouring to hide the blackness from each other which had fallen upon their souls. Miss Jane and her mother, however, had begun to get a little relief in talking over the great misery which had fallen upon them. They had filled the room with newspapers, in which they devoured every scrap of news which bore on that one subject. They sat apart in a corner and read them to each other, while Stephen closed his poor sad eyes and withdrew into himself. It was the only retirement he had, his only way of escape from the monotonous details of their family life, and the constant presence of his nurses and attendants. This man had such attendants—unwearying, uncomplaining, always ready whatever he wanted, giving up their lives to his service—as few men have; and yet there were moments when he would have given the world to be free of them,—now and then, for half an hour, to be able to be alone. He had been sitting thus in his oratory, his place of retirement, having shut his doors, and gone into his chamber by that single action of closing his eyes, when Mr. Burton came in. The women had been reading those papers to him till he had called to them to stop. They had made his heart sore, as our hearts are being made sore now by tales of wrong and misery which we cannot help, cannot stop, can do nothing but weep for, or listen to with hearts that burn and bleed. Stephen Haldane's heart was so—it was sore, quivering with the stroke it had sustained, feeling as if it would burst out of his breast. People say that much invoked and described organ is good only for tough physical uses, and knows no sentiment; but surely such people have never had *a sore heart*.

Poor Stephen's heart was sore: he could feel the great wound in it through which the life-blood stole. Yesterday he had been stupefied. To-day he had begun to wonder why, if a sacrifice was needed, it should not have been him? He who was good for nothing, a burden on the earth; and not Robert, the kindest, truest—— God bless him! yes, God bless him down yonder at the bottom of the river, down with Dives in a deeper depth if that might be—anywhere, everywhere, even in hell or purgatory, God bless him! this was what his friend said, not afraid. And the women in the corner, in the meanwhile, read all the details, every one—about the dragging of the river, about the missing books, about Mr. Golden, who had been so wronged. Mrs. Haldane believed it every word, having a dread of human nature and a great confidence in the newspapers; but Miss Jane was tormented with an independent opinion, and hesitated and could not believe. It had almost distracted their attention from the fact which there could be no question about, which all knew for certain—their own ruin. Rivers's had stopped payment, whoever was in fault, and everything this family had—their capital, their income, everything was gone. It had stunned them all the first day, but now they were beginning to call together their forces and live again; and when Mr. Burton made the little sympathetic speech above recorded it went to their hearts.

"I am sure it is very kind, very kind of you to say so," said Mrs. Haldane. "We never thought of blaming—you."

"I don't go so far as that," said Miss Jane. "I always speak my mind. I blame everybody, mother; one for one thing, one for another. There is nobody that has taken thought for Stephen, not one. Stephen ought to have been considered, and that he was not able to move about and see to things for himself like other men."

"It is very true, it is very true!" said Mr. Burton, sighing. He shook his head, and he made a little movement of his hand, as if deprecating blame. He held up his hat with the mourning band upon it, and looked as if he might have wept. "When you consider all that has happened," he said in a low tone of apology. "Some who have been in fault have paid for it dearly, at least——"

It was Stephen's voice which broke in upon this apology, in a tone as different as could be imagined—high-pitched, almost harsh. When he was the popular minister of Ormond Street Chapel it was one of the standing remarks made by his people to strangers, "Has not he a beautiful voice?" But at this moment all the tunefulness and softness had gone out of it. "Mr. Burton," he said, "what do you mean to do to vindicate Drummond? It seems to me that *that* comes first."

"To vindicate Drummond!" Mr. Burton looked up with a sudden start, and then he added hurriedly, with an impetuosity which secured the two women to his side, "Haldane, you are too good for this world. Don't let us speak of Drummond. I will forgive him—if I can."

"How much have you to forgive him?" said the preacher. Once more, how much? By this time Mr. Burton felt that he had a right to be angry with the question.

"How much?" he said; "really I don't feel it necessary to go into my own business affairs with everybody who has a curiosity to know. I am willing to allow that my losses are as nothing to yours. Pray don't let us go into this question, for I don't want to lose my temper. I came to offer any assistance that was in my power—to you."

"Oh, Mr. Burton, Stephen is infatuated about that miserable man," said the mother; "he cannot see harm in him; and even now, when he has taken his own life and proved himself to be——"

"Stephen has a right to stand up for his friend," said Miss Jane. "If I had time I would stand up for him too; but Stephen's comfort has to be thought of first. Mr. Burton, the best assistance you could give us would be to get me something to do. I can't be a governess, and needlework does not pay; neither does teaching, for that matter, even f I could do it. I am a good housekeeper, hough I say it. I can keep accounts with nybody. I am not a bad cook even. And 'm past forty, and never was pretty in my ife, so that I don't see it matters whether I m a woman or a man. I don't care what I lo or where I go, so long as I can earn some noney. Can you help me to that? Don't roan, Stephen; do you think I mind it? nd don't you smile, Mr. Burton. I am in arnest for my part."

Stephen had groaned in his helplessness. Mr. Burton smiled in his superiority, in his mused politeness of contempt for the plain voman past forty. "We can't let you say hat," he answered jocosely, with a look at her which reminded Miss Jane that she was a woman after all, and filled her with suppressed fury. But what did such covert insult natter? It did not harm her; and the man who sneered at her homeliness might help her o work for her brother, which was the actual natter in hand.

"It is very difficult to know of such situaions for ladies," said Mr. Burton, "if anyhing should turn up, of course—but I fear it would not do to depend upon that."

"Stephen has his pension from the chapel," aid Miss Jane. She was not delicate about hese items, but stated her case loudly and plainly, without even considering what Stephen's feelings might be. "It was to last or five years, and nearly three of them are gone; and he has fifty pounds a year for the Magazine—that is not much, Mr. Burton, for all the trouble; they might increase that. And mother and I are trying to let the house urnished, which would always be something. We could remove into lodgings, and if nothing more is to be got, of course we must do upon what we have."

Here Mr. Burton cast a look upon the invalid who was surrounded by so many contrivances of comfort. It was a compassionate glance, but it stung poor Stephen. "Don't think of me," he said hoarsely; "my wants, though I look such a burden upon everybody, are not many after all. Don't think of me."

"We could do with what we have," Miss Jane went on—she was so practical, she rode over her brother's susceptibilities and ignored them, which perhaps was the best thing that could have been done—"if you could help us with a tenant for our house, Mr. Burton, or get the Magazine committee to give him a little more than fifty pounds. The work it is! what with writing—and I am sure he writes half of it himself—and reading those odious manuscripts which ruin his eyes, and correcting proofs, and all that. It is a shame that he has only fifty pounds——"

"But he need not take so much trouble unless he likes, Jane," said Mrs. Haldane, shaking her head. "I liked it as it was."

"Never mind, mother; Stephen knows best, and it is him that we have got to consider. Now, Mr. Burton, here is what you can do for us—I should not have asked anything, but since you have offered, I suppose you mean it—something for me to do, or some one to take the house, or a little more money for the Magazine. Then we could do. I don't like anything that is vague. I suppose you prefer that I should tell you plain?"

"To be sure," said Mr. Burton; and he smiled, lookingat her with that mixture of contemptuous amusement and dislike with which a plain middle-aged woman so often inspires a vulgar-minded man. That the women who want to work are always old hags, was one of the articles of his creed; and here was an illustration. Miss Jane troubled herself very little about his amusement or his contempt. She did not much believe in his good-will. But if he did mean it, why, it was best to take advantage of his offer. This was her practical view of the subject. Mr. Burton turned from her to Stephen, who had taken no part in the talk. Necessity had taught to the sick man its stern philosophy. He had to listen to such discussions twenty times in a day, and he had steeled his heart to hear them, and make no sign.

"What would you say to life in the country?" he said. "The little help I came to offer in these sad circumstances is not in any of the ways Miss Jane suggests. I don't know anybody that wants to take just this kind of house:" and he glanced round at it with a smile. He to know a possible tenant for such a nutshell! "And I don't know any situation that would suit your sister, though I am sure she would be invaluable. My father-in-law is the man to speak about the Magazine business. Possibly he could manage that. But what I would offer you if you like, would be a lodging in the country. I have a house down at Dura, which is of no use to me. There is good air and a garden, and all that. You are as welcome as possible if you like to come."

"A house in the country," said Mrs. Haldane. "Oh my boy! Oh, Mr. Burton! he might get well there."

Poor soul! it was her delusion that Stephen was to get well. She took up this new hope with eyes which, old as they were, flashed out with brightness and consolation. "What will all our losses matter if Stephen gets well?" she went on beginning to cry. And Miss Jane rose up hastily, and went away with a tremulous harshness, shutting her lips up tight, to the other side of the room, to get her work, which she had been neglecting. Miss Jane was like a man in this, that she could not bear tears. She set her face against them, holding herself in, lest she too might have been tempted to join. Of all the subjects of discussion in this world, Stephen's recovery was the only one she could not bear; for she loved her brother like a poet, like a starved and frozen woman who has had but one love in her life.

The old mother was more manageable to Mr. Burton's mind than Miss Jane. Her tears and gratitude restored him to what he felt was his proper place,—that of a benefactor and guardian angel. He sat for half an hour longer, and told Mrs. Haldane all about the favour he was willing to confer. "It is close to the gates of my own house, but you must not think that will be an annoyance to us," he said. "On the contrary, I don't mean to tell my father-in-law till he sees you there. It will be a pleasant surprise for him. He has always taken so much interest in Haldane. Don't say anything, I beg. I am very glad you should have it, and I hope it will make you feel this dreadful calamity less. Ah yes; it is wretched for us; but what must it be for my poor cousin? I am going to see her now."

"I don't know her," said Mrs. Haldane. "She has called at the door to ask for Stephen, very regular. That I suppose was because of the friendship between—— but I have only seen her once or twice on a formal call. If all is true that I hear, she will take it hard, being a proud woman. Oh! pride's sinful at the best of times; but in a time like this——"

"Mother!"

"Yes, Stephen, I know; and I am sure I would not for the world say a word against friends of yours; but——"

"I must go now," said Mr. Burton, rising. "Good-bye, Haldane. I will write to you about the house, and when you can come in. On second thoughts, I will not prevent you from mentioning it to Mr. Baldwin, if you please. He is sure to ask what you are going to do, and he will be glad to know."

He went out from Victoria Villas pleased with himself. He had been very good to these people, who really were nothing to him. He was not even a Dissenter, but a staunch Churchman, and had no sympathy for the sick minister. What was his motive, then? But it was his wife who made it her business to investigate his motives, and we may wait for the result of her examination. All this was easy enough. The kindness he had offered was one which would cost him little, and he had not suffered in this interview as he had done in that which preceded it. But now he had occasion for all his strength; now came the tug of war, the real strain. He was going to see Helen. She had been but three days a widow, and no doubt would be in the depth of that darkness which is the recognised accompaniment of grief. Would she see him? Could she have seen the papers, or heard any echo of their news? On this point he was nervous. Before he went to St. Mary's Road, though it was close at hand, he went to the nearest hotel, and had a glass of wine and a biscuit. For such a visit he required all his strength.

But these precautions were unnecessary. The shutters were all closed in St. Mary's Road. The lilacs were waving their plumy fragrant branches over a door which no one entered. Mrs. Drummond was at home, but saw no one. Even when the maid carried his message to her, the answer was that she could see no one, that she was quite well, and required nothing. "Not even the clergyman, sir," said the maid. "He's been, but she would not see him. She is as white as my apron, and her poor hands you could see the light through 'em. We all think as she'll die too."

"Does she read the papers?" said Mr. Burton anxiously. He was relieved when the woman said "No." He gave her half-a-crown, and bade her admit none to the house till he came again. Rebecca promised and curtsied, and went back to the kitchen to finish reading that article in the *Daily Semaphore.* The fact that it was "master" who was there called "this unfortunate man" and "this unhappy wretch," gave the strongest zest to it. "La! to think he could have had all that on his mind," they said to each other. George was the only one who considered it might be "a made-up story," and he was believed to say so more from "contrariness," and a desire to set up for superior wisdom, than because he had any real doubt on the subject. "A person may *say* a thing, but I never heard of one yet as would go for to put it in print, if it wasn't true," was Rebecca's comment. "I'm sorry for poor master, all the same," said Jane the house-maid, who was tender-hearted, and who had put on an old black gown of her own accord. The servants were not to get mourning, which was something unheard of; and they had all received notice, and, as soon as Mrs. Drummond was able to move, were to go away.

For that matter, Helen was able to move then—able to go to the end of the earth, as she felt with a certain horror of herself. It is so natural to suppose that physical weakness should come in the train of grief; but often it does not, and the elastic delicate strength of Helen's frame resisted all the influences of her sorrow. She scarcely eat at all; she slept little; the world had grown to her one great sea of darkness and pain and desolation: and yet she could not lie down and die as she had thought she would, but felt such a current of feverish energy in all her veins as she had never felt before. She could have done anything—laboured, travelled, worked with her hands, fought even, not like a man, but like twenty men. She was conscious of this, and it grieved and horrified her. She felt as a woman brought up in conventional proprieties would naturally feel, that her health ought to have been affected, that her strength should have failed her. But it had not done so. Her grief inflamed her rather, and set her heart on fire. Even now, in these early days, when custom decreed that she ought to be incapable of exertion, "keeping her bed," she felt herself in possession of a very flood of energy and excited strength. She was miserable, but she was not weak. She shut herself up in the darkened house all day, but half the night would walk about in her garden, in her despair, trying to tame down the wild life which had come with calamity. Poor little Norah crept about everywhere after her, and lay watching with great wide-open eyes, through the silvery half-darkness of the summer night, till she should come to bed. But Norah was not old enough to understand her mother, and was herself half frightened by this extraordinary change in her, which affected the child's imagination more than the simple disappearance of her father did, though she wept and longed for him with a dreary sense that unless he came back, life never could be as of old, and that he would never, never come back. But all the day long Mrs. Drummond sat in her darkened room, and "was not able to see any one." She endured the vigil, and would have done so, if she had died of it. That was what was called "proper respect:" it was the conventional necessity of the moment. Mr. Burton called again and again, but it was more than a fortnight before he was admitted. And in the meantime he too had certain preparations to go through.

(To be continued.)

## BACK-LOG STUDIES.—V.

### I.

—The King sat in the winter-house in the ninth month, and there was a fire on the hearth burning before him. . . When Jehudi had read three or four leaves he cut it with the penknife.

That seems to be a pleasant and home-like picture from a not very remote period—less than twenty-five hundred years ago, and many centuries after the fall of Troy. And that was not so very long ago, for Thebes, in the splendid streets of which Homer wandered and sang to the kings when Memphis, whose ruins are older than history, was its younger rival, was twelve centuries old when Paris ran away with Helen.

I am sorry that the original—and you can usually do anything with the "original"—does not bear me out in saying that it was a pleasant picture. I should like to believe that Jehoiakim—for that was the singular name of the gentleman who sat by his hearthstone—had just received the Memphis *Palimpsest*, fifteen days in advance of the date of its publication, and that his secretary was reading to him that monthly, and cutting its leaves as he read. I should like to have seen it in that year when Thales was learning astronomy in Memphis, and Necho was organizing his campaign against Carchemish. If Jehoiakim took the *Attic Quarterly*, he might have read its comments on the banishment of the Alcmæonidæ, and its gibes at Solon for his prohibitory laws, forbidding the sale of unguents, limiting the luxury of dress, and interfering with the sacred rights of mourners to passionately bewail the dead in the Asiatic manner; the same number being enriched with contributions from two rising poets—a lyric of love by Sappho, and an ode sent by Anacreon from Teos, with an editorial note explaining that the MAGA was not responsible for the sentiments of the poem.

But, in fact, the gentleman who sat before the back-log in his winter-house had other things to think of. For Nebuchadnezzar was coming that way with the chariots and horses of Babylon and a great crowd of marauders; and the king had not even the poor choice whether he would be the vassal of the Chaldean or the Egyptian. To us, this is only a ghostly show of monarchs and conquerors stalking across vast historic spaces. It was no doubt a vulgar enough scene of war and plunder. The great captains of that age went about to harry each other's territories and spoil each other's cities very much as we do now-a-days, and for similar reasons:—Napoleon the Great in Moscow, Napoleon the Small in Italy, Kaiser William in Paris, Great Scott in Mexico! Men have not changed much.

—The Fire-Tender sat in his winter-garden in the third month; there was a fire on the hearth burning before him. He cut the leaves of SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY with his penknife, and thought of Jehoiakim.

That seems as real as the other. In the Garden, which is a room of the house, the tall callas, rooted in the ground, stand about the fountain; the sun streaming through the glass illumines the many-hued flowers. I wonder what Jehoiakim did with the mealy-bug on his passion-vine, and if he had any way of removing the scale-bug from his African acacia? One would like to know, too, how he treated the red-spider on the Le Marque rose? The record is silent. I do not doubt he had all these insects in his winter-garden, and the aphidæ besides; and he could not smoke them out with tobacco, for the world had not yet fallen into its second stage of the knowledge of good and evil, by eating the forbidden tobacco-plant.

I confess that this little picture of a fire on the hearth so many centuries ago helps to make real and interesting to me that somewhat misty past. No doubt the lotus and the acanthus from the Nile grew in that winter-house, and perhaps Jehoiakim attempted—the most difficult thing in the world—the cultivation of the wild flowers from Lebanon. Perhaps Jehoiakim was interested also, as I am through this ancient fire-place,—which is a sort of domestic window into the ancient world,—in the loves of Bernice and Abaces at the court of the Pharaohs. I see that it is the same thing as the sentiment—perhaps it is the shrinking which every soul that is a soul has, sooner or later, from isolation—which grew up between Herbert and The Young Lady Staying With Us. Jeremiah used to come in to *that* fire-side very much as The Parson does to ours. The Parson, to be sure, never prophecies, but he grumbles, and is the chorus in the play that sings the everlasting *ai ai* of "I told you so!" Yet we like the Parson. He is the sprig of bitter herb that makes the pottage wholesome. I should rather, ten times over, dispense with the flatterers and the smooth-sayers than the grumblers. But the grumblers are of two sorts—the healthful-toned and the whiners. There are makers of beer who substitute for the clean bitter of the hops some deleterious drug, and then seek to hide the fraud by some cloying sweet. There is nothing of this sickish drug in the Parson's talk, nor was there in that of Jeremiah. I sometimes think there is scarcely enough of this wholesome tonic in modern society. The Parson says he never would give a child sugar-coated pills. Mandeville says he never would give them any. After all, you cannot help liking Mandeville.

## II.

We were talking of this late news from Jerusalem. The Fire-Tender was saying that it is astonishing how much is telegraphed us from the East, that is not half so interesting. He was at a loss to philosophically account for the fact that the world is so eager to know the news of yesterday which is unimportant, and so indifferent to that of the day before which is of some moment.

MANDEVILLE. I suspect that it arises from the want of imagination. People need to touch the facts, and nearness in time is contiguity. It would excite no interest to bulletin the last siege of Jerusalem in a village where the event was unknown, if the date was appended; and yet the account of it is incomparably more exciting than that of the siege of Metz.

OUR NEXT DOOR. The daily news is a necessity. I cannot get along without my morning paper. The other morning I took it up, and was absorbed in the telegraphic columns for an hour nearly. I thoroughly enjoyed the feeling of immediate contact with all the world of yesterday, until I read among the minor items that Patrick Donahue, of the city of New York, died of a sunstroke. If he had frozen to death I should have enjoyed that; but to die of sunstroke in February seemed inappropriate, and I turned to the date of the paper. When I found it was printed in July, I need not say that I lost all interest in it, though why the trivialities and crimes and accidents, relating to people I never knew, were not as good six months after date as twelve hours, I cannot say.

THE FIRE-TENDER. You know that in Concord the latest news, except a remark or two by Thoreau or Emerson, is the Vedas. I believe the Rig-Veda is read at the breakfast table instead of the Boston journals.

THE PARSON. I know it is read afterward instead of the Bible.

MANDEVILLE. That is only because it is supposed to be older. I have understood that the Bible is very well spoken of there, but it is not antiquated enough to be an authority.

OUR NEXT DOOR. There was a project on foot to put it into the circulating library, but the title New in the second part was considered objectionable.

HERBERT. Well, I have a good deal of sympathy with Concord as to the news. We are fed on a daily diet of trivial events and gossip, of the unfruitful sayings of thoughtless men and women, until our mental digestion is seriously impaired; the day will come when no one will be able to sit down to a thoughtful, well-wrought book and assimilate its contents.

THE MISTRESS. I doubt if a daily newspaper is a necessity, in the higher sense of the word.

THE PARSON. Nobody supposes it is to women—that is, if they can see each other.

THE MISTRESS. Don't interrupt, unless you have something to say; though I should like to know how much gossip there is afloat that the minister does not know. The newspaper may be needed in society, but how quickly it drops out of mind when one goes beyond the bounds of what is called civilization. You remember when we were in the depths of the woods last summer how difficult it was to get up any interest in the files of late papers that reached us, and how unreal all the struggle and turmoil of the world seemed. We stood apart, and could estimate things at their true value.

THE YOUNG LADY. Yes, that was real life. I never tired of the guide's stories; there was some interest in the intelligence that a deer had been down to eat the lily-pads at the foot of the lake the night before; that a bear's track was seen on the trail we crossed that day; even Mandeville's fish stories had a certain air of probability; and how to roast a trout in the ashes and serve him hot, and juicy, and clean, and how to cook soup and prepare coffee and heat dish-water in one tin-pail were vital problems.

THE PARSON. You would have had no such problems at home. Why will people go so far to put themselves to such inconvenience? I hate the woods. Isolation breeds conceit; there are no people so conceited as those who dwell in remote wildernesses and live mostly alone.

THE YOUNG LADY. For my part, I feel humble in the presence of mountains, and in the vast stretches of the wilderness.

THE PARSON. I'll be bound a woman would feel just as nobody would expect her to feel, under given circumstances.

MANDEVILLE. I think the reason why the newspaper and the world it carries take no hold of us in the wilderness is that we become a kind of vegetable ourselves when we go there. I have often attempted to improve my mind in the woods with good, solid books. You might as well offer a bunch of celery to an oyster. The mind goes to sleep: the senses and the instincts wake up. The best I can do when it rains, or the trout won't bite, is to read Dumas' novels. Their ingenuity will almost keep a man awake after supper, by the camp-fire. And there is a kind of unity about them that I like; the history is as good as the morality.

OUR NEXT DOOR. I always wondered where Mandeville got his historical facts.

THE MISTRESS. Mandeville misrepresents himself in the woods. I heard him one night repeat "The Vision of Sir Launfal—"

(THE FIRE-TENDER. Which comes very near being our best poem.)

as we were crossing the lake, and the guides became so absorbed in it that they forgot to paddle, and sat listening with open mouths, as if it had been a panther story.

THE PARSON. Mandeville likes to show off well enough. I heard that he related to a woods' boy up there the whole of the Siege of Troy. The boy was very much interested and said "there 'd been a man up there that spring from Troy, looking up timber." Mandeville always carries the news when he goes into the country.

MANDEVILLE. I'm going to take the Parson's sermon on Jonah next summer; it's the nearest to anything like news we've had from his pulpit in ten years. But, seriously, the boy was very well informed. He'd heard of Albany; his father took in the *Weekly Tri-bune*, and he had a partial conception of Horace Greeley.

OUR NEXT DOOR. I never went so far out of the world in America yet that the name of Horace Greeley didn't rise up before me. One of the first questions asked by any camp-fire is, "Did ye ever *see* Horace?"

HERBERT. Which shows the power of the press again. But I have often remarked how little real conception of the moving world, as it is, people in remote regions get from the newspaper. It needs to be read in the midst of events. A chip cast ashore in a refluent eddy tells no tale of the force and swiftness of the current.

OUR NEXT DOOR. I don't exactly get the drift of that last remark; but I rather like a remark that I can't understand; like the landlady's indigestible bread, it stays by you.

HERBERT. I see that I must talk in words of one syllable. The newspaper has little effect upon the remote country mind, because the remote country mind is interested in a very limited number of things. Besides, as the Parson says, it is conceited. The most accomplished scholar will be the butt of all the guides in the woods, because he cannot follow a trail that would puzzle a sable (saple the trappers call it).

THE PARSON. It's enough to read the summer letters that people write to the newspapers from the country and the woods. Isolated from the activity of the world, they come to think that the little adventures of their stupid days and nights are important. Talk about that being real life! Compare the letters such people write with the other contents of the newspaper, and you will see which life is real. That's one reason I hate to have summer come, the country letters set in.

THE MISTRESS. I should like to see something the Parson does n't hate to have come.

MANDEVILLE. Except his quarter's salary, and the meeting of the American Board.

THE FIRE-TENDER. I don't see that we are getting any nearer the solution of the original question. The world is evidently interested in events simply because they are recent.

OUR NEXT DOOR. I have a theory that a newspaper might be published at little cost, merely by reprinting the numbers of years before, only altering the dates; just as the Parson preaches over his sermons.

THE FIRE-TENDER. It's evident we must have a higher order of news-gatherers. It has come to this, that the newspaper furnishes thought-material for all the world, actually prescribes from day to day the themes the world shall think on and talk about. The occupation of news-gathering becomes therefore the most important. When you think of it, it is astonishing that this department should not be in the hands of the ablest men, accomplished scholars, philosophical observers, discriminating selectors of the news of the world that is worth thinking over and talking about. The editorial comments frequently are able enough, but is it worth while keeping an expensive mill going to grind chaff? I sometimes wonder, as I open my morning paper, if nothing did happen in the twenty-four hours except crimes, accidents, defalcations, deaths of unknown loafers, robberies, monstrous births—say about the level of police-court news.

OUR NEXT DOOR. I have even noticed that murders have deteriorated; they are not so high-toned and mysterious as they used to be.

THE FIRE-TENDER. It is true that the newspapers have improved vastly within the last decade.

HERBERT. I think for one that they are very much above the level of the ordinary gossip of the country.

THE FIRE-TENDER. But I am tired of having the under-world still occupy so much room in the newspapers. The reporters are rather more alert for a dog-fight than a philological convention. It must be that the good deeds of the world outnumber the bad in any given day; and what a good reflex action it would have on society if they could be more fully reported than the bad. I suppose the Parson would call this the Enthusiasm of Humanity.

THE PARSON. You'll see how far you can lift yourself up by your boot-straps.

HERBERT. I wonder what influence on the quality (I say nothing of quantity) of news the coming of women into the reporter's and editor's work will have.

OUR NEXT DOOR. There are the baby-shows; they make cheerful reading.

THE MISTRESS. All of them got up by speculating men, who impose upon the vanity of weak women.

HERBERT. I think women-reporters are more given to personal details and gossip than the men. When I read the Washington correspondence I am proud of my country, to see how many Apollo Belvideres, Adonises, how much marble brow, and piercing eye and hyacinthine locks we have in the two houses of Congress.

THE YOUNG LADY. That's simply because

nen understand the personal weakness of n; they have a long score of personal tery to pay off too.

andeville. I think women will bring in ments of brightness, picturesqueness, and ity very much needed. Women have a ver of investing simple ordinary things h a charm; men are bungling narrators npared with them.

The Parson. The mistake they make is trying to write, and especially to "stump-ak," like men; next to an effeminate man re is nothing so disagreeable as a mannish man.

Herbert. I heard one once address a islative committee. The knowing air, the niliar, jocular, smart manner, the nodding l winking innuendoes, supposed to be those a man "up to snuff," and *au fait* in politi- wiles, were inexpressibly comical. And the exhibition was pathetic, for it had the ggestive vulgarity of a woman in man's thes. The imitation is always a dreary lure.

The Mistress. Such women are the rare ceptions. I am ready to defend my sex; t I won't attempt to defend both sexes in e.

The Fire-Tender. I have great hope it women will bring into the newspaper an vating influence; the common and sweet of society is much better fitted to enter-n and instruct us than the exceptional and travagant. I confess (saving the mistress's esence) that the evening talk over the des-t at dinner is much more entertaining and quant than the morning paper, and often as portant.

The Mistress. I think the subject had tter be changed.

Mandeville. The person, not the sub-ct. There is no entertainment so full of iet pleasure as the hearing a lady of culti-tion and refinement relate her day's expe-nce in her daily rounds of calls, charitable sits, shopping, errands of relief and condo-nce. The evening budget is better than e finance minister's.

Our Next Door. That's even so. My fe will pick up more news in six hours than can get in a week, and I'm fond of news.

Mandeville. I don't mean gossip, by any eans, or scandal. A woman of culture ims over that like a bird, never touching it th the tip of a wing. What she brings me is the freshness and brightness of life. ie touches everything so daintily, she hits f a character in a sentence, she gives the th of a dialogue without tediousness, she mimics without vulgarity; her narration sparkles, but it doesn't sting. The picture of her day is full of vivacity, and it gives new value and freshness to common things. If we could only have on the stage such actresses as we have in the drawing-room.

The Fire-Tender. We want something more of this grace, sprightliness, and harmless play of the finer life of society in the newspaper.

Our Next Door. I wonder Mandeville doesn't marry, and become a permanent subscriber to his embodied idea of a newspaper.

The Young Lady. Perhaps he does not relish the idea of being unable to stop his subscription.

Our Next Door. Parson, won't you please punch that fire, and give us more blaze; we are getting into the darkness of socialism.

### III.

Herbert returned to us in March. The Young Lady was spending the winter with us, and March, in spite of the calendar, turned out to be a winter month. It usually is in New England, and April too, for that matter. And I cannot say it is unfortunate for us. There are so many topics to be turned over and settled at our fireside that a winter of ordinary length would make little impression on the list. The fireside is after all a sort of private court of Chancery, where nothing ever does come to a final decision. The chief effect of talk on any subject is to strengthen one's own opinions, and, in fact, one never knows exactly what he does believe until he is warmed into conviction by the heat of attack and defense. A man left to himself drifts about like a boat on a calm lake; it is only when the wind blows that the boat goes anywhere.

Herbert said he had been dipping into the recent novels written by women, here and there, with a view to noting the effect upon literature of this sudden and rather overwhelming accession to it. There was a good deal of talk about it evening after evening, off and on, and I can only undertake to set down fragments of it.

Herbert. I should say that the distinguishing feature of the literature of this day is the prominence women have in its production. They figure in most of the magazines, though very rarely in the scholarly and critical reviews, and in thousands of newspapers; to them we are indebted for the oceans of Sunday-school books, and they write the majority of the novels, the serial stories, and they mainly pour out the watery flood of tales in the weekly papers. Whether this is to result in more good than evil it is impossible yet to say, and perhaps it would be unjust to say until this generation has worked off its froth, and women settle down to artistic, conscientious labor in literature.

THE MISTRESS. You don't mean to say that George Eliot and Mrs. Gaskell and George Sand and Mrs. Browning, before her marriage and severe attack of spiritism, are less true to art than contemporary men novelists and poets.

HERBERT. You name some exceptions that show the bright side of the picture, not only for the present but for the future. Perhaps genius has no sex; but ordinary talent has. I refer to the great body of novels, which you would know by internal evidence were written by women. They are of two sorts:—the domestic story, entirely unidealized, and as flavorless as water-gruel; and the spiced novel, generally immoral in tendency, in which the social problems are handled, unhappy marriages, affinity and passional attraction, bigamy, and the violation of the seventh commandment. These subjects are treated in the rawest manner, without any settled ethics, with little discrimination of eternal right and wrong, and with very little sense of responsibility for what is set forth. Many of these novels are merely the blind outbursts of a nature impatient of restraint and the conventionalities of society, and are as chaotic as the untrained minds that produce them.

MANDEVILLE. Don't you think these novels fairly represent a social condition of unrest and upheaval?

HERBERT. Very likely; and they help to create and spread abroad the discontent they describe. Stories of bigamy (sometimes disguised by divorce), of unhappy marriages, where the injured wife, through an entire volume, is on the brink of falling into the arms of a sneaking lover, until death kindly removes the obstacle, and the two souls, who were born for each other but got separated in the cradle, melt and mingle into one in the last chapter, are not healthful reading for maids or mothers.

THE MISTRESS. Or men.

THE FIRE-TENDER. The most disagreeable object to me in modern literature is the man the women novelists have introduced as the leading character; the women who come in contact with him seem to be fascinated by his disdainful mien, his giant strength, and his brutal manner. He is broad across the shoulders, heavily moulded, yet as lithe as a cat, has an ugly scar across his right che has been in the four quarters of the glo knows seventeen languages, had a harem Turkey and a Fayaway in the Marquesas, c be as polished as Bayard in the drawing-roo but is as gloomy as Conrad in the librar has a terrible eye and a withering glance, l can be instantly subdued by a woman's har if it is not his wife's; and through all morose and vicious career has carried a he as pure as a violet.

THE MISTRESS. Don't you think the Cou of Monte Christo is the elder brother Rochester?

THE FIRE-TENDER. One is a mere he of romance; the other is meant for a r man.

MANDEVILLE. I don't see that the m novel-writers are better than the women.

HERBERT. That's not the question; l what are women who write so large a p portion of the current stories bringing ir literature? Aside from the question morals, and the absolutely demoralizing ma ner of treating social questions, most of th stories are vapid and weak beyond expressic and are slovenly in composition, showi neither study, training, nor mental disciplin

THE MISTRESS. Considering that wom have been shut out from the training of t Universities, and have few opportunities the wide observation that men enjoy, isn't pretty well that the foremost living writers fiction are women?

HERBERT. You can say that for the m ment, since Thackeray and Dickens have ju died. But it does not affect the gene estimate. We are inundated with a flood weak writing. Take the Sunday-school lite ture, largely the product of women; it has as much character as a dried-apple pie. don't know what we are coming to if t presses keep on running.

OUR NEXT DOOR. We are living, we a dwelling, in a grand and awful time; I'm gl I don't write novels.

THE PARSON. So am I.

OUR NEXT DOOR. I tried a Sunda school book once; but I made the good b end in the poor-house, and the bad boy go Congress; and the publisher said it would do, the public wouldn't stand that sort thing. Nobody but the good go to Congre

THE MISTRESS. Herbert, what do y think women *are* good for?

OUR NEXT DOOR. That's a poser.

HERBERT. Well, I think they are in tentative state as to literature, and we cann yet tell what they will do. Some of our mo brilliant books of travel, correspondence, and writing on topics in which their sympathies have warmly interested them, are by women. Some of them are also strong writers in the daily journals.

MANDEVILLE. I'm not sure there's anything a woman cannot do as well as a man, if she sets her heart on it.

THE PARSON. That's because she's no conscience.

CHORUS. Oh, Parson!

THE PARSON. Well, it doesn't trouble her if she wants to do anything. She looks at the end, not the means. A woman, set on anything, will walk right through the moral crockery without wincing. She'd be a great deal more unscrupulous in politics than the average man. Did you ever see a female lobbyist? Or a criminal? It is Lady Macbeth who does not falter. Don't raise your hands at me! The sweetest angel or the coolest devil is a woman. I see in some of the modern novels we have been talking of the same unscrupulous daring, a blindness to moral distinctions, a constant exaltation of a passion into a virtue, an entire disregard of the immutable laws on which the family and society rest. And you ask lawyers and trustees how scrupulous women are in business transactions!

THE FIRE-TENDER. Women are often ignorant of affairs, and, besides, they may have a notion often that a woman ought to be privileged more than a man in business matters; but I tell you, as a rule, that if men would consult their wives they would go a deal straighter in business operations than they do go.

THE PARSON. We are all poor sinners. But I've another indictment against the women writers. We get no good old-fashioned love-stories from them. It's either a quarrel of discordant natures,—one a panther and the other a polar bear,—for courtship, until one of them is crippled by a railway accident; or a long wrangle of married life between two unpleasant people, who can neither live comfortably together nor apart. I suppose, by what I see, that sweet wooing, with all its torturing and delightful uncertainty, still goes on in the world; and I have no doubt that the majority of married people live more happily than the unmarried. But it's easier to find a dodo than a new and good love-story.

MANDEVILLE. I suppose the old style of plot is exhausted. Everything in man and outside of him has been turned over so often, that I should think the novelists would cease simply from want of material.

THE PARSON. Plots are no more exhausted than men are. Every man is a new creation, and combinations are simply endless. Even if we did not have new material in the daily change of society, and there were only a fixed number of incidents and characters in life, invention could not be exhausted on them. I amuse myself sometimes with my kaleidoscope, but I can never reproduce a figure. No, no. I cannot say that you may not exhaust everything else: we may get all the secrets of a nature into a book by and by, but the novel is immortal, for it deals with men.

The Parson's vehemence came very near carrying him into a sermon; and as nobody has the privilege of replying to his sermons, so none of the circle made any reply now.

Our Next Door mumbled something about his hair standing on end, to hear a minister defending the novel; but it did not interrupt the general silence. Silence is unnoticed when people sit before a fire; it would be intolerable if they sat and looked at each other.

The wind had risen during the evening, and Mandeville remarked, as they rose to go, that it had a spring sound in it, but it was as cold as winter. The Mistress said she heard a bird that morning singing in the sun; it was a winter bird, but it sang a spring song.

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## NO MORE.

No more, as once, hand throbbing into hand,
We gaze while slow the glowing sunset dies;
No more, when twilight settles o'er the land,
I turn to find my light within thine eyes.

No more we gather in the meadows wide
The daisies white with which to bind my hair;
No more I look on thee, and feign to chide
Thy dear solicitude, thy tender care.

Thou art away: oh love! oh death! how long
Shall I with dim eyes watch the fading day,
And hear blest wives and mothers hum their song
Of household peace,—then kneel alone to pray!

# FOLK-LIFE IN APPENZELL;

## OR, THE LITTLE EUROPEAN DEMOCRACY.

Though Appenzell lies very near the beautiful Lake of Constance, and is therefore quite accessible to the tourist, it seems nevertheless to be outside of the ordinary line of travel. It is, consequently, quite unaffected by the yearly swarm of visitors who are doing so much to alter (not for the better) the character of many Swiss regions.

If we wish to study the folk-life of Switzerland in its original and attractive simplicity, we must choose some retired canton not yet invaded by the world, and nowhere shall we find more that is quaint and curious than in the region of Appenzell. Its peculiar position isolates it in a remarkable degree, for the reader will observe, by looking at the map, that it is entirely surrounded by the canton of St. Gallen. Appenzell was formerly a portion of this canton, and subject to its rule; but after a long struggle it broke away from this allegiance, and asserted its independence, establishing a sort of mountain boundary that gave an easy line of defence.

Small as it is, the Reformation divided Appenzell into two parts: that portion near the Lake of Constance, whose inhabitants were more accustomed, in the prosecution of trade and industry, to mingle with the world, accepted the teachings of Luther and established the Reformed Church; while the mountaineers, who are nearly all shepherds, remain staunch Catholics to the present day. The difference of religious belief has given the canton two separate governments, and for a while the bitterness of feeling was so great that no Catholic was tolerated in the Protestant region, and no Protestant among the Catholics.

This separation in the matter of creeds can now be clearly traced in the faces of the inhabitants, as well as in their habits. The Reformers, as they are called, are quite modern in all their ways and thoughts, while the adherents of the ancient faith seem yet to cling to the thoughts as they do to the dress of the middle ages. The women of the mountains dress in their picturesque and becoming costume of many colors; while the men have their peculiar garb of soberer hues. The shirt-sleeves of the latter are always kept rolled up, except on the most solemn occasions.

By far the best season for a visit to the old town of Appenzell, the capital of the Catholic portion of the canton, is the late spring or early summer, for it is then that nearly al the political and civil affairs are transacted and the religious festivals held. As soon as these are over, a large portion of the population repair to the mountains to tend their herds, and those who remain in the valley are busily engaged with their worldly duties which require close attention in their shor season of labor.

Appenzell, like nearly every Swiss cantona seat, has its central hostelry, where the business of the government is discussed and arranged, and in whose vicinity nearly al public meetings and festivals are held. Bu the inn of Appenzell is more than usually famous for the character of the landlady who presides over its affairs, and who is known to the native Swiss in all the cantons around as the "Model Hostess of Appenzell." She is a genuine daughter of the mountains and of her people, in costume, nature, and ways She is the mother of the poor, the trusted counselor in trouble, and a most reliable guide to all who come to her for advice Her house is therefore the center of attraction for her neighbors, and just the on where strangers, high and low, can be mad at home and become acquainted with th ways and talk of Appenzell.

She never neglects either bed or board i her house, as all who stop with her attest and thus her hearth has become a hom where the kindly and well-behaved, whethe native or strangers, always find a warm we come.

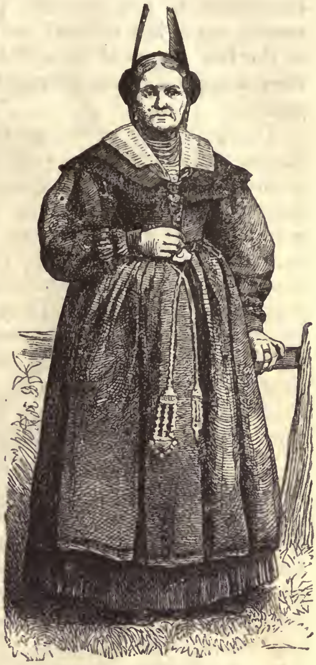
So here, as curious visitors, we will insta ourselves for a time, to observe the singular life of an old Swiss town in the holida season.

The government of Appenzell is the mos purely democratic in the world. The polit cal power rests in the General Assembly c the Commonwealth, which is composed c every man over eighteen years of age. Th body meets annually, and appoints *vivâ voc* a Grand Council of one hundred and twenty four persons, who preside over all civil an judiciary matters, and a Minor Council, whic has charge of the criminal affairs. When th Grand Assembly convenes it is of course lively day in Appenzell; and its proceedin afford a sight that not many of the visito to the Switzer's land are so fortunate as t enjoy seeing. In the early morning the pea ants and the mountaineers flock into the tow from all directions, the men all dressed heir holiday clothes, and wearing, often for he only time in the year, their coats or acks: for they come to perform the most olemn duty of the year, in their opinion, nd on this occasion are never permitted to ppear in their shirt-sleeves.

In addition to the stately coat, which has erhaps seen twenty or thirty annual Assemlies, every man wears a sword on this lay as an evidence of his freedom. These words are of all ages, sizes, and sorts: some f them are heirlooms, handed down from ather to son, with many a story of hardiood—for these Appenzellers, in their early truggles with the Austrian tyrants, were the ravest of the brave, and many of these very words assisted in gaining the victories that nsured them the privilege to assemble and ssert their rights, as they do to-day.

Now three mighty drummers and two ifers, in coats black or white and three-ornered hats, parade the streets to lively nusic. These are attended by halberd-bearrs, who are the police of the day and body-uard to the dignitaries. After divine serice in the chapel these proceed to the inn where the officers are assembled, to conduct hem in solemn state to the meeting-place f the Assembly in the public square. The rocession now passes through the streets to estive music, every avenue being filled with espectful crowds.

The President, Secretary of State, and the lerk of the Canton ascend a small platorm adorned with the national colors, and upported at either end by enormous upright words. Near by is a smaller stage occuied by the officers of the parishes, all in ong black coats and swords. The Presient addresses the Assembly, now standing olemnly with uncovered heads, and lays down is power, when the people proceed to the lection of a chief for the ensuing year; this generally quickly done, owing to previous onsultation. The oath of office is then adninistered, and the whole people renew their llegiance to the constitution. The only two alaried officers are the Secretary of State and ne Clerk of the Canton, and these are elected or six years; the former receives a salary of 240 per annum, and the latter $120. The estowal of these offices is considered a eculiar favor, and the candidates present neir claims before the whole people. As no eculiar qualification is required for the clerkhip except honesty and trustworthiness, it is nuch sought after, and not unfrequently in nese terms: "Dear and beloved confedertes, I beg you earnestly to award me this place. I am very poor; I have seven children, and my wife has long been sick. I will serve you with all fidelity."


THE MODEL HOSTESS OF APPENZELL.

When the serious business of the day is over, the notables repair to the quarters of the "Model Hostess" for a good dinner and a grand dance in her spacious saloons. But most of these Swiss peasant dances are anything but graceful and attractive. Those of Appenzell are little else than developments of physical strength and endurance. The bravest pair dashes into the thickest of the whirling crowd and penetrates it if possible by sheer violence, pushing and being pushed, knocking and being knocked, until utterly exhausted; and she is considered the best dancer who takes home the bloodiest elbows and most livid bruises.

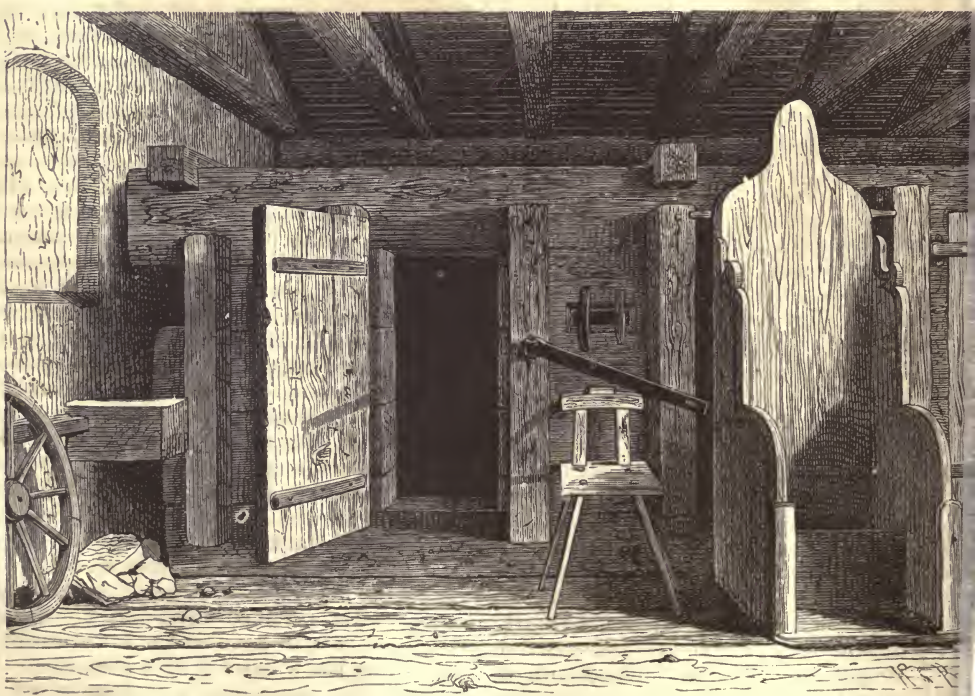
Appenzell is quite as democratic in military as in civil matters. Every man is a soldier and spends a certain time in martial training, after which he is dismissed among the reserves to be called on in case of need. The officers are taken from all grades of society according to their military capacity. A once doughty general was transmogrified into a locksmith; and at one of their balls the musicians were a captain who had hastily laid aside his uniform and taken up the fiddle, and a young peasant, who, formerly an officer, then daily dragged his milk to town in a cart.

There is not a lawyer or a code in Appenzell! The judges are chosen from the people by the people, and they render their decisions after personal investigation and as far as possible in accordance with previous verdicts in like cases. The highest judicial authority for punishing grave offences rests in the Grand Council. The place for capital execution is just outside the town, where stands, on a low mound, an old gallows now in the last stages of decay ; for there has not been a capital crime committed during many years.

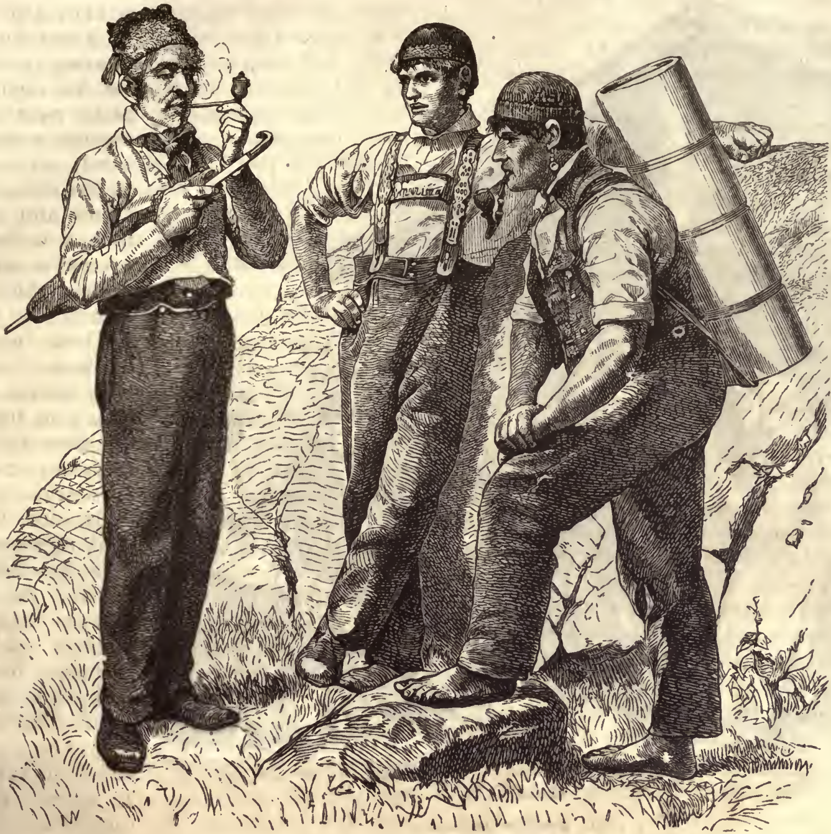
The prison is in the garret of the Court-house, and is a frightful relic of the barbarism of the middle ages. It is a dark and gloomy hole with eight cells or cages, each provided with a single window a foot long and a few inches wide. A miserable bunk with a little straw is the sole accommodation afforded in these miserable dens. They are now seldom entered save by curiosity hunters. The last victim, who was condemned to linger for months in this inquisition, was one of the Presidents of the latter part of the last century. He was convicted, through intrigue, of high treason, and finally, after having been put through all the tortures of wheel and chair, was beheaded. After twenty years the honor of this victim of partisan fury was restored by the solemn decree of the people, and his bones were taken in public procession from the place of execution and laid in the consecrated ground of the cemetery. The accompanying picture shows his prison-house and the instruments of torture still preserved there. On the left is the wheel ; by the prison door the chair known as the "Poor Sinner's Chair," used in beheading and next the monstrous box called th "Witches' Chair," in which the victims wer daily subjected to painful tortures. In fror of the Court-house we find still the stock and the whipping-post ; and we learn, alas that gantlet-running yet figures among th cruelties of the law.

During the long winters the children ar mainly attending school, while the wome occupy all their spare time in embroider which finds its way into all the marts o Europe. Men, women, and children ar also very skillful with the knife, and execut a great deal of wood-carving in the way o ornaments and toys, which with gloves an other products of winter industry, emplo many of the men as peddlers in the neighboring States. But the wanderers all retur at the first signs of spring, for it is the that the Switzers' active life begins.

The first warm rays of the sun that ind cate the return of spring are hailed with joy anxious eyes watch the disappearance of th snow from the lower Alps. At last th word is given that the grass in the lov lands is ready for the herds, and grea excitement reigns in the barns and cattl yards as these are opened after the wea imprisonment of the winter. The herdsme



THE PRISON OF APPENZELL.—(THE WHEEL AND "POOR SINNER'S CHAIR.")



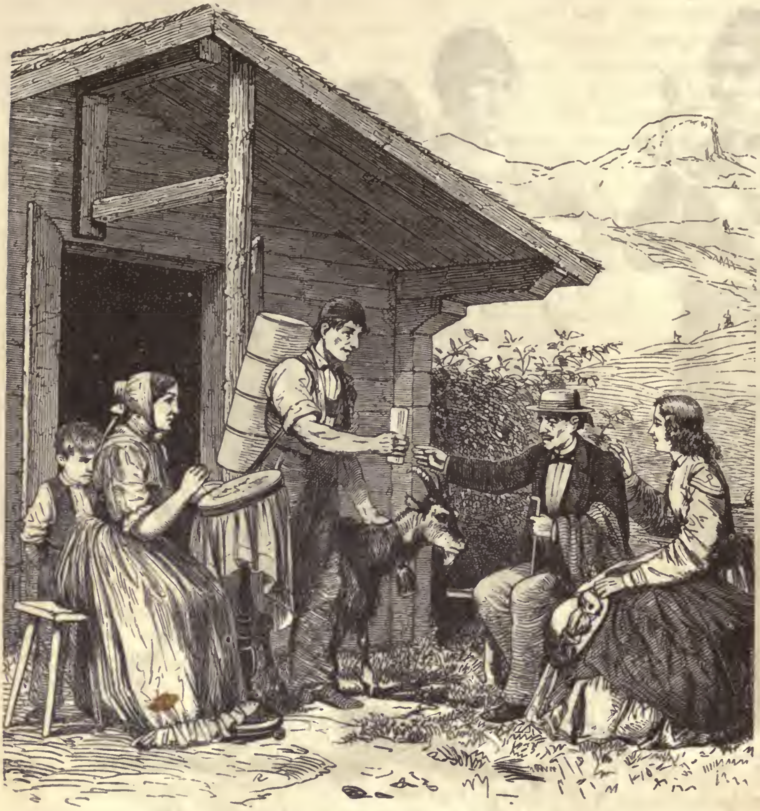
THE MOUNTAIN HERDSMEN.

out on their usual Alpine costumes, their hats being adorned with the earliest spring flowers for the opening day of the season.

But for several weeks the herds are driven during the day only to the pastures on the lower eminences, returning at night for protection to their stalls. Thus during all the month of May and most of June the early morning is rendered vocal with the long-drawn cow-calls of the shepherd as he gathers his herd from house to house. At last, however, the icy bands of winter are broken on the upper Alps, the snow has disappeared from the feeding-grounds, the cabins have been repaired after the ravages of the winter, bridges replaced, and the road made safe for the passage of the herds.

Then comes the great festival of the year, to do honor to the herds and herdsmen that ascend the Alps for the summer,—the former to fatten on the rich Alpine grass, and the latter to care for their flocks, and turn the milk into cheese for the nations of the earth. The cows that are to go have already been selected, the best milkers being mainly chosen, and from among these the finest of the herd is selected to lead. Her neck is adorned with a broad embroidered bell-band, from which hangs a famous specimen of cow-bell, whose deep tones drown those of nearly all the others of the band—for every cow has her bell, that she may be found if lost in the mountains. Then her horns bear garlands and flowers and other ornaments that clearly distinguish her as the queen-cow of the herd.

The procession is led by a couple of the fairest shepherd girls of the region, who are decked out with all their finery of showy skirt and brilliant corsage and rustic jewelry and hats crowned with natural flowers, and carry Alpine canes bearing ribbons, wreaths, and garlands. Scattered along the line are the herdsmen in gala costume, and young men and women who form an escort to the train on its passage through the village. The streets are filled with a festive crowd in holiday attire, displaying the quaint and



A RURAL SCENE IN APPENZELL.

picturesque costumes peculiar to the surrounding region, and thus affording a fine opportunity for studying the unique dress of the Swiss peasants.

As the march proceeds, the bells of the town peal out in loudest tones, gladly the shepherds strike up their favorite *Ranz des Vaches*, and all indeed goes merry as a marriage-bell.

At last the farewell salutations are exchanged, and the procession wends its way to the mountain ascent. Part way up the steep declivity it stops to exchange cheers and greetings with the crowd below, and when these can no longer be heard the Swiss horn sends forth its peals in answer to the church-bells of the distant village. By this time the day is waning, and prudence warns the shepherds to hasten to their mountain retreat of rude cabins which are to form their summer home. These are usually low wooden huts, framed of logs or heavy timber, and covered by shingle roofs, which are weighted with very heavy stones, to protect them from the force of the wind. Having arrived at thes their first duty, aft housing their her for the night, is t place over the en trances some piou words, such as "Go protect us!" an adorn and encircl them with the flowers and wreaths tha decked the procession.

These mountai herdsmen have long season of severe and trying labor after this day o festivity; and w present them in ou illustration in thei working rather tha their holiday garb for they have comparatively littl need of the latter The great need wit them is brawn, an of this they sho plenty by their eve rolled-up sleeves In summer they seldom indulge i more clothing tha simple pantaloons and shirt, except for a occasional visit to the valley on business when they wear in addition a short jacket and invariably take an umbrella and a pipe. They carry the milk, as it is collected from the different cabins for cheese-making, i great barrel-like vessels on their backs.

All the utensils for their dairy labor and the manufacture of cheese, as well as thei provisions for the season, must be carried up on the backs of men or beasts,—more frequently the former; and the scanty furniture of their cabins is taken up in the same way. A few pots and kettles and dippers, with a dish or two, will furnish their modest household. They learn to do with marvelously little for themselves, and expend all thei means and efforts on tubs for butter and cheese. The extra outfit of the women is confined to their knitting utensils and yarn, a prayer-book, and a few crucifixes to set up in their cabins.

A visit to one of the miserable, smoky, and gloomy retreats of the Alpine shepherds is quite sufficient to dissipate all poetic feeling us to a life spent with the herds on the mountains. A few days of tramping among these Alpine heights with climbing-pole and knapsack is a most pleasant and desirable change for one who would for a season gladly flee from the world and its busy hum, and enjoy real stillness and solitude. But the intense silence of these heights is at times painful, though it be but for a few hours; and life must become fearfully monotonous to those who are obliged to spend months in these upper solitudes.

The shepherds are obliged to rise with the morning light to milk the herds, which have often to be driven to distant pastures. In the evening again they must be brought home, milked, and put under shelter, for it is dangerous to leave them exposed to sudden storms and night rambles among the precipices. During the day the shepherds are fully occupied in attending to their milk, butter, and cheese, in addition to their household duties—which are few, for their fare is too plain to require much time in preparation. Mush, or dumplings made of coarse rye and eggs, bread and salt, with a glass of milk and water, is about all they generally indulge in, for their own butter and cheese is almost too precious for their personal use.

Occasionally one comes across a cabin that looks a little home-like, the shepherd having his wife and daughters with him. There is a mantel above the hearth for a little looking-glass or an image of the Virgin; over the bed and table are fastened little prayers to some of the patron saints, begging protection from fire and storm, or petitioning for a fortunate season. There may be a chair or two in the cabin and a well-scoured bench at the door. As the men have their Alpine horns, so the women have a species of musical instrument resembling a guitar, which is laid flat on a bench or table while being played.

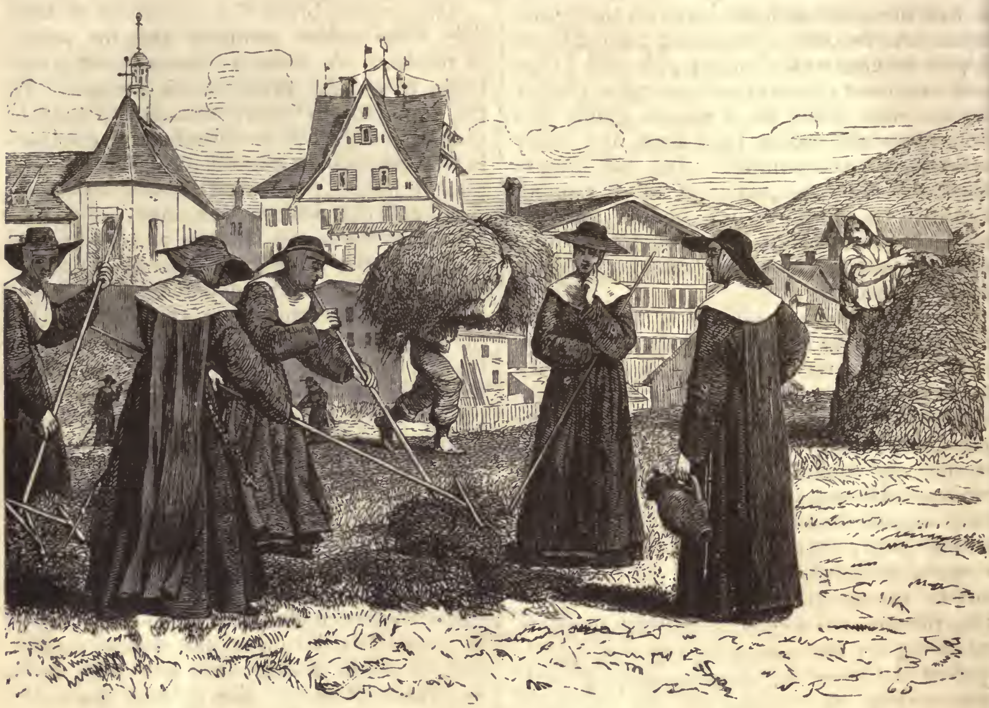
Every woman and girl on the mountain may be known far and near by the intonation of her "yodle." When friends from the valley make the shepherds a visit, to bring them some favorite dish to vary the uniformity of their fare, or to tell the news of the parish, their arrival is usually announced in the distance by the yodle, which is instantly recognized on the summit, and is answered again and again. Upon separating, the yodle is played and the sounds are sent backward and forward until the notes can no longer be heard. With the men the horn is generally used for the same purpose.

Two events break the monotony of their lives,—the sudden tempest, and the arrival of tourists. As soon as the autumn winds begin to whistle, preparations are made by the shepherds to return with their flocks to their homes below, and when the season has been a prosperous one this is an occasion of great rejoicing. Dressed in their best, their cows adorned with flowers and bells, they set out to the music of horn and yodle, and are met in the valley by a large escort of the village folk for a grand parade through the town amid the ringing of church bells, the blowing of horns, and the acclamation of friends. At the close of the procession, in nearly every house, a rich banquet is prepared for the toilers, and the festivities close with a rural dance far more violent than graceful.

Among the most interesting characters of these regions is the goat-boy of the Alps. His position is much lower than that of the herdsman, but he is an indispensable feature of Alpine scenery. To find the genuine, uncontaminated goat-boy we must seek him in some retired canton like that of Appenzell, where he knows little else than goats, and cares for naught else than to guard and protect them. In all the festive processions of the herdsman he takes a part, and generally figures as a sort of merry-Andrew, dancing and capering wherever fun and merriment are at the highest.

This gay life, however, is for him but of short duration;—his work is very severe. The bells of his herd salute the ear of the early wanderer even before the chapel bells bid the pious peasants count their morning rosaries. And the strange cry that rings through the valley is the peculiar goat-call of the little goat-herd collecting his flock from the lowly shelters along his path. The restless goats hear his call long before he reaches them, and when their owners open the cabin doors, away they bound in light leaps over hedges and barriers to join their fellows in search of food on the mountains. The boy will thus gather forty or fifty goats, which are placed in his special charge during the summer, to be led out in the morning and returned for milking and shelter at night.

Where the herdsman with his cows cannot reach, thither the nimble goat-boy, with his more nimble wards, will go with ease and safety, to gather the scanty herbs that spring up among the weather-beaten rocks; and from the most dangerous and apparently inaccessible heights will resound the loud goat-call. It is then that the goat-boy feels



FRANCISCAN NUNS AT HAYMAKING.

himself a king,—undisputed monarch of the peaks. Yet he is in reality a poor little waif—frequently an orphan or an outcast. Sometimes the boy will seek his own customers; again he will hire himself to a master, from whom he will receive a yearly reward of a few dollars, besides his coarse food, rough shirt and pants, old felt hat, and heavy wooden shoes with soles studded with nails.

He acquires a wonderful facility in the art of climbing, and will slip boldly along on the sharp edges of precipices to which it scarcely seems possible that human foot can cling. Indeed, the mountaineers believe that goat's milk imparts a magic skill in scaling the giddiest heights. The goat-boy's eye is as sure as his feet; miles away he will point out the chamois to the hunter, or discover some lost and vagrant member of his own flock. His ear, too, grows as sensitive as that of the game of the Alpine wilds. He knows each one of his own flock by the sound of its bell, and even by its cry of distress when it has slipped into some chasm from which it cannot escape.

But above all does he recognize, though far off, its terrified cry when the eagle or the vulture pounces down upon it. Then he becomes a veritable hero: seizing his Alpine staff, with its steel point he gives desperate battle to the fierce and powerful foe; and while his goats and their kids are fleeing in terror to the shelter of the nearest rock or thicket he dispatches his enemy, or at least drives him away. The highest ambition of the goat-boy is to climb to the nests and destroy the eggs or the young broods of these birds, whom he justly considers his natural enemies.

Sometimes a goat, in searching for food, leaps upon a narrow ledge, from which it can neither advance nor retreat. Seeing its danger, it utters lamentable cries of distress, which the goat-boy hears and traces to their source; but he finds it absolutely impossible for him to follow the animal and bring it back. Then he hastens to a herdsman's cabin for help, and they repair with ropes to some high crag overhanging the narrow ledge, when the herdsman fastens the rope around the body of the boy and lowers him down over the steep cliffs till he has reached the goat. The most dangerous portion of his duty has still to be done, however, for he must bind the goat on his shoulders and be drawn up again through the dangerous mid-air passage.

And yet, notwithstanding his bravery and e hardships he endures, the young goat- rd seldom has for the day other food than piece of hard black bread and a morsel cheese; if he is thirsty, he goes to the arest goat, and lying down under its lder milks the refreshing draught directly to his mouth without intervention of p or glass. Thus, early and late, during e summer he is wandering over the moun- ins, leading his goats where they can find e richest and most convenient pasturage, d the safest retreats from the mid-day sun the sudden tempest.

But his familiar goat-call is always welcome the early evening, as he descends from the ights to bring safely home his mountain mbers, their udders heavy with the rich rnerings of the day. The goat's milk is ten the only wealth of the cabins of these litary people, who hail it as rich food for emselves and family, and gladly dispose of to the guests of the sanitary institutions, w scattered among the Alps, for what is pularly known as the goat's milk cure. uring the summer hundreds of invalids are und living on the mountain sides for the nefit of the pure air, the opportunity of pine rambles, and, above all, the use of at's milk, which, with pure white or wheat ead, is their principal diet.

Many of the guests wander off to some vorite cabin where they can sip the nour- ing beverage warm from the goat, and ile chatting with the good frow of the use learn the mysteries of her embroidery, the story of her life.

We have said that a part of the Appenzellers e rigid Catholics, having sternly rejected the teachings of the Reformation, though ese penetrated to the other half of the nton. Their religious prejudices are so ong that they mingle but little with their otestant neighbors, and seem to be wed- d to ecclesiastical ceremony as a means keeping themselves isolated from the believers so near them. Religious rites therefore interwoven with nearly every currence of their life—political, social, d ecclesiastical. From the early spring the closing of autumn the sacred holi- ys occur so rapidly that a stranger can arcely keep track of them, and frequently ks in surprise the meaning and intent of me apparently improvised church spectacle.

The first considerable one of these at the ening season is the famous procession up sides of the most noted peak of the re- on,—that of the Sentis. Well up towards summit of this towering Alp is a spot called the Stoss, a mountain pass or yoke leading over to another canton. This is classic ground, for here, on the seventh of June, 1405, a severe and memorable battle was fought. The Duke of Austria and the Abbot of St. Gallen led an army of ten thousand well-armed and well-appointed warriors and knights to chastise and humiliate their obstinate vassals.

The rain was falling, and the road was slippery and uncertain on the day when the little band of Appenzellers saw their enemies approaching in solid ranks. Taking off their shoes, in order to be firm of foot, they bore down from their mountain retreat on the approaching foe with such force and courage that with bow and battle-axe and lance they made a fearful gap in the well-armed ranks, till finally the whole proud army turned and fled. The yearly return of the day of this battle is celebrated, as we have said, by a religious procession to the scene of the action. It starts from the town in the early morning, and receives accessions from every cross-way until it reaches the field, at which time scarcely a house in Appenzell is without its male representative. There they gather around the little shrine that is said to have been erected the year of the victory, and which is reputed to be the oldest chapel in all the land. It contains a simple altar, adorned with a slab bearing an account of the glorious day. A mass is read, and this is followed by music and a chorus of male voices, when a solemn address is delivered by the accompanying priest, in which he especially exhorts the young men never to forget the bravery and pious zeal of their fathers. The day closes of course with rejoicings in the valley, with banquets, songs, and dances.

The principal *fête* of the year, however, is that of *Corpus Christi*, which celebrates, as it commemorates, the most essential and peculiar dogma of their faith,—that of transubstantiation. On this day the consecrated Host is changed into "the veritable body," and the wine into "the blood of Christ." At this time the Appenzellers make their greatest effort at display, and deck their little town in its gayest habiliments. Garlands, and wreaths, and banners adorn all the streets. Every unsightly object is covered with drapery and festoons and fancy standards, and sometimes the whole route of the procession is lined with evergreens or other foliage. Entire house-fronts are covered with ornamental carpets or rugs, and everywhere are seen pious proverbs and pictures.

At certain points, where altars are erected, the bearers of the Host stop for divine offices. These street altars are richly decorated with sacred keepsakes which have been handed down from generation to generation, and are only used on such occasions. Pious women will spend their lives in embroidering rugs to lay before these altars. The most noted rug in Appenzell dates from the sixteenth century; it is covered with strange figures, extremely skillful in workmanship, and harmonious in coloring.

The principal citizens open the procession, bearing lighted candles in their hands; then comes the priest carrying the Host under a canopy, and on either side we perceive tall men in the uniform of ancient grenadiers, with the immense bearskin caps of these famous guards. The appearance of these fierce-looking warriors in a procession in honor of the Prince of Peace is ludicrously incongruous. This inconsistency is heightened by the appearance of two beautiful boys dressed as angels closely following the priest. They wear lofty diadems adorned with artificial flowers, a white robe fastened with the modern cravat, white linen gloves, and white stockings bandaged to the knee with red ribbons crossing each other so as to form white diamonds. New and parti-colored slippers cover their feet, and, of course, they have wings on their backs, while from a ponderous girdle that surrounds the waist of each dangles a broad cutlass, doubtless the sword of the Spirit.

Before the altar these youths stop and cross the swords with a clash, and then intone a solemn anthem. The sweetest office of the day is intrusted to the maidens, who are robed in white: it is theirs, in the garb of innocence, to bear the Infant Jesus in their midst on a little bier. Parish priests from the surrounding districts come with their sacred banners covered with all sorts of strange church devices, and strong men bear the civil standards of their communes, which they display great skill in waving in concert, so that the effect in the distance is exceedingly attractive. As the procession moves, the bells ring, the male choruses sing their anthems, the band plays, the standards are waved, and cannons and guns are fired. Indeed, we were strangely reminded of our national holiday on one of these occasions, when many of the men were provided with muskets, which they continually fired off, leaving the procession and even coming ou of the church during divine service to perform this noisy part of the celebration.

The objective point of the *Corpus Christ* procession in Appenzell is the old Conven of the Franciscan nuns, in the adjoinin meadows just outside of the town. This i a wealthy foundation, which has large possessions in the immediate neighborhood o Appenzell and exerts a great influence o all the surrounding districts. Every few day in the summer some pilgrim band, wit prayers and banners and song, may be see winding its way among the tortuous mountain roads, seeking the shrine in the conven as a favorable altar for the prayers of th faithful, and a propitious spot for the sealin of holy vows.

To-day thousands gather around its ancient buildings, crowd into its chapel fo prayer and mass, or, perchance, for the purpose of entering the confessional, or to bu some talismanic relic that will be to it wearer a protection against certain danger or temptations. It is a gala-day at the Convent, and the nuns prepare to dispense th broadest hospitality in return for the peace offerings that flow to them in abundance.

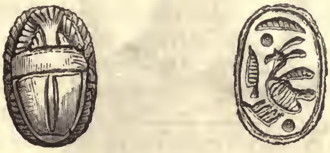
But we present them to our readers i their working costume, under very peculia circumstances. When these fine old possessions were given to the Francisca nuns, it was with an episcopal provision tha they should make their own hay in th grounds attached to the convent, tha the healthy exercise in the open air migh keep them in cheerful spirits and soun bodily health. Accordingly, these piou women may be seen every summer in th hay-field, merrily chatting over their labo which they seem to consider no hardshi The laborers of the Convent, it will be see perform the heavy work of carrying the ha so that the nuns really have no very seve task. But they always go with the cross an rosary at their side, and the minute th prayer-bell of the Convent strikes they fa on their knees in silent prayer, their brow forms making a strange contrast with th rich green sward. The rarity of the sigh usually attracts many visitors during the season of gathering hay, and adds another t the peculiarities of folk-life in Appenzell,— land richer in interest to the curious travel than any other canton of the Swiss Confederacy.

# VASA FICTILIA IN HISTORY.

My paper-weight is a little Egyptian house- old god, dating back to the period of the ersecution of the Israelites and the ten lagues ; my ink-well is of Dresden porcelain, nique and beautiful, made in our own time : ey are only an inch apart, yet between em lies a gulf of thirty centuries. What olumes of history, what "Wrecks of matter nd crush of worlds" divide these two little ieces of fictilia.

It is only in recent years that great interest the subject of pottery and porcelain has een developed in Europe. Nelson won half is honors at the court of Ferdinand through is admiration for the Capo di Monte ware, which the Neapolitan king himself was a onnoisseur. Yet, however intense may have een the enthusiasm in those days, and how- ver unique their collections, it was left to ur time to discover the wealth of this appar- ntly insignificant art in beauty, illustration, nd information.

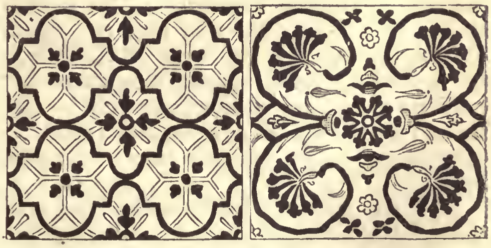
The manufacture of pottery* antedates at of porcelain twenty-five hundred years t least. The history of Christendom does ot record the production of porcelain until e early part of the eighteenth century, but e secret of its manufacture was doubtless nown to the Orientals some hundreds of ears before. Authorities differ widely re- arding the precise date, and until we be- ome more intimate with those nations which ave so long closed their gates against us we ust still remain uncertain. The first pro- uctions in pottery, of which we have any nowledge, were trinkets used by the Egyp- ans simply for personal adornment, their ombs and sarcophagi conveying to us many vidences of their labors in this direction. he most primitive pieces found were beads f a red color and insignificant form, which ere strung as necklaces, or curiously woven nto garments ;—the earliest of these have no itreous surface. How long a period elapsed efore the application of enamel remains un- nown, but doubtless the length of time was ot great, as the two kinds are frequently ound in company. From the irregular and ncertain shapes first assumed the art gradu- lly advanced to the production of symbolic orms, the *Scarabæi*, or sacred beetles, pre- ominating in pottery as in the architecture nd all other works of Egyptian ornament. These were perforated lengthwise and strung for amulets or seal-rings, and had an inscription on the flat or under side, as is seen in the illustration. The specimen from which these engravings are taken is of soft clay with a stained surface of green.



A SCARABÆUS SEAL.—EGYPTIAN.

Whether formed in moulds prepared for the purpose or cut by instruments, remains an open question ; but most authorities, including Winckelman, positively assert that the Greeks were the first to produce any number of copies from one original. Some Greek scholars have even ventured so far as to dispute the priority of the art in Egypt ; until the testimony of the tombs is outweighed, however, we must accept it as conclusive. Yet the doctrine held by logicians, that "he is really the inventor of an art who first practices it artistically," would throw the whole credit of precedence into the hands of the Greek artisans : for it is certain that, though the Egyptians were thorough in the use of their materials, elegance of form and artistic *tout ensemble* came from Grecian workmen.

To this day art has never succeeded in improving these old designs : the composition and distribution of figures, flowery drapery, arrangement of foliage—everything, in fact, is beyond improvement ; and we revert, as by gravity, to those old Greek models and offer them as not only the best conceptions, but the most pleasing to the visual sense that the world has ever produced.



TILES OF HISPANO-MOORISH DESIGN.

Passing rather rapidly on, we soon come to a period of the fictile art where for the first time it allies itself with Christian history and

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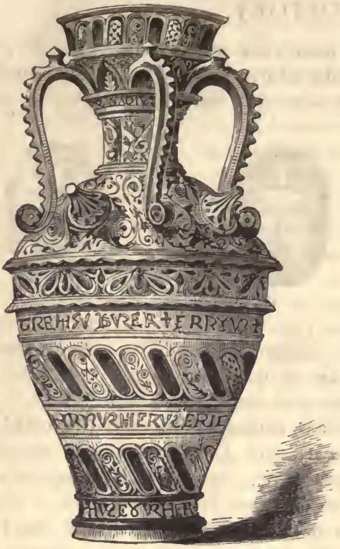
* Pottery and porcelain are distinct forms of simi- ar material. The first is opaque, while the latter is a emi-vitrified mass with a smooth white fracture, show- g compactness of material.



MOORISH VASE WITH CHRISTIAN INSCRIPTION.

locates a shrine on Christian soil. Upon lethargic Spain the influx of the Moors fell like an affliction; but, as stimulated energy was the result of their visit, Spain was bound at last to profit by the chastisement,—just as through adversity and unhappiness we are often introduced to new and ennobling experiences.

The "Alhambra" was, and is, a vast monument of the potters' cunning, for here, upon walls and floorings, in the great hallways and courts, these industrious workmen lavished the products of their skill.

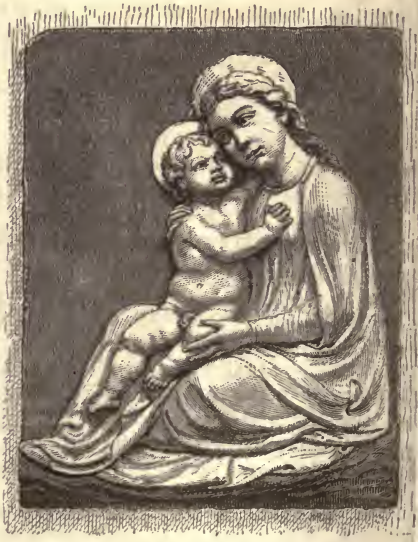
Tiles seem to have been with the Moors a staple product, for wherever they have been specimens are found in considerable numbers. Those represented in the engraving may be of Arabic manufacture of an earlier period than that to which we now refer; but it is probable that they were made about the time of the Moorish invasion.* This work is known as Hispano-Moorish pottery. Spain did not do much to improve the art: although the knowledge of it spread throughout her borders, she advanced comparatively but little and acted only as a convenient vehicle to convey the secret to some more energetic hands.

So it was not until the Crusaders had conquered Majorca and carried to Pisa the forlorn but ingenious prisoners and their galley loads of ceramic treasures that the civilize world became fully acquainted with this grea science. Under the warm sun of Italy, i the home of the arts and the muses, it gre and expanded. Immortal hands lent the aid and raised it to the level of a fine ar What more beautiful ware can be found tha the famous Majolica? Surely in color, te ture, and treatment it has never been excelle The vase, an illustration of which is he given, brought eleven hundred dollars in go at the great sale of the Bernal collecti which took place in London in the year 185

Walk through the Louvre, the Hôtel Cluny, or Kensington Museum, and see any of the vast catalogue of artists the represented lay better claim to estimab consideration than Luca della Robbia. this country I find but one specimen of t Della Robbia work, which is so beauti that I give a view of it here. This is Madonna and child of ivory-white enamel fayence in bas-relief, upon a delicately tint blue ground—it is, in fact, "statuary with t addition of color."

All his work was in this style, and w used principally in the decoration of interi and the façades of buildings, sometimes white, but often in colors.

Meantime wandering workmen had fou their way into other parts of the world; a in France we find the master potter of age working vigorously with pen, pencil, a potters' tools to spread the good contagi



MADONNA OF DELLA ROBBIA WARE.

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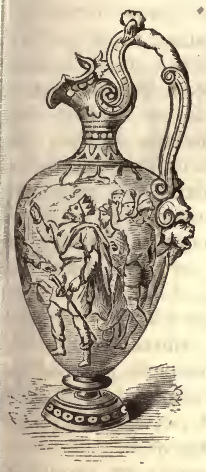
* Nearly all the engravings in this article are from specimens possessed by American collectors, and will shortly be reproduced in a book and more extensively treated of by the same author.

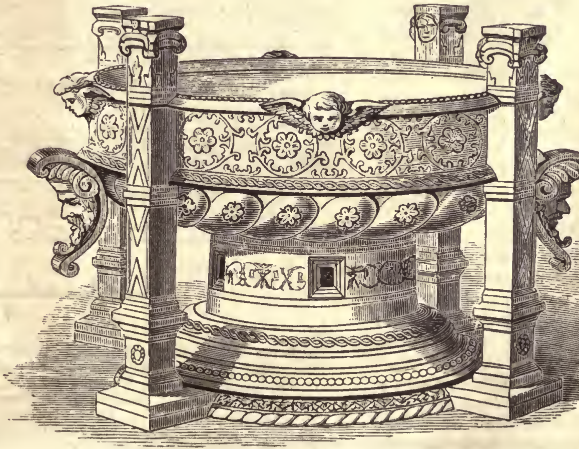


MAJOLICA VASE. 15 INCHES IN HEIGHT. SOLD IN THE BERNAL COLLECTION FOR $1,100.

—oftentimes even wanting bread and the bare necessities of life, yet laboring with such genius and unselfish devotion as to make the name of Bernard Palissy immortal.

Perhaps most readers are familiar with Palissy ware. His combinations of shells, reptiles, water and land plants, and other natural objects of still and active life are entirely unique and very beautiful. But his enthusiasm carried him beyond this: he would make grottoes and caves of most original and beautiful designs, all wrought in his peculiar ware, "a cool fountain playing within, and plenteous shade-trees and seed-bearing plants at the entrance, with everything to attract the birds that they might come and sing in the branches." Dwelling in a hovel whose floor and furniture he had sacrificed in his furnace, he ever lived in a land of imagination and delight. He preached and prayed, wrote and worked, was cast into prison for heresy and only allowed to live on account of his wonderful inventions. He died at last in the Bastille, a Huguenot prisoner for religion's sake, in 1589, after an eventful life of fifty years.

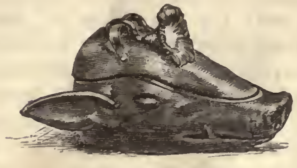
Connected with the history of French pottery is an extraordinary ware called the Fayence of Henry II., which Marryatt describes as "a hard paste ware, yet coeval with the soft enameled pottery." This I merely introduce to show the rapid advance of design and execution; but it is interesting also as an example of the favorite French ware known as *terre-de-pipe*. Some idea of the artistic perfection reached in this work may be obtained from the accompanying illustration. There are only seven representative pieces in the entire collection of the Louvre, this being one-tenth of the whole number known to exist.



SALT-CELLAR OF HENRY II. WARE: *Terre-de-pipe.*

To name in proper historic order the several parts of the world where clay-working was early introduced would involve considerable labor, as, with the exception of the circumstances of introduction, there is little left to furnish the precise data. The Mussulman work of the Granada "Alhambra" dates about 1300 A.D.; that of France in the reign of Charles VI., about one hundred years later; while Germany claims precedence of all and places her discovery as far back as 1278. The convent of St. Paul at Leipsic, which was completed in 1207, had a frieze of enameled tiles and was ornamented with relievos. M. Demmin states that the manufactories of Northern Germany antedate the work of Luca della Robbia by two hundred years; but upon its introduction, or discovery, the best authorities throw no light. To describe and designate each of these would require more space than is admissible, so we turn at once to the Low Countries as forming a link in the sequence through which the art was introduced into England.

The potters of Holland and their works are perhaps better known to our people than any others, for "Delft ware" seems to have become a popular expression which comprehends anything and everything that pertain to pottery or its like. According to Haydn, Delft was producing pottery as far back as 1310. The articles here manufactured were principally intended for household use,—thus bearing out the old Dutch propensity for the practical,—and are entitled to little or no consideration as works of art. Delft flooded the civilized world with the abundant products of her extended and persistent labor, and specimens of her early work are quite numerous, both in the hands of collectors and among the dealers in such wares.



PIG'S HEAD OF DELFT WARE.

The sauce-boat of which an illustration is here given exhibits some originality of design and unique workmanship. The color of the enamel of this piece is exceedingly peculiar, it being of a dull purple hue unrelieved by decoration except at the top, where a single morning-glory breaks in with its bright tints. In ornamentation and in the character of her wares Holland followed closely after the Orientals—the Chinese, Japanese, and India wares being considered patterns of excellence and perfection;—indeed the Delft and India wares are often and easily confounded, owing to their similarity. Holland was for a long time in the exclusive enjoyment of intercourse with Japan, and the advanced stage to which the Eastern nations had carried the art became an incentive to the Delft workmen.

In the matter of ancient pottery England has a distinct local history, which, through the persevering efforts of the English "Society of Practical Geology,"* has assumed extraordinary importance and interest. The very foundations of London itself rest upon the wreck of the industry of ages; and so nicely defined are the different strata that the periods of occupation by various peoples, their household arts and economies of life, are all revealed to the antiquarian. History is re-enforced and authenticated by these curious illustrations.

The accompanying plate conveys some idea of the nicety and perfection to which the society has carried its work.

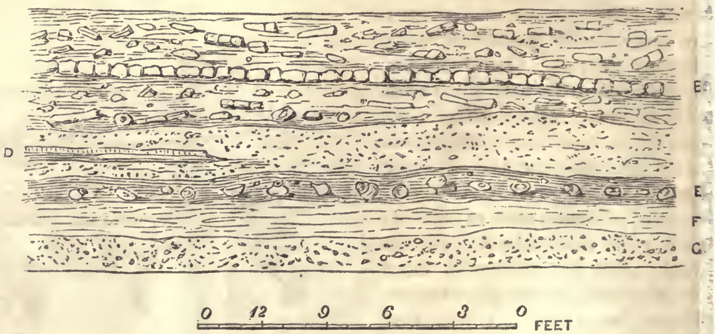
What the evidences of the rocks are to the geologist, these evidences are to the historian of England.

Properly this does not come within t province of our consideration regarding t historic progress of pottery, since we a dealing principally with the methods of a lat civilization when the art is continuous fro the time of its introduction into Spain. B this digression tends to show by what mea our subject is made available to contribu to the fund of general knowledge.

Early in the sixteenth century, through t commercial intercourse of England wi Flanders, stoneware was introduced upo British soil, and toward the close of the ce tury England herself had enlisted as a prod cer. In 1561 Queen Elizabeth granted p tents for the settling of various Dutch arti cers, and in 1588 a Delft potter commenc to carry on business at Sandwich.

These early works were very similar those imported—the first innovation, up English soil, being the use of salt as a m dium for glazing. This was introduced abo 1700.

But little advancement was made beyo this until the establishment of the great St fordshire potteries, which were destined to b come the center of progress and improveme in this interesting industrial art. Astbury see to have been about the earliest of the nati English potters, and to his son is attribut the discovery of calcined flints as a valuab ingredient. "While traveling in London horseback, in the year 1720, the younger A bury had occasion at Dunstable to seek remedy for a disorder in his horse's eyes, wh the ostler of the inn by burning a flint r duced it to a fine powder which he blew in them. The potter, observing the beauti



SECTION OF A LONDON STREET.

A. is the present level of a street in London.
B. Paved roadway *in situ* before the London fire of 1666.
C. Ground in which the Norman and early English pottery is discovered.
D. Transition period between the Roman and Saxon, with a piece of Roman tesselate pavement.
E. The Roman stratum. Here the remains are most profuse.
F. A fine soil, resting upon
G. Gravel.

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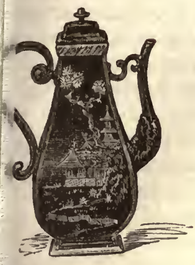
* Such a society in our own country would serve us vastly as an intelligent collaborator with the historian; and if we are ever to boast of a museum it will be thus obtained. The necessary facts and illustrations can only be collated by means of systematic and scholarly efforts.

white color of the flint after calcination, instantly conceived the use to which it might be employed in his art." Here was a rapid stride in the direction of improvement,—strength, hardness, and compactness of material being obtained by this simple means.



TTCHER TEAPOT, WITH DECORATION COPIED FROM THE ORIENTAL.

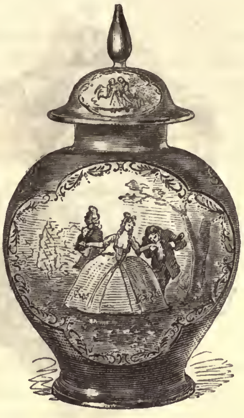
We now approach a period when the English orkmen are noted for the excellence of heir work. The great field of fictilia at his time offered extraordinary opportunities or the display of skill and taste and the xercise of the inventive faculty.

The name of Josiah Wedgwood is almost s familiar to Americans as it is to his own ountrymen, though the same cannot be said f his works. He commenced his labor as n experimenter in imitating variegated tones, the agate and jasper being most frequently used as examples; these pieces were mostly small, however, and perhaps unsatisfactory to the eager artisan himself. Considering his limited education, the rapid progress he made in the solution of the difficult problems which must have frequently presented themselves is remarkable. Wedgwood applied himself assiduously to a systematic study of the work before him, reading extensively and engaging in an investigation of the chemical combinations necessary to the attainment of satisfactory results. Unlike the laborers of former ages, he was sure of such a conclusion before he put his hand to the work.

Six different kinds of pottery appeared simultaneously from his workshop in Staffordshire, and his marvelous success secured for him at once the coöperation and patronage of both the nobility and royalty. The records of ceramic art do not contain a more brilliant page than this. Sir William Hamilton offered to Wedgwood his great cabinet of the wares of Herculaneum for the further prosecution of his studies, and the Duchess of Portland yielded her claim upon the Barberini-Portland vase while he engaged himself in making copies which alone would have rendered him famous.

In the person of Flaxman this potter found an invaluable colleague—in fact Wedgwood called to his aid the very highest talent both of artist and artisan. He had the gratification of seeing his wares eagerly sought in foreign countries. His beautiful reproductions of the antique cameos found great favor abroad, until at last foreign governments in some cases prohibited their importation, while into other countries they were only admitted under heavy impost.

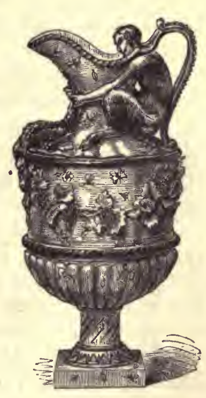
His genius culminated in those graceful figures, designed after the old Greek school, in bas-relief upon a ground of delicate blue.



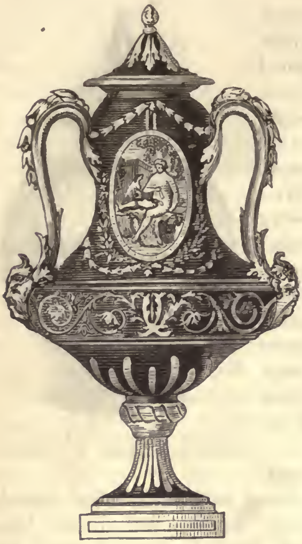
VASE OF AUGUSTUS REX WARE, IN POSSESSION OF MR. E. A. WARD.

Most of the pottery which has been in long use in America is either from India and other Oriental markets, or from Delft and Staffordshire. As most of my readers are aware, the predominating color used in the decoration of this ware is blue; and many of the present day can remember the comfortable old tea-fights of years ago, where all sat down to a table spread with this immemorial blue ware. Proud indeed were the matrons of those days of their "crockery." Compare it, gentle reader, with the modern sepulchral style. Your table, nowadays, looks like a graveyard in winter.

One more species of ware detains our attention as being also a part of our household economy: this was made in Liverpool, where Mr. John Sadler discovered the art of printing on the glaze. Of this art Wedgwood also availed himself. Decorated with American emblems, this ware appealed directly to American sentiment, and met with much favor here. I have two pieces before me, one of which bears the inscription, "Success to the United States of America," over the arms of the then new republic. Another has a picture of Mount Vernon and over it, "Mount Vernon, seat of the late General Washington." A vast number of these pieces were made with various designs and mottoes; the ware was unique, but the method of treatment was too mechanical to have much artis-



SATYR VASE, OF UNKNOWN MANUFACTURE, BUT RESEMBLING THE BERLIN AND DRESDEN WARES.



SEVRES VASE, IN POSSESSION OF SIR A. DE ROTHSCHILD.

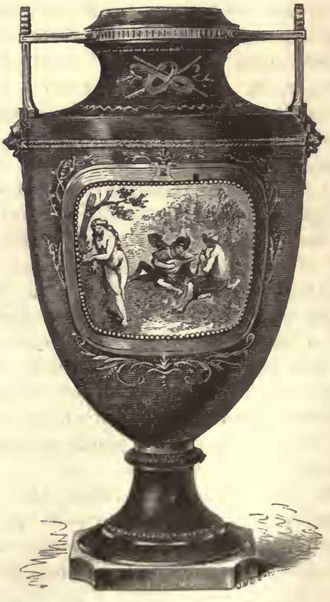
tic merit. Yet the fact that considerable of it was made during or shortly before the war of the Revolution will give it peculiar value to Americans.

I have dwelt at length upon fayence, or pottery, as offering the broadest field for our contemplation, it having brought us through a period of six hundred years, or from the thirteenth to the closing of the nineteenth century, where we will leave it to continue its own useful history, and pass to a brief consideration of

### PORCELAIN.*

China was conversant with the art of making porcelain many centuries before it was known among Christians. The other Oriental nations were contemporary workers or immediately succeeded her with their discoveries. When Pompey brought his spoils of war from Persia, and Augustus Cæsar from Alexandria, they brought also the "*Vasa Murrhina*" mentioned by Pliny. These were finely decorated porcelains which had been conveyed by caravans over the tedious wastes of Asia and Egypt to these localities, the commerce of the Red Sea not yet being renewed by the Europeans.

The birthplace and home of the art of porcelain-making in Europe is Saxony. In the year 1701 a poor apothecary's boy at Berlin having been found guilty of the crime of practicing alchemy escaped to Dresden, where Augustus II., then Elector of Saxony, hearing that he possessed the secret of gold-making, had him imprisoned with another experimenter—one Tschirnhaus—who was seeking the *elixir vitæ* and the philosopher's stone. While working with his companion Böttcher, then nineteen years old, found that
his crucibles from the effect of repeat
heating had assumed all the characterist
of Oriental porcelain. Augustus, appreci
ing the value of the discovery, had him c
veyed with all his apparatus to the Castle
Albrechtsburg at Meissen, where he w
allowed every luxury and comfort exce
freedom, and pursued his investigations unc
the strict surveillance of one of the El
tor's officers, the outer world remaining
complete ignorance of both the man and
discovery. During the Swedish invasi
Böttcher was kept faithfully beyond reach
the approaching armies by frequent remo
under escort, and through fidelity to his ro
retainer was soon given greater liber
In 1707 we find him again at Dresden p
suing his occupation under more favoral
auspices. His first prison companion was s
in company with him, having turned his tale
toward perfecting Böttcher's discovery; but
1708 death cut short his labors, and Bö
cher was left alone. At last the end a
proached: for five days and nights witho
sleep our eager inventor sat before his fu
nace; on the fifth day he was reco
pensed for his devotion by complete su
cess. I say complete; it was comple
so far as substance was concerned, but
color was red,—chocolate red,—and it had
luster. This latter was afterwards added
application to the lapidary's wheel. Th
accompanying sketch is taken from Böttche



SEVRES VASE, IN POSSESSION OF GEN. JNO. A. DIX.

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* Porcelain occupies the intermediate position between pottery and glass.

first work, the decorations being copied from Oriental wares. One secret yet remained undiscovered,—that of making *white* porcelain. But one day Böttcher, worried by the weight of his peruke, gave it a shake, when there fell from it a fine white powder. Happy thought! He tested it, and the result we have before us in perfected porcelain. This is known as Augustus Rex ware, because marked with the monogram "A. R." It immediately succeeded the favorite and beautiful Dresden ware.

We pass by the rare and famous *Capo di Monte* ware of Italy, and give Vincennes and St. Cloud the cold shoulder to arrive at Sèvres,—well termed the royal factory of France,—where, under royal patronage and supervision, everything that art, ingenuity, or science could devise has been concentrated. If money value be any criterion, we must certainly concede to the fictilia of Sèvres an eminence far above that of any other factory. One pair of vases, each standing fourteen inches in height, brought at auction in the Bernal collection nearly ten thousand dollars in gold. Perhaps, uninitiated reader, you will be inclined to remark, "A fool and his money are soon parted;" but you must not judge too hastily, for if these same vases were offered for sale to-day they would bring as much as, and probably more than, when they were last sold. In our own country we have a number of specimens of this Sèvres ware, and the vase which is illustrated here is one of a pair presented to Gen. John A. Dix by Napoleon III. These are exceedingly large and elegant vases of *bleu de roi* enamel with medallions of decoration.

We have thus far passed through a measure of about three thousand years, bringing the reader from the *souterrains* of dead Egypt by rapid steps up to the progress and enlightenment of the nineteenth century.

My little paper-weight and ink-well still stand here in most intimate companionship, yet so unlike that scarcely any one would acknowledge their relationship. These thirty centuries are too vast a space through which to trace a genealogy, yet it is certain that this modest scarabæus is the Adam of our proud Sèvres.

Interest in the art of pottery and porcelain has of late years been greatly stimulated in this country by the observations of American travelers abroad who have brought home with them a taste which will go far toward advancing the culture so much needed in our own land.

The day is surely coming when those now much-despised old blue tea-cups of our grandmothers will occupy the place of honor on our sumptuous modern sideboards.

# THE WAIF OF NAUTILUS ISLAND.

"LAND sakes alive! Miah Morey, I'd as lives sleep with a log!" And Aunt Thankful sat up in bed, listening to the howling of the storm and the booming undertone of the breakers on Man-o'-War Reef. "I'm sure I hearn a yell," added the irate dame, as she shook her sleepy husband by the shoulder. She peeped about the dingy room, which was lighted only by the smouldering coals on the hearth, and listened anxiously for a repetition of the sound which she fancied she had heard in the wild tumult of the March gale that sobbed and shrieked about the island.

With her double-gown over her shoulders, Aunt Thankful opened the door and looked out into the night. Sheets of rain drenched the soggy turf; far out in the watery blackness small patches of melting snow gleamed ghastly on the rocky ledges; giant breakers, white with foam, flashed dimly up into sight along the shore, like strange wild shapes, and then sank suddenly down again. The angry ocean smote the island with a thunderous hand, and far out along the cruel reef the hungry waves showed their white teeth in the blackness of the night. The air was raw, and drenched with spume and flying scud; and through the thick drift the feeble gleam of the light-house across the harbor struggled like a yellow stain in the night.

"I haven't seen a wuss night sence we lived on Nautilus," said the old man, who had joined the good wife at the door. "The gulls flew low yesterday, and arter sundown I hearn the crows hollerin' over to Somes's Sound; I knowed there wuz a gale a-brewin'."

"Hold yer clack, can't ye? I can't hear nothin' for your jaw. Hearken!" And, as she spoke, a cry of distress came faintly on the gale from Man-o'-War Reef.

"It's a human critter's cry, as sure as I'm a livin' sinner," said Aunt Thankful; and almost before the words were uttered, she and her husband, hurrying on their garments, were struggling against the storm as they an down to the reef which made out into Penobscot Bay from the little island where they had their solitary home.

A huge black bulk loomed out of the sea-drift when they reached the rocky shore, its dark sides relieved against the yeasty waves which broke all around.

"It's an East Injiman, out of her reckoning," muttered Miah Morey, when he saw the unwieldy craft, fast wedged upon the outer extremity of the reef.

"God help 'em all," whispered Aunt Thankful; "we can't, in such a sea as this;" and the old couple stood wistfully gazing upon the helpless wreck, as the fierce sea rushed over it and tore it where it lay.

"She's a wrack, sure enough;" and the cooler calculation of the man was turned to consideration of the flotsam and jetsam which the falling tide might bring him.

Longingly and pitifully the old couple looked across the waste of waters in which no boat could live, and the salt tears trickled down the weather-beaten cheeks of the dame as she heard again and again the despairing halloo of the drowning mariners. Her thoughts were once more with her beloved Reuben, her only son, who had sailed as second mate on a fishing voyage, years ago, and never had been heard of since, though no day ever passed but she cast a weary glance seaward for the white sails of the *William and Sally*. But they never came.

So she stood there, tearful at last, sheltered behind her husband's stalwart figure, waiting for the end.

"A spar! a spar!" shouted Miah, as a fragment came tumbling through the surf. A line from their fish-flakes, close at hand, was soon around Miah's waist, and Aunt Thankful held the slack, while he plunged in and made for a white object which they saw clinging to the tangle of rigging on the spar. There was a fierce buffet with the breakers, a hurried, sobbing prayer from Aunt Thankful, who saw the strong swimmer reach the plunging bit of timber, and then she screamed through the gale: "'Ware o' the stick, old man; it'll mash ye ef yer not keerful." But Miah had left the spar, and the wiry fingers of his wife tugged nervously at the rope as she hauled him in, hand over hand; and he dragged a heavy burden with him.

Miah, breathless and spent, crawled up the stony beach, pulling the half-clad body of a man. Stooping over her sinking husband and his pitiful load, Aunt Thankful beheld a male figure, half dressed as if surprised in sleep, and in its loosening arms, wrapped in a sailor's pea-jacket, an infant.

"The child is alive, as sure as I'm born," said Aunt Thankful, lifting the tiny waif from the figure where it lay. And there, beneath the angry sky, his feet licked by the half-relenting sea which ran far up the shelving shore, the father gasped out the little remnant of his life as his child was gathered to the motherly bosom of her who should henceforth stand instead of those who were no more.

The child wailed while good Aunt Thankful bore her swiftly to her cottage, but soon sank into rosy slumber when, wrapped and warm, she was laid carefully by the side of little Obed, Thankful Morey's orphaned nephew, who slept tranquilly in his trundle-bed, happily unmindful of the tragedy which was darkening the coast of Nautilus Island, and casting thereon a mystery which should perplex his life from that hour.

Hurrying back to the shore, Aunt Thankful took the family rum-bottle and warm blankets for the drowned man's relief. But it was vain. No chafing nor restoratives could call back the flutter of the heart.

"He's tripped his anchor, sure," was the figurative speech of Miah, and so they covered him decently, and set themselves to watching for more waifs from the wreck. None came; and when the gray daw struggled up in the East, and the sea sank moodily down, the beach was strewn wit fragments of the wreck; and far out o Man-o'-War Reef only a few bare rib of the broken ship, a pitiful sight, thrus their dark lines up through the rising an falling of the tide. A low moan came ove the remorseful waves as the rising sun brok redly through the ragged clouds. The nigh rack faded away, and the blue sky looke down in patches on the bay, but no huma sign came up from the secrets of the se save a bit of quarter-board, on which been painted the name of the doomed s These were the last three letters of name—"USA;" and that was all. An that great sum of life and hope melted the cruel sea and was heard of no more.

The child was apparently about two old; she knew no name but "Mamie," took to her new surroundings as thoug had never known any other.

Curious citizens and eager 'longshore from the little port across the bay came nd patrolled the edges of the island, looking or treasures and tragic tokens of the unnown wreck; or they rowed around the roken bones of the mysterious ship, when he sea went down, but found no trace of vhat she had been, or under what flag she iad sailed. They took up the form of the lead voyager, and, in solemn procession, ave it Christian burial on the bleak hill-top overlooking the harbor, where the people of he port exiled their dead. The village quire gathered all available particulars of he wreck into an elaborate account, which, horn of its learned length, was duly printed n a Boston newspaper, and, weeks afterwards, reached Fairport and Nautilus Island, ike a faint echo out of a half-forgotten ast. And so all thought of the tragedy nelted away from the minds of men.

Only Aunt Thankful and Miah, her husband, kept all these things in their hearts; out even they, as the years rolled on, almost ceased to fear that some one might come out of the great world which lay outside their narrow and secluded life, and, guided by the trinket found on the child's neck, claim and take from them their bright darling, Mamie, child of the sea.

There is no need to tell how Mamie grew into beautiful girlhood, and, never separated from her sturdy playmate Obed, haunted the rocks, spruce thickets, and ledges of the island like an elf. Elfish and uncanny she seemed, to the prim townspeople who occasionally came over to Nautilus Island on blueberry parties or fishing excursions. Knowing none but Aunt Thankful, Miah, and Obed, the child was shy of strangers, and, like a timid bird, would fly to the crags and fir-clumps, whence she and Obed looked curiously down on the merry-makers, whose gay clothing contrasted pleasantly with the dull linsey-woolsey and oil-skin garb of the old couple, whom these children thought almost the only people in the world. And strange stories were told in the port of the wild child of the Moreys, and the heathenish way in which she was brought up to dig ums, rob the gulls' nests, and climb rocks a young monkey.

ut Mamie had a touch of feminine imiveness withal, and excessively amused the people by "rigging herself" with wild ers, sea-weeds, birds' feathers, and bits of h bark, in which array she would promee gravely with Obed up and down the ch, waving her birchen kerchief as a sig- to far-off ships which never came, or to eless pleasure-boats that sailed away, unheeding, into the blue depths of Long Island or Cape Rosiere.

Seated on a high black rock near by Man-o'-War Reef, these happy children, unconscious of the mournful tragedies which had given name to island, reef, and rock, in other years, would construct airy fleets out of their own fancies, launch them on the sunny bay, and sail away into the wonderful world which lay beneath the sky-rim—far, far beyond Long Island and Burncoat. To them the distant purple Camden Hills were an enchanted realm, where the sun set in a palace of gold and crystal; and away to the southward, where sky and water met, there was a fairyland, whence, once a year, came a richly freighted ship, which floated up the bay, past Nautilus Island, and, stately and proud, folded her snowy wings before the port, and there dropped anchor. This arrival was a great event for Fairport; but the ship, which brought to it a fragrance of the Indies, Cathay, and the Spice Islands, Madeira wine and Spanish olives, barbaric, curious things, and a cargo of Cadiz salt, brought for the two eager-eyed children on Nautilus Island a wonderful freight from that enchanted land which they talked of in their play, and from which some faint sounds had somehow reached them, and of which they had some tangible tokens: discarded scraps of finery from Alicante, and yellow shreds of lace, handiwork of the nuns of Fayal. How these faint echoes and poor little relics reached Nautilus Island we cannot tell. They drifted, as all such things drift to sea-shore children.

The chief delight of these little ones was the bar. This, a long strip of shingly sand, connected the island with Gray's Head, a stony-faced promontory which frowned upon the cove eastward of Nautilus Island. At low tide the bar was uncovered, and Mamie and Obed loved to run across on the oozy bridge, snatching a fearful joy from the unexplored recesses of the Head, hastening back as the water rose behind them, or gushed in eddying rivulets across the narrow tongue of land, licking out the light prints of their fast-flying feet. Barely escaping the rising tide, they sat breathless on the rocks, and watched the cheated waves dashing over their path, running to and fro like sleuthhounds on the track of the pursued, escaping fugitive.

But life was not all play for Mamie and Obed. The old couple, their foster-parents, earned their livelihood by furnishing fish, berries, eggs, and small farm products to the slender market of Fairport. Obed accompanied Miah on his brief voyages into the coves and estuaries about the bay, gathering from the intricate waters which flowed around the many islands of Penobscot Bay their harvest of the sea. The girl, sometimes assisted by her foster-brother or mother, picked the wild berries of the pastures, dug clams at low tide, and with willing hands assisted Aunt Thankful in the work of the house and little farm. As she grew older she brought to all these tasks a certain airiness which was in odd contrast with her homely toil. She bloomed out in unexpected ways, and puzzled the old dame with her *bizarre* fancies. An undefinable native grace was in all her steps, and she loved the bright flowers and soft ferns with which she garlanded her head, and had an artist's fancy for the delicate shells which formed her necklace. A string of bright India peas that she wore for bracelets were to her beyond all price.

"That air gal will make a smart mantermaker and milliner when she's grown," was Aunt Thankful's frequent remark, when she saw how deftly she made wonderful snoods and sashes from the odds and ends of woman's attire which she found about the old cottage, or received from occasional female visitors from the port. And the distressed old woman wondered if the gypsy-like waywardness and love for bright colors and ornaments which possessed the child were not the tokens of some strain of blood which would, by and by, assert itself, and take her away to the "fine-feathered birds" with which she should mate. No wonder Thankful Morey, knowing nothing but her duty to her "old man," her sordid cares, and her own beloved pipe, grew restive as she watched. "Take off them air rags and tags, you little scarecrow," scolded she, as Mamie, decked with sea-shell necklace, a bit of blue ribbon, a wreath of wild columbines, and an ancient gauze veil, and carrying a pumpkin-leaf sunshade, pranced through the house on her way out to a promenade with Obed. The child uttered a little cry of defiance and escaped into the sunshine, followed by a mop-rag which the angry old woman threw after her.

"Dear suz me! old woman, let the gal alone," said Miah, who smoked his pipe contentedly on the door-stone. "Ef she enjoys that sort o' thing, let her be, can't ye?"

"Wal, but it duz rile me to see that air gal take on airs. She hasn't half the gumption that Obe has, and the Lord knaows he hasn't got enough to kill. Everybody would 'spose she was born with a silver spoon in her mouth, by the way she carries sail. She's jest a worryin' the life outer me with her antics."

"Wal, now, Thankful, you jest know you wouldn't take a ship-load o' gold for that air gal, and wut's the use o' yer talkin'? Her dressin' comes in her blood, I cal'late; and ef her blood relations was to hev her, I dessay she'd wear furbelows like them high-strung Boston gals thet wuz over to the port las' summer."

This kind of speech, which was a long one for the taciturn Miah, never failed to silence the good wife, who loved the girl, with all her wayward and prankish tricks. And when Mamie, discreetly hiding her decorations in the rocks, came in from her breezy walk by the beach, rosy and bright, the undemonstrative but softened dame only said: "Wal, naow, you are rely jest the puttiest little gal on the Bay, I do b'lieve."

But Obed always took Mamie's part, and when, sobbing and indignant, she sometimes fled from the sharp tongue of her foster-mother, he tried to cheer her in his rough, boyish way, and vowed that when he grew up to be a man he would bring her from foreign parts all the laces and silks that money could buy; for Obed was to be a sailor and glean the world for Mamie. Smiling through her tears the child would ask: "And will you really and truly bring me a lace veil and a London doll that opens and shuts its eyes?"

A solemn promise from Obed gave occasion for a long and delightful confab on things in the future; and, hand in hand, the children sat on Black Rock, gazing far over the blue, sparkling waters of the bay at the distant sails that floated in the sunny sweep of sky and sea. Happy days! happy dreamers! Alas! that you must ever wake.

When Mamie had grown to be sixteen years old she was a tall, fair girl, with golden hair, shapely as a little queen, a peachy cheek, and eyes which reminded one of both sea and sky—they were so liquid yet so blue, with an uncertain tint like that of the blue-green wave just off soundings when the sunlight streams through it. The fame of her wonderful beauty had gone out through all the islands, and when she, on rare occasions, rowed across the harbor with Obed and her foster-father, the rustic swains of the port came in groups to admire her from a distance, as she carried her small wares around among the stores of Fairport. Here she caught glimpses of the outer world, and the old-fashioned dry-goods, cheap jewelry, and nameless nothings which decorated the shelves and show-cases of the shops filled her with longings and imaginings unutterable.

Obed guarded her jealously, and the natural manliness of the well-nurtured New England youth protected her from any offence to the half-startled shyness which she carried everywhere. Obed was dark and brown; his hands were hard, and his face had that young-old look which children of toil and poverty wear. But he was brave and loving; and he could row cross-handed, skin a haddock, set a lobster-pot, steer a pinkey, or turn a furrow with the best man on the Bay. He knew the times and seasons of the mackerel, tomcod, alewives, and smelt; where to find the biggest hake, and the sweetest scallops were to him a second nature. He had dived off the village wharf to save a boy from drowning, had picked twelve quarts of huckle-berries in a single afternoon, and earned the reputation of being the best salmon-weir builder in all the region round.

But he was nineteen years old, and when, after a short cruise down the Sound, he greeted his foster-sister as usual with a tremendous kiss, she blushed and told him, in sweet confusion, that he must not do so again. Grieved and injured, he asked the reason. "We are too old to be kissing each other like babies," and Mamie fled to hide her own embarrassment. That night Obed sat on the rocks alone in the starlight and looked out into the Bay. He watched the waves climb up and down Man-'o-War Reef, and thought of the sweet young life which had been snatched from its hungry jaws; he pondered again the story of her mysterious landing on the island. He looked over at the beacon-light across the harbor, which seemed to blink confidentially upon him as he knew at last that he loved Mamie, and that she might not always be his. He pictured her floating far away somewhere into the wonderful world that seemed to wait for her. The cottage hearthstone would be unlighted by her gracious presence. Aunt Thankful would forget her temporary asperities, and smoke her pipe in sorrowful silence; the dingy cabin walls would be dingier and narrower, and the sunshine would be gone from Nautilus Island. How could he keep it?

But when winter came again, and Mamie went over to the port to attend "the Master's school," it was to supply the deficiencies of education which she felt must not exist when she married Obed in the spring.

Those were happy Saturday afternoons when the stalwart young man, facing his beloved foster-sister crouched in the stern of his wherry, rowed her home to stay until Monday morning. Lovely were those wintry nights when the young couple, pacing hand in hand the icy beach, looked over the glittering bay, marked the pencil-ray of the light-house pointing afar, hearkened to the nine o'clock bell ringing in the distant village spire, and built anew their castles in the air, dreamed again their golden dreams, and beneath the frosty stars plighted again their undying love.

During the week-days Obed planned fresh surprises for Mamie's Saturday return. He wreathed her bed-room windows with the trailing evergreen from Gray's Head, and strung great festoons of checker-berry and red wild-rose seed-vessels above her little looking-glass. The fragrant juniper with its purple berries perfumed her room, and a wonderful rug of mink and squirrel skins was laid where her dainty feet might most need it.

The humble fare of the family was garnished with its choicest dishes when Mamie came home for Saturday and Sunday; and on these occasions the picture of the beautiful girl, roughly sketched by a wandering artist who had visited the island, was newly decked with the winter ferns that Mamie loved best.

This portrait, sketchy and faint as it was, had been a cause of sore trouble once, for the artist, a gay, chattering young fellow from a distant city, while he painted it had talked of the bright world of art, fashion, wealth, and society, and had filled Mamie's head with strange fancies as he drew from her the story of her mysterious childhood. In a moment of unaccustomed ardor she had shown him the locket-portrait which she had worn about her neck when she was found in her dying father's arms. And Obed was angry when he heard the careless artist say that the portrait was that of "a high-bred lady," and must have been painted in foreign parts. But that was all forgotten now, though he could never be quite reconciled to the thought that the painter had carried away with him a charming sketch of the waif of Nautilus Island, painted with the curious locket resting on her bosom.

Spring came, and brought an end to Mamie's schooling. The alders were all a-bloom with their tender catkins, and the trailing arbutus began to gleam in the recesses of the thickets. Here and there the yellow violets sparkled in the wet sod; the bank swallows twittered among the rocks, and the clang of wild geese resounded far up in the tender mist of the sky. The young folks were across the bar, for the tide was down, and a climb up Gray's Head was not to be resisted on such a day; it was perfect in its cool fragrance and sunny brightness. It was a day to be remembered. It was remembered.

Dancing and skipping back across the bar, they paused midway to settle an affectionate little dispute.

"So you are sure you would love me just the same if I were worth a meeting-house full of gold?" queried the laughing girl.

Stretching his arms over the little rill of the sea which separated them, streaming across the bar with the rising tide, he answered:

"I should love you if you were a queen on a golden throne, and I were the slave who waited at your foot."

"If you were rich I should not love you, because you would be proud;" and she vaulted over the swelling current, adjusting the much-vexed question as they paced homewards.

At the landing-place they saw a Fairport boat, and reaching the cottage they beheld, standing in the middle of the room which served as kitchen, sitting-room, and bedroom for the old couple, a stranger, who held in his hand Mamie's locket. His face was fine and pure; his air was strangely out of keeping with the humble surroundings, and on him was the fragrant breath of another sphere than that of Nautilus Island. He looked at the stony face of Aunt Thankful, the sad features of the locket-portrait, and on the bewildered, changeful eyes of the girl, and said: "My sister's child!"

At last the mystery was cleared. The ship *Arethusa*, bound from Calcutta to Portland, years ago, carried homeward John Minton, who had buried his wife in a far-off land, and, accompanied by a native nurse, had taken his motherless child to his own country. By what disastrous chance the ship had been so far diverted from her proper course as to be wrecked on Man-o'-War Reef no living man can tell. But where the good ship *Nautilus* had been broken up in 1797, and where a proud Spanish man-of-war had met its death two years later, the *Arethusa* went to pieces on a fatal night in March, 18—; and only this golden-haired girl remained of all those strong lives which were whelmed in the breakers of the reef.

The wild, fantastic fancies of the children had blossomed into reality at last. The tell-tale artist had showed his picture of the rustic beauty of Nautilus Island to his friends and patrons in the great city where he wrought. The likeness to her dead mother, the strange locket on her breast, the mystery of her birth,—all these had piqued a languid curiosity among the artist's acquaintances; but they furnished a chain which led straight from the gay capital to Miah Morey's cabin by the shores of the Penobscot.

Why should I dwell on the scenes that followed?

New England people are not given to tears and scenes, wild bursts of grief and heart-rending farewells. It was settled that Mamie ought to go and see her new-found relatives, while proper steps were taken to secure to her her father's property. Mr. Horton was ready to recognize Obed's right to the hand of his niece, since she claimed that it was a right. But the young man could wait; Mamie lacked a year and more of being eighteen; and, meantime, she should take a look at the world before she married and settled down on Nautilus Island;—and the man of the city looked a little superciliously about him as he spoke.

So he went over to the port for a day or two while Mamie was prepared for her journey. And there fell a great silence on the household. Mamie and Obed sat on Black Rock, and watched the sea come and go she, tearful and trembling, talked of the joyousness of the time when she should come back with her "shipload of gold," to make dear Aunt Thankful and Uncle Miah comfortable to the end of their days. He jealous and distraught, was half sure she was glad to go. Old Miah mended his nets in silence, and his good wife sternly went abou her household duties, feeling, she savagely muttered to herself, "as if there was a funera in the house."

And the day came when Obed received the lingering feet of his beloved playmate into his boat; she sobbed once more he farewells on the ample bosom of Aun Thankful, and kissed the sea-beaten face o old Miah. They shoved off from the familiar old landing-place; Mamie turned he eyes, swollen with weeping, to the silent rigid figures of the aged couple on the shore Obed grimly choked down a great lump i his throat, and, with manly strokes, swep out into the tide which bore them towar the port where the girl's uncle waited to tak her to her new home.

When the Bucksport stage, which carrie

his love away, had climbed Windmill Hill, dazed Obed had rowed back to the island. He plodded in a blind sort of way to the rocks where he and Mamie had sat in childhood, and had built their youthful fancies in the floating clouds. So he sat alone for hours, until he saw, far across the bay, the plume of smoke which marked where the Boston steamboat glided down the coast, bearing from him all that was dear on earth; then he went calmly away, and, with a set face, turned his fish-flakes to the westering sun.

The silent, self-contained household said no word of the day's great event, save, when the nine o'clock bell chimed from the village spire across the tide, Aunt Thankful, as she covered the fire, said: "I cal'late that poor gal is drefful sea-sick naow."

The days passed wearily. The season advanced rapidly; the leaves rushed out on the trees, and the corn crackled its green blades in the field behind the fish-house, but there was no longer any life on Nautilus Island. Aunt Thankful's "rheumatiz" was worse than usual; and though there was a fine run of salmon that spring, and drift-wood was uncommonly plenty, old Miah felt "diskerridged and clean beat out." Obed worked harder than ever before, but he rowed over to town every night, and waited about the corner until the sound of the post-office horn told him to ask for a letter.

At last it came, that wonderful letter, and the sunset gleams were richer, redder, and more glorious as Obed, drifting with the tide, sat on the thwart where she had often sat with him, and, resting his idle oars, read her loving words. She was well and happy in her new home. How could she be happy, thought Obed, half in anger; but he was glad to see that all her bliss was dashed by the thought that she was away from him. She ran on, page after page, describing the Hortons, who lived in a grand house, had servants by the score, with gay equipage and brilliant company. Her aunt was a lovely woman with pink cheeks and waves of real lace. Her only cousin was a handsome young fellow with *such* a splendid moustache! And would not Obed wear a moustache, it would become him so. Then there followed many minute inquiries about Aunt Thankful and Uncle Miah. Did the gray duck hatch out well, and was the top-knot hen ready to set yet? Obed must be sure and not forget her doves; how did the tom-cod season turn out? And, oh, had he been across the Bar lately? On the whole, the letter was decided, in family conclave, a very satisfactory and altogether grand affair. Obed had a secret pang of jealousy whenever he thought of the handsome city cousin with the matchless moustache; and he could not altogether see how Mamie could by and by forego the luxurious home which she described, and return to the dingy cabin of Nautilus Island.

With laborious hands he wrote a sunny reply to her letter, faithfully cataloguing all the domestic incidents which had occurred and commenting on each as he wrote.

And Mamie? In her city home she was transfigured by the magic of dress and surroundings. No linsey-woolsey and calico now; no bizarre sea-weed and cockle-shell decorations. With that wonderful intuition which beautiful women have, she overruled and guided the artistic fancies of her aunt and her millinery women; and the untutored child of the sea-shore arrayed herself in matchless garniture. Soft, bright colors, diaphanous laces, and flowing lines were but the unnoticed accessories of the rare beauty into which she bloomed. Her brown face cleared into rosy alabaster; the sharp lines of her mouth grew soft and full; her glorious hair took on a more golden glow in its bands of pearl and gold. At last her luxurious tastes and craving for beautiful things were satisfied. Sometimes she stood gravely before the great mirror in her dressing-room, delighting her eyes with the sheen of her silk, the gossamer-like airiness of her rufflings, and asked if this fair flower-like creature, so rarely decked, could be the Waif of Nautilus Island? Locking her door securely, she paced stately up and down her room, learning to sweep with grace her shining drapery, waving her round arms, half hid in lace, and turning her haughty head, as she imagined her beautiful mother in the picture-locket must have walked and moved and turned her lovely head when she was a fair young girl.

But in the most ravishing strains of the grand operas, in the pauses of the gay gossip of the ball-room, and in the midst of the splendor of drawing-rooms, her true heart went back to her own home. She saw Aunt Thankful spinning in the sun by the door; Uncle Miah solitarily tended his lobster-pots, and thought of his dear little girl so far away. And Obed, of course, he looked across the Bar, and his eye sought out the ledges in the rocks where they two had sat and dreamed, or it dwelt lovingly on the mossy tree trunks among which they had climbed the Head, seeking for thimble-berries. With a great longing she longed to go back; she could not wait another year to hear the beloved voices of the dear ones on the island; how could she live so long so far away from the familiar little cabin, the home-like shore, and the well-remembered wash and murmur of the sea?

But the city was fair too; it was full of life and beauty for her. The picture-galleries, the gay shops, the crowds of well-dressed people, the delicious opera, gorgeous ball, and occasional pageant—all these filled her with a great satisfaction. Under their influences and those of a refined, luxurious home, she ripened into a woman of extraordinary beauty and attractiveness. She was the bright particular star of the fashionable season, and her romantic story, artless ways, and surpassing loveliness filled any gaps that her unfamiliarity with the gay world's ways might have made. Men do not readily adapt themselves to a new sphere of life, whether it be higher or lower; women have the art to conceal their unacquaintance with novel circumstances, and soon learn to seem as though they had never known any other. Mamie was as one born in the purple.

Obed poured out his strong, loving soul in long letters, which Mamie read in the rosy, velvety, curtained privacy of her own apartments with a guilty blush. She was half-afraid that the stately mirrors and supercilious satin damask hangings should discover how dreadfully crabbed was her lover's handwriting, and how he misused his capital letters. It was like a breath from the salt sea to read those dear, loving messages from Nautilus; but, somehow, her bronze Hebe looked with innocent surprise from its pedestal when Mamie's rosy fingers turned over the details of the welfare of the new litter of pigs, and the net results of the mackerel season. The Louis Quatorze chairs were interested but not pleased with Aunt Thankful's directions about the yarn stockings and the catnip tea. The girl was conscious that she was living two lives—one present and one passing away.

The winter melted, leaving Mamie a trifle weary; and a summer in the mountains rested her. She saw and loved the snowy, billowy peaks, which reminded her of the familiar white-crested, tumultuous waves which rose over the watery ridge of the sea, or sank into the long level of the placid valleys. The mountains and the great forests were new to this child of the sea, but they all oppressed her, and seemed to shut out the sky. She longed for the free expanse of the ocean. So when the time came for her to choose between the capital and Nautilus Island, between her uncle and her foster-parents, she wondered reproachfully that any one could doubt how she would decide; and thus she astonished the city family by deliberately electing Aunt Thankful and Uncle Miah as her guardians. She would turn her back on the gauds of the gay world, and, with a little sigh for its soft light and color, go back to the rude home of her childhood and to Obed.

There was mourning as well as wonder when this decision was announced to the city family. And when Obed came out of his life-long seclusion, proud, yet timid, to claim his bride, he was coldly and disdainfully shut into a drawing-room to wait for Mamie. His manliness forbade him to be dismayed at the fairy-like splendors in which he found himself; but his heart sank somewhat as the untutored youth, fresh from the bare, hard life of the Maine sea-coast, contemplated the haughty walls gleaming with treasures of art, the gilded, carven furniture, the heavy drapery, and the multitude of costly objects scattered about in what seemed to him reckless profusion. And when Mamie, blushing and half shy, floated into the room, he was almost appalled. Could this radiant creature, adorned with fragile and costly textures, be his little foster-sister, his affianced bride? The first greeting over, he contemplated her from a distance, hot and cold by turns. He was ready to fall down and worship, yet he was angry that she looked so rare and fine. It was not his Mamie; still it was her whom he adored.

To Mamie, Obed did not look changed; he was browner and a trifle taller; he wore the moustache which she had fancied for him; but it was not becoming, and, somehow, Obed did not fit into the picture. He did not sit easily on his satin chair, and his garments, awkwardly fitting as they were, were not in keeping with the brocade drapery behind him. All this ran through the girl's mind, and she vexedly thought how wrong it was to notice them, and yet how much more handsome Obed was in his white duck trousers and red flannel shirt than in that cheap-looking, shiny black coat. Poor Obed! he felt cheap-looking, and longed to be back on Nautilus with his own little girl again.

No word of criticism escaped Mamie's lips. All was well, and a torrent of talk swept away the first natural coolness of re-

aint which fell on both. There were a
ousand things to say and ask, and though,
ring the two or three days of Obed's stay,
had great difficulty in trying to make him
into the life where she was so much at
me, she still found her old friend as dear
d loving as ever. He was still her Obed!

"I am Cinderella, and the clock strikes
elve," she said, as she laid aside "the fine
thers," and prepared for her return to
utilus Island. Silk and satin trains were
t suitable for her wild runs across the Bar;
laces would not "fit in" with the spruce
ughs and sweet-brier of Gray's Head.
amidst great wonder and lamentation
palatial city mansions, she went her way
meward with Obed.

The sunshine, softened and mellowed,
ne again with Mamie to Nautilus Island.
ed, proud and happy as a king, conducted
affianced bride to the old cottage; Aunt
ankful's hard features relaxed with joyful
rs as she gathered in her arms her re-
red treasure. Old Miah sounded his
sal trumpet loudly in the depths of his
ndanna, and turned away, after a greet-
, to split firewood with unnecessary
or. The girl brought back with her a
atly changed demeanor, but she was the
ne loving child as of yore. If she wove
o her quiet browns and grays a stray bit
bright ribbon or lace, like a *souvenir* of
city life, it was not out of keeping with
somber woods, the dazzling shore, and
blue-green water that lapped the island.
r beauty was heightened by the acci-
ntal lights which gleamed in her quiet dress,
d even undemonstrative Thankful Morey
s constrained to say: "Wal, I dew declare
u've grown to be a right proper young
, and you allers wuz as putty as a pink."

The first excitement of returning over,
mie tried to settle contentedly into the
order of things. She pranced about the
le island like a child, revisiting all their
haunts, sitting on Black Rock with
ed for a moment, then darting to the dove-
use to call her pets, visiting the cow-yard
recognize the mild-eyed Brindle, inspect-
the fish-flakes and listening half-inatten-
ely to Obed's account of the net result
the season's catch. But, most of all, she
ighted to chase across the Bar; it was not
easy a climb up Gray's Head as it once
s, but the purple asters were as bright
d the white amaranths as perfect as ever.
e tide came in as it used, lacing the wet
d with its long streams of frothy spume,
d chasing their steps with eager glee as they ran to and from the Head to Nautilus.

Yet, somehow, when she tried to be quite satisfied with the dear old home, she was mortified and angry with herself that it was not easy to be so satisfied. Something ailed the place. It was clear that Aunt Thankful had not been so scrupulously neat about the house as when she was a younger woman. She had grown old and careless in a year and a half. The rooms were smaller and dingier than when Mamie went away. The ceilings were low, and her pure little bedroom smelt of her foster-mother's pipe. She laughed airily to herself about all these trifles: she should soon get over them.

"I cal'late," said Aunt Thankful confidentially to her good man, "that our little gal will build on an L on to the haouse when she and Obe are married. It'd be nuthin' more'n right, for she's forehanded naow."

"Wal, wal, don't less hurry the child; she's noways mean, and 'll dew the right thing when the time comes. I 'spose she'll hev a sight o' money when she squares up with the Hortons?"

"I don't knaow, but I would like to hev that L built onto the haouse. Mame wants me to git a help; that air Booden gal over to Somes's would be right handy. But no, I don't want none o' the pesky critters raound, breakin' more dishes than they are wuth, and spilin' vittles by the pailful. But I would like to hev that air L onto the haouse."

Mamie took great pleasure in Obed's manly, resolute ways; he was in refreshing contrast with the delicate young gentlemen whom she had known in the city. It was a little trying to her ideas of niceness that he should put his knife to his mouth at table; but then the three-tined steel forks were not just the thing to use as she would like to see him use them. These little non-essentials would be corrected when they were married. Married? She thought of that now with a little shiver. She was too young yet to take up life for herself. But she was true to Obed; she never, never could love anybody else, for he was noble, loving, and true as steel. Still, there was no hurry, for she had a great deal to do. And one of these things was to soften down some of the asperities which chafed her gentle soul about the family. Aunt Thankful must certainly learn to do without that shocking pipe; and she really did think that Uncle Miah might shave oftener; his gray stubbly beard detracted much from the beauty of his dear old face, never very handsome.

Aunt Thankful's eyes were not so old but they were sharp enough to see Mamie's unsatisfaction. "Wal," she said one day, "ef ye think them air sheets on yer bed air too coarse, I 'spose ye knaow where there's finer ones to be bought. But I hain't got no money to fool away on such extravagance at my time o' life."

"O Aunty," pleaded she.

"Wal, wal, my little pink, make 'em dew for naow; yer'll hev better when yer set up fur yerself."

These little disputes worried Obed, but Mamie and he never spoke to each other about them, and, before they knew it, a thin wall had risen up between them. It was thin, so thin, but cold; and they looked at each other through it. Then he remembered angrily the gentle criticisms which she had passed upon his uncultured habits. "She's got above us plain folks," he muttered to himself; but he swore roundly at Aunt Thankful one day when she hinted that Mamie was "consider'ble uppish since she had been spiled by them Hortons."

He thought of the wondrous apparition of loveliness which had been revealed to him when he met her in the Horton drawing-room; and he reproached himself that he had been so eager to take her away from a station in life which seemed to have been made for her. After all, was she not the dove in the fish-hawk's nest? But he ground his teeth and kept everything to himself.

Winter came on apace, and Obed sullenly consented to a postponement of their marriage until spring. They had long talks now, loving and tender, but sometimes fierce; for the girl had a temper of her own, and Obed was "very aggravating" at times. He was jealous as the grave; she was willful, prankish, and sometimes teased him until he was frenzied, and she was astonished at her own audacity; but she kept on teasing. And the thin veil of ice betwixt them did not melt.

They were sitting one day on the rocky ledge of Gray's Head, whither they had rowed in Obed's boat. The tide was coming in, and they watched the great spongy ice-cakes grinding together as they tumultuously huddled up the Bar. "How lovely this is," she said. "It somehow makes me think of the hurried, crashing, mournful music of an opera I once heard."

"Oh, cuss the opera," said Obed, roughly, for he was in one of his black moods, and she had been unconsciously worrying him.
"We've no opera on Nautilus, and I n
heard one."

"You shall hear one some day, dear;
I guess we had better go home. Di
is ready: see, Aunt Thankful has hung
cloth in the window."

On the way down to the beach, a w
seized her to go across the Bar. "But
tide is coming in, and the ice is run
to-day."

"Never mind," said the laughing girl;
haven't been on the ice-cakes for so lo
want to take a run. You go in the boat
I'll beat you across."

In vain Obed pleaded and in vain c
manded. "Will you go in my boat with
Now or never," he said, meaningly.

"No, and never," she laughed gayly,
fled away, her bright red hood flutterin
the breeze.

Obed took his way sullenly across
cove, making a wide *détour* to reach
clear water. And Mamie went on, her ga
gone—her heart was heavy; she lo
yearningly after Obed's retreating f
"Poor boy!" she murmured; "I do
love him as I thought I did. But, b
God who pities me, I must keep my wo

She set her teeth firmly as she whisp
this to the spectral ice-cakes which c
crowding up about her. The way was h
the tide was flowing in rapidly, and the
she gained in running on the open sand
lost in climbing over the frequent shee
treacherous ice. The ominous whispe
the sea grew loud and hoarse under the
shapes which hurried in upon the Bar, hi
her from the shore and from Obed, who
standing up in his boat now and looking fo
Up, up crept the tide, gushing through
blocks of ice and chilling her poor little
Her slender hands were torn with the r
crystalline edges of the frozen sea-water
which she toiled; but she bravely strug
on. She was half way across, and could
the fish-flakes on the snowy bank, the
jolly-boat hauled up for the winter.
distant they were!

But the water was rising. She must
for it, if she got to clear water. Sud
there was a tremor; the air was hushed
still, save where a little sob crept up
ice-covered Man-o'-War Reef. A jam c
floes gave way with a noise like thunder
great blue and white masses came crow
down across the Bar with the rising
Like a drove of white, hungry wolves
fantastic shapes sped from shore to
sweeping everything before them.

as a little cry as of a human note muffled the sea, and the icy waves flowed silently ver the Bar.

Obed's strained eyes saw no graceful fig-re climb the bank below the cottage, and om the island to Gray's Head the tide oursed in strong deep currents. Frantic, e pulled his boat through the hindering ice nd sprang ashore. No dainty foot-prints led p from the island end of the bar; no form et his distracted vision. Shore and sky, e, water, and stony-faced precipice looked itifully at him, as he stood, speechless, in is great agony.

The news spread, as such news does, in the air, and from far and wide flocked the rough, compassionate sea-farers of the bay, searching for—it. They never found the form for which they sought.

As the sun went down, compassionately tinting the frosty shores with a rosy glow, John Clark, removing his seal-skin cap in deference to a great grief, tenderly handed Obed a little red hood which he had found on a floating sheet of ice.

And that was all. The Waif of Nautilus Island had returned to the sea whence she came.

## MR. LOWELL'S PROSE.

For several reasons, Mr. Lowell's prose, as well as his poetry, has almost altogether missed, hitherto, the homage of that sincere and serious criticism which alike his real merits, in either kind of composition, and the high rank to which the general consent of enlightened opinion has advanced him, should seem to have demanded. When he first began to publish, now nearly one whole literary age ago, he was greeted by the powers of criticism that then were with a certain condescension of notice, magisterial, to be sure, in tone, but kindly, as exercised toward a young man personally well known to his censors, and affectionately regarded by them, of whom good things were justly to be expected in the future, but to whom it would meantime be premature to pay the compliment of a very thorough examination of his claims to permanent regard. There followed a considerable period of nearly unbroken silence on the part of Mr. Lowell, during which a tradition of his genius and accomplishments made the tour of cultivated minds, traveling outward from Boston through the slowly widening circle of the fellowship of American letters.

By the time that he appeared again in print, Mr. Lowell had thus an assured welcome of generous acclamation already awaiting him from every organ of critical opinion in the country. There seemed nothing in the circumstances of his fortune as an author to create any diversion against him. His quality was manifestly not popular enough to make him an object of jealousy with his peers in authorship. He was just sufficiently removed from obvious and easy comprehension to become a good shibboleth of culture and insight among the critics of the periodical press. Something, too, of that personal impression of the man, which seems to be inseparable from the effect produced upon us by the work of the author, accompanied, to assist Mr. Lowell in his easy conquest of the most formidable and most influential critical appreciation that as yet had a voice in the current American literature. It speedily became a point of literary patriotism with us all to swear a loyal and enthusiastic oath by the wit, the learning, and the genius of our brilliant fellow-countryman.

By a curious coincidence, too,—lucky for the recent immediate spread of his fame,—it happened that Mr. Lowell's latest and most important publications appeared at that precise juncture of our international relations with Great Britain when paramount public considerations were operating to disarm British criticism for the moment of its natural and traditional suspicion respecting American books, and even to dispose it to a lavish literary hospitality toward whatever of American production might seem most likely to be generally accepted among us as representative of the national genius and culture. Mr. Lowell was obviously the favorite of American literary men. English periodicals could not fail to gratify the American public by praising their chosen literary representative. Accordingly English organs of criticism were found, for instance, eagerly pronouncing the "Commemoration Ode" a great poem (which it scarcely escaped being indeed), but without so much as hinting faintly that the retorted sneer in it at the Old World, and especially Great Britain, was perhaps an artistic mistake, which nevertheless it may easily appear even to Mr. Lowell's sympathizing countrymen to be. It has thus resulted that the verdict without discussion which American criticism had spontaneously passed upon Mr. Lowell, now stands doubly established in the apparently justifying and confirming accord of English opinion. By consequence, could a poll of the best instructed and most controlling editorial suffrages of the country be taken on the question to-morrow, the well-nigh unanimous sentence would pronounce Mr. James Russell Lowell, upon the whole, beyond controversy, if not the first, then certainly the second among living American literary men.

We state the fact. We make no quarrel with it. Our own judgment might not be different. We merely point it out in explaining how it is that Mr. Lowell has failed so long of that faithful and unprepossessed criticism of his work, to which by his unenvied though enviable eminence he is justly entitled. We herewith offer the initiative* of such a criticism with regard to Mr. Lowell's prose.

The first remark to be made about Mr. Lowell's prose concerns the kind in literature to which it belongs. It is not creative; it is critical. It is that in respect to other men's literary productions which this article aims to be in respect to Mr. Lowell's own productions in prose. It appreciates, and, except incidentally, it does not originate. We say this without intending comparative disparagement of that species of literary work to which in his prose Mr. Lowell has almost exclusively devoted himself; although it is perfectly obvious that criticism makes a humbler claim than creation on the gratitude and reverence of the reader toward the author. While, however, late literature has names like M. Sainte-Beuve in France, Mr. Matthew Arnold in England, and Mr. Lowell (as a prose writer) in this country, to show among those who contentedly accept the vocation of critic, criticism, still justly adjudged to remain subordinate in rank to creation, may yet be admitted to confer degrees of greatness upon its servants higher perhaps than any but the highest of all.

The one thing, however, that concerns us in classifying Mr. Lowell's prose productions as criticism, is to settle the rule by which he may fairly be judged. He is critic. Fair criticism asks, Is he a goo critic? Is he adequately qualified, and ha he made adequate use of his qualifications?

Large knowledge of literature is amon the necessary qualifications of a good criti In literature, as in everything, compariso and contrast are our best, almost our onl means of just estimation. Critical facult goes for nothing without adequate materi of information upon which to have exercise itself beforehand, and from which now t form its present appraisals. No one ca read Mr. Lowell's prose, or for that matt his poetry either, without acknowledging h wide familiarity with literature, both vernac lar and foreign. Culture, in this sense of i flavors every page of his writings. Allusio near or remote,—often, it must be admitte remote,—lurks in almost every one of h sentences. So much indeed is this the cas that it is often a task to all but reade tolerably well informed themselves to trac his hiding sense with certainty. We hav been told on excellent authority that so we informed a gentleman, for instance, as th head of Harvard University presumably i was obliged to resort to Mr. Lowell himse to find out what his friend meant by a wo in his poem of "The Cathedral" felicitous coined to convey an allusion to a usage the Latin poets that happened not to present to the learned president's mind the moment of his reading the piece. M Lowell certainly does not lack discursi acquaintance with literature to qualify hi for his office of critic.

A second necessary endowment of th good critic is a capacity on his part of ente ing into the thought and feeling of anothe without such accompanying prepossessio of his own as unconsciously to modify h new investiture by exchange and confusi of the separate individualities. This tra the most amiable and generous of the criti intellectual traits, Mr. Lowell possesses an eminent degree. The fluent lapse fro mood to mood in sympathy with his auth which Mr. Lowell achieves or undergoes it active, or is it passive?) in his capacity critic contrasts wonderfully say with the ir rigidness of Lord Macaulay's persistency uniformly remaining himself, of whomsoev he may chance to be discoursing in oste sible criticism. Lord Macaulay, however, ought in judgment of him to be remembere seemed himself not unaware of his own i capacity for dealing with any but those lit rary men whose work, like their critic's, w of it done with heavy crayon strokes. it is already an anachronism to mention d Macaulay as a critic, incomparable ist though he is within his own chosen ere of straightforward, dogmatic, all-Bri expression. Mr. Lowell's self-sacrificing diness to renounce himself for the sake emporarily becoming his author, is every ng that could be expected of a critic.

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* Exception to this implication ought perhaps to be made in favor of a tentative article published some months ago in *Lippincott's Monthly*, which made several good critical points unfavorable to Mr. Lowell, and sustained them well, but which, whether deservedly or not, incurred in certain quarters where jealous susceptibility on such a point was natural and was pardonable, the accusation of personal unfriendliness to the illustrious author.

t is manifest, however, that there must be heck set somewhere to this genial capa on the critic's part of commingling con usness with his author. And according a further qualification of the ideal critic n assured and tranquil abiding on his part certain well-defined principles of literary and certain fixed standards of literary gment, which he is willing indeed, in ac dance with that sensitive sympathy just ken of, to hold suspended, as it were, n their influence for a time, while he is quately comprehending his author—but which he instinctively and infallibly re ns in the end for pronouncing his ultimate ision. It will, we think, upon reflection, conceded as very conspicuous among the nifold qualifications which the confessed st exquisite contemporary critics unite in mselves—this inexhaustible capacity on ir part of resilient return to their unalter and unforgotten postulates of criticism r prolonged intervals of discursion, dur which their readers will very likely have te lost all idea of their reckoning amid the ial and companionable and sympathetic ayings of their guides in the society of subjects of their criticism. How surely Rénan, M. Sainte-Beuve, Mr. Matthew Ar d, Professor Seeley find their anchoring und again and ride at ease with buoys on ry side about them after the most distant l most devious cruises alongside of their hors to antipodal shores. In this capital lification of the critic, Mr. Lowell seems us to be comparatively wanting. He is to drift, when he parts company with his voy and ceases to cruise. He forgets his y back to his roadstead. Or rather he ms hardly to have a roadstead. The an is not too wide for his keel, and a new l and a fresh cruise with still other com y are always better to him than the re n. In plain language, Mr. Lowell's pre t sympathy on a given occasion prevails often over what were else his permanent victions. His convictions, alike in lite ure, in ethics, and in religion flow too ily. We speak purely from the point of w of the literary artist. It is essential for the critic himself that his convictions should stand firmly enough to be sighted, from time to time, at his need, in order that his criticism be not capricious, but judicial—at least that it be consistent with itself. It is equally essential, too, for the critic's readers that they should be able to recognize his ultimate convictions, in order on their part to apply that co-efficient of modification to his judgments without which his judgments are comparatively valueless to them. The critic's view is very well, but we need to know also his point of view.

Such seem to be the indispensable parts of the good critic's equipment, the moral quality of candor being of course pre-supposed. But it adds a grace and a power which we very unwillingly miss, if the critic have likewise the ability and the industry, perhaps we should add, the opportunity, to write his criticisms in a style so good as itself to illustrate a high literary art. Of Mr. Lowell's ability to do this, or at least to have done it, there is scarce a period of his prose that does not seem to imply indubitable proof. It is very much to be regretted, both for the sake of his example and for the sake of his fame, that his ability should not have been better supported by his industry or by his opportunity. If we should admit that the published collections of Mr. Lowell's prose contain passages of such writing as the future will not willingly let die, this utmost concession, in accordance with our own strong wish half bribing our judgment, yielded to his more injudicious admirers' pretensions on his behalf, would still be niggardly concession compared with that which we feel it was quite within his privilege to extort from the most grudging among the critical adjudicators of his literary claims. Almost all the elements of a masterly style are present here, but "in their pregnant causes mixed confusedly" rather than marshaled in the fair order and decorum of a finished creation. In truth we know few volumes in the world of literature that own the *disjecta membra* of so much abortive possibility, one can hardly call it endeavor, in literary art. We read, and are dazzled in the splendor of such coruscant light. The heaven seems ablaze with comets and meteors and the matter of stars. We instinctively say what an orb were here if only there were at hand the central force to gather and to globe this wasteful play of brilliancy. If Mr. Lowell had printed copious notes and studies of essays; and if those notes and studies had made the present volumes, then what triumphs of English composition for the instruction and delight of many generations might not have been anticipated when the essays themselves, in their ordered and proportioned completeness and unity, should follow. Mr. Lowell has been, we suspect, more generous to us than just to himself. He has indeed given us notes and studies of essays. Alas, that we must not look for the essays! The opportunity or the inclination fails to him. Let us not be ungraciously thankful.

The faults which we find in Mr. Lowell's style are serious. They are such, too, as take hold of the thought not less than of the expression of the thought, which is equivalent to saying that we use the term style in its largest significance. The chief fault, and the parent one, is a singular lack of total comprehension and organic unity in his grasp and treatment of subjects. We thus name a fault of which it would perhaps be unfair to complain in an author of Mr. Lowell's just comparative degree in the scale of native endowment. It requires a measure, not necessarily a large measure, but a measure, greater or less, of real original power in a writer to take the master's supreme possession of his material, and produce it in a fresh creative form of his own. But if this high gift has been denied to Mr. Lowell, it still does seem fair to hold him responsible for maintaining at least that certain decorous harmony of tone in his work from which no qualified criticism will dispense even a confessedly derivative authorship. Grant that Mr. Lowell could not conceive and create a symphony of his own. With suitable self-denial and patience and care, he might have avoided introducing injurious original discords while rearranging and adapting for his variations from the symphonies of others. This fault he does not avoid, and, accordingly, *want of firm and harmonious tone* is to be named as the leading vice of his style.

This vice is not a casual, it is a characteristic vice. It affects the value of all Mr. Lowell's prose work alike in matter and in manner. It clings like an inseparable coefficient almost everywhere, and it reduces the value of each term that it enters to zero. It spoils his criticism for authority, and it spoils his manner for model. Nor is it a sole, a sterile vice. Its true name rather is Legion. It nourishes a numerous progeny of lesser vices, such as extravagances of statement, inconsistencies of critical judgment, undignified condescensions to words and images that we hesitate to stigmatize as vulgar only because Mr. Lowell uses them, —allusions brought from too far and serving too little purpose, wit out of season, or eve in a questionable taste, archaisms, neologisms, notes of querulousness, sentimentalisms, unconscious adoptions of thought fro other authors, obtrusions of learning, ill-jointed constructions, and very frequen grammatical negligences. We shall not fai to furnish instances by which our reader may try the justness of our strictures. Bu this incidentally, or in its proper order.

The series of papers entitled "Library o Old Authors" illustrates perhaps more strikingly than any other portion of these volumes the profuse literary learning of thei author. The papers now referred to ar not very lively reading for the general public. But they do not lack spice, we shoul say, for several of the editors to whom Mr Lowell pays his attentions. It is no doub a true service to the interests of sound literature for a good critic, even at some expens of feeling to himself, to expose now an then the impostures or the hallucination of pretentious literary incompetency. Mr Lowell's learning at all events appears her to better advantage than it does, for instance when thrusting itself forward in such a not as the following, which the critic subjoins t a page of his essay on Pope: "My Stud Windows," p. 388:—

> "I believe it has not been noticed that among th verses in Gray's 'Sonnet on the Death of West, which Wordsworth condemns as of no value, th second—
>
> And reddening Phœbus lifts his golden fires—
>
> is one of Gray's happy reminiscences from a poet i some respects greater than either of them:—
>
> Jamque *rubram* tremulis jubar *ignibus erigere alte*
> Cum cœptat natura.—*Lucret.* iv. 404, 405."

The italics are Mr. Lowell's. The ge eral reader will better understand the vi lence and barrenness of the parallel with th meaning of the Latin before him. We mak our italics correspond with Mr. Lowell's "And now when Nature hastens to *upli on high* her radiance *ruddy* with tremulo *fires*." That Gray's line is one of his poo est is certain, whether Wordsworth thinks or not. The "Phœbus" and the "redde ing" unkindly mixed with "golden" are n in Gray's own taste, but in the false taste the period, and they chiefly are what give i individual character to the pinchbeck vers On the other hand, Lucretius has no "Ph bus," and he does not make a "reddening sun lift "golden" fires. The "tremulou imparts far more of their peculiar quality the verses of Lucretius than do the sto ds which Mr. Lowell italicises. We e no doubt that so practiced a handler ooks as Mr. Lowell would cheerfully ertake, with the assistance of suitably xed editions of the chief poets of every an language, to find parallels for Gray's in all of them without exception, at least ally happy with the one which he has nced upon in Lucretius. The whole note, upying nearly a page of the book, dis- s all the chief traits which Mr. Lowell self burlesques in the Reverend Homer bur, A.M. The reader who remembers "Biglow Papers" almost looks to see initials "H. W." appended to this note,— inconsequence, the irrelevance, and the antry in it rise so nearly to the degree of burlesque. We seem to have an expla- ion of the fact that the commentary by v. Mr. Wilbur which accompanies Mr. low's papers produces often a depressing her than an enlivening effect upon the der. The author of the travesty does not arate himself sufficiently from his work. cannot quite make up our minds to be rtily amused with Mr. Wilbur, lest in so ng we should be enjoying ourselves partly Mr. Lowell's expense.

We have, however, to remember that it been in the path of Mr. Lowell's pro- sional pursuits as well as of his personal itudes and tastes to read and study litera- e as a specialty. His engagements as tor of various volumes in the series of he British Poets," published by Little & own, were no doubt further helpful to his ge acquisitions in the learning of literature. may be conjectured that a large share of Mr. Lowell's essays, before their apo- osis in the form of books, did double vice as lectures to university classes and articles in reviews. This probably accounts the exchange of the reviewer's "we" d the lecturer's "I" in the same essay— frequently in "Shakespeare Once More." ssages of the lecture that were dropped in article have been restored in the essay. In haste of editing, Mr. Lowell neglected to ake his personal pronouns uniform. We zard our conjecture.

In the "Library of Old Authors," poor r. W. C. Hazlitt in particular (grandson, believe, of William Hazlitt, Coleridge's ntemporary), one of the editors of the books viewed, has the misfortune to serve Mr. owell as foil for the display of his merciless arning, and as target for the practice of his t. Mr. Lowell does not often make quarry a man, but when he does so, he has ready talons and an eager beak. We think we enjoy assisting at the spectacle when a supposably well-to-do living man like Mr. W. C. Hazlitt is the victim, better than when the victim is a dead man on whom the public neglect had already inflicted a punishment that asked no posthumous blow to make it either condignly severe or wholesomely instructive. We cannot help feeling that the essay on James Gates Percival was superfluous practice.

Mr. Lowell's capacity of sympathetic appreciation is everywhere illustrated. He treats, for instance, of a poet, whom he, at least, would assuredly wish to consider the most antithetic in intimate quality to himself, and manages to like him so well and to find so much in him, that the sworn admirers of the critic confess their astonishment at the judgment which he pronounces on his subject. There is in reality no occasion of astonishment. Mr. Lowell does in this case as he does in the case of every author that he criticises. He submits Pope as if to the tests of his own individual and independent analysis. You may anticipate a wholly fresh, and perhaps in some respects novel judgment of his author. But that is because you are not familiar with Mr. Lowell's invariable method. He ends, as it was certain from the beginning that he would end, by reaffirming at large, after his own vacillating fashion, the well-established verdict in which several ages of criticism have issued—criticism justly divided between ascription and denial to Pope's unique and deservedly still flourishing fame. John Dryden again, in the generous overflow of his critic's sympathy with him, narrowly escapes, if he escapes, the dangerous honor of being assigned a rank above Milton. For in his essay on "Dryden," Mr. Lowell says that by general consent, which he himself passes unchallenged, Dryden stands at the head of the English poets of the second class, and in "Shakespeare Once More," he elaborately proves that Milton was a second-class poet. But Mr. Lowell needs only to devote an essay to Milton in order to do Milton the amplest justice. It is his way to be wholly occupied with being generous in praise or in blame to the particular author under review.

The course of reasoning employed to demonstrate that Milton is not simply inferior to Shakespeare, but in an inferior class, is not new with Mr. Lowell, although he "ventures" to propose it. It consists in asserting as major that no first-class genius can be "successfully imitated." Milton has been successfully imitated. Therefore, etc. Mr. Lowell expressly says that Milton* left behind him "whole regiments uniformed with all [his] external characteristics." We hardly know in the first place what Mr. Lowell considers "successful imitation," and in the second place what he considers the "external characteristics" of a poetry. It is certain that Milton was sufficiently individual and sufficiently novel in manner to be capable of imitation and to attract it. But it was imitation after a sort. We should say decidedly *not* "successful imitation." Who is it that has written in Milton's "tone?" For it is "tone," as Mr. Lowell truly says, that distinguishes the master. But "tone" is not an "external characteristic," Mr. Lowell would reply. Agreed. Is then the harmony of the versification an "external" characteristic? Mr. Lowell would assuredly have to admit that it is. For our own part, we should be at a loss to guess what could be called an external characteristic of a poetry, if the peculiar harmony of its versification could not. But Collins, Mr. Lowell elsewhere says, revived in his verse the harmony that had been silent since Milton—that is, half a century or more. How is it then that Milton "left behind him whole regiments uniformed with *all* his external characteristics?" We are at a stand to reconcile Mr. Lowell with himself. It might be natural to suspect that he meant a characteristic so wholly external as the diction of the poet. But this characteristic is expressly excepted by Mr. Lowell. For he is contrasting Milton with Shakespeare, be it remembered, and he implicitly acknowledges that Shakespeare might be imitated in his vocabulary. It is Shakespeare's "tone" he says that is inimitable. We ask again, who has successfully imitated Milton's "tone?" And does not Mr. Lowell's labored demonstration of the difference of class between Milton and Shakespeare resolve itself at last to this,—that it is only in his "tone," tone being admitted the most interior and most sub stantive thing in style, that Shakespeare i inimitable, and that it is only in his "exte nal characteristics" at most that Milton ha been successfully imitated. Here is the a gument arranged in propositions accordin to their logical sequence: Shakespeare i of the first class, because he cannot be im tated. Milton is of the second class, becaus he can be imitated. Only Shakespeare pe haps can be imitated in some of his externa characteristics. But Milton has been im tated in some of his external characteristics Shakespeare however is absolutely inimitabl in "tone," whereas Milton for aught that ap pears is also inimitable in "tone." Therefor Shakespeare is a first-class poet, and Milton poet of the second class—*q. e. d.* But Mı Lowell's logic has the habit of smiling in superior way at wide gulfs between premis and conclusion.

Mr. Lowell goes so far as to say that n writer has ever reminded him of Shakespear by the gait of a single line. So strong statement may be true in Mr. Lowell's ind vidual case, but why then should he not b able without hesitation to pronounce abso lutely his decision, whether a given lin occurring in one of Shakespeare's plays b spurious or not? Yet Mr. Lowell in a not says of a passage quoted in the text: "Th may not be Shakespeare's." He at leas should be certain. Meantime Barnfield' lines stand in Shakespeare's text withou offending the sense of homogeneity in th most of us, and the critical world will nc have done disputing whether Titus Andron cus be Shakespeare's or not. But we mean merely to illustrate the extent to which M Lowell's sympathy with his author is likel to influence him.

In the course of the minor discussion upo which we have now been remarking, w light upon a sentence that happens to be o several sides illustrative both of the exce lences and of the defects of Mr. Lowell' style. The general tenor of the text at thi point involving a comparative disparagemen of Milton in favor of Shakespeare, the criti interposes a parenthesis of concession to th noble qualities of the Puritan poet, by wa at once of attesting his own capacity of ade quate appreciation, and of thus the more effec tively setting his present Magnus Apollo i advantageous relief. He says: "I know tha Milton's manner is very grand. It is slow it is stately, moving as in triumphal pro cession, with music, with historic banners with spoils from every time and every region and captive epithets, like huge Sicambrians, thrust their broad shoulders between us and the thought whose pomp they decorate."

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* We quote here the entire sentence: "Dante, Shakespeare, Goethe left no heirs either to the form or [to the] mode of their expression; while Milton, Sterne, and Wordsworth left behind them whole regiments uniformed with all their external characteristics." Compare with this whimsical dictum what Coleridge says, Works, vol. iv. p. 292, Am. ed.: "In this [that is, in 'style'] I think Dante superior to Milton; and his style is accordingly *more imitable than Milton's*"—which implies in our opinion a far more rational view of what constitutes a style imitable, than the critical crotchet adopted by Mr. Lowell.

By how narrow a margin does such writing as this miss of matching the magnificence of its subject! Certainly it shows, what hardly needed the showing, that Mr. Lowell enters with heart into the appreciation of Milton's verse, at least in its external characteristics. It almost makes one doubt whether, if Mr. Lowell were cited to swear by his conscience (and were able to do so with certainty of being right) concerning his own individual preference as between Milton and Shakespeare, disenchanted of influence from current conventional tastes, he would not have honestly to confess that he himself enjoys Milton's poetry more than he enjoys Shakespeare's. This suggestion is perhaps gratuitous, and we certainly do not press it, but with it agrees well the peculiar genius of Mr. Lowell's own composition, which often accomplishes its choicest effects, as he says Milton's poetry habitually does, by means of a charm supplied from some remote association of literature or of history. Mr. Lowell thus depreciates Milton, but we thus praise Mr. Lowell. The difference in favor of Milton is that his art subdues his imagination, while Mr. Lowell's fancy is quite too willful for his art. Milton's charm accordingly is always the handmaid of his purpose. But Mr. Lowell's purpose is often cheated by his charm. We happen to have an example immediately in hand. For, with admirable fitness, the sentence quoted above, while imitating in its own movement the numerous march and the scenic pomp of the Roman triumphal procession to which the richly storied progress of Milton's verse is finely compared, contains in the word "Sicambrians" a highly effective spell to the historic imagination that is quite in Milton's manner as well as in Mr. Lowell's own. But observe. The mention of the German tribe, aptly suggested by Mr. Lowell's art, becomes suddenly too stimulating to Mr. Lowell's fancy, and he finishes his sentence with an offset to his praise of Milton, as unintended probably at first with the writer as it certainly is unexpected to the reader, but at any rate quite inartistically discordant with its previous tenor. It is very lively, no doubt, to speak of "broad shoulders" in connection with the Sicambrians, but to speak of "broad shoulders" as thrust between us and the thought in Milton's poetry, may be just or it may not to the merit of Milton's manner—it is in either case a violent change in the direction of the sentence which goes far to defeat its opening promise altogether. This is clearly a case in which nothing lacked to the production of a rhythmical period of wholly satisfactory prose but the patience and the continence of exercised art. Mr. Lowell is in fact almost everything that goes to the making up of a classic in literature—alas! almost everything but that which is the supreme thing after all—he refuses to be an artist.

Thus far of the sentence considered as style. A word or two now of the sentence considered as criticism. In the first place, Milton's epithets are not "captive" epithets. They are his own epithets as hardly any other poet's epithets are his own. If it had fallen in Mr. Lowell's way to speak thus concerning Gray instead of concerning Milton, he would have hit a truth in criticism, and have hit it very happily. Gray's epithets are indeed exactly captive epithets. They were not born into his dominion, that is to say,—they are his, nevertheless, but they are his as spoil of war. For Gray throve as poet by a high style of literary freebootery, something like that recognized piracy which Thucydides says that anciently whole nations of Greek islanders were proud to practice and to avow for their legitimate means of livelihood and wealth. He made honorable forays everywhere into all the poetic Indies of literature, and brought troops of epithets home with him, willingly led in a splendid captivity of which neither captive nor captor had reason to be ashamed. And Gray's poetry is to a wonderful degree dependent for its charm on these captured adjectives. His poetry might fairly be described, indeed, as an elaborate mosaic, inlaid and illuminated with other poets' gems and precious stones in a setting supplied by the artist himself, that almost always harmonizes and not seldom heightens their several lusters. These ornaments were culled by Gray with an exquisiteness of choice which really amounted to genius with him, and they were wrought together into their miraculous result with an endless patience of art that was scarce worth distinguishing in what it effected from original poetic inspiration.

Far otherwise is it with Milton. His epithets are not captives. They are as different from captives as possible. There is capture, to be sure, in the case, but it happens in entirely different relations. The epithets themselves are the captors. They make prisoner the picture or the history to which they relate, and bind it fast forever with the bond of a word—a charm of fitness that cannot be broken. More: they captivate the imagination of the reader so that he can in no wise thenceforward free himself from vassalage to the magical word. Abana and Pharpar flow for him through rich imaginative realms, always "*lucid* streams." It is "*vernal* delight" that the breath of spring inspires. A phrase endows us with a wealth, a phrase invests us with an empire, in the land of the sun, beyond the boast of Crœsus, beyond the fame of Alexander,—"the *gorgeous* East." "*Most musical, most melancholy*" reconciles us more on this side of the Atlantic to hear the note of his nightingale outside of Milton's verse.

> "*Sabæan* odors from the *spicy* shore
> Of *Araby the blest*——"

with what an ineffable charm of history, of travel, of romance—with what a fixed embalmment of odorous spice and of "soft delicious" sound it chains us up in musing alabaster!

Mr. Lowell forgot himself that moment. He could not consciously have written "captive" of Milton's epithets. But we have probably refuted a meaning that Mr. Lowell never intended to convey. We have done him the unintentional injustice of trying to understand him too strictly. The style of the sentence, fine as it is, is fine, it will be observed, after a somewhat mixed and composite rhetorical order. The sentence sets off in language not designed to be figurative. Milton's manner is affirmed to be "slow," to be "stately." There were tropes, however, implicit in these descriptive words, and the delicate verbal tact in Mr. Lowell's pen was sure to feel them there. A simile is the result—"moving as in triumphal procession." No sooner is the simile begun than metaphor seems better to the writer's kindling fancy, and the sentence proceeds in language proper to the triumphal procession alone—"with music, with historic banners, with spoils from every time and every region"—except that the word "time" here belongs on the other hand only to the poetry. After this the metaphor is suddenly inverted, and the poetry alone is described, though in terms mixed of metaphor and simile—"and captive epithets, like huge Sicambrians, thrust their broad shoulders between us and the thought whose pomp they decorate." The word "captive" seems thus merely to be an explanatory copula between the two terms of the metaphor inverted. In simple candor, therefore, we suppose that Mr. Lowell wrote the adjective with exactly no meaning whatever for it in its application here. He was merely intent on filling out his fine analogy between the Roman triumph and Milton's verse with one ostensible resemblance more. Critical felicity and, with that, style itself were sacrificed to gratify an importunate and irresistible fancy. In truth it is King Ahasuerus and Queen Esther between Mr. Lowell and his fancy almost everywhere throughout these volumes. The bewitching queen is always on her knees, and the uxorious king i always extending his scepter. He neve wearies of offering to give her the half of hi kingdom, and she never blushes to accep the gift. The issue is inevitable—Mr. Lowell remains but a nominal sovereign in hi own realm. He continues to reign but h ceases to govern.

It was conscientiously, and not grudgingly or captiously, that we added the qualifying clause, "at least in his external characteristics," to our acknowledgment of Mr. Lowell's apparent capacity to appreciate Milton A reservation seemed necessary. The teno of the discussion in which the sentence quoted occurs, may well excite a doub whether the high point of view that reduce the majestic astronomy of Milton's poetr and genius to their true Copernican orde has ever been used by Mr. Lowell for a survey of the subject. Here at any rate h commits the grave critical mistake of forgetting to consider what is the essential, th differentiating characteristic of the specie of poetry to which the "Paradise Lost" belongs. He judges epic poetry by th dramatic standard, disparaging Milton's imagination in comparison with Shakespeare's because Milton's imagination is epic an Shakespeare's dramatic.

There is in reality no common measur of Shakespeare and Milton. They are simpl incommensurable magnitudes—hopelessly incommensurable. Milton is an epic poet an Shakespeare is a dramatic poet. Shakespeare is unquestionably the first of dramati poets. But Milton no less unquestionably i the first of epic poets. That is the end o the comparison between them. Anythin said further becomes discrimination and contrast of the drama and the epos. For th two are radically different, the radical difference between them being this—that dramati poetry shows us history making, while epi poetry shows us history made. Dramati poetry is written in the living present—th tense of progress and action. Epic poetr written in the past tense—a kind of remote nd absolute aorist. Dramatic poetry asks f us to let the stage fill for its moment the hole field of our view. We are invited to orget that we are not really inhabitants of the orld which we see represented—not really ontemporary with its growing events. We re to be the willing children of fancy. pic poetry puts a telescope into our hands nd invites us to survey what it reveals afar, ithout losing conscious sight meantime of bjects near at hand visible to the natural ye. We are not desired to forget that we ve in a different world from that which we ehold—not desired for even an instant to uppose ourselves present at the birth, and itnesses of the growth, of the events described. We are to exercise the imagination ather than to indulge the fancy.

From this discrimination of dramatic and pic poetry, it follows of course that what is ood in the one may be very bad in the ther. For example, since dramatic poetry ims to obliterate differences of date and of lace between the action and the spectator, nything that tends to impair the vividness f present impression, that asks aid of the nagination and cannot get all it needs from he fancy, is hurtful to proper dramatic effect. n the contrary, it is of the very genius of pic poetry to interpose time and distance etween the action and the reader, and consequently everything that tends to increase his separation, if properly managed, becomes elpful in the highest degree to the proper pic effect. The longer the vista, the more rowded the perspective,—the grander the mpression of what is seen at the end, if hat is seen is but distinctly seen. Pre-eminently is this true of Milton's great poem. or Milton's action is put at the very eginning of time, or before it. All human istory has since intervened. The recollection of this is never for a moment to be bsent from the reader's mind. It communicates, therefore, the very highest epic randeur to Milton's verse, when he throngs he intervening distances between us and is action with the figures and events of subsequent history. His "pitfalls of bookish ssociations" might be a fault—however plendid a fault—if he were a dramatic oet. They are no fault, but a consummate virtue in him as an epic poet. A mindful and balanced criticism would have aken account of this.

We have thus bestowed what might seem very disproportionate amount of attention pon a single illustrative specimen of style and of criticism. But we have acted with deliberate purpose, for with Mr. Lowell as with most writers, the sentence is likely to be the microcosm of the essay. It is true at least in Mr. Lowell's case that the same capricious law of chance association is ready to cast its spell upon his fancy, to lead his constructive faculty astray, whether in the scheme of an essay or in the mould of a sentence. A bright metaphor, a lucky allusion, a stroke of wit, is to Mr. Lowell what a butterfly, a squirrel, a brook, is to the school-boy. It makes him forget his errand. He plays the truant. He finds plenty of wonderful and delightful things. But he wanders wide of his goal.

An instance of this occurs at the opening of "Shakespeare Once More." Mr. Lowell begins by doubting somewhat fancifully, though not very freshly, whether any language has resources enough to furnish a vehicle of expression to more than one truly great poet, and whether again any but a single very brief period in the development of the language admits the possibility of that unique phenomenon. He felicitates the race to which Shakespeare belongs on their good luck in the favorable conditions of Shakespeare's appearance. He happens in doing so to speak of "that wonderful composite called English," and cannot help adding, wittily enough, though not to his purpose, the "best result of the confusion of tongues." But he allows this allusion to suggest the next sentence: "The English-speaking nations should build a monument to the misguided enthusiasts of the Plain of Shinar"! and he then concludes the introductory paragraph with a boast on behalf of our language, which, though not inapposite to his general design, prevents the immediate passage from producing a cumulative or even an harmonious impression. The extravagance, the confusion, the movement without progress, the distracted syntax, the whimsicalness, and withal the brilliancy and wit in manner united to strict commonplaceness in matter which appear in this opening paragraph, make it an admirable reduced model of the entire essay. For this reason it will repay a little examination in detail.

"It may be doubted whether any language be rich enough to maintain more than one truly great poet." This whimsey, not first broached by Mr. Lowell, is so self-evidently absurd that it does not admit of any very satisfactory form of statement. The simplest form, perhaps, is the best. "Possibly no language can furnish means of expression to more than one truly great poet." The difficulty, however, with the statement in this plain form of it is, that it too sharply confutes itself. Clearly if a language can afford utterance to one truly great poet, it can to another, and to an indefinite number. A truly great poet's use of a language does not impoverish the language. It enriches it rather. But Mr. Lowell employs a more figurative form of statement. He suggests a doubt "whether any language be rich enough to maintain more than one truly great poet." As if the language were a gentleman of wealth, and kept poets as a part of his establishment. The real relation exists in a sense precisely inverted. It is the poet that maintains the language, and not the language that maintains the poet. Every preceding poet has made it easier, and not harder for his successor to find adequate means of expression.

So much for the common sense of the matter, irrespective of actual history. But now for actual history—let it be in the case of the English language. Is not Milton a great poet? Mr. Lowell himself calls him so in his essay on "Pope." Or are we to make a distinction, and consider Milton a "great" poet, only not a "truly great" poet? But let us proceed with our sentence and see. After a comma and a dash, Mr. Lowell continues: "And whether there be more than one period, and that very short, when such a phenomenon as a great poet is possible." Here the "great poet" completes its handy little orbit, and revolves promptly into view again, unaccompanied by its casual satellite the "truly,"—and we give up our guessing. "And that very short" is a clause without any syntax but a syntax that would reverse Mr. Lowell's actual meaning.

The next sentence of the paragraph is: "It may be reckoned one of the rarest pieces of good luck that ever fell to the share of a race, that (as was true of Shakespeare) its most rhythmic genius, its acutest intellect, its profoundest imagination, and its healthiest understanding should have been combined in one man, and that he should have arrived at the full development of his powers at the moment when the material in which he was to work—that wonderful composite called English, the best result of the confusion of tongues—was in its freshest perfection."

Here is characteristic syntax. It is a labyrinth in which Mr. Lowell lost his way. It is easy to mark the exact point where he dropped the clue with which he had entered. It is the word "race" at the close of t first clause. He began with the concepti of any race whatever in his mind. Fro the point named, he continues as if he h specified the English race. In strictness, the sentence stands, the pronoun "its"- "its most rhythmic genius, its acutest int lect," etc.—has no antecedent anywhe expressed, and none even implied until su sequently. Its ostensible antecedent is ' race." The real antecedent is a term th is not in the sentence at all, and that e dently was not in the writer's mind till wrote the possessive pronoun "its;" the re antecedent is "the English race." T parenthesis, "as was true of Shakespeare was probably inserted as an afterthought, mediate a reconcilement between the disc dant constructions. But it only serves produce "confusion worse confounded "Shakespeare" should be a "race" to just the parenthesis, or to make the parenthe justifying. If Mr. Lowell had said "as w true in the case of the English race," inste of saying "as was true of Shakespeare," would not, to be sure, have rescued his gra mar, but he would have come nearer rescuing it. It was worth his while to member so rudimentary a rule of compo tion as that the parenthesis is not a gra matical, but a rhetorical device. A senten that will not parse without a parenthe will not parse with one. The syntax as w as the main sense too of a passage is qu independent of words in parenthesis. On the words in this parenthesis, and read t sentence through. The confusion becom apparent enough. Or omit all that int venes between the beginning and the endi and couple the extreme terms of the c struction directly together. Thus: 'It m be reckoned one of the rarest pieces of go luck that ever fell to the share of a ra [any race], that its best man should ha appeared when the English language was its freshest perfection.' This is what M Lowell says, though it is not the whole what he says. It is just to add that all t abortive strain of expression is thrown aw upon a thought or a course of thought t was ill worth the pains when it was ne It may be found, together with much besi that Mr. Lowell has honored with re-sta ment, in a repertory of Shakespearean co monplaces no more remote than Mr. Richa Grant White's "Essay on Shakespear Genius," in his excellent edition of Sha speare's works. Mr. Lowell may have i ported into his version some new degrees vacity. But he has also imported into it many new degrees of extravagance.

This is not hypercriticism. Granted that ot one in ten ordinary readers would of him-elf observe the defects pointed out. Every eader of the ten would have felt the unre-ognized influence of the defects. Such incer-tudes of expression betoken a confusion of ought in the writer which infallibly begets reflex confusion of intelligence in the eader. One is bewildered as he reads, he ardly knows why. Mr. Lowell's lack of ide acceptance with the general reading ublic is a problem that has perplexed his dmirers. Mr. Lowell himself seems not nwilling to bid for more popular recognition the quasi-colloquial forms of metaphor nd of phrase with which he frequently al-oys the purity of his refined and scholarly nglish.* We venture the opinion that it is r more the want of firm and clear concep-on on his part securing for itself as of ne-essity its own properly consistent and pel-ucid expression—far more this, than it is ny essentially esoteric quality in the sub-ance of what he has to communicate, that eeps Mr. Lowell so steadily remote as he ontinues to be from the general apprecia-on. Apart, however, from his impatience f severe and self-tasking labor, first in ought and then in expression—apart, we y, from this, the trick of allusion, the indi-ection, the talking about and about, the ommentator's habit, to comprise all in a ord, as distinguished from the independent thinker's habit, which characterize Mr. Lowell's customary manner, unfit him for face to face encounter with the average reader. *Le public se porte bien*, the French critic insisted as a justifying reason why the public should not trouble itself to enter into the morbid psychology of certain writers whose ill-health imparted a peculiar and more ethereal quality to their production. The American reading public in general is full of affairs, and will stay to listen to no man that has not a straightforward message to deliver.

Mr. Lowell is no plagiarist. It cannot quite be pleaded in his behalf, to be sure, that he takes possession of his own wherever he finds it, in the exercise of that right of eminent domain in its material which belongs by universal prescription to the sovereignty of paramount genius. But when he borrows, as he frankly and freely does borrow, he always puts the broad arrow of his own individuality upon his appropriations, and they are fairly enough his own. He could reclaim them afterwards by his mark. Still, notwithstanding the vividness with which he reinvests familiar thoughts by virtue of the vividness with which he conceives them anew, the sense of his having been anticipated in them seems generally present to his own mind as a kind of unfriendly haunting demon. This undefined consciousness on his part of being a follower betrays itself to the reader in two quite different ways. Occasionally Mr. Lowell will rouse himself on a sudden to the audacity of challenging a first proprietorship in some idea that long since passed into the common currency of literature. He says "I venture," or "it seems to me," to introduce a trite sentiment that at the moment probably does appear to him to be his own, because he has sincerely apprehended it afresh for himself. Far more frequently he labors as if under the spur of a feeling that he must at least supply new moulds of language, together with additional lights of interpretation and illustration and parallel allusion, to warrant his working so freely in material that has been furnished from alien mines. His sentence consequently will often, without explicitly stating its main thought at all, proceed on the apparent assumption that it is already in the reader's mind as well as in the writer's, and deliver itself up to running this main thought on into a strain of brilliant rhetorical amplification and picturesque comment. The result is a species of writing which is full of piquant surprises in suggestion that are part wit and part poetry, though in exceedingly variable qualities and proportions of the two, and which is very often rich in rhythmic verbal effects. But to adopt one of his own culinary metaphors, it is the whipped cream rather than the roast beef of literature. The Saxon literary stomach asks for food, and Mr. Lowell offers it a flavor.

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* "He did not mean his great tragedies for scare-rows, as if the nailing of one hawk to the barn-door ould prevent the next from coming down souse into e hen-yard."—*Among my Books*, p. 224.

A verse of Dryden "is worth a ship-load of the ng-drawn treacle of modern self-compassion."—*mong my Books*, p. 63.

"It makes no odds, for you cannot tell one from other."—*My Study Windows*, p. 259.

"The bother with Mr. Emerson is," etc.—*Mv tudy Windows*, p. 376.

"Nothing is harder than to worry out a date from Herr Stahr's haystacks of praise and quotation."—*mong my Books*, p. 300.

"It ['the capacity of indignation'] should be rather *latent* heat in the blood which makes itself felt in haracter, a steady reserve for the brain warming the vum [why not 'egg?'] of thought to life, rather han cooking it by a too hasty enthusiasm in reaching e boiling-point."—*My Study Windows*, p. 62.

Mr. Lowell, by the way, seems unusually fond of ll sorts of culinary metaphors and images. We had hought of culling an anthology of specimens for our eaders, but the result would perhaps be rather curious han instructive. Mr. Emerson's influence on Mr. owell is evident in many ways, but notably in these ttempts of his to accommodate his diction to the omely popular usage.

We were at needless pains in a previous paragraph to vindicate the truth of common sense and of fact against the adopted vagary of Mr. Lowell about the necessary historic conditions of a great poet's appearance. Mr. Lowell himself elsewhere supplies the sufficient refutation of himself. His singular intemperance of statement is continually involving him in real or in apparent inconsistencies. Indeed, his want of self-restraint seems often to become its own retribution. For it is very observable, that however extravagant he may at one moment indulge himself in being in a given direction, he is pretty certain, sooner or later, to be taken possession of by the avenging whim of being just about equally extravagant in nearly or quite the contrary direction. Thus the passage alluded to in "Shakespeare Once More," fantastically questioning the possibility of more than one great poet to a language, and intimating that that one great poet could appear only at the brief crisis of the "freshest perfection" of the language, finds its appropriate offset in the essay on Chaucer, where Mr. Lowell says: "It is true that no language is ever so far gone in consumption as to be beyond the great-poet-cure. Undoubtedly a man of genius can, out of his own superabundant vitality, compel life into the most decrepit vocabulary." ("My Study Windows," p. 240.) The admiring student of Mr. Lowell's teeming pages will find his careful comparative attention to these different statements rewarded with the discovery of the following interesting and probably unanticipated implications of critical truth:

First, a language must be in its "freshest perfection" to admit of the appearance of a great poet.

Secondly, a great poet may notwithstanding appear when a language is at the farthes possible remove from its "freshest perfection."

Thirdly, a great poet so exhausts any language, however rich, that it is no longer able to maintain another great poet.

Fourthly, a great poet, on the other hand, is happily capable alone of reviving and re-establishing any language, however impoverished.

While, fifthly, and singularly enough, the influence of a great poet recovers a moribund language so excessively, that the language i thenceforth too vigorous to endure the vitalizing virtue of another great poet.

There is said to be somewhere, if one knew how to reach it, a sublime ecliptica point of view from which all the apparent contradictions and confusions in human thought are restfully interpreted and reconciled to the speculation of the transcendentalist without his effort. Mr. Lowell manifestly lives in the sun, and is a natura astronomer. In his system of the universe of truth, everything is delightfully simple and easy. The sanguine prospect of the observer encounters no difficulties in any direction. A single pregnant discovery of critical law solves all problems and harmonizes all discords. The master principle, that one thing is as true as another in criticism, entitles, we think, its discoverer to be acknowledged the Kepler of the critical sphere, as in the nex number of this magazine we shall take grea pleasure in proceeding still further to show.

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# DRAXY MILLER'S DOWRY.

## PART I.

When Draxy Miller's father was a boy, he read a novel in which the heroine was a Polish girl, named Darachsa. The name stamped itself indelibly upon his imagination; and when, at the age of thirty-five, he took his first-born daughter in his arms, his first words were—"I want her called Darachsa."

"What!" exclaimed the doctor, turning sharply round, and looking out above his spectacles; "what heathen kind of a name is that?"

"Oh, Reuben!" groaned a feeble voice from the baby's mother; and the nurse muttered audibly, as she left the room, "There ain't never no luck comes of them outlandish names."

The whole village was in a state of excitement before night. Poor Reuben Miller had ever before been the object of half so much terest. His slowly dwindling fortunes, the ysterious succession of his ill-lucks, had ot much stirred the hearts of the people. e was a reticent man; he loved books, and ad hungered for them all his life; his towns-en unconsciously resented what they pre-nded to despise; and so it had slowly come bout that in the village where his father ad lived and died, and where he himself had rown up, and seemed likely to live and die, euben Miller was a lonely man, and came nd went almost as a stranger might come nd go. His wife was simply a shadow and cho of himself; one of those clinging, ten-er, unselfish, will-less women, who make leasant and affectionate and sunny wives nough for rich, prosperous, unsentimental usbands, but who are millstones about the ecks of sensitive, impressionable, unsuccess-ul men. If Jane Miller had been a strong, urposeful woman, Reuben would not have een a failure. The only thing he had needed n life had been persistent purpose and cou-age. The right sort of wife would have iven him both. But when he was discou-aged, baffled, Jane clasped her hands, sat own, and looked into his face with streaming yes. If he smiled, she smiled; but that as just when it was of least consequence hat she should smile. And so the twelve ears of their married life had gone on slow-y, very slowly, but still surely, from bad to orse; nothing prospered in Reuben's hands; he farm which he had inherited from his ather was large, but not profitable. He ried too long to work the whole of it, and hen he sold the parts which he ought to have ept. He sunk a great portion of his little apital in a flour-mill, which promised to be great success, paid well for a couple of ears, and then burnt down, uninsured. He ook a contract for building one section of a anal, which was to pass through part of his and; sub-contractors cheated him, and he, n his honesty, almost ruined himself to right heir wrong. Then he opened a little store; ere, also, he failed. He was too honest, oo sympathizing, too inert. His day-book as a curiosity; he had a vein of humor hich no amount of misfortune could ever quench; and he used to enter under the ead of "given" all the purchases which he new were not likely to be paid for. It was t sight of this book, one day, that Jane Miller, for the first and only time in her life, ost her temper with Reuben.

"Well, I must say, Reuben Miller, if I die for it," said she, "I havn't had so much as a pound of white sugar nor a single lemon in my house for two years, and I do think it's a burnin' shame for you to go on sellin' 'em to them shiftless Greens, that 'll never pay you a cent, and you know it!"

Reuben was sitting on the counter smoking his pipe and reading an old tattered copy of Dryden's translation of Virgil. He lifted his clear blue eyes in astonishment, put down his pipe, and, slowly swinging his long legs over the counter, caught Jane by the waist, put both his arms round her, and said,

"Why, mother, what's come over you! You know poor little Eph's dyin' of that white swellin'. You wouldn't have me refuse his mother anything we've got, would you?"

Jane Miller walked back to the house with tears in her eyes, but her homely sallow face was transfigured by love as she went about her work, thinking to herself:

"There never was such a man 's Reuben, anyhow. I guess he'll get interest one o' these days for all he's lent the Lord, first and last, without anybody's knowin' it."

But the Lord has His own system of reckoning compound interest, and His ways of paying are not our ways. He gave no visible sign of recognition of indebtedness to Reuben. Things went harder and harder with the Millers, until they had come to such a pass that when Reuben Miller went after the doctor, in the early dawn of the day on which little Draxy was born, he clasped his hands in sorrow and humiliation before he knocked at the doctor's door; and his only words were hard words for a man of sensitiveness and pride to speak:—

"Doctor Cobb, will you come over to my wife? I don't dare to be sure I can ever pay you; but if there's anything in the store—"

"Pshaw, pshaw, Reuben, don't speak of that; you'll be all right in a few years," said the kind old doctor, who had known Reuben from his boyhood, and understood him far better than any one else did.

And so little Draxy was born.

"It's a mercy it's a girl at last," said the village gossips. "Mis' Miller's had a hard time with them four great boys, and Mr. Miller so behindhand allers."

"And who but Reuben Miller 'd ever think of givin' a Christian child such a name!" they added.

But what the name was nobody rightly made out; nor even if it had been actually given to the baby, or had only been talked of; and between curiosity and antagonism, the villagers were so drawn to Reuben Miller's store, that it began to look quite like a run of custom.

"If I hold out a spell on namin' her," said Reuben, as in the twilight of the third day he sat by his wife's bedside; "if I hold out a spell on namin' her, I shall get all the folks in the district into the store, and sell out clean," and he laughed quizzically, and stroked the little mottled face which lay on the pillow. "There's Squire Williams and Mis' Conkey both been in this afternoon; and Mis' Conkey took ten pounds of that old Hyson tea you thought I'd never sell; and Squire Williams, he took the last of those new-fangled churns, and says he, 'I expect you'll want to drive trade a little brisker, Reuben, now there's a little girl to be provided for; and, by the way, what are you going to call her?'

"'Oh, it's quite too soon to settle that,' said I, as if I hadn't a name in my head yet. And then Mis' Conkey spoke up and said: 'Well I did hear you were going to name her after a heathen goddess that nobody ever heard of, and I do hope you will consider her feelings when she grows up.'

"'I hope I always shall, Mis' Conkey,' said I; and she didn't know what to say next. So she picked up her bundle of tea, and they stepped off together quite dignified.

"But I think we'll call her Darachsa, in spite of 'em all, Jane," added Reuben with a hesitating half laugh.

"Oh, Reuben!" Jane said again. It was the strongest remonstrance on which she ever ventured. She did not like the name; but she adored Reuben. So when the baby was three months old, she was carried into the meeting-house in a faded blue cashmere cloak, and baptized in the name of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost, "Darachsa Lawton Miller."

Jane Miller's babies always thrived. The passive acquiescence of her nature was benefaction to them. The currents of their blood were never rendered unhealthful by the reflex action of overwrought nerves or disturbed temper in their mother. Their infancy was as placid and quiet as if they had been kittens. Not until they were old enough to understand words, and to comprehend deprivations, did they suffer because of their poverty. Then a serious look began to settle upon their faces; they learned to watch their father and mother wistfully, and to wonder what was wrong; their childhood was very short.

Before Draxy was ten years old she had become her father's inseparable companion, confidant, and helper. He wondered, sometimes almost in terror, what it meant, that he could say to this little child what he could not say to her mother; that he often detected himself in a desire to ask of this babe advice or suggestion which he never dreamed of asking from his wife.

But Draxy was wise. She had the sagacity which comes from great tenderness and loyalty, combined with a passionate nature In such a woman's soul there is sometimes an almost supernatural instinct. She will detec danger and devise safety with a rapidity and ingenuity which are incredible. But to such a nature will also come the subtlest and deepest despairs of which the human heart is capable. The same supernatural instinc which foresees and devises for the loved ones will also recognize their most hidden traits, their utmost possibilities, their inevitable limitations, with a completeness and infallibility akin to that of God himself. Jane Miller, all her life long, believed in the possibility of Reuben's success; charged his failures to outside occasions, and hoped always in a better day to come. Draxy, early in he childhood, instinctively felt, what she was far too young to consciously know, that he father would never be a happier man; that "things" would always go against him. She had a deeper reverence for the uprightness and sweet simplicity of his nature than he mother ever could have had. She comprehended, Jane believed; Draxy felt, Jane saw. Without ever having heard of such a thing as fate, little Draxy recognized that he father was fighting with his, and that fate was the stronger! Her little arms clasped close and closer round his neck, and her serene blue eyes, so like his, and yet so wondrously unlike, by reason of their latent fire and strength, looked this unseen enemy steadfastly in the face, day by day.

She was a wonderful child. Her physical health was perfect. The first ten years of he life were spent either out of doors or in he father's lap. He would not allow her to attend the district school; all she knew she learned from him. Reuben Miller had never looked into an English grammar or a history but he knew Shakespeare by heart, and much of Homer; a few odd volumes of Walter Scott's novels, some old voyages, a big family Bible, and a copy of Byron, were the only other books in his house. As Draxy grew older, Reuben now and then borrowed from the minister books which he thought would do her good; but the child and he both ved Homer and the Bible so much better an any later books that they soon drifted ack to them. It was a little sad, except at it was so beautiful, to see the isolated fe these two led in the family. The boys ere good, sturdy, noisy boys. They went school in the winter and worked on the rm in the summer, like all farmers' boys. euben, the oldest, was eighteen when raxy was ten; he was hired, by a sort of denture, for three years, on a neighboring rm, and came home only on alternate Sunays. Jamie, and Sam, and Lawton were at ome; young as they were, they did men's ervice in many ways. Jamie had a rare gift r breaking horses, and for several years the nly ready money which the little farm had ielded was the price of the colts which Jamie aised and trained so admirably that they sold ell. The other two boys were strong and illing, but they had none of their father's pirituality, or their mother's gentleness. hus, in spite of Reuben Miller's deep love r his children, he was never at ease in his oys' presence; and, as they grew older, othing but the contagious atmosphere of heir mother's respect for their father preented their having an impatient contempt r his unlikeness to the busy, active, thrifty rmers of the neighborhood.

It was a strange picture that the little itchen presented on a winter evening. euben sat always on the left hand of the ig fire-place, with a book on his knees. raxy was curled up on an old-fashioned herry-wood stand close to his chair, but so igh that she rested her little dimpled chin n his head. One tallow candle stood on a igh bracket, made from a fungus which euben had found in the woods. When the andle flared and dripped Draxy sprang up on he stand, and, poised on one foot, reached ver her father's head to snuff it. She oked like a dainty fairy half floating in the ir, but nobody knew it. Jane sat in a highacked wooden rocking-chair, which had a ag bottom and a ruffled calico cushion, and ould only rock a very few inches back and orth, owing to the loss of half of one of the ockers. For the first part of the evening ane always knitted; but by eight o'clock he hands relaxed, the needles dropped, the ired head fell back against the chair, and he was fast asleep.

The boys were by themselves in the farher corner of the room, playing checkers or loing sums, or reading the village newspaer. Reuben and Draxy were as alone as f the house had been empty. Sometimes he read to her in a whisper; sometimes he pointed slowly along the lines in silence, and the wise little eyes from above followed intently. All questions and explanations were saved till the next morning, when Draxy, still curled up like a kitten, would sit mounted on the top of the buckwheat barrel in the store, while her father lay stretched on the counter, smoking. They never talked to each other, except when no one could hear; that is, they never spoke in words; there was mysterious and incessant communication between them whenever they were together, as there is between all true lovers.

At nine o'clock Reuben always shut the book, and said, "Kiss me, little daughter." Draxy kissed him, and said, "Good-night, father dear," and that was all. The other children called him "pa," as was the universal custom in the village. But Draxy even in her babyhood had never once used the word. Until she was seven or eight years old she called him "Farver;" after that, always "father dear." Then Reuben would wake Jane up, sighing usually, "Poor mother, how tired she is!" Sometimes Jane said when she kissed Draxy, at the door of her little room, "Why don't you kiss your pa for good-night?"

"I kissed father before you waked up, ma," was always Draxy's quiet answer.

And so the years went on. There was much discomfort, much deprivation in Reuben Miller's house. Food was not scarce; the farm produced enough, such as it was, very coarse and without variety; but money was hard to get; the store seemed to be absolutely unremunerative, though customers were not wanting; and the store and the farm were all that Reuben Miller had in the world. But in spite of the poor food; in spite of the lack of all which money buys; in spite of the loyal, tender, passionate despair of her devotion to her father, Draxy grew fairer and fairer, stronger and stronger. At fourteen her physique was that of superb womanhood. She had inherited her body wholly from her father. For generations back the Millers had been distinguished for their superb physical organizations. The men were all over six feet tall, and magnificently made; and the women were as much above the average size and strength. On Draxy's fourteenth birthday she weighed one hundred and fifty pounds, and measured five feet six inches in height. Her coloring was that of an English girl, and her bright brown hair fell below her waist in thick masses. To see the face of a simple-hearted child, eager but serene, determined but lovingly gentle, surrounded and glorified by such splendid physical womanhood, was a rare sight. Reuben Miller's eyes filled with tears often as he secretly watched his daughter, and said to himself, "Oh, what is to be her fate! what man is worthy of the wife she will be?" But the village people saw only a healthy, handsome girl, "overgrown," they thought, and "as queer as her father before her," they said, for Draxy, very early in life, had withdrawn herself somewhat from the companionship of the young people of the town.

As for Jane, she loved and reverenced Draxy, very much as she did Reuben, with touching devotion, but without real comprehension of her nature. If she sometimes felt a pang to see how much more Reuben talked with Draxy than with her, how much more he sought to be with Draxy than with her, she stifled it, and, reproaching herself for disloyalty to each, set herself to work for them both harder than before.

In Draxy's sixteenth year the final blow of misfortune fell upon Reuben Miller's head.

A brother of Jane's, for whom, in an hour of foolish generosity, Reuben had indorsed to a considerable amount, failed. Reuben's farm was already heavily mortgaged. There was nothing to be done but to sell it. Purchasers were not plenty nor eager; everybody knew that the farm must be sold for whatever it would bring, and each man who thought of buying hoped to profit somewhat, in a legitimate and Christian way, by Reuben's extremity.

Reuben's courage would have utterly forsaken him now, except for Draxy's calmness. Jane was utterly unnerved; wept silently from morning till night, and implored Reuben to see her brother's creditors, and beg them to release him from his obligation. But Draxy, usually so gentle, grew almost stern when such suggestions were made.

"You don't understand, ma," she said, with flushing cheeks. "It is a promise. Father must pay it. He cannot ask to have it given back to him."

But with all Draxy's inflexibility of resolve, she could not help being disheartened. She could not see how they were to live; the three rooms over the store could easily be fitted up into an endurable dwelling-place; but what was to supply the food which the farm had hitherto given them? There was literally no way open for a man or a woman to earn money in that little farming village. Every family took care of itself and hired no assistance, except in the short season of haying. Draxy was an excellent seamstress, but she knew very well that the price of all the sewing hired in the village in a year would not keep them from starving. And the store would have to be given up, because her father would have no money with which to buy goods. In fact, for a long time most of his purchases had been made by exchanging the spare produce of his farm at large stores in the neighboring towns. Still Draxy never wavered, and because she did not waver Reuben did not die. The farm was sold at auction, the stock, the utensils, and all of the house-furniture which was not needed to make the store chambers inhabitable. The buyer boasted in the village that he had no given more than two-thirds of the real value of the place. After Reuben's debts were all paid, there remained just one thousand dollars to be put into the bank.

"Why, father! That is a fortune," said Draxy, when he told her. "I did not suppose we should have anything, and it is glorious not to owe any man a cent."

It was early in April when the Millers moved into the "store chambers." The buyer of their farm was a hard-hearted, penurious man, a deacon of the church in which Draxy had been baptized. He had neve been known to give a penny to any charity excepting Foreign Missions. His wife and children had never received at his hands the smallest gift. But even his heart wa touched by Draxy's cheerful acquiescence in the hard change, and her pathetic attempts to make the new home pleasant. The nex morning after Deacon White took possession he called out over the fence to poor Reuben, who stood listlessly on the store-steps trying not to look across at the house which had been his,

"I say, Miller, that gal o' your'n is wha I call the right sort o' woman, up an' down I hain't said much to her, but I've noticed that she set a heap by this garding; an' expect she'll miss the flowers more'n anything; now my womenfolks they won't have anythin' to do with such truck; an' if she's a mind to take care on't jest 's she used ter I'm willin'; I guess we shall be the gainer on't."

"Thank you, Deacon White; Draxy 'l be very glad," was all Reuben could reply Something in his tone touched the man' flinty heart still more; and before he hal knew what he was going to say, he had added, “An' there's the vegetable part on't, too, iller. I never was no hand to putter with rden sass. If you'll jest keep that up and halves, fair and reg'lar, you're welcome.”

This was tangible help. Reuben's face up.

“I thank you with all my heart,” he re- ied. “That'll be a great help to me; and reckon you'll like our vegetables too,” he id, half smiling, for he knew very well that othing but potatoes and turnips had been en on Deacon White's table for years.

Then Reuben went to find Draxy; when told her, the color came into her face, and e shut both her hands with a quick, nervous otion, which was habitual to her under citement.

“Oh, father, we can almost live off the rden,” said she. “I told you we should ot starve.”

But still new sorrows, and still greater hanges, were in store for the poor, dis- eartened family. In June a malignant phoid fever broke out in the village, and in e short month Reuben and Jane had laid eir two youngest boys in the graveyard. here was a dogged look, which was not all rrow, on Reuben's face as he watched the xton fill up the last grave. Sam and mie, at any rate, would not know any more the discouragement and hardship of life.

Jane, too, mourned her boys not as mo- ers mourn whose sons have a birthright of adness. Jane was very tired of the world.

Draxy was saddened by the strange, so- mn presence of death. But her brothers d not been her companions. She began ddenly to feel a sense of new and greater lationship to them, now that she thought of em as angels; she was half terrified and ewildered at the consciousness that now, r the first time, they were near to her.

On the evening after Sam's funeral, as euben was sitting on the store steps, with is head buried in his hands, a neighbor rove up and threw him a letter.

“It's been lyin' in the office a week or ore, Merrill said, and he reckoned I'd bet- r bring it up to you,” he called out, as he rove on.

“It might lie there forever, for all my oin' after it,” thought Reuben to himself, as e picked it up from the dust; “it's no good ews, I'll be bound.”

But it was good news. The letter was om Jane's oldest sister, who had married nly a few years before, and gone to live in sea-port town on the New England coast. Her husband was an old captain, who had retired from his seafaring life with just money enough to live on, in a very humble way, in an old house which had belonged to his grandfather. He had lost two wives; his children were all married or dead, and in his loneliness and old age he had taken for his third wife the gentle, quiet elder sister who had brought up Jane Miller. She was a gray-haired, wrinkled spinster woman when she went into Captain Melville's house; but their life was by no means without romance. Husband and home cannot come to any womanly heart too late for sentiment and happiness to put forth pale flowers.

Emma Melville wrote offering the Millers a home; their last misfortune had but just come to her knowledge, for Jane had been for months too sore and despondent to communicate with her relatives. Emma wrote:

“We are very poor, too; we haven't anything but the house, and a little money each year to buy what we need to eat and wear, the plainest sort. But the house is large; Captain Melville and me never so much as set foot up-stairs. If you can manage to live on the upper floor, you're more than welcome, we both say; and we hope you won't let any pride stand in the way of your coming. It will do us good to have more folks in the house, and it ain't as if it cost us anything, for we shouldn't never be willing, neither me nor Captain Melville, to rent the rooms to strangers, not while we've got enough to live on without.”

There was silence for some minutes between Reuben and Jane and Draxy after this letter had been read. Jane looked steadily away from Reuben. There was, deep down in the patient woman's heart, a latent pride which was grievously touched. Reuben turned to Draxy; her lips were parted; her cheeks were flushed; her eyes glowed. “Oh, father, the sea!” she exclaimed. This was her first thought; but in a second more she added, “How kind, how good of Aunt Emma's husband!”

“Would you like to go, my daughter?” said Reuben, earnestly.

“Why, I thought of course we should go!” exclaimed Draxy, turning with a bewildered look to her mother, who was still silent. “What else is the letter sent for? It means that we *must* go.”

Her beautiful simplicity was utterly removed from any false sense of obligation. She accepted benefaction as naturally from a human hand as from the sunshine; she would extend it herself, so far as she had power, just as naturally and just as unconsciously.

There was very little discussion about the plan. Draxy's instinct overbore all her father's misgiving, and all her mother's unwillingness.

"Oh, how can you feel so, Ma," she exclaimed more than once. "If I had a sister I could not. I love Aunt Emma already next to you and father; and you don't know how much we can do for her after we get there, either. I can earn money there, I know I can; all we need."

Mrs. Melville had written that there were many strangers in the town in the summer, and that she presumed Draxy could soon find all the employment she wished as seamstress; also that there were many opportunities of work for a man who was accustomed to gardening, as, of course, Reuben must be.

Draxy's sanguine cheerfulness was infectious; even Jane began to look forward with interest to the new home; and Reuben smiled when Draxy sang. Lawton and Reuben were to be left behind; that was the only regret; but it was merely anticipating by a very little the separation which was inevitable, as the boys had both become engaged to daughters of the farmers for whom they had been working, and would very soon take up their positions as sons-in-law on these farms.

The store was sold, the furniture packed, and Reuben Miller, with his wife and child, set his face eastward to begin life anew. The change from the rich wheat-fields and glorious forests of Western New York, to the bare stony stretches of the Atlantic seaboard, is a severe one. No adult heart can make it without a struggle. When Reuben looked out of the car windows upon the low gray barrens through which he was nearing his journey's end, his soul sank within him. It was sunset; the sea glistened like glass, and was as red as the sky. Draxy could not speak for delight; tears stood in her eyes; and she took hold of her father's hand. But Reuben and Jane saw only the desolate rocks, and treeless, shrubless, almost—it seemed to them—grassless fields, and an unutterable sense of gloom came over them. It was a hot and stifling day; a long drought had parched and shriveled every living thing; and the white August dust lay everywhere.

Captain Melville lived in the older part of the town near the water. The houses were all wooden, weather-beaten, and brown, and had great patches of yellow lichen on thei walls and roofs; thin rims of starved-looking grass edged the streets, and stray blade stood up here and there among the old sunken cobble-stones which made the pavements.

The streets seemed deserted; the silence and the somber brown color, and the strange low plashing of the water against the wharves, oppressed even Draxy's enthusiastic heart. Her face fell, and she exclaimed involuntarily, "Oh, what a lonesome place!" but, checking herself, she added, "but it's only the twilight makes it look so, I expect."

They had some difficulty in finding the house. The lanes and streets seemed inextricably tangled; the little party was shy of asking direction, and they were all disappointed and grieved more than they acknowledged to themselves that they had no been met at the station. At last they found the house. Timidly Draxy lifted the grea brass knocker. It looked to her like splendor, and made her afraid. It fell more heavily than she supposed it would, and the clang sounded to her over-wrought nerves as if it filled the whole street. No one came. They looked at the windows. The curtains were all down. There was no sign of life about the place. Tears came into Jane's eyes. She was worn out with the fatigue of the journey.

"Oh dear, oh dear," she said, "I wish we hadn't come."

"Pshaw, mother," said Reuben, with a voice cheerier than his heart, "very likely they never got our last letter, and don't know we were to be here to-day," and he knocked again.

Instantly a window opened in the opposite house, and a jolly voice said, "My gracious," and in the twinkling of an eye the jolly owner of the jolly voice had opened her front door and run bareheaded across the street, and was shaking hands with Reuben and Jane and Draxy, all three at once and talking so fast that they could hardly understand her.

"My gracious! my gracious! Won't Mrs Melville be beat! of course you're her folk she was expecting from the West, ain't you I mistrusted it somehow as soon as I heard the big knock. Now I'll jest let you in the back door. Oh my, Mis' Melville 'll never get over this; to think of her be'n' away, an she's been lookin' and lookin', and worryin for two weeks, because she didn't hear from you; and only last night Captain Melville he said 'he'd write to-day if they didn't hear.'"

"We wrote," said Draxy, in her sweet

ow voice, "we wrote to Aunt Emma that we'd come to-day."

"Now did you!" said the jolly voice. "Well, that's jest the way. You see your letter's gone somewhere else, and now Mis' Melville she's gone round to—" but the rest of the sentence was inaudible, for the breathless little woman was running around the house to the back door.

In a second more the upper half of the big old-fashioned door had swung open, to Draxy's great delight, who exclaimed, "Oh, father, we read about such doors as this in that Knickerbocker book, don't you remember?"

But good Mrs. Carr was drawing them into the house, giving them such neighborly welcome, all the while running on in such voluble ejaculatory talk that the quiet, saddened, recluse-like people were overwhelmed with embarrassment, and hardly knew which way to turn. Presently she saw their confusion and interrupted herself with—

"Well, well, you're jest all tired out with your journey, an' a cup o' tea's the thing you want, an' none o' my talk; but you see Mis' Melville 'n me's so intimate that I feel's if I'd known you always, 'n I'm real glad to see you here, real glad; 'n I'll bring the tea right over; the kettle was a boilin' when I run out, 'n I'll send Jim right down town for Captain Melville; he's sure to be to the library. Oh, but won't Mis' Melville be beat," she continued, half way down the steps; and from the middle of the street she called back, "'an she ain't coming home till to-morrow night."

Reuben and Jane and Draxy sat down with as bewildered a feeling as if they had been transported to another world. The house was utterly unlike anything they had ever seen; high ceilings, wainscoted walls, wooden cornices and beams, and wooden mantels with heads carved on the corners. It seemed to them at first appallingly grand. But presently they observed the bare wooden floors, the flag-bottomed chairs, and faded chintz cushions, the row of old tin utensils, and plain, cheap crockery in the glass-doored cupboard, and felt more at home.

"You know Aunt Emma said they were poor too," said Draxy, answering her own unspoken thought as well as her father's and mother's.

Reuben pushed his hair off his warm forehead and sighed.

"I suppose we might go up stairs, mother," he said; "that's to be our house, as I understand it."

Draxy bounded at the words. With flying steps she ascended the stairs and opened the first door. She stood still on the threshold, unable to move from astonishment. It was still light enough to see the room. Draxy began to speak, but broke down utterly, and bursting out crying, threw herself into the arms of her father who had just reached the top of the stairs.

"Oh, father, it's all fixed for a sitting-room! Father dear, I told you!"

This was something they had not dreamed of. They had understood the offer to be merely of rooms in which they could live rent-free. In fact, that had been Captain Melville's first intention. But his generous sailor's heart revolted from the thought of stripping the rooms of furniture for which he had no use. And so Emma had re-arranged the plain old-fashioned things, and adding a few more which could be spared as well as not, had fitted up a sitting-room and two bedrooms with all that was necessary for comfort. Reuben and Jane and Draxy were all crying when Mrs. Carr came back with her pitcher of smoking tea. Reuben tried to explain to her why they were crying, but she interrupted him with,

"Well, now, I understand it jest 's if 'twas to me it 'd all happened; an' I think it's lucky after all that Mis' Melville wasn't here, for she's dreadful easy upset if people take on. But now you drink your tea, and get all settled down 's quick 's you can, for Captain Melville 'll be here any minute now I expect, an' he don't like tantrums."

This frightened Draxy, and made a gloomy look come on Reuben's face. But the fright and the gloom disappeared in one minute and forever when the door burst open, and a red-faced, white-haired old man, utterly out of breath, bounced into the room, and seizing Reuben by the hand gasped out, puffing between the words like a steam-engine:—

"Wreck me, if this isn't a hard way to make port. Why, man, we've been looking for some hail from you for two weeks, till we began to think you'd given us the go-by altogether. Welcome to Melville Harbor, I say, welcome!" and he had shaken Reuben's hand, and kissed Jane, and turned to Draxy all in a breath. But at the first full sight of Draxy's face he started and felt dumb. He had never seen so beautiful a woman. He pulled out a red silk handkerchief and wiped his face nervously as she said, "Kiss me too, uncle," but her warm lips were on his cheek before he had time to analyze his own feelings. Then Reuben began to say something about gratitude, and the old sailor swore his favorite oath again: "Now, may I be wrecked if I have a word o' that. We're glad enough to get you all here; and as for the few things in the rooms, they're of no account anyhow."

"Few things! Oh, uncle," said Draxy, with a trembling voice, and before he knew what she was about to do she had snatched his fat, weather-beaten old hand and kissed it. No woman had ever kissed John Melville's hand before. From that moment he looked upon Draxy as a princess who had let him once kiss hers!

Captain Melville and Reuben were friends before bed-time. Reuben's gentle simplicity and unworldliness, and patient demeanor, roused in the rough sailor a sympathy like that he had always felt for women. And to Reuben the hearty good cheer, and brisk, bluff sailor ways were infinitely winning and stimulating.

The next day Mrs. Melville came home. In an incredibly short time the little household had adjusted itself, and settled down into its routine of living. When, in a few days, the great car-load of the Millers' furniture arrived, Capt. Melville insisted upon its all going to the auction-rooms excepting the kitchen furniture, and a few things for which Jane had especial attachment. It brought two hundred dollars, which, in addition to the price of the farm, and the store and its stock, gave Reuben just nineteen hundred dollars to put in the Savings Bank.

"And I am to be counted at least two thousand more, father dear, so you are not such a very poor man after all," said Draxy, laughing and dancing around him.

Now Draxy Miller's real life began. In after years she used to say, "I was born first in my native town; second, in the Atlantic Ocean!" The effect of the strong sea air upon her was something indescribable; joy seemed to radiate from her whole being. She actually smiled whenever she saw the sea. She walked on the beach; she sat on the rocks; she learned to swim in one lesson, and swam so far out that her uncle dared not follow, and called to her in imploring terror to return. Her beauty grew more and more radiant every day. This the sea gave to her body. But there was a far subtler new life than the physical—a far finer new birth than the birth of beauty,—which came to Draxy here. This, books gave to her soul. Only a few years before, a free library had been founded in this town, by a rich and benevolent man. Every week hundreds of volumes circulated through al families where books were prized, and coul not be owned. When Draxy's uncle firs took her into this library, and explained t her its purpose and regulations, she stoo motionless for a few moments, looking a him—and at the books; then, with tears i her eyes, and saying, "Don't follow me uncle dear; don't mind me, I can't bear it,' she ran swiftly into the street, and neve stopped until she had reached home an found her father. An hour later she entere the library again, leading her father by th hand. She had told him the story on th way. Reuben's thin cheeks were flushed It was almost more than he could bear too Silently the father and daughter walked u and down the room, looking into the alcoves Then they sat down together, and studie the catalogue. Then they rose and wen out, hand in hand as they had entered speaking no word, taking no book. For on day the consciousness of this wealth fille their hearts, beyond the possibility of on added desire. After that, Draxy and he father were to be seen every night seated a the long table in the reading-room. The read always together, Draxy's arm being ove the back of her father's chair. Many a ma and many a woman stopped and looked lon at the picture. But neither Draxy nor he father knew it. At the end of two year Draxy Miller had culture. She was ignoran still, of course; she was an uneducated girl she wept sometimes over her own deficiencies; but her mind was stored with information of all sorts; she had added Wordswort to her Shakespeare; she had journeyed ove the world with every traveler whose work she could find; and she had tasted o Plato and Epictetus. Reuben's unfailin simplicity and purity of taste saved her fro the mischiefs of many of the modern books She had hardly read a single novel; but he love of true poetry was a passion.

In the mean time she had become th favorite seamstress of the town. Her face and voice, and smile would alone have wo way for her; but, in addition to those, sh was a most dexterous workwoman. If ther had only been twice as many days in a yea she would have been glad. Her own earnings in addition to her father's, and to the little income from the money in the Ban made them comfortable; but with Draxy expanded intellectual life had come new desires: she longed to be taught.

One day she said to her father, "Fathe dear, what was the name of that canal co ctor who borrowed money of you and ver paid it?"

Reuben looked astonished, but told her.

"Is he alive yet?"

"Oh, yes," said Reuben, "and he 's rich ow. There was a man here only last week o said he 'd built him a grand house this ar."

Draxy shut her hands nervously. "Father, shall go and get that money."

"You, child! Why it's two days' journey; d he 'd never pay you a cent. I tried nes enough," replied Reuben.

"But I think perhaps he would be more kely to pay it to a woman; he would be hamed," said Draxy, "especially if he is ch now, and I tell him how much we eed it."

"No, no, child; I shouldn't hear to your oing; no more would mother; and it ould be money wasted besides," said Reuen, with unusual sternness for him.

Draxy was silent. But the next morning e went to the railway station and ascerined exactly how much the journey would ost. She was disheartened at the amount. would be difficult for her to save so much ut of two years' earnings. That day Draxy's ce was sad. She was sewing at the house f one of her warmest friends. All her nployers were her friends, but this one was woman of rare intelligence and culture, ho had loved Draxy ever since the day she ad found her reading a little volume of Vordsworth, one of the Free Library books, hile she was eating her dinner in the sewingoom.

"Why, child," she exclaimed, "what are ou doing!"

"Oh, ma'am, I don't take any longer for y dinner," said poor Draxy, "but I do ove the poetry so, and I have so little time read."

That night when Draxy went home she ound a beautiful copy of Wordsworth's poems aiting for her. Written on the fly-leaf were he words, "For Draxy Miller, with the corial regards of Mrs. White." From that ay Draxy always received double pay for ll sewing she did in Mrs. White's house, nd was comfortably clothed from her wardobe.

"What is the matter, Draxy?" said Mrs. White on this morning, "you look ill."

"No, ma'am," said Draxy.

"But I am sure you are. You don't look ike yourself."

"No, ma'am," said Draxy.

Mrs. White was an impulsive woman. She seized the work from Draxy's hands, and sat down before her.

"Now tell me," she said.

Then Draxy told her story.

"How much did this man owe your father?" asked Mrs. W.

"Twenty-five hundred dollars," said Draxy.

"That is worth trying for, dear. I think you are right to go. He will pay it to you on sight if he is a mortal man!" added Mrs. White, mentally. But she went on—"Thirty dollars is very easily raised."

"Oh, twenty will do," interrupted Draxy.

"No; you ought not to go with less than thirty," said Mrs. W.; "and you shall have it. All your friends will be glad to help."

Draxy looked her gratitude, but said nothing. Not the least of her charms, to the well-bred people who employed her, was her exquisite reticence, her gentle and unconscious withdrawal into herself, in spite of all familiarity with which she might be treated.

A few days later Mrs. White sent a note to Draxy with the thirty dollars enclosed, and this note to Mr. Miller:—

"MR. MILLER—DEAR SIR:—

"This money has been contributed by Draxy's friends. You do not know how much we all prize and esteem your daughter and wish to help her. I hope you will be willing that she should use this money foı the journey on which her heart is so set. I really advise you as a friend to let heı make the effort to recover that money; I think she will get it.

"Truly, your friend,
"A. WHITE."

This note brought tears of pride to Reuben's eyes. Draxy watched him closely, and said:—

"Father dear, I should like to go to-morrow."

Her preparations had already been made. She knew beforehand that her cause was won; that her father's sense of justice would not let him interfere with her appropriation of the gift to the purpose for which it was made.

It was on a clear cold morning in January that Draxy set out. It was the second journey of her life, and she was alone for the first time; but she felt no more fear than if she had been a sparrow winging its way through a new field. The morning twilight was just fading away; both the east and the west were clear and glorious; the east was red, and the west pale blue; high in the west stood the full moon, golden yellow; below it a long narrow bar of faint rose color; below that, another bar of fainter purple; then the low brown line of a long island; then an arm of the sea; the water was gray and still; the ice rims stretched far out from the coast, and swayed up and down at the edges, as the waves pulsed in and out. Flocks of gulls were wheeling, soaring in the air, or lighting and floating among the ice fragments, as cold and snowy as they. Draxy leaned her head against the side of the car and looked out on the marvelous beauty of the scene with eyes as filled with calm delight as if she had all her life journeyed for pleasure, and had had nothing to do but feed and develop her artistic sense.

A company of traveling actors were seated near her; a dozen tawdry women and coarse men, whose loud voices and vulgar jests made Draxy shudder. She did not know what they could be; she had never seen such behavior; the men took out cards and began to play; the women leaned over, looked on, and clapped the men on their shoulders. Draxy grew afraid, and the expression of distress on her face attracted the conductor's notice. He tapped her on the shoulder.

"I'll take you into the next car, Miss, if you don't like to be near these people. They're only actors; there's no harm in them, but they're a rough set."

"Actors," said Draxy, as the kind conductor lifted her from one platform to another. "I never thought they were like that. Do they play Shakespeare?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," said the conductor, puzzled enough; "but I dare say they do."

"Then I'm glad I never went to the theater," thought Draxy, as she settled herself in her new seat. For a few moments she could not banish the disturbed and unhappy feeling which these people's behavior had caused. She could not stop fancying some of the grand words which she most loved in Shakespeare, repeated by those repulsive voices.

But soon she turned her eyes to the kindling sky, and forgot all else. The moon was slowly turning from gold to silver; then it would turn from silver to white cloud, then to film, then vanish away. Draxy knew that day and the sun would conquer. "Oh, if I only understood it," sighed Draxy. Then she fell to thinking about the first chapter in Genesis; and while she looked upon that paling moon she dreamed of other moon which no human eyes ever saw. Draxy wa a poet; but as yet she had never dared t show even to her father the little verses sh had not been able to help writing. "Oh how dare I do this; how dare I?" she sai to herself, as, alone in her little room, sh wrote line after line. "But if nobody eve knows, it can do no harm. It is strange love it, though, when I am so ashamed."

But this morning Draxy had that mysterious feeling as if all things were new, whic so often comes to poetic souls. It is a once the beauty and the burden, the exhaustion and the redemption of their lives. N wonder that even common men can sometime see the transfiguration which often comes t him before whose eyes death and resurrection are always following each other, instan perpetual, glorious. Draxy took out he little diary. Folded very small, and hid i the pocket of it, was a short poem that sh had written the year before on a Tiarell plant which had blossomed in her window Mrs. White had brought it to her wit some ferns and mosses from the mountain and all winter long it had flowered as in summer. Draxy wondered why th golden moon reminded her of the Tiarella She did not know the subtle underlyin bonds in nature. These were the Tiarel verses:—

My little Tiarella,
  If thou art my own,
Tell me how thus in winter
  Thy shining flowers have blown.
Art thou a fairy smuggler,
  Defying law?
Didst take of last year's summer
  More than summer saw?
Or hast thou stolen frost-flakes
  Secretly at night?
Thy stamens tipped with silver,
  Thy petals spotless white,
Are so like those which cover
  My window-pane;
Wilt thou, like them, turn back at noon
  To drops again?

Oh, little Tiarella,
  Thy silence speaks;
No more my foolish question
  Thy secret seeks.
The sunshine on my window
  Lies all the day.
How shouldst thou know that summer
  Has passed away?
The frost-flake's icy silver
  Is dew at noon for thee.
O winter sun! O winter frost,
  Make summer dews for me!

After reading these over several time

axy took out her pencil, and very shyly eening herself from all observation, wrote the other side of the paper these lines:

THE MORNING MOON.

The gold moon turns to white;
The white moon fades to cloud;
It looks so like the gold moon's shroud,
It makes me think about the dead,
And hear the words I have heard read,
By graves for burial rite.

I wonder now how many moons
In just such white have died;
I wonder how the stars divide
Among themselves their share of light;
And if there were great years of night
Before the earth saw moons?

I wonder why each moon, each sun
Which ever has been or shall be,
In this day's sun and moon I see;
I think perhaps all of the old
Is hidden in each new day's hold;
So the first day is not yet done!

And then I think—our dust is spent
Before the balances are swung;
Shall we be loneliest among
God's living creatures? Shall we dare
To speak in this eternal air
The only discontent?

Then she shut the book resolutely, and sat up straight with a little laugh, saying to herself, "This is a pretty beginning for a business journey!"

Far better than you knew, sweet Draxy! The great successes of life are never made by the men and women who have no gleam of poetic comprehension in their souls.

(To be continued.)

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## OUR EDUCATIONAL OUTLOOK.

THE traditional vanity of the American ople, based upon the position given us by results of the Revolutionary War, has us to believe that since the United States the best system of government in the rld, so we are superior in all other re- cts.

Hence the belief in the general superiority all our institutions has become axiomatic, the one who questions it is regarded y much as a Galileo declaring that the rld does move. Unfortunately, the facts the case do not always sustain us in any h belief, and we have to endure the mor- cation of seeing the thin web of unques- ned superiority, by which we are trying to eld ourselves, torn rudely away by the sistible logic of facts. Among other acies into which this habitual self-conceit led us, is the conclusion that our edu- ional system is as good as any in the rld, if not the best, and that we rank first ong educated nations. We had adopted opinion so unhesitatingly and confidently t the lessons taught us by the census of o–60 fell unheeded, and failed to awaken to action, and it is only when the facts ught out by the census just taken have rted their full force upon us, that we can e for any practical results.

t may seem strange to us, and in a meas- unaccountable, that a people which be- its national life less than one hundred rs ago, with a population almost universally educated, and which realized to an unusual extent the benefits of general intelligence, should within less than a century have become so unmindful of its birthright, so blind to its own best interests, as to allow one-fourth of its entire adult population to be unable to read and write. Yet such seems to be the fact. Basing our estimates upon the census of 1860, which is even more complimentary to us than that of 1870 so far as completed, we find, that excluding the slaves, more than nine per cent. of our population were returned as illiterate, and including them, as they are now citizens, twenty per cent. This was before the war of secession, and while the school systems of the Southern States were in full operation. Since 1863 these States have practically been without any school advantages, and the greater part of their youth has grown up in ignorance. Since the war the attention both of the government and Northern philanthropy have been directed exclusively to educating the blacks, and during the most prosperous times of the Freedmen's Bureau and the Freedmen's Aid Society, only one-half the annual increase of adults was reached at all; so that, in spite of all the labor of that army of patriotic teachers who went South to teach the freedmen, the adult blacks who cannot read are many thousands more to-day than when the war closed. We are hardly educating the annual increase of the colored children, to say nothing of the millions of adults who are now in ignorance, and who ought not to be left to live out their lives in our Republic in their present condition. Besides this, for every black thus educated, five white children were growing up in almost total mental darkness.

So this vast outlay of benevolence and charitable labor was sufficient to only slightly ripple the surface of this stream of ignorance, much less check it. Now that the government is about to withdraw its supporting hand, and the efforts of an overstrained charity are beginning to flag, how are we to even hold the ground we have thus far gained, to say nothing of carrying the war into the camp of the enemy? We have nothing to hope from the Southern whites, as they have more than they can do to educate their own children, and little inclination, even if they had the means, to educate the children of their former slaves. Most of the Northern States need all their energies to keep down and lessen their own illiteracy. Everything seems to conspire to hand them over once more to the bondage of total ignorance. Is the labor of educating an oppressed and degraded race so great that we, as a government and people, must give it up in despair? Such are the present condition and prospects of the millions of dark-skinned wards of the nation, recently presented with the priceless gift of recognized manhood and political equality.

In regard to our white population, we are unwilling to believe, that ten years ago, before the war had crowded upon us additional thousands of illiterates at the South, only ten out of every eleven of our adult population could read. Yet the census of 1860 gives this as our condition, and without doubt, that of 1870, when the tables of illiteracy are made up, will show a greater proportion of illiterates. Of the 605,000 persons who attained their majority in 1860, 55,000 could not write their names. What an army of ignorance to have quartered upon us every year. When we consider the natural aversion to reporting inability to read, and the hundreds of thousands who, although they may be able to spell out a few words, yet cannot read from an ordinary newspaper so as to gain any information, and so are, practically, uneducated, we find the army of ignorance would be greatly increased.

Horace Mann, unquestioned authority on educational matters, says: "Thirty per cent. must be added to all statistical tables of illiteracy, to arrive at the truth." Making
this allowance, are we not justly startled
the array of ignorance which faces u
The illiteracy in the different States a
Territories varied, in 1860, from two or thr
per cent. in Utah and some of the Easte
States, to eighty-four per cent. in N
Mexico, where it is not probably any l
to-day, as there has not been a publ
school, nor even a school-house, in t
entire Territory in the last twenty-five yea
In this same territory a recent vote on esta
lishing free schools stood 37 *for*, 5,o
*against*. The Southern States, as an agg
gate, had forty-eight per cent. of adult illit
ates, and probably the proportion is mu
greater now.

If we turn to our present school popu
tion we find but little to encourage
From the reports of the State superinte
ents for the year 1869–70, omitting seven
the Southern States which make no repor
we find about 10,500,000 persons classed
"school population." Of these about 6,7o
000 are registered in the public schools.
to this number we add 500,000 for th
attending private schools, we still have
3,300,000 reported as not attending lo
enough to have their names registered. If
these numbers we add 1,000,000, as the sch
population of the States not reporting, a
of these 800,000 as not attending, we ha
of 11,500,000 children in our land of
school age, 4,100,000 who do not dark
the doors of any school-house during
year.

Allowing that one-fourth of this num
may have a primary education, and we
have more than one-fourth the population
our land growing up in ignorance.
many of those who are registered att
only a few days, or so irregularly that t
learn but little. This irregularity amou
to so much in the aggregate that the *aver*
of attendance is less than 4,000,000, wh
leaves 7,000,000 who do not come at all,
attend irregularly. In the State of N
York, where the schools are now free,
little more than three-fourths of the sch
population are registered, while in the
educated States only eight-ninths are kn
to attend at all. The statistics of sixtee
our largest cities, where educational p
leges are supposed to be the best, show
the average attendance at the public sch
is only forty-four per cent. of the sch
population, while only fifty-two per cent.
enrolled at all. Allowing eight per cent.
those attending private schools, we h
left forty per cent. of our city children

ever enter a school-house during the year. t this rate of decrease, within the next venty-five years more than half the people f the United States would be unable to ead or write. What we are gaining at the orth is more than balanced by what is eing lost at the South. This is the logic of *acts*, and it is far from consoling to those ho look upon our country as the leader of e world.

If we compare our general intelligence or ducational methods with those of the Geranic States or Switzerland, we suffer by e contrast. In Holland, Belgium, Bavaria, axony, Prussia, and Switzerland, we find ducation almost universal, and educational ws which are universal in scope and fareaching in power—laws which secure to very child, no matter how poor, the benets of a good education, and then compel im to receive them. As long ago as 1845, Prussia ninety-eight men in every hunred could read and write; and probably, nder their strict educational laws, enforced r twenty-five years, illiteracy has not very reatly increased. How is it that while oth are working for the same results, they cceed and we fail? We have given an inelligent population, nearly one hundred ears' working of our American system, and s a result a large increase in illiteracy, and strong existing tendency in the same irection. Where, and in what, have we iled? If it is the fault of our system, in hat is it defective, and how can it be imroved?

In few countries in the world do we find stitutions of learning so numerous or so unificently endowed by private enterprise s in our own. We have more than four undred schools which claim the name of ollege or collegiate institute, while our cademies, seminaries, and other private chools are numbered by thousands. At any of these education is free to all who pply. In nearly all the States school funds ave been created by legislative enactments, hich are more or less sufficient for the puroses for which they were intended. In everal the doors of the school-house stand vitingly open, and its privileges are free to ll who would enter and enjoy them. In e United States, exclusive of six of the outhern States, more than $60,000,000 per ear are provided by State authority for chool purposes, an average of nearly six ollars for the schooling of each child, which s only a little less than New York State pays, nd more than half the States paid for the last year. Massachusetts, with less than 1,500,000 inhabitants, pays more per year for public education than France with her 30,000,000. Yet, in spite of all our outlays for education, we find, particularly in our large cities, that although the temple of learning may be erected at every street corner, and its advantages be made free to all, thousands of children will never enter its ever-open doors to drink at its pleasant fountains, but will squander the hours of childhood and youth playing in the gutter, or schooling themselves in such lessons of vice as will prepare them in after years for a course of crime. To us it may seem incredible that parents could be so unmindful of the interests of their children as to allow them to neglect the opportunity to acquire an education, much less positively keep them out of the schools. Yet thousands of parents are not only indifferent in regard to the education of their children, but not a few actually prevent it. In accordance with our American idea, we have for nearly a century tried the voluntary method, both in regard to establishing schools and attendance upon them, and find it is not a success. In answering the question, "What shall we do next?" let us note some of the defects of our present plan of education, and what changes can advantageously be made.

We have no national system of public education. The whole matter is left to the inclination of the individual States, and they adopt such measures as they see fit, or none at all. Thus we find the provisions for schools, commencing with the good systems of New York and Massachusetts, and dwindling down, through various grades of merit, to Texas, which, practically, has none at all. Some States have superintendents, others have none; some have free schools, and even compel attendance; many give some State aid, and still others none at all, trusting to rate-bills and the voluntary efforts of each district. There are as many educational policies as there are States, each acting entirely independent of all the others. Our educational interests lack a head,—a common controlling purpose,—concert of action—everything which goes to make up a complete system. As well expect an army to fight a successful battle without a general to command, with each regiment fighting in its own way, or shirking the battle if disposed, as to hope that our present independent State action in regard to education can combat successfully with the forces of ignorance.

The general government ought to take as much interest in the cause of education as in the development of a coal mine, for an intelligent community is worth more to a nation than mountains of coal and iron. Our government now spends its money and bothers its brains over taxes, tariff, harbor improvements, and the like, and never seems to think or care whether the children of the land are growing up in ignorance. The United States Senate spent more time last spring trying to find out how and where the New York *Tribune* obtained a copy of the treaty with England, than it ever has upon the educational interests of the country. What moral or any other right has our general government to fritter away its time upon such matters, with a zeal worthy the inquisitiveness of some ancient village spinster, while we are gradually drifting away into ignorance? We need a United States law in regard to education, applying alike to all the States, a thousand times more than we ever needed a Fugitive Slave Law. What is the primary idea of a government? It must be an organization which exists for the benefit of the community at large, and, unless it confers this general benefit, it is unworthy the name it bears. Now what can be more to the advantage of a nation in every respect than universal education? Napoleon built up the material interests of France, and King William educated every Prussian in his domain, and, when the contest came, what was the result? A complete and overwhelming victory of the school-house over the workshop, of educated mind over uneducated muscle. The lesson is written out for us so plainly that any fool almost can read it? Let us not be rashly unmindful of its teachings.

The necessity of national attention to education, as well as to agriculture or commerce, has been urged upon government frequently, and, until within a few years, unsuccessfully, since the time of Washington. The almost universal agitation of this question among educational men finally led to the enactment of a law by Congress, in March, 1867, establishing a Department of Education, "for the purpose of collecting such statistics and facts as shall show the condition and progress of education in the several States and Territories, and of diffusing such information respecting the organization and management of school systems and methods of teaching as shall aid the people of the United States in establishing and maintaining efficient school systems, and otherwise promoting the cause of education throughout the country." First established as an independent department, it was soon reduced in rank and made an appendage to the Department of the Interior, where it is now only an office for collecting statistics and other information.

We trust the time is not far distant when our general government will take vigorous action in this matter, enact educational laws which shall provide an elementary education for every child in the land, and see that every child receives the benefit of it. If we had such a law, $50,000,000 per year, a sum which is annually squandered by Congress in grants of land to speculators and railroad monopolies, in addition to the $60,000,000 now raised by State authority, would be abundant to give at least three months' schooling per year to every child in the United States. This would give ten dollars per child for education, and the State of New York under her free-school system now pays but seven dollars. Let the law have power to enforce attendance, and the most difficult part of this problem is solved. How can $50,000,000 be better expended? It would be worth more to us than thousands of such purchases as Alaska, or volcanic islands in the Caribbean Sea.

But, it is asked, how can we receive such an immense addition of scholars without a vast outlay for buildings, for the seatings of our school-houses are not sufficient for those who now attend? Easily. In all grades below the high school, let one class of pupils attend three hours in the morning, and another class in the same rooms, and to the same teacher, three hours in the afternoon In this way we can educate double the number of children without any additiona expense for buildings or instructors, and with benefit to both pupils and teachers. Three hours per day is time enough for children to be in school, and, if properly taught, they will learn as much in three hours as to prolong the time to five or six when their minds become weary, and schoo is not a pleasure but a burden. This would allow time enough for the children of the poorer classes, who are now kept entirely from school, to labor seven or eight hours daily toward their own support. A plan similar to this has been used successfully in cotton-mills in Massachusetts, and it has just been adopted by an overwhelming popular vote in Louisville, Kentucky.

It is of great importance that our nationa system should include compulsory attend ice. To us Americans, who boast so much our liberty, the word compulsory sounds npleasantly. We love to feel that we can o as we like, and freedom of thought and ction is the corner-stone of our institutions; ut no one of us has any right, moral or olitical, because he so wishes, to do what ill be for the injury of the public. This the license of the desperado, not the berty of the citizen. What right has Paddy 'Flinn, just over from the bogs of Ireland, to ring up his family of ten in utter ignorance, hen the probabilities are, that if he does, e public will have to take care of one or vo of them as criminals or paupers? No an has any more right because this is a ee country, and he so wishes, to thrust pon the world a family of ignorant children, an he has to keep a mad dog, because he not afraid of being bitten himself. To a ertain extent children *do* belong to the tate, as it assumes the responsibility of them fter they become men and women, when at of their parents ceases; and hence she as the right to see that they are prepared r the responsibilities which the attainment f majority brings: that they are fitted to ecome useful citizens, instead of vagrants r criminals.

How else than by the strong fostering and of the government can a healthy pub- c opinion be formed at the South, where gnorance and prejudice are now so strong at school-houses are being burned, school- eachers whipped and driven away, and all ducational privileges gradually broken up? Iow else are we to bring the poor, ignorant, elpless blacks, now "fellow-citizens" with s, up to the standard of manhood?

When could we expect education from e voluntary action of those degraded eople of New Mexico, who lately rejected ee schools by a vote of 37 to 5,016? ompulsory attendance upon free schools ccompanies and renders effective the best chool systems of Europe, and makes them he power for good that they now are. If it as enforced in this country to-morrow, the espectable part of the community would ejoice, and nearly all the complaints would ome from those who are constantly vibrating between the county-house and the jail. ngland has just awakened to her danger, —when she finds she has 8,000,000 illiterate dults, that half her children are growing p in ignorance, that poverty and crime re rapidly increasing,—and has recently stablished free schools and compulsory ttendance.

Statistics the world over show that ignorance, poverty, and crime are own brothers. Our jails and State prisons are filled from the ranks of the ignorant. Of the 1,000,000 paupers in England, not one in twenty has ever attended school. Ninety-five per cent. of her criminals cannot read or write, while only one in two hundred of them has what may be called an education. Spain and Italy, on account of their general ignorance, are filled with beggars and petty criminals, and the entire land is cursed with a bitter poverty, and this under a sky and in a climate where Nature has lavished her blessings with an unsparing hand. Intelligence introduces prosperity and happiness, whether to the individual or the nation. The lowest estimates allow that education increases the value of labor at least twenty-five per cent. The productions of our labor amount annually to hundreds of millions of dollars. Increase this by one-fourth, and you have more than enough to defray the expense of education, and all the advantages of an intelligent public remaining. Countless arguments might be brought forward to show that universal education is *policy* for a nation as a mere matter of economy, but the statement will hardly be questioned.

Our system, as we have been pleased to call it, of education has failed, in that for the great majority of our youth it has been utterly aimless. To be sure, our seminaries and colleges, for the most part, have been the open doors through which young men pass into professional life, but what does our education provide for the great multitude of young men and women who never see the inner walls of a college? Simply nothing. It turns them out into the world without the ability to do anything, opens no avenue of skilled employment for them, and only makes them too proud to labor with their hands, as they might have done without its influence. It merely deprives them of the taste for labor, and gives them nothing in its place. But more than this. Little Johnnie Jones is told by his admiring schoolmistress, or fond mamma, how Lincoln, who was a poor boy, finally became President; how Johnson, the son of a poor North Carolina corn-cracker, came to live in the White House at Washington. The stories of countless others, who commenced with nothing and became great men, are poured into his youthful ears, until he is certain he must have been intended for a United States Senator at least, if not for a President. As he grows older, he forgets that Lincoln split rails, Johnson rejuvenated worn-out pantaloons, and Grant peddled cord-wood in the streets of St. Louis, but thinks that to be great he must shun work, dabble in politics, and hang around grog-shops. He would rather sit in idleness all day on the steps of some corner grocery, and wait for a chance shilling, than work in the garden back of it for a certain dollar. Such men spend their lives in attending caucuses, getting up political excitements, and playing whippers-in for some successful politician. Out of every 1,000 of them 999 never get higher than county sheriff, while the majority make a questionable living, and end their lives in the jail or poor-house. It is all right to teach boys to be ambitious, but do not forget the most important part, that honest success always implies labor. Toil is the pathway to honor. To remedy this aimlessness and unfitness for life with which our education leaves our youth, we need more *craft* schools, where boys can become practical engineers, chemists, printers, machinists, and even farmers. The machinist would be none the worse if he should spend his evenings over Euclid instead of lager; the blacksmith, if he knew how to drive home and clinch an argument in metaphysics as skillfully as a horse-shoe nail; or the dentist, if he could extract hidden Greek roots with the same facility as grumbling molars. Educated men would dignify any of these employments, and make them sought and not shunned by those worthy to fill them. A man who wants to run an engine ought to be educated for his business, just as much as a lawyer for his profession. We are a patient and long-suffering people, or we would never permit ourselves to be blown up by hundreds by ignorant engineers, who know nothing more of the monsters which they control than enough to feed them with wood and water, and oil up their creaking joints; or suffer ourselves to be sent to our graves by striplings in short jackets, who give us arsenic for paregoric, and strychnine for the elixir of life. The time is coming, and we trust is not far distant, when all these positions of responsibility will be filled by men of education, and can be filled by none others; when ignoramuses will be obliged either to fit themselves for their proposed labors, or seek other employments.

That the necessity for such special training is beginning to dawn upon us, is evident from the rapidity with which the so-called scientific schools are being established and filled with students. But they are merel the advance-guard of the great number o craft-schools which we will yet have to supplement our elementary education.

When a young man is to be turned out t fight the battle of life, he ought to be provided with a weapon for the warfare. I would be just as sensible to send a regimen of soldiers into battle with broomsticks fo guns, as to turn young men and women int the world empty-handed. They can onl do as the soldiers would,—seize upon th first thing they can lay their hands on, an club their way for a little while before hastening to the rear.

The cause of general education will receive a powerful impetus when the superiority of educated men is recognized an appreciated. What inducement can w hold out for boys to educate themselve when many kinds of artisans are better pai than professional men? The head cook i the Parker House, in Boston, has a salary o $4,000 per year, while President Eliot, o Harvard College, has only $3,000. Th salaries of the educators of our land will n average $600 per year, while any goo mechanic can earn as much or more.

An illustration or two will show us wh this is so. Deborah Simpkins, because sh thinks herself above helping her mothe skim milk and wash dishes in the summe and can spell, read, write, and "cipher" little, inflicts herself upon twenty-five embryo men and women as their instructo when she is no more fitted for the work tha she is for flying to the moon, and the trustees take her because "she will come f three dollars per week and board to hum—'mazin cheap." In the same way her brothe Hezekiah, because he is either too weak too lazy to cut cord-wood, as his brothers d persuades some school committee to quart him in their school-house for the wint months. If mind only had one-thousandt part the explosive power of steam, ho many school-houses would be blown t atoms under the management of such bunglers! No profession could sustain itse against such competition.

What would become of lawyers or doctors if any greenhorn could try his hand a case whenever he wished? Teaching wi become a profession only when educato are obliged to prepare themselves for the work, and no lady then need blush to b known as a "school-marm." The norm schools established in most of the States a helping to make teaching a profession, b ere is much more to be done which is enrely beyond their control. The character nd acquirements of those who are in a proession make the standing of that profession.

In Prussia none except graduates of their olleges and the government normal schools re allowed to teach even in the common chools, and there teachers are among the ost universally respected in the land. As natural result, their instructors, even in the rimary schools, are men and women of ducation and refinement. If in this counry the number of authorized public training chools was doubled or tripled, and a law vas provided that after five years no one ould teach without a certificate from one f them, the profession would soon be freed rom that large class who teach only for a erm, because they are too lazy to work t other employments. It would soon be illed with those who would be earnest in heir work, and have at least inclination nough for it to be at the expense of acquiring the necessary qualifications. By a similar course almost any occupation which requires skill may be made a profession, and filled with men educated for that business. For instance: suppose that the law allowed no one to compound medicines unless he had a diploma from some recognized institution, showing that he had the necessary qualifications, how many years would it be before this branch of business would be filled by men fitted for their work? You could count them on the fingers of one hand.

How criminally unfitted for their work many are, we have only too frequent instances. How many lessons like that of the *Westfield* do we need before we will learn wisdom?

Educated men and women will be found to fill positions as soon as the positions are brought up to the level of those who are to occupy them.

But aside from these questions of progress there is another, more vital still. Not only our prosperity but our very existence as a Christian nation depends upon an intelligent body politic. We have founded our institutions upon the corner-stone of man's capacity for self-government, and the political equality of manhood. We are trying the grand but solemn experiment of committing man into his own hands, to govern himself, and have, for our encouragement, an almost unbroken line of failures, with hardly a success, along the whole pathway of past ages. We commenced with the central idea that, to succeed, intelligence and virtue are indispensable. Upon this as a foundation we have built our national edifice, and have made it a prouder thing to be an American, than in those olden days it was to be a Roman citizen. A high degree of intelligence is absolutely essential to the success of a Republic. All classes must be educated, because the genius of our institutions demands not a restricted but a universal suffrage, and this of educated men. Nothing makes public order so difficult, property so unsafe, and government in every department so costly, and at the same time so unreliable, as ignorance and its accompanying vices. Universal suffrage simply necessitates universal education. The question of the final destiny of this Republic is before us of the present generation. It is a choice between ignorance and anarchy, or intelligence and liberty. An ignorant Republic is a political chimera. Law-makers who cannot read, voters who cannot interpret their ballots, and citizens who have no idea of the principles of the government under which they live, and of which they are a part, are only a foundation of sand upon which it were madness to build a State and hope for perpetuity.

A well-known educator forcibly says: "Ignorance is the parent of vice, the opponent of progress, the bane of the Republic, a destroying element in society, the precursor of death and decay. Has society no power to protect itself? Has the Republic no right to live? Shall she continue to nurse in her bosom the viper which will one day sting her to death? If these questions are not answered by the representatives of the people—answered by the enactment of wise and just laws providing for the education of all the children of the nation—the future historian will answer them for us, when he portrays the downfall of a once mighty nation, which forgot its origin, derided its destiny, sold its birthright, and ended its career in shame and disgrace."

# FREDERIC MISTRAL, THE PROVENÇAL POET.

THE traveler journeying by post in the old times from Geneva to Lyons left his carriage, as suggested by Mr. Murray, at a certain point to see the "Perte du Rhone," where the arrowy river disappears beneath the solid rock and courses through a subterranean channel for a considerable distance before it reappears, reminding one of the far-off mystery of its remote glacier origin.

Thus the Provençal tongue of the Troubadours, long lost to literature except as a legend, has come to light again in our day and generation, and the prophet's rod which smote this rock of the ages was the filial love of a young poet, a poor gardener's boy of St. Rémy, a little town in the department of the "Bouches du Rhone." "That his mother might enjoy beautiful thoughts expressed in melodious language" Joseph Roumanille wrote the sweet poems dear to thousands who, like his mother, understand no other language but their native Provençal.

Frederic Mistral, who went to school to Roumanille as a little boy, and still calls him master, has, however, won for himself and his mother-tongue a wider renown, though perhaps not a more enduring fame.

He was born at Maillane, in the department of the "Bouches du Rhone," in 1830, and went through a course of study at Montpellier, where he obtained a University degree. He afterwards studied law at Avignon and was admitted to the bar at Aix, but has since gratified his taste for seclusion and his love of literary labor by retiring to the neighborhood of St. Rémy, where he leads the quiet life of a country gentleman amid the familiar haunts of his childhood. Here is laid the scene of his poem "Mirèio," for which the Academy decreed him in 1861 a prize,—a gold medal of 2,000 francs. In 1868, at a solemn festival given at St. Rémy in honor of the revival of the Provençal language and literature, Frederic Mistral was the hero of the day and the most striking of all the orators on this occasion, when many Parisian celebrities had come together to do honor to their brother poets of the South.

Later, Mistral ran the gauntlet of a visit to Paris, where he found cordial recognition in spite of his having boldly declared that the French language was as inadequate and unfitting to Provençal poetry as the coat of a Parisian dandy would be to a brawny, sunburned reaper.

After a month spent in Paris, says Anselme Mathieu of Vaucluse, one evening as Mistral and I were walking on the quai, he exclaimed suddenly: "I have had enough of this, and I want to see my mother;" so we arranged our departure for the next morning, and agreed that he should go that evening and take leave of Lamartine. Dumas and Mistral went in together. Lamartine greeted them gayly and courteously, and said: "Sit down, poets; I must read to Mistral what I think of his book," and before all the assembled guests he read aloud the "Fortieth Evening" of his "Course of Literature." After the reading, Mistral rose from his seat to embrace his kind friend and generous appreciator, but emotion choked his utterance and he fell back in his chair fairly overcome.

In "Mirèio" Mistral has certainly vindicated the claim of modern Provençal to express the pure, artless passion of the children of the South, to whom love is the breath of life, and not the fitful, feverish glow of our cold northern climate and temperament. The author himself has furnished a French version, which is printed on the opposite page to the Provençal text, and it has been translated into English by Miss Harriet W. Preston, of Massachusetts.

The scene of the poem is laid in the Arabia Petræa of France, a region unique in its physical geography and remarkable for having preserved many curious old customs and superstitions. Not far from Arles, between the Rhone, the mountains, and the sea, stretches a district about fifteen miles square, covered with loose round stones of all sizes, from that of a man's head to that of a little pebble, loose and water-worn, but lying so close together that there is hardly any more vegetation between them than on the shingle of a beach. This inhospitable land is traversed by the Canal of Craponne, and here and there along its banks the soil has been cleared and cultivated, and the houses of wealthy farmers are seen through the long alleys of the mulberry-trees on which their silk-worms are fed. In one of these large "mas" or "métairies" lived the child Mireille (Mirèio) whose beauty was the pride of a province famed for the loveliness of its women. Vincent, a handsome, enthusiastic boy, son of a brave old soldier of Napoleon, now earning his bread as a traveling basket-maker, is in love with her, and she one evening, enthralled by the wonderful stories of adventure he has told her, says

her mother that "she would willingly pass
l the night and all her life long hearing
m talk." But she is rich and Vincent is
oor, and when the basket-maker asks her
marriage for his son, who has been em-
oldened by Mireille's artless confession of
ve for him, the rich farmer insults in his
rath the old soldier, who shakes the dust
om his feet as he leaves the door, and
ophecies woe to the purse-proud parents.
is predictions, alas, are realized: Mireille,
oor, passionate pilgrim, flies at dawn from
e shelter of her father's roof in quest of
d and comfort where Vincent has once told
r to seek it in time of need. Miles away
s "La Camargue," a large delta formed by
e bifurcation of the Rhone. Its great,
ent, unbroken plains, its "mirage," its
goons, its strange vegetation, and its large
aming herds of oxen and wild horses,
mind the traveler of the Pampas of South
merica. The soil is so impregnated with
lt that in summer the ground is covered
th a saline efflorescence resembling snow.
s only village, *Les Saintes Maries de la*
*er*, lies on the sea-coast between the
ouths of the Rhone. Here, according to
venerable tradition, the three Maries landed
er the death of Jesus, and their relics,
eserved in the little church, attract every
ar on the 25th of May, the anniversary of
eir landing, a countless concourse of pil-
ims from all parts of Provence and lower
nguedoc. To this shrine, across the flinty,
eeless country, the desperate girl hurries
foot, breathless and bare-headed, be-
ath the pitiless blaze of the fierce southern
n. Fainting and sun-struck, she falls at
st on the sea-shore almost within sight of
e village. The lapping water revives her
er a while, and, giddy and reeling, she
aches the church and prostrates herself
fore the shrine, only to die there in pre-
nce of her agonized parents and heart-
oken lover, who have traced and followed
r all the weary way. As she dies she
es in a delirious ecstasy the three Maries,
e sainted mariners, who wait to waft her
ul to its heavenly home. Is the old legend
re repeated a Provençal version of the
ory of Niobe and her children? The
em is rich with beautiful descriptions of
enery and curious old customs and su-
rstitions, and there are scattered through
idyllic passages unequaled in modern
etry for beauty of conception and feeling
elodiously expressed. For instance, the
af-gathering amid the branches of the mul-
rries, and the scenes with the rich suitors discarded by Mireille in all the conscious pride of her young love. In the third canto occurs the song of "Magali," sung by one of the "Maids of Baux," as, with her young companions, she strips the cocoons from the branches. The following translation by the Rev. Charles T. Brooks does no injustice to the sweetness and simplicity of the versification:

MAGALI.

O Magali! my darling dearest!
Out from thy casement sweetly lean!
A morning serenade thou hearest
Of violin and tambourine.
The stars in Heaven shine bright and keen,
The air is at its clearest,
But pale the morning star shall be
At sight of thee!

"Thy morning serenade goes by me
Unheeded as the morning breeze,
While, like a slippery eel, I hie me
Beneath the rocks in shining seas."
—O Magali! if thee it please
As fish to fly me,
Then I a fisherman will be,
And fish for thee!

"O no! when thou the shore dost follow,
And fling thy net the prey to seize,
I, as a bird, o'er hill and hollow
Will fly away to the inland trees."
—O Magali! and shouldst thou flee
Swift as a swallow,
Then I will be a fowler free,
And hunt for thee!

"The quail and the partridge that cringe and cower,
For them mayst set thy snare with ease;
I, in the grass, will hide that hour
Among the modest anemones."
—O Magali! if thee it please
To be a flower,
The morning brooklet I will be
That drowneth thee!

"Glide as a brook through bush and bower!
I'll be a cloud and sail with ease
To far America that hour,
And there enjoy my liberties!"
—O Magali! and shouldst thou flee
To Indian tower,
A breeze of the sea I straight will be,
And carry thee!

"And shouldst thou be the storm wind blowing,
'Twill but prolong thy agonies;
For I will set warm currents flowing,
Ice-melting sunshine of the seas!"

—O Magali ! and shouldst thou be
Hot sunshine glowing,
A lizard green thou'lt find in me
To drink up thee !

"And shouldst thou be the salamander,
Through bush and brake that darts and flees,
Then I, pale moon, through heaven will wander,
Whose orb the enchanter gladly sees !"
—O Magali ! if thee it please
Full moonlight squander,
A veil of tender mist I'll be,
And mantle thee !

"And shouldst thou be a mist-cloud tender,
Thy disappointments shall not cease ;
I'll be the Rose, whose thorns defend her,
Breathing her fragrance all in peace !"
—O Magali ! wear, if thou please,
The rose's splendor,
Then I the butterfly will be
That kisses thee !

"Well, quickly dart, fly, flutter, hover,
Swift as the butterflies or bees,
Beneath a huge oak's barky cover
I'll hide among the forest trees !"
—O Magali ! not even these
Shall cheat thy lover ;
For I an ivy vine will be
Entwining thee !

"And think'st thou, now thine arms are roun
me,
A shady tree alone they seize ?
I in Saint Blasin's cell have found me
A refuge from thy witcheries !"
—O Magali ! no nunnery
With peace hath crowned thee ;
Father Confessor I will be,
And list to thee !

"Nay, if the mandate overleaping
Thy entering step our cloister sees,
There shalt thou hear the sisters, weeping,
Chant o'er my corpse death's Litanies !"
—O Magali ! if thee I see
In pale death sleeping,
To the cool earth I changed will be,
Then clasp I thee !

"Ah, now I see what thou hast spoken
Was not in jest, thou noble youth ;
Take from my hand this ring in token,
Forever, of my love and truth !"
—O Magali ! O word of sooth !
The morn has broken,
The stars have paled, O Magali,
At sight of thee !

# TOPICS OF THE TIME.

## The Conservative Resources of American Life.

WE are witnessing, in these passing days, new demonstrations of the Conservative influences and resources of American life. Reflecting persons are sometimes scared by the liberty and latitude which our institutions confer upon every kind and class of men, and are filled with the gravest apprehensions while contemplating the tendencies of society to corruption and extravagance, or other forms of vice and folly. With a press whose liberty is absolutely unbridled; with the privilege of universal self-direction and self-service unwatched and untouched by the police ; with a freedom of speech and movement that more frequently forgets than remembers that there is such a thing as law, and with an underlying conviction and consciousness that human nature is selfish, and that great masses of society are almost hopelessly degraded, it is not wonderful that there are thinking men who look despondingly into the future, and who load their lips with prophecies of evil.

Last year, a gentleman who had been at both the sieges of Paris, and who had spent much time in Europe, was present during the Orange riot in New York, and witnessed its suppression. He was filled with wonder at the ease with which it was handled, the lack of all apprehension of a dangerous outbreak on the part of the people of the city, and with tl fact that everybody went to bed on the night of tl riot and slept soundly, in the confident expectati of finding the city in perfect peace the next mornin Such an event in any capital of Europe would ha aroused the intensest suspicions on the part of t government, and led to the most jealous and efficie precautions, while the people, greedy for change a ready for anything that would give them liberty, only for a day, would have been roused into a fu of sleepless excitement. In Paris, it would have be the signal for a revolution. In New York, oppos by a militia called out from among the people thei selves, it never had the chance to do any dama except to the misguided men who were engaged in i

A year ago, New York City was in the hands of gang of such gigantic thieves as the world has rar produced, in all its centuries of fruitful wickedne There was no ingenuity of corrupt expedient that h been left untried, in the achievement and retention power. There was no scheme of plunder too b and shameless for them to undertake. They h suborned judges, and bribed legislators, and tampe with administration. Their tools and servants w in offices of trust. Their paid bullies were a ter at every polling-place. Surrounded by every appoi ment and feasted by every ministry of luxury, tl lefied public sentiment and public punishment, and aid their plans for the future with the confidence of ntegrity, and half deceived themselves with the hought that they were gentlemen. But the press, in ts fearless liberty, laid hold of them, dragged them orth from their strongholds of crime and shame, and xposed them to the execration of the men they had wronged and robbed. The scepter dropped from heir hands, and, in a few brief months, the whole nfamous gang have become either fugitives from justice, or anxious and trembling culprits before its bar. The Prince of Erie was shot, but his days would have been numbered without the punctuation of the pistol.

No scheme of iniquity can stand under the exposure of a faithful press. The little pencil of Nast alone, when employed in a thoroughly righteous cause, is more powerful than armies of men and millions of money. It is the habit of some good men to bemoan the licentiousness of the press, and its undignified and often disgraceful quarrels and personalities; but, with all its faults, it is the very bulwark of the public safety. Without the press, the great metropolis would be to-day in the hands of the Ring. Without the press, there would have been no revolution in the affairs of Erie. Indeed, without the press —perfectly untrammeled—there can be no hope of the perpetuation of the liberties of the country. That power which kings and emperors fear, and seek to regulate and control, is the power which alone can preserve the republic. Monarchs recognize its voice as the voice of the people, and the republic that fails to do the same becomes its own enemy.

In contemplating society, we easily detect certain tendencies that seem to have no end except in disaster or destruction. "Whither are we drifting?" is the questioning cry. There is prevailing and increasing infidelity to the marital vow; there is growing of lavish luxury; there is deepening and spreading corruption in high places; there is augmentation of desire to win wealth without work; there is a fiercer burning of the fever of speculation; there is a lengthening reach and strengthening grasp upon power on the part of great corporations, whose effect is to limit the liberty and diminish the prosperity of the people. We mark these tendencies to enormous and disastrous evil, and it seems as if nothing could avert its near or distant coming; but, at last, the people turn their eyes upon the disease that threatens greatest danger, the press in tones of thunder speaks the voice of the popular conviction and reprehension, and all in good time the wrong is righted, the drift toward destruction is arrested, and the agents of mischief are reformed or rendered powerless. This is the lesson of the last ten years of American life, and it is full of hope and promise. We are not likely to encounter anything more terrible in the future than those evils —political and social—which this conservative power has arrested in their course, or expelled. We drift toward a precipice, but when the waters quicken, and we feel ourselves tossing among the rapids, we spring to the oars, and with free, strong arms we row back to broader waters and sweeter and safer shores. We have the strongest faith in the conservative power of our free American life, and, with all our tendencies to evil, we firmly believe that we have the strongest government and the safest society of any great people whose life helps to weave the current history of Christendom.

### Esthetics at a Premium.

OUR good Americans who flock to Europe every year usually return prepared to talk about the absorption of the new world in practical affairs, and the lack of the esthetic element in American life. It is not to be expected, they say, in a tone which carries any amount of patronage and pardon with it, that a people who have forests to fell, and railroads to build, and prairies to plant, and cities to rear, and mines to uncover, and a great experiment to make in democratic government, should have time to devote to matters of taste. These latter things come with accumulated wealth and centuries of culture. We are necessarily in the raw now. The material overlies the spiritual. The whole nation, under the stimulus of a greed for wealth and the wide facilities for procuring it, is base. The almighty dollar is the national god; but it is confidently expected and predicted that we shall do better by and by. Let us see if there are not a few evidences that the better day is dawning.

New York has her Central Park, in which may be seen more genuine art and taste than have been devoted to any other park in the world. The Champs Elysées of Paris, the Thiergarten of Berlin, and Hyde Park in London, are all inferior to the Central Park in every respect. Now, to show how the element of taste in our life is surpassing the element of use—how the spiritual predominates over the material and practical—we have only to refer to our docks. It must be a matter of the serenest satisfaction and the most complacent pride that we, who have the reputation of being a city of money-getters and worshipers of the useful and the material, can point to our docks as the dirtiest, the most insufficient, and the least substantial of any possessed by any first-class city on the face of the globe. To the strangers who visit us from abroad we can proudly say: You have accused us of supreme devotion to the material grandeur of our city and our land. Look at our rotten and reeking docks, and see how little we care for even the decencies of commercial equipment, and then, if you can get safely on shore, come up to our Central Park, and forget all the coarser elements of life in the appointments and atmosphere of taste which will then surround you!

Have we not just founded a Metropolitan Museum of Art? Have we not established the nucleus of a collection which is to go on gathering to itself the contributions of the world and the ages? Are not our capitalists hoarding money for it? Do not our merchant princes go on piling up their millions with the proud design of remembering it in their wills? Nay, is not America the great art market of the world? Do we not run Rome as we would run a mill? Have we not transformed Munich, with her thousand artists, into a manufactory? Is not all Paris under tribute to us? Is it not our gold that makes yellower than sunshine the air in the studios of Florence? Yet we are accused of supreme devotion to the material, and this, too, in face of the fact that our city markets would be accounted a disgrace to any city in Christendom! We do not even undertake to have markets that are decently clean. The costliest viands that crown our feasts come from realms foul with impure odors, and from stalls past which a clean skirt never sweeps without disaster. To the caitiff who should accuse us of a gross and sensual life, and of devotion to the matters of eating and drinking, we would say: look at Fulton Market,—the meanest shed that ever covered a city's food—and then, when you have seen how little we care for even the appearance of cleanliness, go with us to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, to a hundred private galleries on Fifth and Madison Avenues, and to the walls of drawing-rooms that are covered with millions of dollars worth of pictures, and acknowledge that the esthetic holds us in absolute thrall, while we take no care for what we eat and what we drink!

New York a city devoted to the material! Why, it has not a single well-kept street! There is not one street in the whole city that is as clean any day as every principal street of Paris is every day. There are scores of streets that are piled with garbage from one end to the other. There are scores of streets so rough with worn-out pavements that no ordinary carriage can be driven through them at a rapid rate without the danger of breaking it. There are streets by the hundred that hold people so thoughtless of even the common decencies of life, that they keep their ash-barrels constantly upon their sidewalks, where they stand in long rows,—lines of eloquent monuments—testifying to the absorption of our citizens in purely esthetic pursuits. When we pass from such streets as these into houses holding the best-dressed men and women in the world, surrounded by every appointment of tasteful luxury,—men and women whose feet press nothing but velvet, and whose eyes see nothing but forms of beauty (except when they happen to look out of the window), we may well point the finger of scorn at those who taunt us with being devoted to the gratification of our senses. New York devoted to the senses! Why, it is not even courteous to the senses: it does not hold its nose!

We might proceed with the illustrations of our point, but they would be interminable. We might show how we have so left out of consideration the matter of utility in the erection of beautiful churches that we have spent all our available money without giving half our people sittings, and in doing so have made the sittings so expensive that not half of them are occupied. There is money enough invested in churches in New York to give every man and woman a sitting, and support the ministers, without costing a poor man a cent. Can this justly be called supreme devotion to practical affairs? Our love of fine architecture has even led us to forget our religion; and yet we are accused of having no love of art! Why do the Jenny Linds and Sontags and Nilssons come here to sing if there is no love of art here? But we forget. The musical illustration belongs to Boston. We regret that we have not, for the purposes of this article, Gilmore and his twenty thousand, but we cannot have everything; and it is enough to know that we have arrived at that pitch of civilization which enables us to hold an even head with Rome, whose atmosphere of art is malaria, or with old Cologne, whose exquisite cathedral bathes its feet in gutters that reek with the vapors of disease, and the nastinesses of a people absorbed in making Cologne water, and in the worship of eleven thousand virgins, none of whom are living.

### Rum and Railroads.

We hear a great deal in these days of the influence of railroad corporations in public affairs,—of their power to control large bodies of men and shape the policy of States. That danger lies in this power, there is no question. In many States it has been the agent of enormous corruption, and in some it has lorded it over legislature, judiciary, and executive alike. With abounding means at its disposal, it has done more to corrupt the fountains of legislation than any other interest; and more than any other interest does it need the restraining and guiding hand of the law, on behalf of the popular service and the popular virtue.

There is one influence of railroads, however, that has not been publicly noticed, so far as we know, and to this we call attention.

There is an influence proceeding from the highest managing man in a railroad corporation which reaches further, for good or evil, than that of almost any other man in any community. If the president or the superintendent of a railroad is a man of free and easy social habits; if he is in the habit of taking his stimulating glass, and it is known that he does so, his railroad becomes a canal through which a stream of liquor flows from end to end. A rum-drinking head man, on any railroad, reproduces himself at every post on his line, as a rule. Grog-shops grow up around every station, and for twenty miles on both sides of the iron track, and often for a wider distance, the people are corrupted in their habits and morals. The farmers who transport their produce to the points of shipment on the line, and bring from the depots their supplies, suffer as deeply as the servants of the corporations themselves.

This is no imaginary evil. Every careful observer must have noticed how invariably the whole line of a railroad takes its moral hue from the leading man of

e corporation. Wherever such a man is a free
inker, his men are free drinkers; and it is not in
ch men persistently to discountenance a vice that
ey persistently uphold by the practices of their daily
e. A thorough temperance man at the head of a
ilroad corporation is a great purifier; and his road
ecomes the distributor of pure influences with every
ad of merchandise it bears through the country.
here is just as wide a difference in the moral influ-
ce of railroads on the belts of country through
hich they pass as there is among men, and that
fluence is determined almost entirely by the manag-
g man. There are roads that pass through none
t clean, well-ordered, and thrifty villages; and there
e roads that, from one end to the other, give evi-
nce, in every town upon them, that the devil of
rong drink rules and ruins. The character of ten
ousand towns and villages in the United States is
termined, in a greater or less degree, by the charac-
r of the men who control the railroads which pass through them. These men have so much influence, and, when they are bad men, are such a shield and cover for vice, that always keeps for them its best bed and its best bottle, that nothing seems competent to neutralize their power.

The least that these corporations—to which the people have given such great privileges—can do, is to see that such men are placed in charge as will protect the people on their lines of road from degeneracy and ruin. To elect one man to a controlling place in a railway corporation whose social habits are bad, is deliberately, in the light of experience and of well-established facts, to place in every ticket-office and freight-office, and every position of service and trust on the line, a man who drinks; to establish grog-shops near every station; and to carry a moral and industrial blight along the whole line of road whose affairs he administers. "Like master like man;" and like man his companion and friend, wherever he finds him in social communion.

## THE OLD CABINET.

THE Editor came in early, bringing a fresh copy
Maga. It was next month's number. This
onth's is always stale. It was early in the spring,
t he had made up pretty much all the summer num-
rs, was busy far on into the autumn, and a little
xious about Christmas. When it actually arrived
st year, he said it seemed as if it must be next year's
hristmas. Perhaps it is well for an editor to live in
lvance of his times.

I asked him if his best contributions always came from
nown authors. No, he said. Occasionally a young
riter, of whom he has never heard, sends an ex-
ptionally good poem or story; but most of the new
mes in his table of contents have been of writers who
ve served an apprenticeship, perhaps anonymously,
the dailies, or weeklies, or quarterlies. The best
says, the brightest stories, and the poems with the
eatest lift, have generally come from experienced
riters, although their names may not in all cases
ve been familiar to the public.

With pathetic patience he has searched longingly
ousands of MSS. in strange hand-writings. But
e don't mind the dust-heap when one catches the
int of the diamond! And there is more joy in the
nctum over one genius that is found than over nine-
and nine first-class contributors who need no find-
g. His most serious disappointment has been a
omising first story or poem, followed by drivel.
e never cries Eureka nowadays until he is sure.
e sat down the other day, and wrote to the latest
promising" new-comer, begging her not to fail him.
lease be a genius, he pleaded, almost with tears in
is eyes.

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AFTER the editor went out, we fell to talking about
ories. "The editor sent back my last story," said the Young Writer, "because it had 'no point.' But I see people come upon and go off the stage of life with as little apparent purpose as the characters in my story. I'm tired of this everlasting preachment. I should like to know what the moral of *Jane Eyre* is?"

It takes a genius, I answered, to make a purposeless story effective. Charlotte Brontë did not plume herself upon her inability to write a book for its moral. And though honoring philanthropy, "I voluntarily and sincerely veil my face," she said, "before such a mighty subject as that handled by Mrs. Beecher Stowe's work, *Uncle Tom's Cabin.*" But then she could write—*Jane Eyre.*

. . . While there should be a purpose in every work of art (as art's value lies in something outside of itself), it seems to be in the nature of things that each work of genius, though lacking the original and informing purpose, should have its beneficent lesson. In so far as the moral sense of the artist or auditor is refined or cloyed will the lesson be enforced or heeded. The painter brings you a bit of landscape; though he may have set about its painting with no special motive, still if he is a genius—master of method and lord of the aim—it is a piece of nature; the spirit of the woods and of the hills is in it, and that is the Spirit Eternal. All the better if he has striven to express a grand idea, for in this new meeting of the human and the divine we shall have a lesser incarnation, with its gospel of peace and goodwill.

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HERE spake the critic: "I think stories are the most pestilent evil of the day. I am going to say my say against them before long, in good earnest; although I know it will be siding with Mrs. Partington against the Atlantic Ocean."

I did not care to go into an extended argument in favor of fiction. But I called the critic's attention to the spectacle one witnesses on the evening train from New York every Saturday evening. If you come over in the train-boat, you find a motley crowd of men and boys, from ten to seventy years old, who have hurried away from their shops and offices, crossed in the early boat, and crowd about the lamp at each end of the car, poring over the serial in the *New York Excruciator.* It shows the hunger there is for this kind of mental pabulum. You can't stop the supply of trash. Would you hinder that of wholesome food? And is not the love of fiction, in some form, inbred in human nature?

Of course there are stories and stories. But how could the truths that George MacDonald, for instance, has preached to the world have been given so wide currency in any other shape?

"Fudge," said the critic, "*Wilfrid Cumbermede* is a novel for women"—(Some people seem to think that is the severest thing that can be said about a book)—"Weak in plot and distracted by untimely psychological dissertations."

I agree that in the matter of construction the master nods sometimes. But in that sleep what dreams! Some paragraphs of MacDonald have more of inspiration for me than whole volumes of the most accomplished plot-makers of the day.

. . . Then, on this side the water we have Mrs. Whitney, and Mrs. Stowe and Hale, and Miss Alcott and Eggleston and the rest. Is there not something morally and intellectually bracing in one of Eggleston's stories? Do you remember *Huldah the Help*, and *Priscilla* and *Ben*, and have you read *The Hoosier Schoolmaster?* Eggleston himself is a sort of Hoosier MacDonald. Like the great Scotchman, he has dropped the "Rev.," taken the world for his parish and the novel for his pulpit. He has MacDonald's religiousness; his earnest purpose; something of his sublime contempt for all that is narrow and false; but besides he has a grit and a bluff heartiness that are altogether of the West. Here is a glorious passage from *The Hoosier School-master*:—

"The memory of the Helper, of his sorrow, his brave and victorious endurance, came when stoicism failed. Happiness might go out of life, but in the light of Christ's life happiness seemed but a small element anyhow. The love of woman might be denied him, but there still remained what was infinitely more precious and holy, the love of God. There still remained the possibility of heroic living. Working, suffering, and enduring still remained. And he who can work for God and endure for God, surely has yet the best of life left. And, like the knights who could only find the Holy Grail in losing themselves, Hartsook, in throwing his happiness out of the count, found the purest happiness, a sense of the victory of the soul over the tribulations of life. The man who knows this victory scarcely needs the encouragement of the hope of future happiness. There is a real heaven in bravely lifting the burden of one's own sorro and work."

Somebody asked the Critic if he called that sort o thing "pestilent evil."

. . . There are those who put a slight upo the novelist's talent. But even they must acknowedge that we find the highest in every art seeking epression in story. So the controversy is narrowed t the question between prose and verse. We may nc agree with those who rank prose above all other art There seems, at least, to be something more lastin in the poetic form. A poem is packed tight for long journey. We have some rather ancient specmens of the historical novel, however; and in thes days the art of prose story-telling is approaching pefection. Indeed George Eliot with the novel an Bret Harte with the short story seem to have almo made a new art of it, and the term "Idyl," applie to some of Harte's prose sketches, is not withou reference to the form as well as to the substance.

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THE talk about those who possess both the acconplishment of verse and prose led to an hour wit MacDonald—the Editor having returned with a cop of *Within and Without.** The publishers call it "Thrilling Story in Verse," and certainly as a nov it has more of rush and continuity than some of h prose works.

Julian, a count who, because of a love sorrow, ha taken monkish vows, wearies of the narrowness an vulgarity of the convent life, escapes out into th world, and instinctively wanders towards his hom and Lilia. He arrives at his castle, and is told tha Count Membroni, having been rejected by Lilia, ha worked her father's worldly ruin, and caused his imprisonment for debt. She is sheltered by an hone couple who once were almost pensioners of her Julian watches, and rushes in just in time to ki Membroni, who is brutally dragging Lilia to his cariage. The hero takes the lady to his castle an sends the money for the relief of her father. Sh falls into a fever, and in her wanderings reveals he constant love for him. He tells her of his havin been a monk, yet asks her to become his wife an flee with him to England. She is greatly trouble at the thought of marrying one who has taken monatic vows. But while she hesitates, the mob, led by spy from the convent, storms the castle. The love hasten to the river-side, where the Count's boat lies i readiness. After a lapse of five years the scene ope in London. A child, Lily, has been born to then They are poor. The mother gives music-lessons, an is much away from home. They grow strange apart—she saying: "He is too good for me, I wea for him;" "I would he were less great and love me more." He complaining,

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* *Within and Without,* by George MacDonald, LL.D author of "Wilfrid Cumbermede," "Annals of a Quiet Neigborhood," etc., Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

> "She has thought
> That I was tired of her, while more than all
> I pondered how to wake her living soul."

The sympathy that she fails to receive from her husband is extended to the poor mistaken wife by Lord Seaford. A moment of bewilderment—and she spurns his advances; then in remorse turns her back upon her home. As Lord Seaford suddenly sets out for Europe, it is supposed that they have gone together. With Lily nestling in his arms Julian roams the streets in a vague, restless quest. The child dies, and he resolves to leave London in search of his wife. But he is worn and ill. A letter from Lilia which reaches him on his death-bed is unopened, and Seaford's protestations of Lilia's innocence are made to ears almost insensate. Julian gazes at him blankly. A light begins to grow in his eyes. It grows till his face is transfigured. It vanishes. He dies. But in a dream the poet sees father, mother, and child reunited—"the three clasped in infinite embrace."

The story is exciting enough; but it is in another view that the poem is most significant. There are two themes of which MacDonald never tires—what has been called, with some but not entire appropriateness, the religion of doing—and the Fatherhood of God. These run like threads of silver and gold through all the fabric of his writings, and in this his longest and most dramatic poem, the Divine Fatherhood is the inspiring and pervading thought. In Julian's darkest hour, it is not doubt lest there be no God that tortures his soul—but the agony of a life lost from its father-life.

> "I am as a child new-born, its mother dead,
> Its father far away beyond the seas.
> Blindly I stretch my arms and seek for him:
> He goeth by me, and I see him not.
> I cry to him: as if I sprinkled ashes,
> My prayers fall back in dust upon my soul."
>
> "I thought I heard an answer: Question on.
> Keep on thy need; it is the bond that holds
> Thy being yet to mine. I give it thee,
> A hungering and a fainting and a pain,
> Yet a God-blessing. Thou art not quite dead
> While this pain lives in thee. I bless thee with it.
> Better to live in pain than die that death."
>
> "If thou wert less than truth, or less than love,
> It were a fearful thing to be and grow
> We know not what. My God, take care of me.
> Pardon and swathe me in an infinite love
> Pervading and inspiring me, thy child."

He sees God revealed in human form—revealed—but as in nature:—

> "I see the man; I cannot find the God.
> I know his voice is in the wind, his presence
> Is in the Christ. The wind blows where it listeth;
> And there stands Manhood: and the God is there,
> Not here, not here. [Pointing to his bosom.]"

Later his child comes to him:—

> As a little Christ from heaven to earth,
> To call him *father*, that his heart may know
> What *father* means, and turn its eyes to God!

And at last, on Christmas morning, the full meaning of the divine manhood floods his soul:—

> "Now the Divine descends, pervading all.
> Earth is no more a banishment from heaven;
> But a lone field among the distant hills,
> Well plowed and sown, whence corn is gathered home.
> Now, now we feel the holy mystery
> That permeates all being: all is God's;
> And my poor life is terribly sublime.
> Where'er I look, I am alone in God,
> As this round world is wrapt in folding space;
> Behind, before, begin and end in Him:
> So all beginnings and all ends are hid;
> And He is hid in me, and I in Him."
>
> "I sought my God; I pressed importunate;
> I spoke to Him, I cried, and in my heart
> It seemed He answered me. I said, 'O, take
> Me nigh to thee, thou mighty life of life!
> I faint, I die; I am a child alone
> 'Mid the wild storm, the brooding desert night.'
> 'Go thou, poor child, to Him who once, like thee,
> Trod the highways and deserts of the world.'
> 'Thou sendest me then, wretched, from thy sight!
> Thou wilt not have me—I am not worth thy care!'
> 'I send thee not away; child, think not so;
> From the cloud resting on the mountain peak,
> I call to guide thee in the path by which
> Thou mayst come soonest home unto my heart.
> I, I am leading thee. Think not of Him
> As He were one and I were one; in Him
> Thou wilt find me, for He and I are one.
> Learn thou to worship at his lowly shrine,
> And see that God dwelleth in lowliness.'
> I came to Him; I gazed upon his face;
> And lo! from out his eyes God looked on me!"

But I know what some of the critics will say about the poem—

> "Men from whose narrow bosoms
> The great child-heart has withered."

"After all," remarked the Editor, "doesn't MacDonald say these things better in his own marvellous prose?"

I think that on the whole MacDonald expresses himself more naturally, and therefore comes closer to us, in his novels than in his longer poems. But we are grateful for the thought, no matter what happens to be the form. And in the songs and sonnets scattered through this drama, the thought and the form go hand in hand:

> "Hark, hark, a voice amid the quiet intense!
> It is thy Duty waiting thee without.
> Rise from thy knees in hope, the half of doubt;
> A hand doth pull thee—it is Providence;
> Open thy door straightway, and get thee hence;
> Go forth into the tumult and the shout;
> Work, love, with workers, lovers, all about:
> Of noise alone is born the inward sense
> Of silence: and from action springs alone
> The inward knowledge of true love and faith.
> Then, weary, go thou back with failing breath,
> And in thy chamber make thy prayer and moan:
> One day upon *His* bosom, all thine own,
> Thou shalt lie still, embraced in holy death."

I know not where else, save perhaps somewhere in MacDonald, can be found subtler expression of the philosophy of avertedness, the truth that the best that can come to us in our meditations will strike more surely and swiftly into our souls while busy in the work that is given us to do.

There is a haunting echo from the infinite shore in that wonderful song with its burden of "Love me, beloved!"

> "Love me, beloved! for I may lie
> Dead in thy sight, 'neath the same blue sky;
> The more thou hast loved me, the less thy pain,
> The stronger thy hope till we meet again;
> And forth on the pathway we do not know,
> With a load of love, my soul would go."

And well this poet knows "the hurt, the hurt, and the hurt of love!"

> "Hurt as it may, love on, love forever;
> Love for love's sake, like the Father above,
> But for whose brave-hearted Son we had never
> Known the sweet hurt of the sorrowful love."

THERE is something tragic in the fate of my friend Alpha. He has achieved every accomplishment calculated to make a man shine in intellectual society; he is traveled; he is cultured; he is scintillant with gesture, theory, anecdote, compliment, allusion. He is up in opera, painting, etiquette, protoplasm. He has not only the manners of good society, but that deprecatory assumption of all-wisdom; that insufferable condescension; that indescribable air of unconscious self-consciousness which constitute the flower of refined worldliness. But, O Nemesis! In the eyes of that very society to which he has sacrificed his soul, he is that one unlovely thing—a bore.

## NATURE AND SCIENCE.

### Dust in Cities.

PROFESSOR TYNDALL states that almost the whole of the dust in rooms is of organic origin, and prominent among these organic bodies is horse manure. The removal of this offensive contamination from the air of infected localities has been the subject of careful experiment and investigation by the London Board of Health. Not only have the droppings been removed from the streets, but the surfaces of the pavements have also been purified by jets of water thrown by steam-power, whereby all the crevices between the stones forming the pavements have been cleansed. In some districts the practice has been adopted of covering all surfaces that are soaked with foul organic materials with a layer of fresh earth. This has been attended with the most satisfactory results. The Val de Travers asphalt pavement is however regarded by Sir Joseph Whitworth, the great English authority on all questions connected with street economy, as offering the most promising relief from such organic dust, since its introduction will tend to hasten the employment of hot-air engines with India rubber tires for all the purposes of street traffic, and the source or cause of the contamination will of necessity disappear.

### Destruction of the Germs of Disease.

As the result of a series of experiments on the destruction of low forms of life by heat, Dr. Crace Calvert demonstrates that the germs of disease will withstand a temperature of 300 degrees Fahrenheit. Exposure to such a heat as this injures the fibers of all kinds of cloth so seriously that they are unfit for further use. It is therefore evident that the mere agency of heat cannot be depended upon for the destruction of the germs or corpuscles attached to the clothing of persons who have suffered from any contagious disease.

The necessity for a change in opinion regarding the power of chlorine gas to accomplish this purpose is urged in a recent report of the New York Board of Health on the disinfection of clothing and rooms that have been exposed to contamination by small-pox. In the report in question carbolic acid is especially recommended for the disinfection of clothing and bedding, and sulphurous acid gas prepared by burning sulphur for the disinfection of rooms. The latter substance especially seems to have the power of utterly destroying the germs of small-pox, while chlorine frequently fails altogether or only accomplishes the object in an imperfect manner.

### Crossing the Channel.

THE success of the Suez Canal and of the Mont Cenis Tunnel has brought forward numerous proposals for the improvement of the means of crossing the English Channel. One of these is to construct a tunnel one hundred feet below the bed of the sea, in the clay that underlies the chalk, and so avoid all the troubles and accidents that might arise from the leakage of sea-water into the tube. The estimated expense of this operation is forty millions of dollars. The question of ventilation, which is a serious matter in such a scheme, it is proposed to meet either by shafts of iron rising at suitable intervals to a sufficient height above the level of the sea, or by propelling the trains by atmospheric pressure, and thus while introducing fresh air avoid the formation of foul air by the fires of locomotives. Other projects consist in laying tubes of iron or masonry on the bed of the sea and ventilating these by shafts communicating with the air. In one of these plans it is proposed to use the shafts as light-houses. A tube-like corridor or roadway floating at a depth of forty feet below the leve of the sea, and kept in place by great chains and anchors, has also been proposed. Floating bridges with gigantic draws, and bridges of enormous span with arches of sufficient height to permit the passage of ships in all weathers, have also been suggested Last, and perhaps the most practicable of all, is the scheme of employing enormous vessels or flat-boat which may take a whole train on board and deliver i safely on the opposite shore.

### Internal Temperature of the Earth.

THE experiments of Signor Barelli on the Alpine
nnel, result in showing a rate of increase in the
nperature equivalent to one degree in every ninety-
e feet of descent—a considerable variation from the
ults usually obtained. In the report on the mea-
ement of the temperature it is stated that when
blast which opened communication between the
lian and French works was fired, the smoke was
fted out at once by a current which set toward the
lian end, and which was favored in its movement
a difference of level of 435 feet in favor of the
lian end. The shaft therefore acts somewhat like
himney, and it is to be hoped this will favor its
per ventilation, a result most devoutly to be
yed for by those who have ever made the transit
the Alps by the railway which passes over the
untains.

### Hints on House Building.

PAPER on this subject, read by Edward Roberts,
.A., before the Royal Institute of British Archi-
ts, closes as follows:—

. Never allow pervious drains in pervious soils.
.. Never allow a cesspool or drain near a well.
. Never select gravel as a building-site if well-
ined clay can be obtained.
.. Never allow drinking water to be drawn from a
ern supplying a water-closet.
. Never allow waste-pipes to be inserted into
er-closet traps.
. Never allow rain-water to run to the ground if
required above.
. Never allow water to stand in pipes exposed to
st.
. Never allow pipes to be fixed so that they cannot
ty themselves.
. Never ventilate except by pipes or tubes; inlets
outlets being of equal size.
o. Never use glazed earthenware pipes for up-
d flues.
11. Never allow chandeliers to be the exclusive
t merely because it has been customary.

### Spots on the Sun.

N a communication to the Astronomical Society
Proctor gives reasons for the belief that the spots
he sun are produced by volcanic action, which is
the time intensified by the proximity of some
net.

he tides in an ocean were supposed by Sir John
schel to provoke the volcanoes on its shores. The
e proximity of the moon to our planet is also
ght to stimulate them to increased activity. The
s of Jupiter in 1860, and again recently, were
ngely disturbed during changes in the solar enve-
. May not such curious sympathies and reactions
nasses on each other, and their singular relations
olcanic action, lead to an explanation of pheno-
a that are otherwise very mysterious?

### Influence of Violet Light on Plants.

GENERAL A. J. PLEASANTON has made a series of experiments on the growth of grapes in light transmitted through violet glass. The results obtained by him under these conditions are very surprising, both as regards the rapidity of the growth of the vines and also in the amount of the yield of fruit.

A similar series of experiments was made some years ago by Professor J. W. Draper on pea-plants. In this investigation the light was passed through the violet blue of ammonia-sulphate of copper in No. 1; through chromate of potash yellow in No. 2; through open air in No. 3; through the red of sulphocyanate of iron in No. 4; while No. 5 was shut in a dark closet. After three days No. 1 was three times its former height, and the leaves had doubled in number. No. 2—Not quite twice its former size; no new leaves. No. 3—Twice its former size; no new leaves. No. 4—Four and a half times its former size, and double the number of leaves. No. 5—Three and a half times its former size, with yellowish leaves. In these experiments it was found that an increase in the amount of moisture in the air accelerated the growth greatly.

M. Bert, who has recently made an investigation into this subject, states as the result of his experiments that all lights of isolated colors are ultimately injurious to plants, but blue light less so than any other.

### Elevation of Polar Lands.

REGARDING this change of level, Mr. Howorth remarks: "Not only is the land around the Pole rising, but there is evidence to show that the nearer we get to the Pole the more rapid the rise is. This has been demonstrated most clearly in the case of Scandinavia by Sir Charles Lyell, who carefully gauged the rise at different latitudes from Scania, where the land is almost stationary, to the northern parts of Norway, where the rise is four feet in a century. While in Spitzbergen and the Polar Sea of Siberia, if in the memory of seal-fishers and others the water has shallowed so fast as to have excluded the right whale, we may presume that the rate of emergence continues to increase until it reaches its focus at the Pole, as it certainly diminishes until it disappears toward the south, between the 56th and 58th parallels of latitude."

### Adulteration of Gas.

SINCE the amalgamation of the gas companies in London, the sophistication of the gas has proceeded at such a rate that the *Builder* thinks that as London milk consists of water colored by a little of the product of the cow, so the material furnished by the gas companies is common air illuminated by a little carburetted hydrogen, to which mixture a liberal supply of brimstone is added gratis.

In contradistinction to this, it is of interest to record the improvement in the manufacture of gas by Dr. Eveleigh's process, in which the distillation of the coal is carried on at a lower temperature than that usually employed, and with a consumption of two-thirds of the old quantity of fuel has yielded 11,000 cubic feet of eighteen-candle gas from one ton of Newcastle coal.

### Food in Sieges.

DURING the siege of Paris, many of the members of the Academy of Sciences devoted their talents and energies to the discovery of new methods of preparing food, in order that nothing should be lost. Prominent among these was M. Dubrunfaut, who paid especial attention to the artificial manufacture of butter and milk. The latter article of diet he regards as a mere emulsion of fatty matter in water, and proposes to imitate it by adding to half a pint of water an ounce and a half of cane or grape sugar, one ounce of albumen prepared from white of eggs, and about twenty-five grains of subcarbonate of soda. These are agitated with about an ounce of olive or other oil, at a temperature of 130° F., and the resulting pasty emulsion, on being treated with its own bulk of water, forms a liquid possessing the general appearance of milk. This artificial product was employed as a substitute for the genuine article during the recent siege of Paris, and it is proposed to administer it to the calves on dairy farms, and thereby increase the amount of the natural fluid available for the wants of man.

Another suggestion of M. Dubrunfaut is, that tainted meat may have the disagreeable odor entirely removed by frying, after which it may be employed in the preparation of various dishes.

### Ice.

THE regelation or reuniting of fractured surfaces of ice is one of the agencies that nature employs in the movement of the great glaciers or ice rivers of lofty mountains. A very instructive experimental illustration of this singular property may be performed by placing a piece of ice on coarse wire gauze, and submitting it to pressure, when it slowly passes through the gauze and reunites on the under side, forming a solid block marked with lines of air-bubbles that correspond to the tracks through which the wires have passed.

The formation and preservation of ice in such countries as Bengal, where the temperature rarely falls below 50° F., is accomplished through the agency of ice-fields. The principle involved is to secure the most rapid radiation and evaporation possible. This is done by placing a thin stratum of water in shallow dishes of porous earthenware, which are arranged at sunset side by side on a bed of perfectly dry straw. The water in the vessels is quickly cooled, partly by radiation to the sky and partly by evaporation through the porous material of which the dishes are made, and ice soon forms on the surface of the liquid. It is said that on nights when the wind is favorable, and the evaporation and consequent cooling thereby hastened, it is no uncommon occurrence t secure five tons of ice per acre from these fields.

### A New Hygrometer.

THOSE who have attended chemical lectures wil remember that marks made on paper with chlorid of cobalt are almost invisible, but that on exposin the paper to warmth—as, for instance, holding it i front of a fire—the marks at once become visible This change is owing to the varying color of this sal under variations of moisture and temperature, and i was at one time utilized for the purposes of correspondence when it was desired to hide the communication from the eyes of all but those for whom it wa intended. The plan usually followed under thes circumstances was to fill the lines of the paper wit ordinary writing, and then write the secret communication between the lines in a chloride of cobalt ink When ordinarily dry this became invisible, but o warming it and so drying it completely, the colo became sufficiently distinct to enable the reader t decipher the marks with ease.

This property of the chloride of cobalt to change it color has also been applied to the preparation of suc chemical toys as fire-screens, in which portions of th views by which they are illuminated appear or disappear according as they are warmed or cooled. It now proposed to employ it in the construction of a hygrometer which shall, by its changes in color, ind cate changes in the quantity of moisture in the air.

### Brilliant Lights.

THE brilliancy and purity of the calcium and oth oxy-hydrogen lights is well known, and the desirabilit of introducing them has been very generally discusse Though there are many advantages to be gained t the use of such lights, these are seriously reduced i importance by their exceeding brilliancy, renderir them painful to the eyes, and by the possibility of acc dent in the hands of the careless. We therefore pr pose, without expressing any opinion regarding tl practicability of introducing these oxy-hydrogen light to relate certain improvements that have of late bee made, whereby their expense is greatly reduced.

One of the oxy-hydrogen lights is formed by passir oxygen into the flame of burning coal-gas. The latt we may regard as hydrogen united with carbon charcoal, and it is ordinarily obtained by the distill tion of the soft or bituminous coals. It is now pr posed to prepare such a gas by forcing hydrogen unite directly with carbon. This is readily accor plished by passing the hydrogen at a certain temper ture through coke saturated with naphtha, or sor allied substance that is rich in carbon; but the gre difficulty in the way is the expense attending the ge eration of the hydrogen. For this purpose many d ferent processes have been proposed, one of the mc promising of which is that of M. Giffard, who stat that it may be prepared at the rate of seventy cul feet per minute by alternately passing steam and d arbonic oxide gas over red-hot iron. The steam xidizing the iron furnishes hydrogen, and when no nore gas evolves the iron oxide is reduced to the netallic state and prepared for use again through the gency of the carbonic oxide gas, which may be made t a very cheap rate.

For the preparation of the oxygen required to pro-uce the vivid combustion many processes have of late ears been devised. Among these is that of M. Mallet, ho obtains it by alternately moistening the chloride f copper in the air, and then heating it to 400° F. he copper salt, under these circumstances, alternately bsorbs oxygen from the air and then surrenders it, the ction being similar to that in the case of the perman-anates of soda and potassa.

### Memoranda.

PROF. OWEN, in a recent article, says: "Physio-ogy can affirm no other than that bipeds enjoying (?) oo years of life could not belong to our species."

Typhoons move in a parabolic rather than a circu-ır course is the result arrived at by a careful investi-ation of the phenomena connected with the fearful torm of September last.—(Mr. Frank Armstrong.)

The Suez Canal, among its other curiosities, pre-ents the traveler with the extraordinary spectacle of ast flights of flying-fish, which at times suddenly ppear in the vicinity of the vessel and as suddenly isappear.

The iron consumed in the United States is year by ear coming in greater quantity from Great Britain. ut of 900,000 tons exported by that country last ear, 156,757 tons were taken by the United States gainst 97,586 tons in the year preceding. In Octo-er last the quantity imported from this source was 2,174 tons, or more than the whole product of the on-works of this country during that month.

Lobos Islands Guano is stated by a commission in ie interest of the Peruvian Government to be equal, not superior, to that from the Chincha Islands.

Xylonite, which is prepared by the action of nitric cid on woody fiber, is made into a sheeting or tissue npermeable to water, which may be used as a substi-ıte for india-rubber in the manufacture of all water-roof articles.

Poisoned air, that so frequently gains access to ooms from the sewers, is the cause of many an attack f fever. All contamination from this source may be voided by relieving the pressure on the traps of the aste-pipe by means of a tube communicating with ie open air at the top of the house.

Asbestos is now used as a packing for the piston-ods of steam-engines. Its power of resisting the ac-on of heat fits it admirably for this purpose.

Railway dust is, according to a recent analysis, omposed chiefly of iron. No less than fifty per cent. f a quantity that collected on a newspaper was found to consist of fine particles of this metal, which were easily separated by a magnet. The rest is chiefly finely divided fragments of cinders.

The teeth in the insane are prone to undergo certain changes. Dr. Langdon Down, who read a paper on this subject recently before the Odontological Society, states therein that from the examination of nearly one thousand cases he has found that he could in the majority of instances state the period at which the imbecility or insanity began.

Explosions in gas-tubes made of copper are not of infrequent occurrence where such tubes are employed. A recent accident of this kind at the station at Liége in France was caused by the contact of a file with the interior coating of the pipe, and the serious consequent injuries led to an investigation of the cause, when it was found that the coal-gas in passing through the copper tube had formed an explosive dark-colored acetate of copper.—(Journal de l'Eclairage.)

The extraction of oil from wool, without injury to its texture, is now successfully accomplished through the agency of bisulphide of carbon. Large quantities of oil are by the same agent obtained from bones, from different kinds of oil-cake, and from the press residues of cacao and olives.

The depopulation of the Arctic coasts by the removal of the chief means of subsistence of the inhabitants is a question involving only a short time, if the rate of destruction of the seals and walrus is not soon diminished.

Conflagrations have frequently originated in England from the ignition of the illuminating gas at the meter by a lightning spark. It is therefore advisable always to establish a good connection between the lightning-rods and the gas or water mains outside of the building.—(H. Wilde.)

The cutting of all kinds of hard substances is now accomplished by means of a fine blast of sand. The principle is the same as that involved in the new process of engraving glass by a similar blast.

Cane-sugar when exposed to light in sealed tubes is converted into grape-sugar or glucose. The solution should be as concentrated as possible.—(M. Raoult.)

A powerful disinfectant, especially adapted to the destruction of insects, is prepared by passing sulphurous acid into alcohol.

Sponge paper, made by adding finely divided sponge to paper pulp, has been used in France for dressing wounds. It absorbs water readily and retains moisture for a long time; it is therefore applicable to many purposes in the arts and manufactures.

Collectors of insects, and amateurs, were, at a recent meeting of the Entomological Society, advised to be on their guard against tricky dealers, who manufacture new varieties by dipping various insects into aniline and other colors.

The South Kensington Museum has, from the time it was first opened up to February 10th, 1872, received no less than 11,155,501 persons within its doors. What an instrument for the diffusion of practical knowledge!

The Ecole Polytechnique of Paris is in future to be a civil institution only, and to be attached to the Public Works Department. Its courses are to be confined to civil engineering and chemistry.

The hard excrescences on the roots of young grapevines are produced by a species of *aphis*, or plant-louse.—(W. Campbell.)

The codling moth, when in its state of larva, may be entrapped by winding bandages of straw, hay, or cloth around the trunks of the fruit-trees.—(Professor Riley.)

The insane in the Surrey County Asylum, England, have been treated to a course of private theatricals with excellent results. The patients were spectators, not performers.

Sensitive flames, which can be made to respond to certain notes, have for some time been scientific playthings. It is proposed by M. Barry to make such a flame by igniting gas after it has passed through a wire gauze placed about two inches above the opening of a gas-burner.

Dynamite has been used in France for blasting timber, and also for breaking up large defective castings. In Denmark it was recently employed in bursting through a very hard bed or layer that obstructed the final completion of an artesian well.

In aërating distilled water for the purposes of the table on ships, the nearer the temperatures of the air and liquid approach each other, the more readily do they combine.—(G. W. Baird, U. S. N.)

## HOME AND SOCIETY.

### Ill Winds that may blow Good.

In view of the exhaustive way in which the "Irish help" seems, individually or collectively, to sound the whole gamut of discord and inefficiency, the weary and disheartened housekeeper may be pardoned for disagreeing with Hamlet, and declining to rather bear the ills she has than fly to others which she knows not of. Anything for a change. The results of the late Civil War promise to open a loop-hole of escape. It is to be regretted that some intelligent and organized action has not been taken to invite northward, and, in case of necessity, to bring here, a supply of the well-trained servants whom political and social convulsions have thrown out of employ, or to whom the changed state of affairs promises a wider and more remunerative field in our Northern society. With all their faults, the colored race possess two or three admirable recommendations for this class of work. They have, when properly disciplined, an excellent faculty for detail, with the accompanying merits of neatness and good taste in household minutiæ; and, secondly, they show the most singular aptness and eagerness for imitating the personal habits and manners of their betters. Your true darky cherishes as his dearest ideal the thought of being a gentleman, and with this moral lever may be humanely manipulated to endless desirable results.

Since the late Franco-German War, there is prospect that another valuable element may be added to our working population in this regard. Quantities of honest, laborious country people, or dwellers in the small towns of Alsace, Lorraine, and the districts most sadly ravaged by the war, are either arriving here or seriously contemplating emigration. To these people the objections usually made to the conventional French servant do not apply. The regular professional French valet, or *femme de chambre*, is a creature of city life and metropolitan perversion, shrewd, alert, plausible, and *polite*, so long as it seems to pay, but apt to be tricky, passionate, selfish, and unprincipled. The agricultural and manufacturing class now tending hitherward are likely to bring with them something of rustic simplicity and faith, if they still show much of rustic ignorance and awkwardness. One of this class is bustling around our table and raising clouds of dust under our editorial nose as we scribble this article. Excellent Joséphine! what a queer, uncouth, hearty, fresh, and unconventional specimen of humanity it is! Her capacity for work—such as it is—is boundless, and equally so her good-nature. In the thousand little casualties and *contretemps* of house-work, her simple wonder at what a clever friend once called the natural depravity of inanimate objects charms away half the irritation excited by her blunders, and the gurgling, merry ring of her infectious laughter completes the cure. Where her sister "Biddy" would be aristocratically indignant at not having the pick of the market and the run of the store-closet, and hint strongly at the use of the parlor on "off evenings" to receive the "young jintleman that's paying her attintions," meek Joséphine quietly stays her hearty rustic appetite on the slender remains of a very economical housekeeping, and placidly sews or meditates through the long evenings in blissful disregard of balls and beaux and basement entries. And to crown all—*O sancta simplicitas*—what a whiff of rural innocence there lay in the letter she smilingly brought us the other day from her old parents in the Vosges, written by the village schoolmaster, urging her to consider *ses maîtres* as her second parents in everything, and to be a good and faithful girl to them, and strictly charging her to impress on her employers that any dereliction of duty must be straightway laid before them, the home government, at two thousand miles' distance ! ! A trait somewhat foreign, we venture to opine, to the Celtic constitution !

In short, Joséphine is a type of a new, interesting, and most useful class of emigrants, as yet unspoiled by the rampant insubordination of metropolitan life. We mean to keep her so if we can, and in the mean ime, if she has any cousins like her, it is to be hoped hey may come after.

### The Rights of some Women.

We have in mind two among the most agreeable women we have ever met, both in manners and general cultivation, who are fitted personally to adorn any drawing-room, and who can converse intelligently on any subject which may be broached there, but who are not in general society, in the town where they ive, simply because one of them is a dressmaker and he other a milliner. Both devote their evenings to reading and study; they travel, they hear the best music, and are familiar with the best thoughts of the lay; and to the few who are really acquainted with hem, they are valued friends. But they are not often nvited—because nobody thinks of it. Can society afford to do without such women as these? And heir case is not exceptional. It is true that there are scores of young girls in our shops whose breeding and whole appearance are very questionable, and who could not be received, at present, into polite society. But do we hold out any inducements to them to cultivate themselves? Do they see that those in their position who have become refined and intelligent are any better off, socially, than themselves? Nay, may not they seem rather worse off, as having lost a taste for one kind of society, and failed to obtain admission to another?

But, it may be answered, we have church sociables for these very people. Yes, we have; and most of them are very poor affairs indeed. Would it do you much good, if you were a shop-girl, to go once a month to tea, at a church parlor, and be waited on with condescending assiduity by Mrs. Jones, who never speaks to you in the shop except to give an order? Or do you even care much for her kinder and more thoughtful neighbor, whom you always like to serve, because of her gentle ways, when she urges you to come to these sociables and "get acquainted," and never would think of asking you to her house for that purpose, no matter how unexceptionable your English and your dress?

Our rule is not so revolutionary as it seems. We *do* believe in an arrangement of society which shall permit the introduction of all worthy to take a place in it; a society where, at least for those not native to it, the qualifications shall be refinement and intelligence. Some are in who ought to be out, no doubt; but this cannot be helped. It is for those who are out and ought to be in that we now speak.

### Hints for House-Furnishing.

With the return of Spring the hearts of housekeepers are turned to their houses. It is astonishing how dingy now appear articles of furniture that have hitherto quite satisfied us; how we long to renew the freshness of our rooms as the earth renews her verdure. It is easy enough to do this where there are unlimited means at command,—to do it, at least, in a certain way,—but to do it satisfactorily requires no less taste than money. Some of the ugliest rooms we have ever seen, have been those on which no expense has been spared. The compensations of a limited income may often be seen in the thoughtfulness which it compels both in dress and house-furnishing. Very few of the tradesmen concerned with the fitting up of interiors are to be wholly trusted in matters of taste. It is worth while for all, especially those of moderate means, to make these things a study; to educate the eye, as far as possible, so that they may not make mistakes of color and form which they cannot afford to repair speedily.

Philip Gilbert Hamerton, in his last book of desultory but charming *Thoughts About Art*, drops many useful hints on the decoration and furnishing of houses. "A house," he says, "ought to be a work of art, just like a picture. Every bit of furniture in it should be a particle of a great composition, chosen with reference to every other particle. A grain of color, a hundredth of an inch across, is of the utmost importance in a picture, and a little ornament on a chimney-piece is of the utmost artistic importance in a house. A friend of mine, who really understands painting, is so exquisitely alive to harmony of color, that I have seen him exclude a penholder from a large room because its color was discordant. This may be carrying matters a little too far, but the principle is correct. There should, of course, be some dominant color in every room, and whatever fails to harmonize with it should be kept as much as possible in the background if it be impossible to exclude it." But the harmonies of color, according to Mr. Hamerton, are just what are least understood, and he goes on to teach us by illustrations from Nature, that blue and green, contrary to the milliner's dictum, are, or may be, in exquisite harmony when used in the decoration of our houses.

### Walls and their Coverings.

In the old days of wainscots, when every room of any pretensions to elegance was banded with light or dark wood to a height of three or four feet from the base, it was far easier to effectively ornament the portion of wall left uncovered, than it is when an unbroken surface sweeps, as now, from floor to ceiling.

If the pattern which covers this surface be large and positive, the effect is to lessen the apparent size of the room, and confuse with vulgar repetition. If, on the contrary, it is small and inconspicuous, there is a wearisome effect of monotony displeasing to a trained eye. Even if the paper be of plain tint, and intended merely as a background for pictures, etc., the effect is enhanced by contrast and breaks in surface. There are various methods to produce this result, as for instance:—

A space corresponding to the ancient wainscot is left to the height of three or four feet above the floor, and filled in with paint or paper of solid color, harmonizing or contrasting with that which is used on the upper part of the wall. This is usually topped with a wooden moulding to serve as a "chairing," above which the lower tint of plain gray, pearl, green, is repeated in subdued pattern, the surface being broken at top and bottom by a narrow band of contrasting color.

Or again: the paper, which is of any quiet shade, is relieved above and below by a broad band of velvet paper in rich, deep color, which, running also up the corners of the room, *frames* the paler tint, as it were, into a number of large panels. This plan is sometimes carried out very effectively.

Another way is to paper in three horizontal bands, the lower being of dark brown, simulating wainscot, the next of plain green or fawn, as background for a line of pictures, and the upper of delicate, fanciful pattern, finished at the cornice by soft fresco tints.

Of these three plans we should recommend the first to people of moderate means and tastes. It costs no more to paper the lower part of a wall with plain paper than with figured, the strip of moulding at top adds little to the expense, and the prettiness and effect of the whole is infinitely enhanced by the use of a cheap and simple method.

Paint *versus* Paper is a point on which rival housekeepers disagree. Very beautiful results can certainly be attained by paint, but the really beautiful ones are laborious and usually expensive. Kalsomine, which is a process of water-coloring, gives extremely pretty effects, and for ceilings, cornices, or any place not exposed to much rubbing and scraping, is sufficiently permanent. The process of *sanding* paint and painting over the sand produces a depth and richness of color only equaled by velvet paper, and far superior to that in durability.

Stenciling on wood, on rough plaster, and on paint is so cheap and excellent a method of decoration that we wonder it is not more often resorted to. A row of encaustic tiles are often set, in England, as a finish at top of wainscoting. These tiles, which are but little used among us, are susceptible of many graceful applications to the ornamentation of houses, and we hope the time will come for their fuller introduction on this side of the ocean.

The tone of the ceiling should be lighter than that of the wall, and the tone of the wall lighter than that of the floor. Attention to this simple law would obviate the distressing effect occasionally produced in modern houses, when, by reason of the lightness of the carpet and the heaviness of the fresco, the room seems in danger of falling in upon itself and its inhabitants.

### Sick-room Papers.—No. 2.—The Nurse.

VENTURING on a few plain axioms which all nurses, however limited in scope and ambition, should accept and remember, we note the following:—

Secure your patient's confidence. If he learns to doubt your memory or discretion, and feels obliged to keep the run of the medicines and the doctor's rules in his own head, so as to be able to remind *you*, he might as well have no nurse at all.

Watch his fancies. These "fancies" are often the most valuable indications of what will conduce to recovery. Not that they are always to be relied upon, still less indulged. But an observant nurse will discriminate and judge for herself.

Be quiet in movement and in voice. How a sick person learns to hate the fussy nurse, the loud nurse —the nurse that rustles. But "slowness is no gentleness, though it is often mistaken for such: quickness, lightness, and gentleness are quite compatible." It is not the absolute noise that harms a patient, it i the strain on his attention and nerves. A long whispered consultation in the room or passage jus out of his hearing, does him more injury than a drum in the street below his window.

Don't fidget. Don't weary the invalid with you mental processes. Irresolution is what sick person most dread. People who "think outside thei heads" should never be nurses.

Conciseness and decision, especially in little things are necessary for the comfort of the sick—as necessary as the absence of hurry and bustle. A sick person should not be called upon to make up hi mind more than once upon any matter. As well demand that he digest two dinners.

Divert. "A patient can just as much mov his leg when it is fractured as change his thought when no external help from variety is given him." And this sameness is one of the main suffering in sickness, just as the fixed posture is one of th main sufferings of the broken limb.

If you read aloud, don't drag and don't gabble Above all, don't read bits out of some book which happens to interest yourself, in the vain hope of thereby entertaining your invalid. Few things creat a more painful tension for weak nerves than this very common habit.

And lastly,—with all reverence be it spoken,—dismiss from your mind and speech the habit of laying upon "Providence" the blame which is due to human carelessness and human inefficiency. Providence—under the dearer and closer name of God—i with us in sickness as in health. But, to clos with some of the best and bravest words spoken in our day: "He lays down certain physical laws Upon his carrying out those laws depends our responsibility (that much-abused word), for how could w have responsibility for actions, the results of which we could not foresee—which would be the case if th carrying out of His laws was not certain? Yet w eem to be continually expecting that He will work a miracle—*i. e.*, break His own laws expressly to relieve us of responsibility.

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### The Cultivation of Annuals, etc.

THE skillful gardener understands the importance of giving annuals and perennials sufficient room in order to develop well the form of the plant and the size, beauty, and richness of the flowers. If they tand in thick masses in the bed each plant will be eeble in growth and bear comparatively few flowers, small and imperfectly developed. The contrast between such flowers and those that are set out with rom six to twelve inches between them will show the amateur gardener how desirable is space in their culture. Asters, Phlox, Delphiniums, Amaranthus, Stocks, etc., should be planted a foot apart; Petunias require two or three feet; Verbenas the same. Smaller plants should be six inches apart.

Some annuals grow in a handsome, symmetrical form; others are stragglers, and are much improved by pinching in the longer shoots before they grow ungainly. Balsams, for instance, need pinching in. Asters require but little of it, as their habit is graceful.

There are so many varieties offered to the selection of the amateur florist, that she can easily choose those which are sufficiently hardy to adapt themselves to any soil; but that in which their culture will be the most successful is a mellow loam, deep and rich, and the more finely it is pulverized the less will the plants suffer from a drought.

All seeds will germinate quickly in a very fine soil, well mixed with leaf-mould or thoroughly decayed compost manure. The first requisite is fresh seeds whose vitality has not been injured by too long keeping, or by dampness. Then for two or three days after planting they should be shaded with newspapers and kept well moistened until they sprout; and when transplanted they should be moved after nightfall, or on a showery day, and then protected from the sun for a day or more.

In answer to the question, "What shall I plant?" we venture to enumerate a few from among the numerous varieties, which are "novelties" for 1872.

The *Amaranthus bicolor olbiensis*, with its slender purple stems terminated in rosettes of a bright blood-red, is most lovely and effective. The *Amaranthus salicifolius* grows like a pyramid to the height of about two and a half feet, its leaves forming bright-colored plumes giving it a very picturesque appearance; so graceful is its habit, so rich its hues, that it produces a fine effect either growing in vases as single specimens, or grouped *en masse* with other ornamental foliaged plants.

The *Ageratum Lasseauxi* is a rose-colored variety of this species from Buenos Ayres. It is very pretty for house culture, blooming the first season from the seed; and if covered will live over the winter, as its habit is perennial.

*Campanula laciniatus* is a fine biennial growing about two feet high. Its shining foliage is deeply serrated and closely veined with white, while its large cup-shaped flowers are of a rich blue, making it a strikingly handsome plant.

*Delphinium nudicaule* is a beautiful species from California, its flowers, varying in color from a rich scarlet to nearly crimson, and dazzling the eye with their brightness. It is a hardy perennial, and blooms early in the summer, and will flower the same season it is sown, if planted early enough. Then there are six new kinds of *Echeveria metallica* offered for our selection. Succulent plants are quite the fashion now as edgings to picturesque designs and in sub-tropical gardening, for they stand our dry summers without injury and grow in beauty under our hot suns.

*Echeveria secunda glauca* possesses silvery leaves and scarlet flowers.

*E. Sanguinea* is a distinct species, with dark reddish-brown leaves, and is easy of culture.

*Matricaria eximia grandiflora* is a splendid "novelty," its flowers being very large and double, of snowy whiteness, and resembling those of the double feverfew. This is a decided acquisition.

*Mimulus duplex atropurpureus* is a rich, dark maroon in color, one flower growing within another.

*Phlox Heynholdi cardinalis* is a new variety of Drummond's Phlox, with intense scarlet flowers and large, dark-green foliage. This plant is very robust, and so rare is it that fifty cents are asked for five tiny seeds.

*Scabiosa nana striata* is a new double kind, with flowers striped like a carnation: this is a decided "novelty."

*Solanum habridum compactum* is a rich, beautiful plant, growing a foot and a half in height and bearing clusters of small white flowers, which form into large bright red berries. It is equally lovely for house culture or lawn decoration.

*New Victoria Stocks* are an improvement upon one of the most desirable of summer flowers: two flowers are combined in one calyx, thus forming immense flower-spikes in eight different colors.

*Tropæolum speciosum*, a native of Chili, is of a deep scarlet. It is a hardy perennial, and will stand northern winters if well covered.

*Zanchneria Roezl* is a new flower discovered by Dr. Roezl among the Sierra Nevadas; its flowers are very abundant and of a scarlet hue; its habit is compact, and it will flower the first season. It also makes a most charming plant for in-door culture.

*Zinnia Haageana flore pleno* is a double-flowered variety of the Mexican species; its color is a deep orange margined with yellow, and its flowers are fine for drying, as they retain their color perfectly.

*Zinnia tagetiflora fl. pl.* has quilled petals like an Aster, and is a very brilliant annual.

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### Relishes for Tea.

JOHN often comes home from his office or counting-room half famished, and is hardly satisfied with tea and toast for his evening repast; he does not care for "sweets," but will be happy over a dainty slice of some compound of meats. The following are all well-tested receipts:—

Spiced Veal.—Chop three pounds of veal steak, and one thick slice of salt fat pork, as fine as sausage-meat; add to it three Boston crackers, rolled fine; three well-beaten eggs; half a teacup of tomato catsup; a tea-spoonful and a half of fine salt; a tea-spoonful of pepper; and one grated lemon. Mould it into the form of a loaf of bread, in a small dripping-pan; cover with one rolled cracker; and baste with a tea-cupful of hot water and melted butter, with two table-spoonfuls of the butter. Bake for three hours, basting every little while (this makes it moist). Make the day before it is desired for the table; slice very thin, and garnish with slices of lemon and bits of parsley.

Melton Veal.—This is a standard dish at the Melton Races in England, and is composed of alternate slices of veal and ham. Butter a good-sized bowl, and slice as thin as possible six hard-boiled eggs, then line the bowl with the slices. Place in the bottom a layer of raw veal steak in thin slices, and sprinkle over it a small quantity of salt, pepper, and grated lemon-peel; proceed in the same way with thin slices of raw ham, but leave out the salt. Fill up the bowl in this manner. Cover it with a thick paste of flour and water, so stiff as to be rolled out. Tie a double cotton cloth all over the top, and boil three hours, putting it into boiling water at the first, and keeping the water just below the level of the bowl. When cooked, take off the cloth and the paste, and let the veal stand until the following day; then turn it on to a platter, and cut very thin after it comes to the table; garnish with sliced lemon and parsley. It is "a dainty dish" to set before a king. It is also delicious as a side dish for dinner, and makes a good breakfast.

Potted Shad.—Cut a fine shad into three or four pieces, omitting the tail and head; place a piece in a small stone jar, sprinkle well with salt, and whole allspice, and whole pepper-corns; fill up the jar in this manner, and cover the shad with sharp cider vinegar. Cover the jar with a stiff paste, and bake in a slow oven for three or four hours. If the vinegar is strong it will dissolve all the small bones of the shad, and the large one should be removed before baking. This will keep, in a cool place, if tightly covered, for five or six weeks; so it is well to pot three or four shad at once. It is a delicious relish for either breakfast or tea.

Potted Beef.—Take eight pounds of lean rump steak, put it into a stone jar, with a tea-cup of boiling water, a level table-spoonful of salt, a tea-spoonful of pepper, and a few whole allspice, with one onion chopped fine. Cover with paste and bake for three hours. Turn out all the liquor, and take out the meat into the chopping-bowl. Pound it fine with the pestle; season with half a tea-cup of catsup. Taste it, and if not highly seasoned add more salt and pepper. When perfectly fine press into moulds, or small cups; and if desired to be kept for six weeks, cover the tops with melted butter so thickly that no meat is seen. Wet the moulds or cups with water, and the beef will turn out in form.

## CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

### The Yellowstone National Park.

The hungry patrons of cheap restaurants down town must occasionally have been edified by the notice posted conspicuously over the counter, that "all pastry consumed in this establishment is made on the premises." Without committing ourselves to the general principle of protection for home manufactures, we may afford to rejoice at any measure tending to encourage the practice of doing our own pleasuring within our own borders. The recent Act of Congress concerning a singularly picturesque tract of land known as the Yellowstone region, will call attention to the unexampled richness of Montana and Wyoming Territories as a field for the artist or the pleasure tourist, while it aims to ensure that the region in question shall be kept in the most favorable condition to attract travel and gratify a cultivated and intelligent curiosity. By the Act, some 2,500 square miles of territory at the head-waters of the Yellowstone river are set apart as a National Park (!) with a Superintendent (the Secretary of the Interior) authorized to take all measures to keep the region in such condition as most fully to answer its purpose of a gigantic pleasure-ground. Verily a colossal sort of junketing-place! The Yankee in the story-book claimed that America could boast of bigger lakes, larger rivers, louder thunder, and forkeder lightning than any other country. If any one doubt this hereafter, we shall refer him to the Yellowstone Park. Everything in it seems on a scale out of all proportion to ordinary experience and conventional habits of thought. While European potentates spend millions on millions of francs to dig out little rills or lakes, or painfully heap up little nuggets of rock-work in their artificial pleasure-grounds, Nature has given us one here, ready made, which dwarfs every other, natural or manufactured. As little children of a holiday afternoon amuse themselves with building dams, cutting canals, and raising mud hillocks in the cabbage garden or the gutter, so here the Titans and Æons of the elder orld seem to have refreshed themselves, in some isure cycle of geologic growth, with playing at sce- ery. They did it lustily and *con amore.* Why hould we waste ourselves in unpatriotic wonderment ver the gorge of the Tamina or the Via Mala, when ature has furnished us with the Grand Cañon of the ellowstone, in which the famed Swiss ravines ould be but as a crevice or a wrinkle? Why run cross the sea to stifle and sneeze over the ill odors of olfaterra, when we can spoil our lungs or our trowsers better effect, and on an incomparably larger scale, ith the gigantic boiling springs and geysers of ontana? And why strain and stiffen our backs in aring up at Terni or the Schmadribach, which are ut as side-jets and spray-flakes to the Titanic majesty f Wyoming Lower Falls?

Of the detailed wonders which we here only hint at, o reader of our Magazine for the last year or two ill need to be reminded. It will not be forgotten hat along with our descriptions and illustrations of his curious tract, the suggestion was made which has een carried out in the recent action of Congress. A ontemporary publication has lately discussed with ome gravity the question whether the tide of mountain travel can ever be expected to set westward,—hether Americans or Europeans, turning away from he familiar terrors of the Alps, may be drawn to het their appetite for adventure on the peaks and vines of the Sierras, and Shasta or Mount Tyndall ome to be as fascinating to the all-conquering crags- an as the Lyskamm or the Matterhorn. The present disclosures certainly tend to render it probable. hen the North Pacific road, as we are led to hope ill be the case, drops us in Montana in three days' urney, we may be sure that the tide of summer uring will be perceptibly diverted from European elds. Yankee enterprise will dot the new Park with ostelries and furrow it with lines of travel. That the e will for some time to come be frightfully rough, he inconveniences plentiful, and the dangers many nd appalling, is likely enough. But that is just the ice which will most tickle the palate of our adven- rous tourists and men of science.

### Greenough's "Portia."

MODERN sculpture, along with its kindred arts, ows the tendency of an introverted and metaphysi- l age. In portrait or imaginative busts, for example, e artist no longer relies on the broad lines and asses, the grander and simpler elements of his classic edecessor. He strives for more delicate methods, nd picturesque expression—the suggestion of color nd surface—the fitful play of feature and the subtler dication of character which heretofore were held ther the appropriate province of the painter. Espe- ally is this noticeable in the device so frequently nployed in later years of drilling out the iris of the e, leaving a slight projection of marble at the outer ge of the opening to catch the high light, and thus, ith the darkness of the hollow behind it, produce a deceptive resemblance to the natural iris with its gleaming pupil.

Mr. R. S. Greenough's bust of "Portia," now or lately on exhibition at Schaus' Gallery, is a noble bit of work, but hardly the rounded and perfect Portia. The head is of the fair North Italian oval, the brow broad, high, and somewhat square, the nose classically straight, but finer of line than the classic standard, the cheeks delicately tapering to the fine-cut chin, which with the mouth occupies an almost disproportionately short space in the vertical measure of the profile. The effect of this is heightened by the pulpy fullness of the lips, which are wreathed with an arch, or almost a mocking smile, and the rich, sensuous modeling about the corners of the mouth; the whole giving to the lower part of the face an expression which would be voluptuous but for the delicate humor and genial sweetness which the artist has contrived to mingle with its healthy animalism. Blending with but balancing this is the thoughtful serenity of the brow, lit by the calm but smiling beauty and *sparkle* of the eye, in which the little artistic device above alluded to does good service.

The whole makes up a lovely creation—a beautiful woman, gentle, genial, perceptive, and self-poised; calm with the calmness of a normal temperament and clear brain, and warm with the flush of youth and a rich life-enjoying nature. It is the woman to jest with Nerissa over her suitors, to make sweet surrender of herself and fortune in the famous

> "You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand,"

or to plot and carry out the teasing whim of the rings. We miss in it the broad, firm grasp of thought, the penetrative imagination, and the clear executive ability which made the court scene possible, and which speak in every line of Portia's graver utterances. Shakespeare's Portia is both imaginative and practical—a wise woman and a strong one. Mr. Greenough's is merely serene, fanciful, and humorous —a woman to wander with over life's flowery meads and golden heights, not—demonstrably at least—one to face its sterner emergencies, its darker grief or catastrophe.

### Music.

A HASTY glance over the musical annals of the past month shows one or two features noteworthy in themselves, and suggestive in the promise they hold out for the future. As we pen this notice our ears still catch the last echoes of the music from "Roberto," with which Christine Nilsson closes her cycle of one hundred appearances in Opera on this side the ocean. It would be labor wasted to aim at new statements or more profound appreciation of the great singer, and her potent charm over our feelings or our imagination. Out of the mass of conflicting opinion and statement which her visit here has called forth two facts stand out in unmistakable distinctness. That she is, on the whole, a noble executant, seems admitted even by those who except and carp at what they allege as special points of technical shortcoming. Her great merit, in this respect, is indisputably the valuable quality of *vocal emission.* Whatever her merits or demerits in other regards, in purity of tone formation, in the admirable way in which she *gets her voice out of her*, Christine Nilsson has exceptional power. And when we consider how strong is the sway of this silvery purity of tone—this *spiritual spontaneity* of musical utterance—over the feelings and imagination of susceptible people, it is not strange that she should exercise upon her auditors a fascination which passes from the artistic to the personal, and blends the warmer tones of individual sentiment with the calmer æsthetic judgment.

This personal spell is only deepened by her dramatic skill. She has little of the effusive passion of the conventional Italian school, but, instead, a calm and thoughtful depth of conception, which appeals to the cultivated taste far more powerfully than the spasmodic and superficial intensity of Verdesque sentiment. Miss Nilsson's peculiar power is quite as much temperamental and individual as artistic in the narrower sense. She represents the force of a clear brain and strong, healthy, magnetic nature, quite as much as that of a merely perfected technique.

This exceptional element of power goes far to explain the unusual success of the whole engagement in America. Mr. Strakosch, for almost the first time in operatic annals, has *made money*—and plenty of it—by his enterprise. For his merits in introducing us to the greatest of lyric artists we can cheerfully wish him joy of it—hardly for any other. His subsidiary artists—Capoul, Cary, and Jamet—are excellent in their departments, and Duval, Brignoli, and Barré, along with marked deficiencies, have some very estimable and pleasing qualities. But all these, of themselves alone, would hardly have made head against the poverty of appliance so noticeable in the material mounting of his representations, and the meagerness and general lack of novelty in the repertoire. We are promised by one manager or another wonderful things next season with Kellogg, Lucca, Patti and the rest, but the ruling powers will do well to consider the hint we have dropped, not merely from our own observation, but as the well-digested dictum of the best contemporary opinion. American audiences are growing in taste and knowledge, and are beginning, now if never before, to claim something of that breadth of choice and conscientious thoroughness and symmetry of detail which is so great a charm of the continental stage at its best estate.

This gradual advance in taste is pleasantly evident in the renewed popularity, this winter, of the chamber concert, which for some years past seems to have fallen into comparative disfavor. The warm recognition of such performers as Mehlig, and Mills, and Hoffman, and Damrosch, and Sarasate, and Bergner, the audiences which have forced the artists to relinquish the cramped quarters of Steinway's smaller Hall, and betake themselves to the continental pr portions of the larger, all show that our New Yor public can count an ever larger class of cultivate people who love music simply, purely, and for i own sake. The fact is full of promise. Music, if means anything, means vital culture—an enlargi and elevating influence for brain and soul as well as mere sensuous excitement, or dainty refinement of t superficial taste. In no form is this influence so pe ceptible as in chamber music. The concert vocali may charm by grace of manner or sentiment, exquisi technique, and personal magnetism. The opera brin to its aid the extraneous enticements of fashion a toilet, of light, color, and scenic effect. But t piano-forte recital, the stringed trio or quartette, se before our attention the chaste and unadorned beau of the art in its purest expression. In no way can study so well the absolute musical thought of t composer, no other melodic language speaks so clear to the higher faculties of musical appreciation, leaves so durable a result. Pity that the subtle gra which inheres in this most delightful form of music interpretation should not meet its imaginative c respondence in beauty and fitness of locality. Tho who remember the chaste and simple, yet harmonio architecture and decoration of some of the b smaller concert-rooms in Europe—to wit, such halls the Berlin Sing-Akademie or the concert hall of t Schauspielhaus, will long for the time when we m see them imitated or bettered here. The chamb concert, they will feel, can never reach its finest e pression till the claims of the eye and ear shall more discreetly consulted in so ordering our materi surroundings that we may commune with Beethov and Mendelssohn, Schumann, or Chopin, or Hell in absolute repose of body and mind, with no distur ing influence, of sight or sound, to interrupt t closeness of our attention or the serenity of our enjo ment.

### Robert and William Chambers.

THE Chambers Brothers are so closely associate in the minds of all who know anything concerni the honorable position in the world of letters which they mounted hand in hand, and which th have so long occupied together, that it is hard think of that fraternal partnership as being in a way interrupted. Interrupted, however, it has be by the most inevitable of interruptions; and, in t comely volume just issued from the press of Scribn Armstrong & Co., the surviving brother Willia tells, with appreciative and discriminating tenderne the story of his brother's life. But to tell that sto was to tell the story of his own career as well; and the book is, as its title indicates, almost as much aut biography as memoir.

A most wholesome and profitable book it is, and fres ly entertaining too,—not to be read by any one wit out deep sympathy and interest in the manly strug against great odds of poverty and adversity, by whi ese brave souls rose to honorable fame and useful- ss. It is no doubt true that among those charac- istics which are considered distinctively Scotch, ere are some which are attractive chiefly by their otesqueness, and some which are not attractive at ; and there are glimpses of these peculiarities in e characters who are incidentally introduced to us Mr. Chambers's very readable narrative. But it is o true that there are to be found among the Scotch, hardly anywhere else, examples of sturdy integrity thout defect of churlishness or narrowness, with eat sweetness and refinement of nature, and with nderful tenderness and earnestness of spirit. It is th this better sort of characters that the book before has most to do; it is to this sort, indeed, that ese two brothers themselves belong. It often ppens that, with those who are called self-made men, ere is a lack of modesty or an excess of arrogance, audacious disregard of the tastes and opinions of eir fellows, which makes them more or less odious, d prevents them from being held up, for example, models to young men. But if ever there were self- ade men in the truest and fullest sense of that rase, these two brothers were. And one searches e story of their lives in vain to discover that they ined success by unworthy artifice, by any other an honest and laborious industry, making the world tter as they lifted themselves. If any parent wishes give his son a book which, more than dozens and ores of ordinary Sunday-school books, will help him be patient, industrious, trustful and true; let him ve this story of the life of Robert Chambers. d if any one wishes the wholesome entertainment ich comes from the study of a cheerful, hopeful, torious life passed amid all sorts of people, odd d admirable, lowly and lofty, and amid great vicissi- des of fortune, from the extreme of penury and rdship to the extreme of large and honorable in- ence and usefulness, he will find it here more than any book which has come under our notice for a g time.

### August Blanche.

THE English-reading world owes much to the pa- ent and painstaking translators who have given us me glimpses of the treasures which have lain buried Northern language and literature. The homely, arty tales of Fredrika Bremer, the charming sto- es and artless autobiography of Hans Christian An- rsen, and the dramatic novels of Marie Schwartz, ight have longer remained undiscovered to us but r the modest, yet loving hands which have unfolded us the charms which have been concealed in the appings of an unknown tongue. When the world older, wiser, and more thoughtful, it will do tardy stice to the conscientious labors of translators. Now e are only glad to avail ourselves of the results of eir thankless toil, and enter into the fields which are us freely thrown open. Of the Scandinavian writers hose works come last to us in the garb of an English translation, the name of August Blanche is unfamiliar; but it will anon become a household word, if the first book from his pen, laid before the American reader, is any fair representative of what shall follow. We have now only *The Bandit*, translated from the Swedish by Selma Borg and Marie A. Brown, two ladies who have won considerable repute by their translations of the novels of Madame Schwartz; but this work is enough to indicate that the writer has rare power, vivid imagination, and a great heart.

In Swedish literature August Blanche holds a high place. He was born in 1811, studied law at Upsala University, forsook law for literature, and before his death, which occurred but recently, created many works which form a considerable part of the rich literary stores of his own land. Of his comedies "The Foundling," "The Rich Uncle," and "A Tragedy in Wimmerby," have obtained a lasting place among the acted plays of Sweden, and are reckoned with the best of their school. Other dramatic productions there were, romantic and tragic; but on his novels chiefly rest his claims to fame and literary achievement. Of these his most popular works are: *Pictures and Stories from Stockholm Life*, *The Apparition*, *The Bandit*, *The Son of the North and the Son of the South*, and *The Stories of the Chorister in Danderyd*. Best beloved by the people, possibly, were the condensed tales or miniature stories, a series of Teniers-like sketches-in-little, which appeared in his illustrated paper during 1857–8. These are *The Coachman's Stories*, *The Minister's Stories*, etc. Most of his works have been translated into German, but *The Bandit*, now brought out by G. P. Putnam & Sons, is the first which has ever been translated directly from the Swedish into English.

As we shall read much of Blanche, we hope, it may be interesting to know that he was a great, warm-hearted man—a man of the people, pre-eminently. Endowed with wealth of gold, as well as with wealth of intellect, he seems to have lived for the benefit of his race—for the saving, healing, and comfort of those who needed saviour, physician, and comforter. In the Diet of 1859, 1862, and 1865, where he stood as the chosen representative of the burgher class, he wrought and spoke eloquently (for he was an orator as well) for abolition of the death penalty, against conscription, in favor of religious freedom in Sweden, and lifted his hand against every form of oppression and invasion of popular liberty. Compact, commanding, and of substantial port, he seemed, say the chroniclers, an embodiment of the great genial class which he represented. He was a man of the people.

Blanche's style, as a writer, is affected by the traits which we have thus briefly sketched. His diction is clear, pellucid, simple, and direct. Yet, underneath the lucidity of his language throbs a warmth which belongs only to a large and generous nature—quick to perceive and resent injustice, and ready to seize on any possible excuse to palliate the sins and crimes of the outcasts, the neglected and the miserably poor. Without mawkish and morbid sympathy with the sin, he has pity and pardon for the sinner. His dramatic power is very great, and the "situations" of his first translated novel, now before us, are effective and uncommonly picturesque. The story reads like a drama, and moves on without a dull scene or a page of tame dialogue.

Personal magnetism and hearty zeal in countless schemes for the relief of humanity, doubtless, had much to do with the extraordinary popularity which Blanche seems to have won in his native land. But one can see, by glancing through the pages of the works which are now passing into English literature, that he wrote, as well as wrought, for that within us which is the best of us. In a speech on the Conscription Act he said: "To such an extent does it spur and ennoble man to believe himself more than a mere delver and digger, who toils for the necessity of the moment—to believe himself indispensable to the country he calls his Fatherland—that this belief may be said to have its deepest roots in man's breast." To such belief, such roots of sentiment does Blanche continually appeal; and the finer sensibilities and nobler motives of men are touched by his charming hand. For with his subtlety of invention and powerful imagination walks a good and honest purpose.

### A Monument for the Fatherland.

A GRAND national monument, commemorative of German victories and German unity, is now the subject of discussion in the Fatherland. And we notice that the German Consul-General in New York has called on his countrymen in this city and country to come forward in aid of the enterprise. Germany is already famous for splendid monuments, as is attested by those to Luther and Frederick the Great, by the stupendous "Bavaria" at Munich, and the Walhalla on the Danube. But this last is to tower above all these in significance and value, and is to stand as an eternal Watch on the Rhine, on the mountain side of the Niederwald, whence it can overlook that portion of the valley where the conflict between the Teuton and the Gaul has been fiercest, and where the former has most firmly held his ground.

The originators of the enterprise invite suggestions as to the form of the monument—one that will best represent to posterity the spirit of the present age. There is a strong inclination to erect a gorgeous temple, monumental in its architecture, containing the statues of leading men. Such impersonations, it is thought, will be more effective and acceptable than anything of an allegorical character. On the other hand, it is urged that it would not be becoming to thus apotheosize living men. Even the Emperor is said to be averse to the erection of a monument raised to himself while he is still alive. It is suggested, therefore, that the present generation build a noble edifice, and adorn it with the statues of Charlemagne, Barbarossa, etc., and add to the collection effigies of heroes as they shall step from the stage action with the final indorsement of the nation.

### Northern Africa.

ROHLFS, the famous German explorer of Afric has lately been entertaining and instructing his cou trymen in Berlin by a series of popular lectures on h explorations of Northern Africa, which, he think with proper treatment, might again be turned in the paradise that some portions of it were under t Carthaginians and Romans. He has found on t Gulf of Sidra, west of Tripoli, the site of the gard of the Hesperides and the river of Lethe, and he h a strong desire to see his countrymen eating the gold apples so famous in ancient story. He declares th Central Africa is as rich as India, and that a gra highway to the Kingdom of Soudan might easily constructed across the desert from a port to be esta lished on the site of ancient Carthage. He wou encourage German emigration thither, and thus fou an independent colony that might in time be a nucle for operations that would turn all Central Africa in a German India. To this end the Germans ha already a strong foothold in the friendship now exi ing between the Emperor William and his sable majes of Soudan, to whom the German ruler recently se some magnificent presents, which were received wi all the pomp and circumstance that the African mo arch could command. Bismarck and all his count men are said to be listening most seriously to the stories and suggestions, and are beginning to feel th their mission is to regenerate Africa and open it the civilized world. This would be a great task, b the Germans understand Africa thoroughly, for th scholars and geographers have been quietly explori it for twenty years, and are now no strangers to hidden recesses and its secluded treasures.

### The new Volume on Arabia.

IT seems strange, until one comes to think abo it, that a land so near to the great highways of co merce and of empire as is the Arabian peninsu should have been so long and so utterly secluded fr the knowledge of the civilized world. The waters the Mediterranean, so thronged with traffic and w travel, almost touch the inhospitable shores. T frequent steamships of one of the greatest of navi tion companies plow the waters of the Red S under the very shadow of the stern Arabian mou tain walls by which those waters are shut in. A the voyager on business or on pleasure, on his way India and the far East, passes within sight of the p of Mecca and within a few score miles of the sac shrine of the prophet. And yet it is only within a f years that we have known anything accurately e of the inhabitable coasts of Arabia; and until M Palgrave's adventurous and successful exploration the interior, it was as much a *terra incognita* as interior of Africa.

Of course when one remembers that great physi acles have hindered travel, and that the fanatical city of Moslem intolerance has been united with reckless cruelty of Bedouin brigandage, it is no er wonderful that explorers have kept clear of bia. But the narrative of exploration, now that ave it, is all the more intensely interesting. Mr. ard Taylor's compilation of *Travels in Arabia* s the third of the Library of Illustrated Travel and enture now being published by the house of Scrib- Armstrong & Co. By far the largest part of the me is given to Mr. Palgrave, who is easily chief ng travelers in Arabia, and who combines with t courage and skill and patience (to which his ess is so largely due), uncommonly effective vivid- and picturesqueness of style in the narration of adventures. This volume, with its carefully cted illustrations, is in some respects the most resting that has yet appeared in the series, and be widely and profitably read.

### Electricity.

o multitudes the telegraph is a perpetual mi- e, and electricity less a natural phenomenon n a name to conjure by. The unschooled, de- red from any practical examination of the nature lectrical action by lack of opportunity, and from theoretical study of the subject by the technical- of the science, are given over to such vague ions of the mysterious cause of the wonders they ness, as they may pick up from newspaper scraps uncertain origin, from chance conversations with se who know but little more than themselves, and, se than all, from the misleading circulars scattered adcast over the land by quacks. To what extent ple are deceived by the last may be judged from rich harvests reaped by these pretenders. As for conjuring part, every editor's book-shelf shows frequently the word "electricity" is invoked by ld-be philosophers to explain the conduct of the verse. Correct information is the only antidote these evils, and this, so far as the useful applica- of electricity is concerned, is given in a popular in Mons. Baile's volume of the Illustrated rary of Wonders,—*Electricity*, (Scribner, Arm- ng & Co.). After a brief introduction touching discoveries of Galvani and Volta, Mons. Baile ces the history of the Telegraph, the invention of rse's and other machines, describes the action of battery and the uses of the different instruments ployed in telegraphy, the construction of aërial submarine lines, and closes his first book with a iew of the different telegraphic systems that have n devised, together with their applications. Book ond is devoted to the induction machine, its history uses, and the efforts that have been made to use ctricity as a motive power. Book third to the ctric light, its nature and applications. Book rth to electro-plating, its history, processes, uses, so on. The editor, Dr. Armstrong, adds an eresting chapter supplying the omissions of the author, and reviewing some of the more important American discoveries and inventions in this department of science and art—achievements that European scientists have been quick to appropriate and slow to acknowledge.

### Novels.

Isn't it almost time for at least a brief surcease in the stream of morbid novels? Three new books which lie on our table suggest the question, while they represent, respectively, three widely differing regions of the literary field, and curiously contrasted traits of strength or weakness. The authors are, for this occasion, to quote Douglas Jerrold, "in the same boat, but *with different sculls*," and it might be hard to find a sharper unlikeness in likeness than that which exists between the shallow platitude of Mrs. Westmoreland, the clear, logical, lawyer-like intellect of Wilkie Collins, and the gorgeous imagery of Mrs. Prescott Spofford. *Heart Hungry*, by the first author, is a dime novel, differing little from other dime novels except in its partial glorification, if that be possible, by a muslin cover. It is, apart from this factitious recommendation, a curiously insignificant, not to say trashy work, and in no sense worth serious criticism, except for the aid it furnishes in pointing the moral we wish to enforce as to the unhealthy current so noticeable in modern fiction. It is all about an impulsive young woman who marries an unimpressible husband, and is thenceafter sorely tried with promptings of wild affection for a fascinating and dramatic blackguard of the name of D'Estaing, which she nevertheless resists with just the right blending of alternating weakness and heroism to tide the reader through some three hundred pages of pestiferous nonsense, to see the amiable ruffian comfortably poisoned off by his own hand in prison, where he lies on a charge of murder, and to die broken-hearted but forgiven, and, unreasonably enough, regretted, by an adoring circle of husband and friends. Of plot, characterization, dialogue, and situation, it is impossible to say anything in commendation. The language, in especial, for its cheap and tawdry vulgarity quite challenges competition. The whole work is composed from and to the level of the sentimental shop-girl, and while almost any such could have written it, we are glad, for the credit of a very useful class of young women, to believe that the more intelligent of them would put it aside with yawning distaste.

Wilkie Collins's new novel, *Poor Miss Finch*, recently published by Messrs. Harper & Bros., is a very different matter. Of the skillful construction of the story, no one who has read Mr. Collins's former works will need assurance. Nor are we inclined to reproach it with anything like immoral tendency. Much the contrary. The teaching, so far as there is any such in the book, is good; it is only in a certain painful extravagance and exaggeration of the moral or sentimental situation, a something wounding to the finer æsthetic susceptibility, that we find cause for protest. The picture of *Lucilla*, who, after life-long blindness, finds on recovering her sight that no person or thing corresponds to her imaginative conception, and, turning with horror from her disfigured lover, rushes to the arms of his handsome brother only to find later that her heart's subtle promptings contradict the lying testimony of her eyes, and to accept cheerfully the returning blindness which sets her at ease again with her instincts—this picture is, to be sure, psychologically probable and artistically good. The same is partially true of the timid and irresolute Oscar, though his quiet surrender to the apparent necessity of the situation, and withdrawal from competition with his brother and rival, Nugent, is a little superhuman in its self-renunciation. But there is something excessively ugly, and, to our thinking, no little improbable, in the sudden break-down in Nugent's once apparently fine character. There is something at once æsthetically bad and morally painful in the minute picture of sullen, obstinate, yet passionate selfishness with which a man, presumedly a gentleman, pursues a deception on an innocent girl just cured of her blindness, with the distinct intent of substituting himself not only in her affections, but in her memory and belief, for his twin brother. The network of event and human agency by which this at first seems possible but is at last baffled, and the blind girl restored to her rightful lover, is elaborated with the author's usual ingenuity, but it wofully lacks simplicity and probability. The whole story, interesting, and in some regards true as it is, is in its general feeling sickly even to sadness, and can hardly be ranked as healthy reading.

With Mrs. Spofford's *Thief in the Night*, sent us by Messrs. Roberts Bros., we come back to the good old problem of misplaced and criminal attachment. All the well-known factors are there. A good-hearted, unsuspecting, and uxorious husband,—a careless, discouraged, world-weary wife, and a magnetic and rather unprincipled *amico di casa*, who has loved fair Mrs. Beaudesfords before her marriage, and now tempts her to forget her duties. The husband, detecting their attachment, with exceptional generosity opens his veins, in the ancient Roman fashion, to make way for a union between his friend and his wife. Over the bedside of the apparent suicide, the wife, who has been guilty only in thought and by an erring fancy, discovers the weakness and nothingness of Gaston's personal fascination, and the real value of the affection which has been growing up in her heart for her husband. Beaudesford, like the Scotchwoman who was roused from a state of coma by her husband's exclamation: "Try her wi' a compliment," is so stimulated by this assurance of unhoped-for regard from his wife, aided by the medical appliances of Dr. Ruthven, that he incontinently recovers, Gaston is forgiven, and general harmony restored.

The first elements of this bit of domestic drama are natural, and, in the sense of frequent occurrence, normal enough. But the factors once stated, t working out of the problem is neither one nor t other. However dramatically intense, a narrati can hardly be æsthetically or logically praisewort which requires for its development the utmost p sible degree of blindness, stupidity, and wrongheade ness on the part of the actors. Catherine, a sensil but undramatic critic would suggest, had no busin to marry Mr. Beaudesfords not loving him, for t purpose of keeping her family in luxury. Gasto knowing his own feelings, had no business to st in the Beaudesfords mansion. She, knowing his fe ings and her own, had no business to keep h there. Beaudesfords had no business to kill hi self to allow a new deal of the matrimonial card and finally, to cap the climax of inconsistenc though it might sound harsh to say that Mrs. Bea desfords had no business to find out that she had lov her husband all along, it is certainly a little extı ordinary that she should have done it just then a there.

In the telling of her story the author has shown h well-known power of imagery, and almost more th her usual wealth of sensuous description. The di logue is pointed and vigorous, but affected. The ove dramatic unreality of the characters, their situatio and their actions, will not be acceptable to those w long for a fresher, more hopeful, more healthy sty of fiction in place of the gaslight and staginess of t modern sentimental novel.

Mrs. Ames's novel (*Eirene; or, a Woman Right*, Putnam & Sons) has the first of virtues—it readable. For a novel may explain all mysteries a contain all knowledge, and if it have not interest it nothing. Interest, like charity, covers a multitude sins. Not that its mantle need be stretched in t present case, for *Eirene* has not many sins to covered.

Indeed, its most serious offense is that the person Eirene has no discoverable sins at all. Nor can y imagine that from the teething miseries of her irr sponsible babyhood to the heartbreak of her youth, much as a querulous cry has been wrung from h deepest pain. We always felt that Agnes Wakefie would be rather depressing to live with; but she b comes of the earth completely earthy when compare with Eirene. And it seems quite fitting that suc abstract and utter goodness should pass out of ou sight by translation into the sublunary heaven of ma riage with a De Peyster.

This unreality of the heroine (which makes h walk through the pages like an embodied *Manual o Advice to Young Ladies*) suggests both the strengt and the weakness of the book. It is a first nove and the author, apparently feeling that those home things which she knew best were not fine enough t please a fastidious public, has drawn some phases c social life and certain characters from her imaginatio Thus her portraitures are admirable and her creatior weak. Tilda Stade is excellent. Farmer Smoot, ju

uched in with half a dozen strokes, lives and breathes.
oses Loplolly we have dickered with. All the Vales,
cept Eirene, once lived near us in the country.
ven Mrs. Mallane we have seen, and Paul, with a
nus sign or two and a plus sign or two, equals a
t uncommon type of young man. But of these
rsons Mrs. Ames is not specially fond. Her heart
es out to goodness and truth, to pure manliness
d dutifulness. She gives them form, the fairest she
n conceive, and calls them a woman. She scorns
ttiness, meanness, selfishness, deceit. She clothes
ese too with a body, and calls them a woman, and
e one creation seems to us as impossible as the
her. And De Peyster, on whom much loving
oor has been expended, is a shadow of shadows.
gain, the local coloring of Hilltop and Busydale
uld hardly be better. The whole episode of Har-
r's Ferry is thoroughly admirable, and we make no
ubt that Mrs. Ames knew all these by heart.
hile we do not hesitate to say that in the observa-
n of a long life in and near Boston we have seen
thing like the representative Beacon street drawing-
om, nor the representative Maynards and Prescotts
o inhabit it.

Perhaps the greatest triumph of the book is the
isode of Harper's Ferry to which we have referred.
ithout doubt the most dramatic period of our na-
nal history is that comprised within the decade be-
een 1859 and 1869. Neither novelist, poet,
inter, nor dramatist can afford to ignore it. On
e other hand, so to use it that it shall not deepen
rror, hate, vindictiveness, the deep division be-
een North and South which the war left, requires
th marvelous skill and marvelous charity. These
rs. Ames has brought to the task. Loyal in every
er of her being and loving the Union, apparently,
xt to her God, she has yet told her story with such
eetness and pathos and large humanity that we
nnot imagine blue coat or gray coat reading it with-
t some access of pity and allowance for the other.

Mrs. Ames never commits fine writing. Save an
casional carelessness, her style is idiomatic, graceful,
d clear. Her nature seems grave rather than joyous,
d there are few touches of humor in her book. But
ose are so delightful that they make her niggardliness
this respect seem miserliness rather than poverty.

Finally, we seldom come upon an American novel
ich is worth finding fault with. The sum of
ense with most of them is that they exist at all.
t *Eirene* has so much thorough excellence, aims so
gh and so nearly reaches its aim, is so healthful and
gorous, that we can pay it the high compliment of
ndid criticism. We could wish that it might be
d by every young girl whom we know.

### "An American Girl Abroad."

DICKENS, at the farewell dinner given him in New
ork, told a charming story of a young American lady, who, being in London, felt a strong desire to see the famous reading-room of the British Museum. The friends with whom she was staying assured her that it could not be done, as the Museum was closed for a week, while her visit would last but three days. Thereupon she went off at once to the Museum, alone, unintroduced, and presented herself to the stern porter as an American lady with but few hours in London, when the gates flew open before her and she saw all that she desired.

Miss Trafton's sparkling little book makes this legend altogether probable, and even suggests her as the heroine thereof. At least she did fifty things quite as extraordinary and apparently as futile, with equally happy results. And the sign by which she too conquered was the Declaration of Independence. The adjective which qualifies the title-line seems to us clearly one of supererogation. Who but an American girl would propose to make the Grand Tour in three months or so, without male friend or courier to clear the way for her; ay, and do it, too, with inexhaustible enjoyment and much profit?

The route over which our American Girl passed was worn with travel as the steps to shrines. Not one new object, not one new face, not one phenomenal appearance did she encounter anywhere. And yet the book is as fresh as if it concerned the land of the lotus-eaters, and much more lively. For however old the object of contemplation, this keen young Western mind thinks its own shrewd thoughts about it, and tells them with a child-like simplicity that is delightful.

Not speaking any continental tongue, she arrives in strange cities at midnight with a serene confidence that she shall somehow "manage," which of course she does. And it is evidently this good-natured reliance on the good-nature of the world which made it so agreeably civil to her. Her bright laugh rings out with such heartiness against her own ridiculousnesses, that it is quite impossible to join it. On the contrary, you so wholly approve of her whimsical walks and ways, that you close the book in the settled conviction that the only really satisfactory way to travel in Europe is in the character of the "Unprotected Female" who knows no language but her own.

*Nannie and Our Boys* (Congregational Publishing Society) does not escape all the vices of its class, but has so many redeeming virtues—among which are a sprightly style and a wholesome preachment of "pluck"—that we hope to see still better books from the same young and promising author.

A NEW edition, in one volume, royal 8vo, has just appeared of Dr. Ezra M. Hunt's *Bible Notes for Daily Readers* (Scribner, Armstrong & Co.). This work has been found very useful by those in need of a concise yet comprehensive commentary, not polemical but containing "the pith and marrow of Biblical criticism." In its new form, it will be still better adapted to the purpose for which it was intended.

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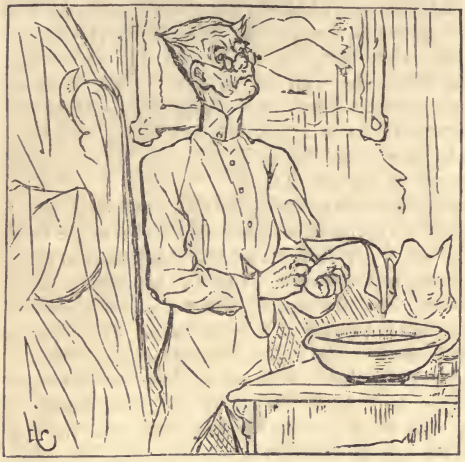
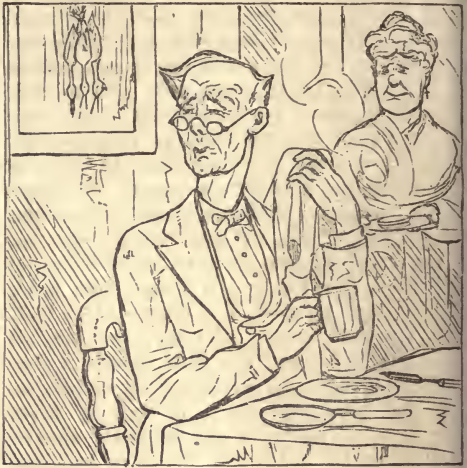
By Miss Adeline Trafton. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1872.

## ETCHINGS.

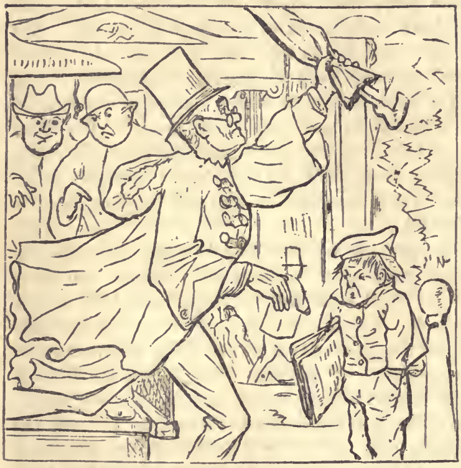
### THE ABSENT-MINDED MAN.



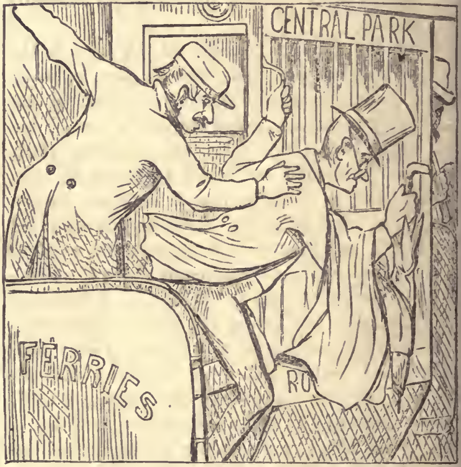
1. Wonders why his cuffs don't fit.



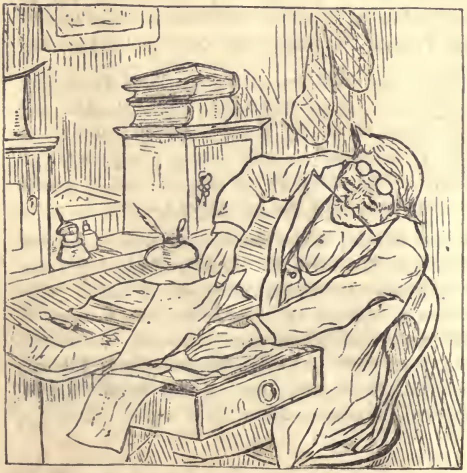
2. Salt fails to answer the purpose of sugar in coffee.



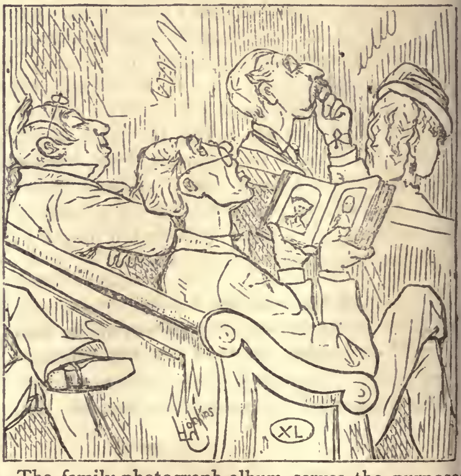
3. Makes a little mistake as to overcoat.


CENTRAL PARK
FERRIES
RO

4. Forgets his purse and has to go afoot.



5. Wonders what has become of his spectacles.



6. The family photograph-album serves the purposes

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

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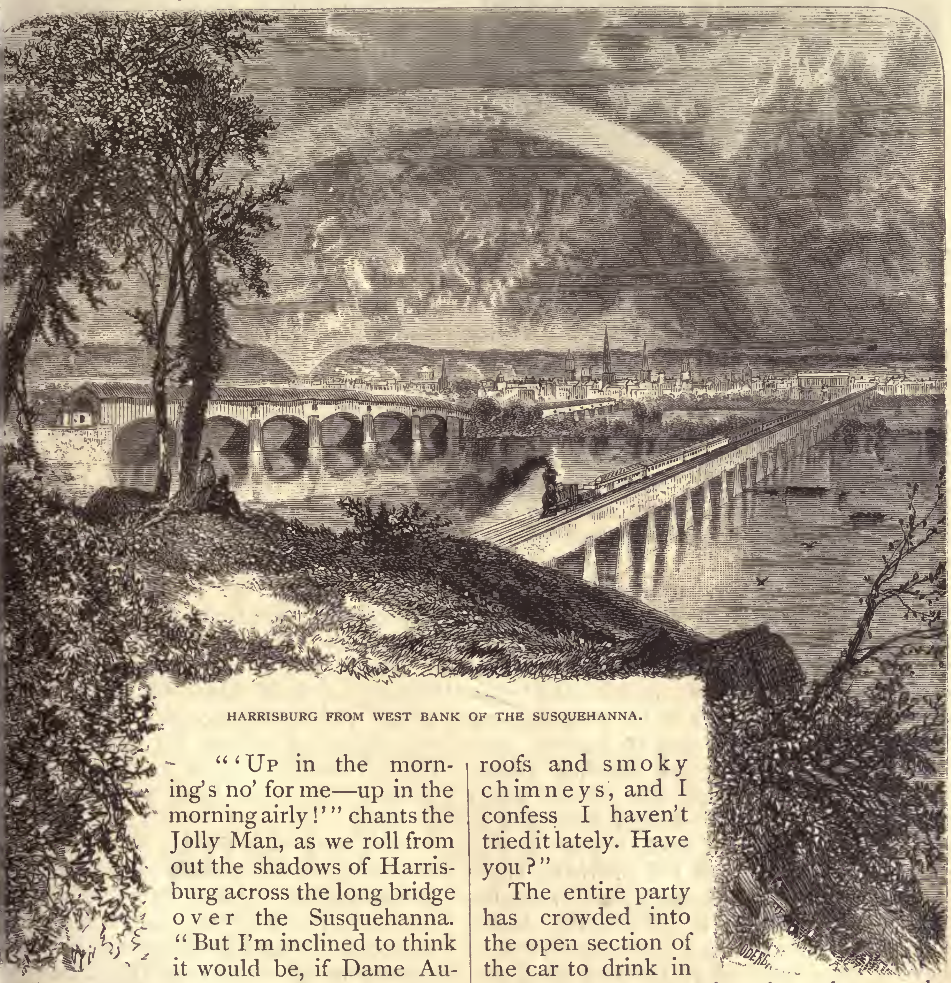
# TRAVELING BY TELEGRAPH: NORTHWARD TO NIAGARA.—II.



HARRISBURG FROM WEST BANK OF THE SUSQUEHANNA.

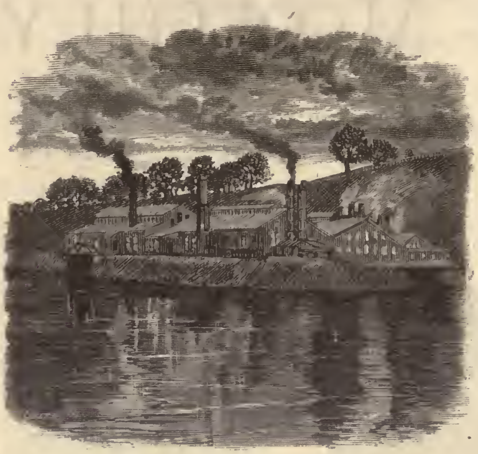
"'Up in the morning's no' for me—up in the morning airly!'" chants the Jolly Man, as we roll from out the shadows of Harrisburg across the long bridge over the Susquehanna. "But I'm inclined to think it would be, if Dame Au- a (is that her name?) would only make abit of breaking the day in this glorious hion."

"Perhaps she does," some one suggests.

"Possibly; but I doubt it. Still, to tell truth, I really can't say positively what custom is. There's not much to en- rage a sleepy man to leave a comfortable to see the sun rise over a lot of tin roofs and smoky chimneys, and I confess I haven't tried it lately. Have you?"

The entire party has crowded into the open section of the car to drink in the clear frosty morning air, and to see how the day promises; and everybody appears to be too intent on his personal sensations to give heed to the Jolly Man's inquiry.

"I saw some magnificent sunrises in Switzerland," the Traveled Man asserts at last. as though unwilling to be thought absolutely unfamiliar with the phenomenon now receiving our unaccustomed homage.



FAIRVIEW NAIL WORKS.

The sun, still lingering behind the eastern hills, sends his skirmishers,

> "The red streamers that herald the dawn,"

slanting upward over the valley, touching with crimson the tops of the gray smoke-wreaths sent up by the early fires of the city, and flooding with warm light the summit of Kittatinny just risen into the day.

Down the river, where the sunbeams strike a lower level, the misty shores and islands seem floating in a sea of shimmering radiance, tinged with the faintest tint of rose-color. The water is very low, and the stream, wasted in a vain endeavor to cover the broad channel it overflows in more abundant seasons, is less a river than a tissue of braiding streamlets woven around innumerable spaces of mud-stained rock.. Between the level lines of the long railroad-bridges, the ancient weather-beaten post-bridge fords the river on rambling arches, pursuing the uneven tenor of its way with a delightful disregard of straight lines and all the other niceties of modern engineering. Beyond, the river, half hid by rising vapor and broken by numerous islands, stretches northward to where it pierces the double wall of Blue Ridge, and passes out of sight beyond the second sharp-cut mountain gap.

The moment the man of Alpine experience breaks the silence of our admiration, the rest take courage to speak, and at least a dozen sunrise reminiscences are immediately forthcoming. Not one but has seen the sun rise in beauty time and again; yet all agree that the present manifestation is peculiarly lovely, and possible only under a rare combination of circumstances.

A thousand conditions, visible and invisible, conspire to make this morning uni to us—scenery, season, air, sky, easy tion, genial company, and, more than else, a happy frame of mind; for after Nature is what we make it, or as Coleri says:—

> "We receive but what we give,
> And in our life alone does nature live."

We have set out determined to er everything, and enjoyment follows as matter of course. Still, absolute truth c pels the admission that we are not supremely satisfied. The Junior is a t sad. He has been a week from home. sudden change of programme upset his e tolary arrangements; and for three wh days he has not had a word from his wife

"Letter for Junior," flashed over the w as we passed through Harrisburg night fore last.

"Forward it," was the eager respo but alas! it was forwarded to Philadel and we left before its arrival.

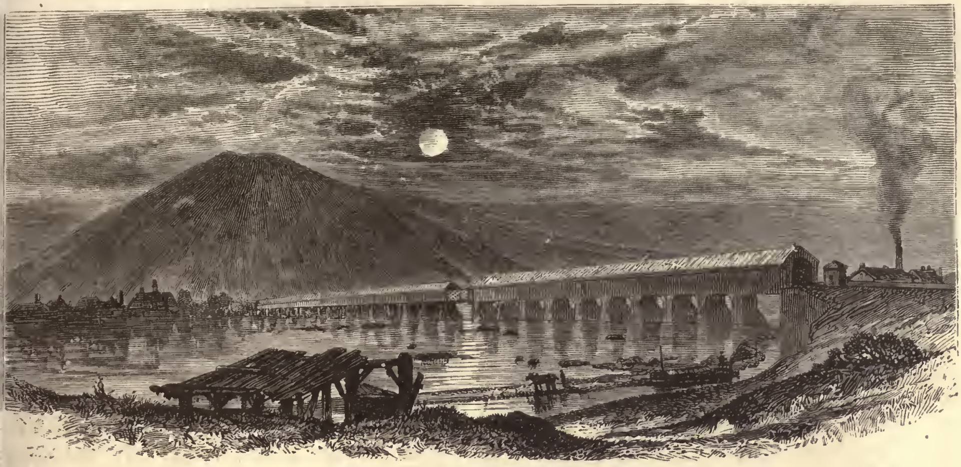
"Send my letter to Harrisburg," was nior's parting injunction on leaving the of Brotherly Love. "It will come by night mail," he said, "and I'll get it in morning, *sure.*"

Our early start has cheated him ag His joyful anticipations are blighted, all the Quiet Man's sympathy, with assurance that the precious missive wil brought on by the conductor of the express, is insufficient to assuage his d pointment.

Slowly the country rises as we s along; or, as it seems to us, the upper of light descends, creeping down the m tain sides and lighting up the valley, un floods river and island, city and farm with all the rich hues of Indian sun morning.

"Fairview Nail Works," the Executiv nounces as we rumble over the cro Conodogwinet. No matter how char the scenery—and the view here is named fair—the Executive never suffers attractions of nature to blind him to work of man.

"This is one of the largest establishn of the kind in the country," he contii finding an interested listener in the Tra Man; and for the next five miles their versation is loaded with figures and te calities, and abounding in praise of t enterprising men who are planting center productive industry like this in every and corner of the State.



DAUPHIN BRIDGE AND COVE MOUNTAIN.

But the most inveterate worshiper of en- prise could not talk business in the face the scene that bursts upon us as we halt on e fire-proof section of Dauphin bridge and ok down the river. For once the Artist is ced to admit that a railroad bridge may be autiful—even exquisitely beautiful.

Skirting the western shore of the river we ve entered the Gap, crossed the gorge-like lley that separates Blue from Cove Moun- n,—or, as they are called on the other e, First and Second Mountain,—and have uck diagonally across the stream in the e of the overhanging front of the latter.

Midway we stop and look out from the ndow into the morning land beyond the untains. Just at the portal of the twi- ht region the slender bridge of the Penn- vania Central, half enveloped and wholly rified by swimming, sun-lit vapor, joins dusky shore on the east with the illumi- ted western bluff. Like a web of golden ssamer it seems to float and flicker over misty water, lifted up by the refracted nbeams and suffused with glowing color. e know that it is made of massive timbers lted with iron and sternly useful; but no ort of reason can straighten its waving es or put strength into its lace-like beams d braces. It is transformed, transfigured, rn of reality, unsubstantial as the mythic dge of souls which spans the unseen gulf tween the barbarian's gloomy present and shining land of the hereafter.

Beneath us the river quarrels with its ky bed, impatient of the obstructions ich keep it back from the broad, bright lley to which it is hastening. Up stream river, crowded with islands, makes a sharp curve westward to where it breaks through the wall of Peter's mountain,—the fourth of the terrestrial waves arrested in their surge against the flank of the higher Alleghanies.

The scenery in the curious trough-like valley which we enter on passing Dauphin, is peculiarly interesting, and, to those unfamiliar with mountain scenery, grand. Toward the north-east we look up attenuated grooves between the ridges which the river crosses nearly at right angles. Through each of these grooves—too narrow to be called valleys, too softly curved to be ravines—runs a slender, branchless stream; and now and then, as between the ridges numbered two and three, a line of railroad serves as an outlet to the wealth of the coal-fields among the mountains. West of the river is the cove, a curious *cul de sac* inclosed by an angle of the mountain ridge—one of those singular flexures which give the characteristic zig-zag line to the western edge of this portion of the Pennsylvania mountain system. The river is so shallow and clear that we can easily trace the colored lines of sandstone and shale connecting the strata that form the opposing bluffs.

As we are rounding the point of Peter's Mountain, from whose foot has been carved a passage-way for the railroad and the Pennsylvania canal, the Executive points out the extensive Duncannon iron-works, whose smoke-clouds curl up from under the picturesque wall of the opposite shore. Beyond we see the Juniata, crossed by the piers of a ruined bridge. A still longer bridge joins our shore with Duncan's Island, lying at the junction of the two streams.

Below the last a long low dam sets back the water of the Susquehanna, making a navigable pool for the commerce of the canal which crosses the river at this point; the tow-path running along the bridge. Above Duncan's Island lies the larger and higher Haldeman's Island, formerly Big Island, so often mentioned in the early annals of the Susquehanna Valley as the halting-place of expeditions to the Western wilderness. Still earlier it was the site of a large Indian village, the rendezvous of war parties from the North and West.

Anciently, as now, the Juniata valley formed the easiest route through the mountains, the line of the great Central Railroad of Pennsylvania following in the main the well-worn Indian trail. Naturally, our conversation turns upon the fate of the dispossessed, exterminated aborigines, and the wonderful closeness with which the shriek of the locomotive followed the last lingering echoes of their war-cries in these mountain valleys. More than one "oldest inhabitant" remains to tell of the hazardous planting of homesteads in this now populous and wealthy region.

At Clark's Ferry we catch the first glimpse of actual navigation on the Susquehanna,—a broad flat-boat working slowly over to the other shore with a picturesque load of men, women, children, household goods, and cattle. The sight diverts but for an instant our comparison of to-day with yesterday, and then only to illustrate the inevitable tendency of the course of empire westward.

"There is something pathetic in the wiping out of a nation, after all," the Quiet Man remarks, "even if it is a nation of savages."

"The higher supplants the lower always," replies the Traveled Man. "That's the law of life."

> "We build the ladder by which we rise,"

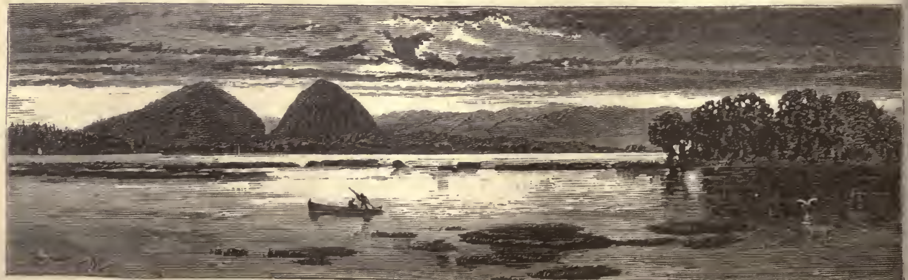
you know; and among nations the ladder is very apt to be built of the bones of the p ple who stand in the way. It's a hard f for the races that are exterminated; but world gains by it in the long run."

"Are you sure of that?"

"All these cultivated farms and thriv villages are evidence of the fact. Y surely will not assert that the world wo have been as well off to-day if this coun had been left a wilderness,—if the Indi had been permitted to pursue unmoles their cheerful customs of hunting and fish and scalping one another? Individua they would all have been dead by this ti any way,—that is, all who were living a h dred years ago. The irrepressible conf of races merely determined their demise as to prevent their leaving any descenda The unborn lost nothing, and the world in their stead a generation of a higher ty capable of nobler life and greater enj ments, living in a manner that enables hundred souls to reap the benefits of c lized existence where before not more t one miserable savage could manage to l The gain has been tremendous."

The Traveled Man indulges occasion in what he calls the "unsentimental logic facts," with a gravity that would touch heart of an Arizona settler.

A few miles of rolling country, with pl ant views of broad river reaches, interspe with numerous wooded islands; then anot plunge through a mountain gap, and all wild scenery of the Cove is repeated. Millersburg the canal—which all the from Dauphin has afforded us a diversity quiet water views and not a few comic sce of canal boat life—comes to an end; here diverges the Lykens Valley Railroa the rich coal mines in the re-entrant a of the mountains. In a few minutes come to the fourth gap, where the r breaks through the Mahantongo Ri Curving sharply round the point of mountain opposite Liverpool, we ente



CATHEDRAL MOUNTAINS.

ong stretch of straight road along northern flank of the ridge. The gineer is evidently in a hurry, for bowls us forward at a furious rate.

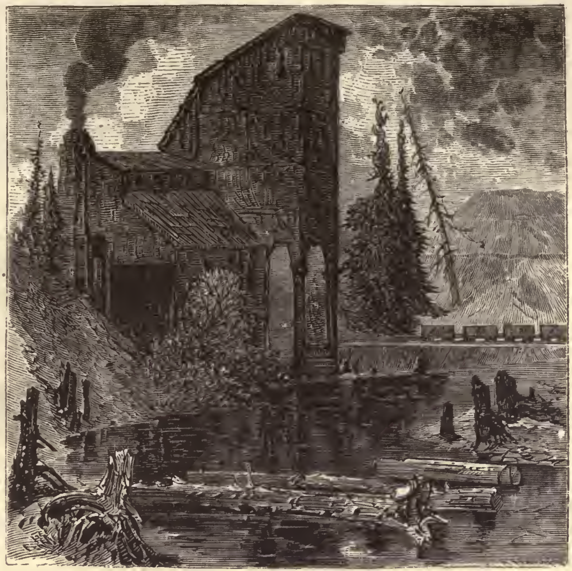
Sixty-two seconds," says the Little n, intently studying his watch ; "but are slowing up now. *Sixty-five.* I ught so! We must have made the mile from the point inside of a ute."

'he locomotive screams, and we ne to a dead stop : a long coal n has passed the switch ahead of and has the track. Our Conduc- storms, but he is the only one takes the delay seriously. We e all the more time to observe the nery, and we improve the occasion a stroll along the river-side.

'he day fulfills the promise of the ning. Bright sunshine tempers cool air, and enlivens river and ey, hill slopes and mountain crags every variety of contrasted light shade. From under an arching tree the river brink the Artist sketches the ant gap. The Quiet Man essays to gate the shallow water in one of the canoe-like boats peculiar to the Sus- hanna, while the Jolly Man disturbs serenity of his efforts by pitching flat es so as to spatter him. The Little n and the Geologist make frantic but in- ctual efforts to dislodge from a scraggy e-tree a couple of frosted apples, and lenly discover that they wouldn't be d for anything if they did get them. graver members of the party walk up down the track, gradually working them- es into a lively state of moral indignation ne negligence of the local authorities in wing the outrageous and illegal fish-traps umerous in this region to continue their k of destruction.

peeding along once more, across the d valley above the Mahantongo Moun- , we have the shifting hill country on right, the ever-changing river on the

he extreme low-water leaves exposed merable tables of low flat rock which, ng to themselves our rapid motion, seem e drifting sea-ward like cakes of ice,— though the river were bearing in visible ses the solid strata it has carved from posing mountains by slow erosion," the logist remarks.



A COAL BREAKER.

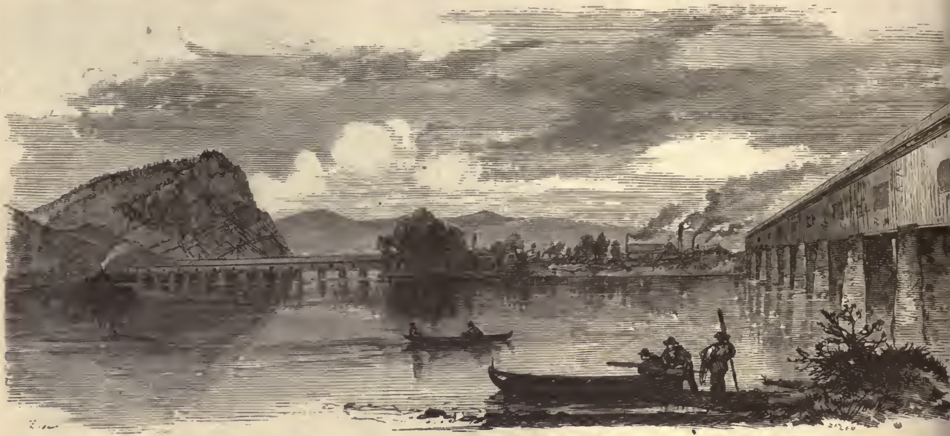
Do you think that all those gaps we come through were cut entirely by water? that the river has worn down the mountains from the very top?"

"That is the inference. On both sides of the river the exposed bluffs are composed of the same strata in the same order. The intervening space simply shows that a section of the mountain-ridge has been cut away. All those inclined strata were originally horizontal like the leaves of this guide-book. They have been subjected to the pressure which has caused them to form wrinkles or ridges, as these leaves do when I squeeze the book. Now if I cut a notch in one of these paper wrinkles, I shall have a likeness in miniature of the river gap. On examining this notch in the roll of paper, you would say without hesitation that a portion had been cut out. The same line of reasoning convinces us that a section has been cut from the mountain ridge ; and knowing the power of running water to do such work, and knowing of no other agent that could have done it in this case, we give the river credit for the result."

"May there not have been a break in the strata, a separation, so to speak, which the river has merely taken advantage of?"

"The continuity of the strata is unbroken, as you saw, along the river bottom where the upturned edges of the rocks have been planed to a common level."

"But," interposes another, who has been studying a map of our route, "suppose the gaps closed up, and the mountains extending as unbroken walls across the course of



JUNCTION OF NORTH AND WEST BRANCHES OF THE SUSQUEHANNA AT NORTHUMBERLAND.

the river. They would dam up the water, making the river valley a lake whose outlet would be where the dam was lowest. Now I see by this map that five or six miles to the west of both series of gaps the dams suddenly stop, the mountains curving back upon themselves. Long before the valleys in either case were filled to the height of the ridge, the water must have found an outlet further west. The river would necessarily have gone round this salient mountain angle instead of cutting through the double walls as you say it has done."

"That presupposes what the conditions will not warrant, that the river valley was then in existence,—that the contour of the country has always been the same. You leave out of your reckoning the fact that a process of denudation more or less rapid is, and ever has been, incessantly changing the face of the continent. Every rain-fall washes sand and mud into the water courses; these carry it to the main rivers, which bear it away to the sea. By this process the land is steadily lowered, valleys are carved out, leaving the firmer rock formations jutting out as peaks, bosses and ridges. When the Susquehanna began to carve its way through these mountain barriers, the river level was as high as, perhaps much higher than, the present summit of the hills."

"Worse and worse! That requires the river to *make* the mountains, as well as to dig through them."

"Indirectly, yes; by plowing out the softer earth around and between them."

"But these mountain-ridges are seven or eight hundred feet high, and the valleys correspondingly deep."

"Very true; yet that is no measure of the total erosion the surface of Pennsylva gives evidence of. Near Chambersburg i 'fault'—a shifting of the strata—wh brings into juxtaposition formations sepa ted originally by twenty thousand feet solid rock. The over-lying mass on one s has been planed away; in other words mountain four miles high has been w down—"

"Too steep, too steep! The fault m be in your theories. To accept all you ologists assert would require the faith-po of a bushel of mustard seeds: you d stick at one mountain, you cast whole co nents into the sea!"

"Pity we cannot utilize some of the w derful forces you tell about in grading railroads."

"So you do," the Geologist ins "every time you take advantage of a ri valley in projecting your lines. The l scratches you make in the dirt afterwards nothing to the cubic miles of grading Nature has already done for you."

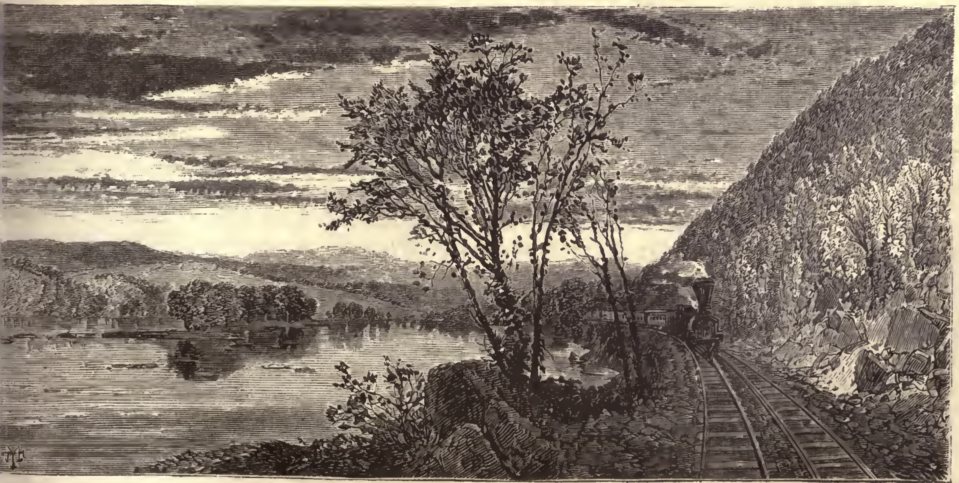
"Come," the Quiet Man intercedes; tires one to think of such prodigious lab You must be in need of refreshment by time."

"The very thing," assents the Jolly M "We shall feel better after eroding mountain of pickled oysters Robert has p up. It's a blessing we can get somet back from the all-absorbing sea."

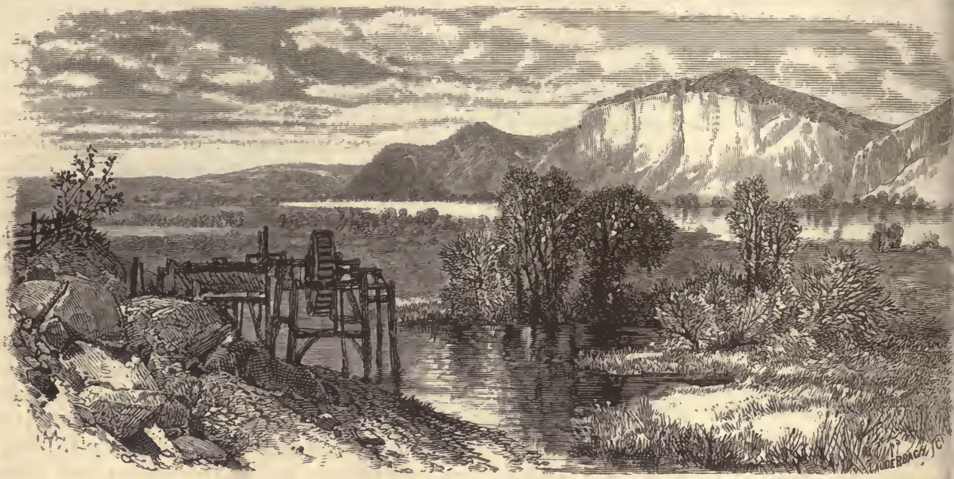
The Geologist enters upon the new cussion with undiminished ardor, wit dropping the old one. A fearfully rapid nudation of the ham-bone goes on a demonstrates his theories; but we have confidence in Robert's resources, and science have her way.

t Sunbury we leave the Susquehanna a hurried excursion to the coal region. a while our course is eastward up the low valley of Shamokin Creek, passing ny well-tilled farms with ample barns and nfortable dwellings. After half an hour's ng we turn abruptly with the stream, and end the narrowing valley southward into mountains, entering through a double like those of the Susquehanna in every- g but breadth. Within the canoe-shaped ugh between the mountains the country sents a scene of wildness without gran- r or beauty. The hills are rough and ren. The original forest of pines and nlocks has been broken into irregularly, none of the land has been brought under ivation, the rugged valley offering no worth reclaiming. Everywhere along the ky hill-sides and in the valley is a confu- n of half-burned trees and upturned, fire- hed stumps, looking all the blacker for patches of early snow among them. e stones and logs in the brook-beds and ng the creek are yellow with iron-rust, ng the streams the appearance of sewers n some immense chemical laboratory. the trees within reach of the acid water n the mines stand stark and dead, their y roots contrasting miserably with their ckened boles. At frequent intervals, ecially above Shamokin, vast shapeless oden structures, black with coal-dust, erally weather-worn and ragged with age, er above our course, or stand perched n small mountains of coal waste, higher on the rough hillsides. On every hand g trains of coal-cars move slowly through the woods, or crawl in and out from under the huge coal-breakers, taking in their loads of consolidated energy. Above our heads square cars traverse lines of trestlework without visible motive power, dump their dusky freight, and return to the dark openings whence they came; or are drawn back and forth by much-belabored mules. The pulsating throbs of escaping steam beat through the rumble of machinery and the harsh thunder of falling coal, as it descends the long inclines to the discharging shutes, while over all rises the spiteful yell of steam whistles and the forceful converse of numerous locomotives. The whole aspect and atmosphere of the region is strange, uncanny. Outlandish intonations salute our ears wherever we stop,—mixtures of Pennsylvania Dutch, Welsh, Irish, and uncouth English. Whatever colors the miners and coal-heavers may affect when their clothes are new, a few days' wear reduces them to a uniform hue of unmitigated mourning. The few clean faces we see are not remarkably beautiful; the multitude, covered with coal dirt and streaked with perspiration, have a look that even the uniform courtesy manifested toward us by their owners fails to make inviting. The prevalent expression is one of stolid displeasure, perpetually on a strike against every symptom of cheerful emotion. And it is not surprising when one considers the character and surroundings of the life they live.

"Look here!" cries the Geologist, as we are passing the abandoned opening of Mine Ridge, above Mount Carmel. "Earthquakes and volcanoes!"



SUSQUEHANNA BELOW WILLIAMSPORT.



THE CLIFFS OF MONTGOMERY.

The Geologist has a habit of seeing wonderful things where no one else can ; so we are proof against surprises. We obey his call, however, curious to see what new trifle has arrested his attention.

"The old waste is on fire, that's all," says the Executive, with the prompt decision of a man who knows all about such things.

"This is not ordinary combustion," insists the Geologist. "This is genuine volcanic action."

"Not a very severe attack," remarks the Traveled Man, who saw an eruption of Vesuvius while abroad, and naturally measures all volcanic phenomena by that standard.

"What makes it?" queries the Junior, who has not traveled enough to learn the art of feigning omniscience.

"Just what makes all volcanoes—chemical action," replies the Geologist. "It seems to be particularly lively to-day. The drippings from that melting snowdrift have filtered through to the decomposing sulphurets of the coal-waste. The result is heat enough to induce on a small scale a spontaneous combustion of the coal dust. The steam and sulphurous fumes have burst the crust, making these miniature mountain ranges and radiating earthquake fissures. Here's a vent-hole ; there's another,—regular active volcanoes. Notice that deposit of sulphur where the broken crust is coolest. We can study right here all the processes and learn all the secrets of mountain making."

"Thanks for the opportunity, but we have no intention of going into that business at present ; besides, we have no time to spend here if you wish to see the mine. It's pa noon already."

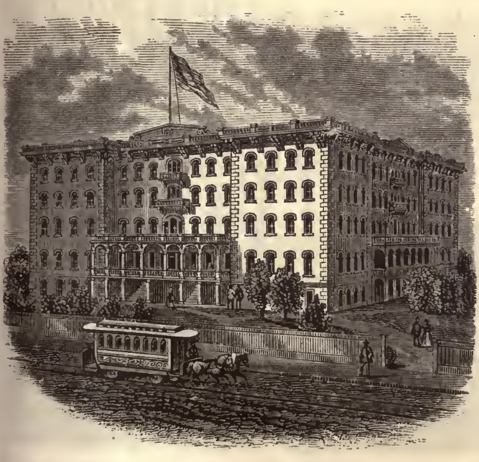
The Geologist's enthusiasm subsides, a we hurry on to where the huge break marks the entrance to the pit. Every one familiar with the general characteristics of coal-mine : one or more narrow shafts d ping at any angle from horizontal to p pendicular, as required by the location a slope of the coal-vein—radiating galleries different levels — cavernous excavations dripping waters—unpleasant odors—black darkness made visible by faint gleams light—half-seen forms of men and mul breaking down the coal and dragging it i the deeper darkness,—all these over a over again in endless combinations. O view is as satisfactory as a hundred. most of the party it is an outworn sensatio so none but the Untraveled Man and t Geologist trust their lives and their clotl —the last being chiefly considered—to uncertainties of the depths. Bearing a let to the "inside boss," the two adventur mount the dirty car, and are speedily down into the darkness, returning in a f minutes smeared with coal-mud, and ap rently well pleased with their experien From the mouth of the shaft we follow a c load of coal to the first slope of the break and see it shot downward. By a long st way we descend to the first stopping-pl of the coal, where it is assorted. The larg blocks of pure coal—steamboat coal— passed directly into the discharging sh for that size. The larger fragments of sl are shoveled through holes into cars wait to carry them away to the end of the wa heap. The rest goes through other holes to the breaker, where it is crushed between cylinders armed with stout teeth. The breaker proper we do not see, it being securely enclosed in obedience to legislative enactment, called forth by the too frequent slipping of small slate-pickers into its remorseless jaws. From the breaker the coal descends to the screen, a revolving framework covered with strong wire-netting, the meshes so graded as to sift out first the dust, then the nut-coal, then the other sizes in order to the largest furnace coal, each size falling into its particular shute.

So far the operation has been agreeably interesting; but the next level presents a scene that makes one almost forswear all further use of coal.

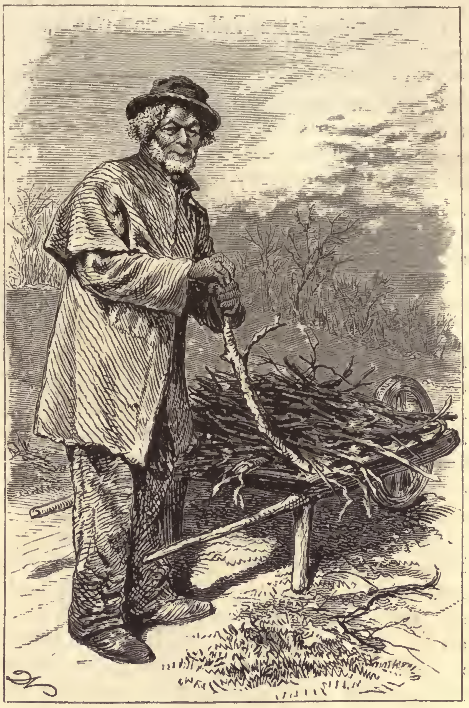
At the mouth of each shute below the screen sits a child, watching the slowly moving stream of coal and carefully picking out every splinter of slate. Hour after hour the dusty stream flows on; hour after hour this unkempt, grimy, ragged splinter of humanity works on like a machine. And there are hundreds, thousands like him, wasting their childhood in these dusky, cheerless barn-like structures, seeing no color but black, hearing nothing but the harsh cracking and sliding of coal and slate, knowing nothing but the need of constant watchfulness.

"Is there no possible way of doing without the labor of these children?" asks the Junior?

"None has been found yet," the Superintendent replies. "No machine can tell slate from coal. People won't buy coal with slate in it, and we could not afford to pay men for doing what these boys do quite as well, if not better. So the boys have to do it. They rather like it."



HERDIC HOUSE.



"THE OLDEST RESIDENTER."

"Do they never have any schooling?"

"Not much, and what they do get is of no particular use to them. They're a hard lot, I assure you."

"As well they may be."

If those who marvel at the savagery which breaks out from time to time in these semi-subterranean mining communities, could only see the life these incipient miners are bred to, much of the mystery would disappear.

Given an infancy passed in the rudest, most unhome-like of dwellings, in the midst of squalid discomfort and the unloveliest of scenery; a childhood spent in the joyless drudgery of slate-picking; a youth prolonging the toil, looking forward only to promotion to the pit: Are these elements likely to produce a high type of character, a cheerful, fine-grained manhood?

"Nobody compels them to adopt a miner's life," replies the Superintendent to a remark of this sort.

"But fate does. Take these slate-pickers. How can they choose what life they will lead? They have no means of knowing any other; so they fall to this as irresistibly and with as little volition as the coal of a particular size falls to a particular shute."

"You look at this matter from a wrong point of view entirely. Because you would not like a miner's life, you think that everybody must feel the same dislike to it. The miners, on the contrary, prefer it. Ask the first one you meet to quit the mine to work on a farm or in a factory, and see what answer you will get."

"So the mole prefers to burrow in the dirt; but ask the squirrel how he would like it. The fact that men can lead a miner's life with any sort of satisfaction, is simply proof of their ignorance of a better. But it was not a question of liking or disliking that I had in mind, so much as the evident connection between the hard life the miners are born and bred to, and the hard character they so commonly develop."

"Well, all men can't be gentlemen and scholars. If they were, the work of the world would come to an end fearfully sudden; then what would become of the gentlemen? The civilization we brag of would not last long if there were not some men willing to live and labor underground for the power that keeps it going."

Dinner awaits our return to the car, and we are amply prepared to do justice to it. This rushing, exciting open-air life is a wonderful appetizer, and though Robert's generous provision disappears with a speed that rivals our rapid descent from the coal region, we are out of the mountains and half-way down the valley before we rise from table.

Arrived at Sunbury, the Junior breaks for the office of the Northern Central. His return is more deliberate.

"Did you get your letter?"

"No: the stupid conductor must have forgotten to leave it."

While we are commiserating our disappointed companion, a dispatch is brought in telling him that his letter arrived too late for the morning express, and that it will be sent on by mail to Williamsport.

"All right," says the Executive, cheerily; "you'll get it to-morrow morning."

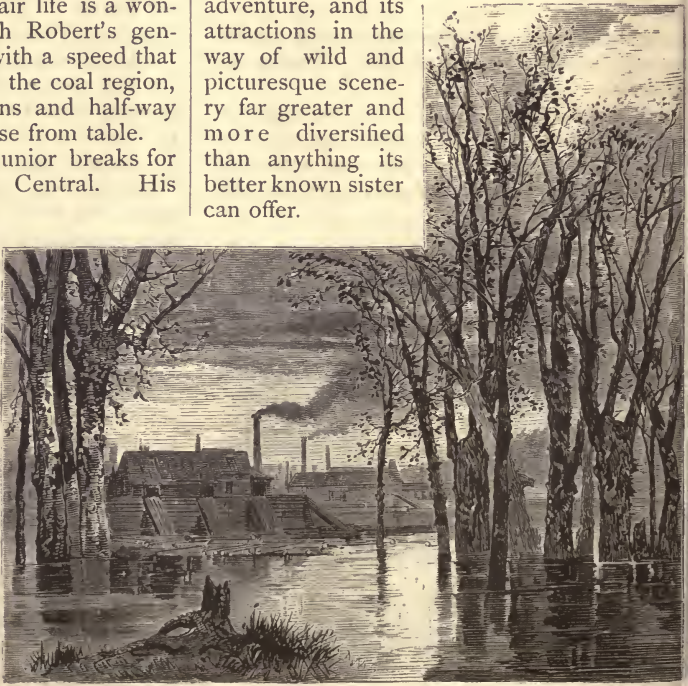
But the Junior is in no humor for such cheap consolation. He wants his letter now. His wife may be sick, or dead—who knows what?

"Can't you communicate with her by telegraph?"

"I don't know where she is," is the plaintive reply. "She thought of visiting some friends in the country this week. If I send a telegram home, she may not be there to get it. If I send to the country and she isn't there, they won't know what to make of it."

Out of this dilemma there is clearly no escape. The Junior must wait; and that is the one thing he does not want to do.

Just above Sunbury the Susquehanna forks. The North-Branch,—famous in poetry and history for the charming scenery along its banks, and the terrible scenes of war and massacre enacted in its beautiful valleys,—comes in from the eastward after a zig-zag course from the far north, where it takes its rise in Otsego Lake. The shorter West Branch comes down from the north, draining a large tract of mountain country to the north-west still largely unsubdued by man. Settled at a later day than the country watered by the North Branch, its mountain valleys with their inclosing wilderness have been brought less frequently and less prominently to public notice. Nevertheless its history is replete with heroic adventure, and its attractions in the way of wild and picturesque scenery far greater and more diversified than anything its better known sister can offer.



SAW-MILLS, WILLIAMSPORT.

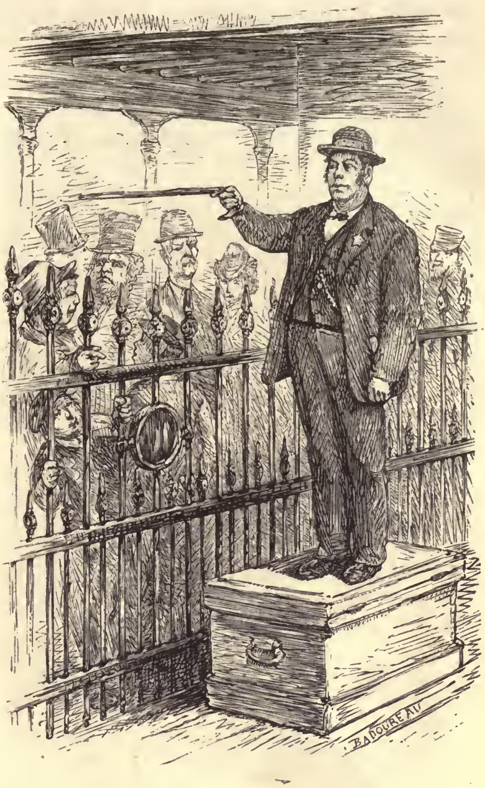
For the next forty miles our course follows he line of the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad, long the banks of the West Branch. At he junction of the two streams lies the retty town of Northumberland, to which we ross. Passing the range of sandstone cliffs ust above the town, and further on the igher Montour Ridge, with its inexhaustible tores of iron-ore, we enter a broad open ountry richly cultivated and apparently of reat fertility. Above Milton the wide iver valley affords an endless variety of retty scenery, rolling hills and quiet dales, ull of pleasant farms and comfortable homes.

On the opposite side dark heavily-wooded mountain-spurs are thrust out from the upland country like the spread fingers of a gigantic hand, with broad webs of lowland between. To the north, Bald Eagle Mountain pushes its steep wall straight across our course, ending abruptly some miles to the eastward. As we approach its flank, the river makes a sudden turn to the right. We keep straight on, crossing to the western bank in full view of the bluffs that deflect the stream southward; and passing the little town of Montgomery enter upon a belt of deeply eroded country full of conical hills, narrow on this side, but amply developed on the opposite shore. In a little while we strike the flank of the ridge, already black with evening shadows, and swing round the end of the mountain, the high rock-wall on our left, the majestic curve of the river on our right. On the further side the picturesque Muncy Hills show their graceful outlines to the best advantage, bathed in a glowing flood of purple light. Bending to the west, we plunge into the last wave of sunset glory that fills the river valley, and brightens the mountain side above us; but it is soon past, the cold shadows chasing the light up the ridge until, as we cross the river at Williamsport, the last ray leaves the tree-tops along the summit, and the burning clouds alone retain a trace of the brilliant day departed.

"What sort of a place *is* this Williamsport?" exclaims the Geologist, as we enter the hotel adjoining the station.

"A very thriving place indeed," replies the Veteran. "A great lumber market—you must see the booms and mills in the morning—growing rapidly, and altogether one of the most enterprising boroughs in the State."

"So I have been told," is the unsatisfied rejoinder; "but what is there here to sustain a hotel like this?"



"TAKE THE REAR CARS—A W-A-Y BACK!"

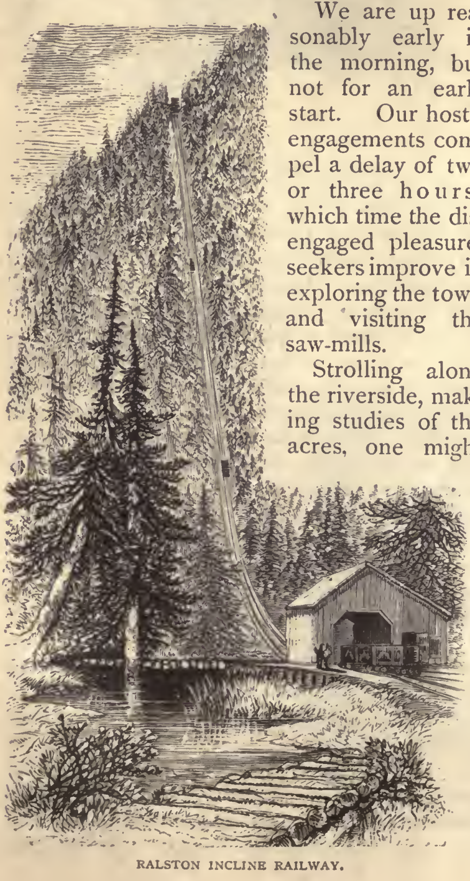
The Geologist is not the only person who has asked that question, and felt the same surprise, on entering the Herdic House for the first time. Thanks to increasing travel, good hotels are making their way—especially along lines of popular summer travel—into the most retired parts of the country. Still one would scarcely expect to find here among the mountains a house planned and constructed like this after first-class metropolitan models. In the matter of external advantages the Herdic House is peculiarly favored, having extensive park-like grounds, with charming lawns for croquet, flower-beds, shrubbery, and shade-trees; and standing in a beautiful suburb of the town, surrounded on three sides by elegant dwellings, each with its shaded yard and well-kept flower garden. Behind the house is the railroad station; but, owing to the system of silent signals employed, the trains come and go unheard, save as they are announced in the general hall of the hotel. Here we are seated after supper around the steam radiator, talking over the incidents of the day and enjoying the genial warmth, for the night is chilly. Suddenly a burly figure flings open the door, shouts something so loud we cannot hear it, and disappears.

"What's that old fellow bawling about?" inquires the Junior.

"Erie Express *West*," replies the Executive, looking at his watch.

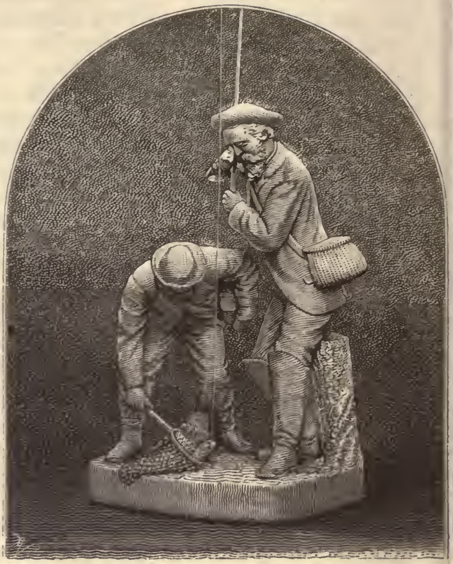
With something of the spirit that draws together the crowd of lookers-on that always gathers in country places to see the arrival and departure of trains, — a general curiosity rather than any special personal interest, — the younger members of our company fall into the tide of departing travelers and drift over to the station. The gate-keeper stands at the fence, staff in hand, guarding the passage-way and shouting, with stentorian voice :—

"Passengers for Trout Run, Ralston, Canton, Minnequa, Troy, Elmira, Rochester, Buffalo, and Niagara Falls take the forward cars—*in front*. Those for Jersey Shore, Lock Haven, Renovo, Kane, Corry, and Erie take the rear cars—*a* W-A-Y *back!*"—with tremendous emphasis on the *way*.



RALSTON INCLINE RAILWAY.

We are up reasonably early in the morning, but not for an early start. Our host's engagements compel a delay of two or three hours, which time the disengaged pleasure-seekers improve in exploring the town and visiting the saw-mills.



CONKEY'S GROUP : THE TROUT-FISHERS.

Strolling along the riverside, making studies of the acres, one might almost say square miles of logs, in pi turesque piles above the booms, the Arti discovers a striking character and essays t take him off. The rest engage him in co versation.

"Yes, sah ; been about heah a long tim sah ; fact is I's one ob de oldest residenter Wha's dat gen'leman doing dar?"

"Sketching : making a picture."

The oldest "residenter" grabs his whee barrow and begins to make off, declarin that he does n't want to be "a spec-tackl fur no man."

Artist hastens to apologize, vigorously di claiming any sinister intention.

"I's jes' like to know what you want da picter *fur?*" persists the unsatisfied subjec

Artist exhibits his sketch-book, and explains his custom of making a note of a persons and places of interest he come upon in his travels, "just to remember ther by, you know."

"Well, I don't make no objection to dat but I's a pore man an' can't lose de time."

A little loose change removes that obstacle ; but another appears in the person o the watchful partner of the venerable residenter.

"You aint none o' dem fellers what cut up folks, be ye?" she observes mistrustfully "cos' ef you be you can't have none of *m* ole' man. He's all I's got in dis yer' worl' an' I can't spar' *him*, no how!"

"Dad's all correct, mammy," interpose the pacified patriarch, "dese is proper gen' lemen. Dey's jes' rekesticated de pribilege ob takin' my picter—dat's all."

The overwhelming condescension of this remark does more to allay the suspicions of his companion "fur nigh onto fifty year," than our liveliest denial of any design on her "ole' man's body."

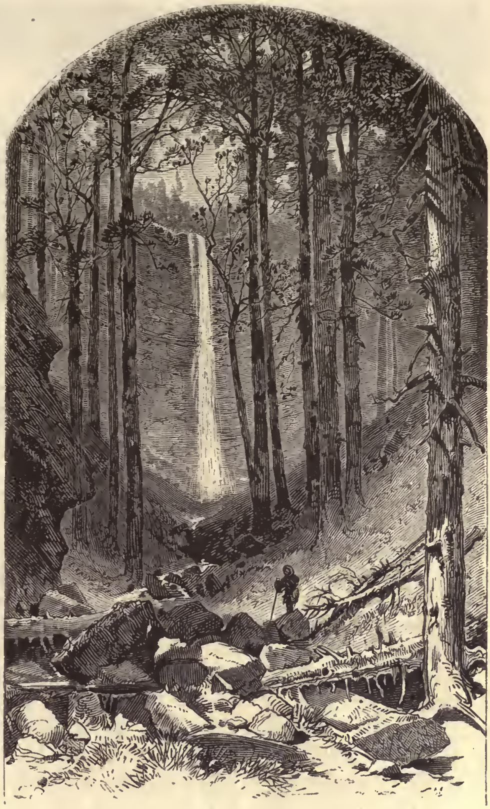
"But you ain't agoin' to take him *so*—with that ole' coat! Well I declar'! He ain't perticlar han'some no how," and the ancient matron cackles at the liberty she takes with her "ole pop's" person; "but jes' let him come home and put on his good clo's an' slick his har, an' he'll look *some* better!"

From Williamsport our route lies up the wild valley of Lycoming Creek, one of the numerous tributaries to the West Branch from the great rolling plateau of the Alleghany Mountains,—rapid torrents cutting their way through rugged gorges a thousand feet below the original surface level. Into the wider valleys civilization has thrust slender feelers for coal and iron and lumber; but these inroads have scarcely broken the primitive savageness of the country, which is, and, it is to be hoped, will long remain, a vast natural park,—a summer breathing-place for the townsfolk of the State. Here every season come hundreds of votaries of health and pleasure, who find rich stores of both, and not a few deer and trout, among the mountains and along the rapid torrents that tumble down the ravines.

"What's the trouble with all these abandoned iron works?" inquires the Geologist as we pass the third or fourth dismantled furnace.

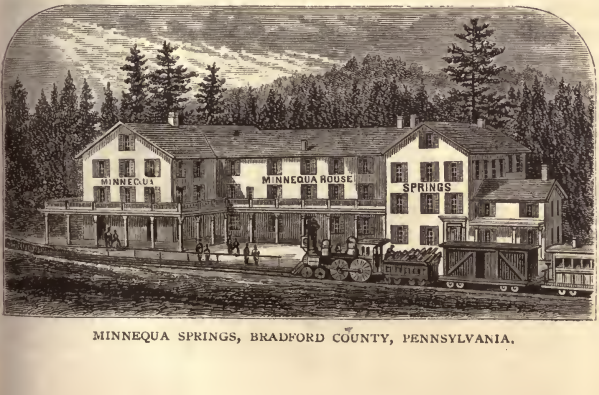
"Failed on account of the uncertainty of the males," replies the Jolly Man, looking gravely at the Junior.

[Junior has been disappointed again through some unaccountable irregularity in the civil service, and the heartless bachelors of the party are disposed to chaff him.]



DUTCHMAN'S RUN, NEAR RALSTON, PENNSYLVANIA.

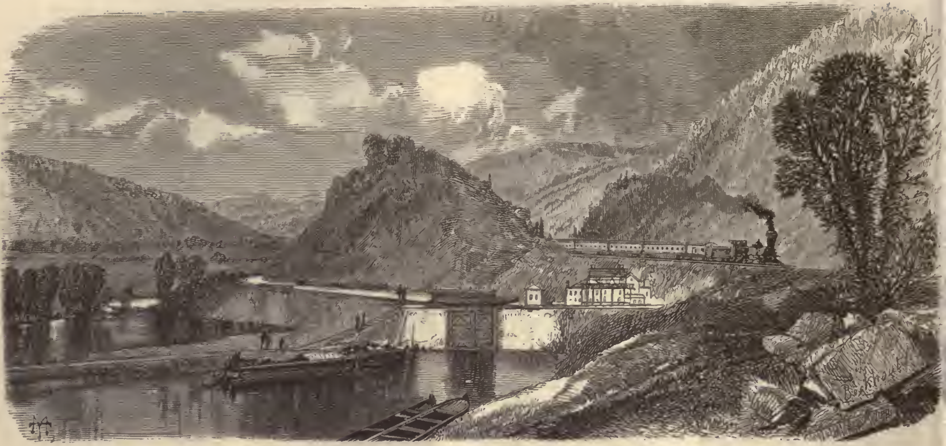
"That is to say," continues J. M., "the workmen were afflicted with frequent relapses into semi-barbarism, and couldn't resist the temptation to go a-fishing every other day. This interfered so seriously with the conduct of the works that they had to suspend operations entirely."



MINNEQUA SPRINGS, BRADFORD COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA.

The Geologist appeals to the Veteran, who enters into a circumstantial account of a mining fever that arose at one time in this wild valley, was conveyed to New York and other financial centers, and resulted in an epidemic of stock companies. The fever ran its course, as the doctors say, exhausting itself in the erection of numerous costly furnaces, whose unsmoked chimneys stand to-day as clean as the pockets of the deluded speculators who paid for them.

Before the story is finished we pass the deserted village of Asten with its abandoned furnace—a monument of misdirected capital—and stop at the station just below Ralston House, the favorite



CANAL LOCKS, NEAR MILLPORT, NEW YORK.

resort of Baltimore and Philadelphia lovers of mountain air, mountain scenery, hunting, and fishing.

At the little summer-house in the corner of the grounds the Jolly Man stops to cultivate the acquaintance of a budding "cherished idol" whose sweet face and charming manner would be sufficient excuse for the rankest idolatry.

"Nellie Conkey," she says, in reply to his questions. "I live here *now.* I did live in Chicago before the fire; but—" a shade of sorrow overspreads her face, and her voice quivers—"papa's studio was burnt—and now—we have to stay here."

Even in this heart of the wilderness that terrible calamity finds its victims! But, thanks to a generous host, the pleasure resort in prosperity becomes a refuge in adversity. Bereft in that night of fire of all he had gained by years of patient study and painstaking effort, his field of labor destroyed, his patrons ruined or scattered, the unfortunate sculptor must needs leave his wife and daughter in the wilderness, and cast about for a new place to begin the battle of life. God grant him abundant success!

At the head of the valley, half a mile above the Ralston House, is the inclined railway to the McIntyre coal-mines. Leaving the special on a siding, to be out of the way of passing trains, we walk to the foot of the incline. As we enter the shed built across the track at the bottom of the slope, an empty car starts out and goes whizzing up the mountain. Directly another car slides into view at the top of the incline, meets the up-going car midway, thunders down with increasing momentum, and shoots past us into the valley.

"What is that cavity for?" asks the Ge
ogist, pointing to a depression under t
track inside the shed.

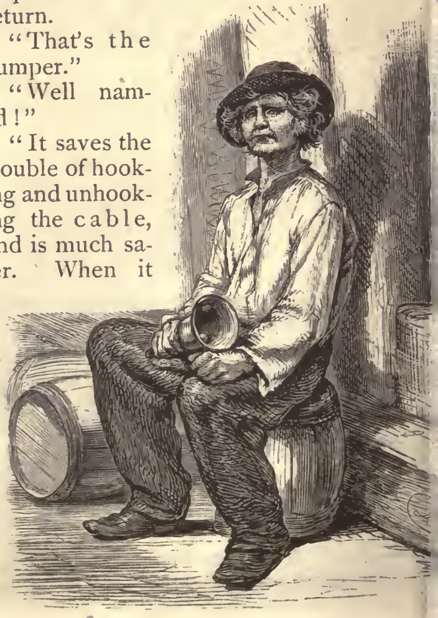
"That's where the bumper goes to let t
car pass on. You'll see how it works in
minute."

An empty car is hauled up from the sidi
The starter pulls a signal-wire communi
ting with the other end of the road. T
stout wire cable in the middle of the tra
begins to move, and a heavy wedge-sha
mass of timber comes up from the cav
broad end first, strikes the car with a sho
that sends it some feet up the slope, a
stops it on its return.

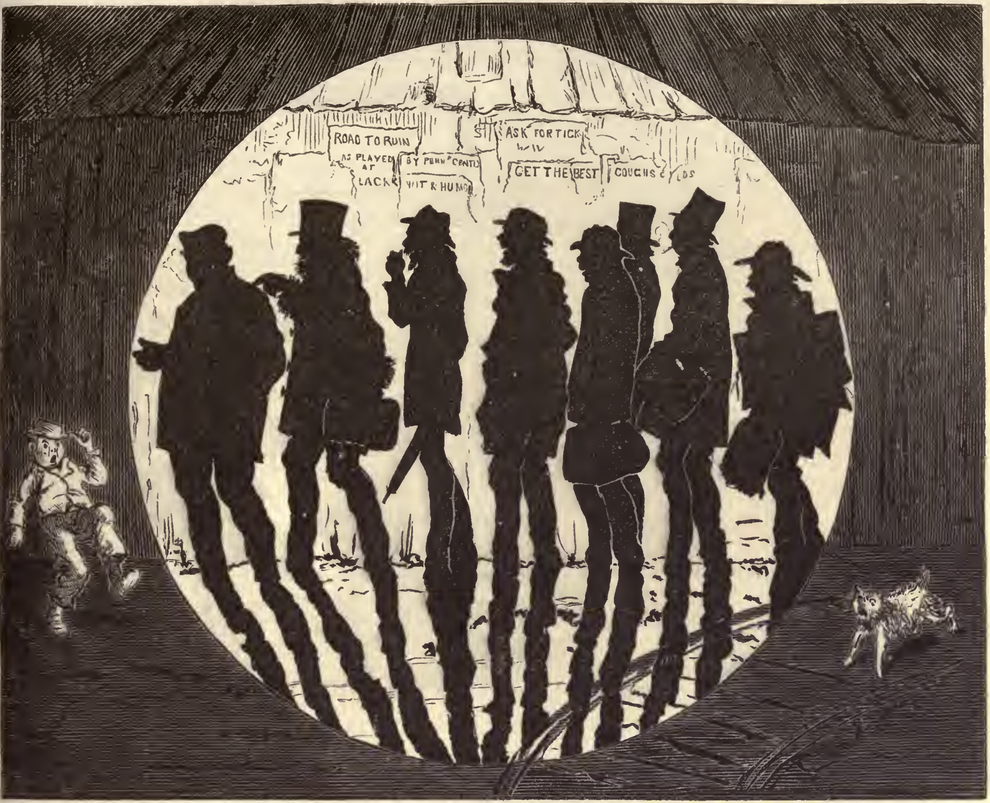
"That's the bumper."

"Well named!"

"It saves the trouble of hooking and unhooking the cable, and is much safer. When it



TOM TALLIDAY.



"THIS WAY TO THE POOR-HOUSE!"

arrives at the bottom of the slope a spring changes the gauge of its wheels; it runs along this narrow track into the hole, and the car passes over."

"I have no inclination to 'go up' in that fashion," observes the Traveled Man.

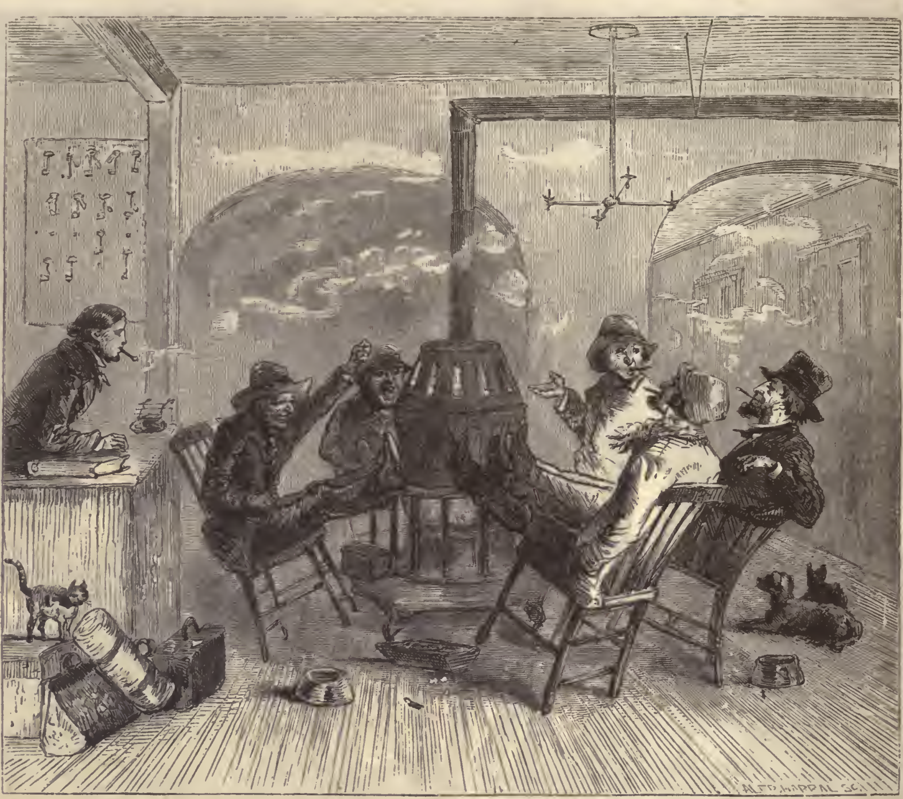
"I've been there once," says the Executive, "and that time I walked. I have no desire to go again."

"Decide quick," says the man at the wire. "The car will start in a minute. The Company doesn't allow visitors to ride, as a general thing; but you can risk it if you want to."

Only two succumb to the temptation, and climb the upper end of the car, prepared to jump on the instant in case the rope breaks.

The signal is given, the car starts with a jerk that well-nigh upsets us, and before our equilibrium is recovered we are rushing up the slope at a rate that gives us a sensation indeed. The cable sliding over the rollers produces a whirring sound that makes our fierce motion seem all the fiercer, while the steepness of the ascent and the absence of visible motive power combine to heighten the indescribable effect of the ride. The mountain seems to grow beneath and above us, as the valley expands and deepens below. We dare not look behind lest we lose our balance, and topple over into the opening jaws of the gulf which we cannot but see with the corner of our eyes, as it yawns darker and wider by our side. A strange feeling of relief comes over us as the descending loaded car sinks past, though the way becomes steeper and our speed more intense every minute. Never before has such an overpowering sense of being in a hurry come over us as during this rush of nearly half a mile up an ascent five times steeper than the steepest part of Mont Cenis railway; nor so delightful a sense of ease and security as when the crest of the incline is turned, and we glide along with retarded motion.

Our time is too short to allow a visit to the mine; so we stop on the verge of the mountain to look at the valley, which lies, a narrow level strip, nearly a thousand feet below. Along its western edge, flows Lycoming Creek. .Rock Run comes in from


ALFD. HAPPAL SC.

"WILL THEY BUY THE GLEN *and* THE VILLAGE, OR ONLY THE GLEN?"

the East, and Red Run from the west, their courses showing only by clefts in the mountains. A mile to the southward the creek curves round to the right, and the valley is cut off, the distance showing only sweeping curves of mountain summits, covered with a vigorous growth of hemlock.

A loaded car rolls slowly round the curve of the mountain from the mine. We run for it, fearful of being left behind. The Artist, who has a few feet the start, is mounting the car when it dips over the end of the slope. First come, worst served! The car stops with a thud, and the Artist makes a flying leap head-foremost into the coal, emerging with blackened face and a prospect of blackened eyes. We had forgotten the bumper!

There is time enough for us to plant ourselves firmly on the ledge of the car, before it begins its downward course. We are prepared as we start for a grand sensation,—but it does not come. The car rolls downward, as a matter of course. Its speed is great, we know; but there is no fear-inspiring rush, no blur of objects hurtling past. We look out into the distant valley; it ris slowly as we descend, and that is all. N until we shoot through the starter's sh and strike out upon the valley do we real that our motion has been particularly ra or peculiar.

Just beyond the incline we cross t mouth of Dutchman's Run, famous for waterfalls, and for the next ten miles enjo series of as striking forest and mount scenes as can be seen from any railroad in t Eastern States. The highest point is reach near Carpenter's. Where in a beaver m dow the last slender branch of the Lycomi —"the bewildered," the Indians called it unites with the head-stream of the Towar —"the fretful"—whose waters flow nor ward a short distance, then eastward, a empty into the North Branch of the Susqu hanna. Five or six miles further—on t northern frontier of the wilderness—we st at Minnequa Springs. The season is ove the crowd of seekers for renewal of hea from its medicinal waters are gone, leavi the disconsolate "Fanny" alone to mou their departure. We taste the water a d it mildly disagreeable, share an apple two with the bear, and hasten forward, r our day's ride is not half done and the n is rapidly nearing the western hill-tops.

Beyond Minnequa the country softens. e mountains subside into rolling hills, the lleys widen, and instead of the rocky cliffs d somber forests we have been accustomed , we have broad meadows, well-fenced ms, and pleasant-looking homesteads. owhere will one find a sharper or more lightful transition from wildness to cultivaon than in this swift descent from the Alleanies into the lovely valley of Troy. From oy to Elmira the country presents little of e picturesque, but an abundance of quiet, stful hill and dale scenery, that pleases rough contrast with the ruggedness behind.

In the absence of variety in nature we rn to the country-people, finding no little tertainment in the curious, sometimes mical interest with which they regard the ecial train. There is nothing imposing in r appearance. Grander trains go by ery day; but the Special is something unpected, unusual, and is popularly supposed indicate the passage of people of more an ordinary consequence. The irrepressie boys of the villages give freest expression this opinion :—

"I say, Bill," says one to another at a tle station where we stop for orders, "who them, d' ye' s'pose?"

"*Them?*" says Bill, bound to have an swer at all hazards, "why, them's railroad esidents!"

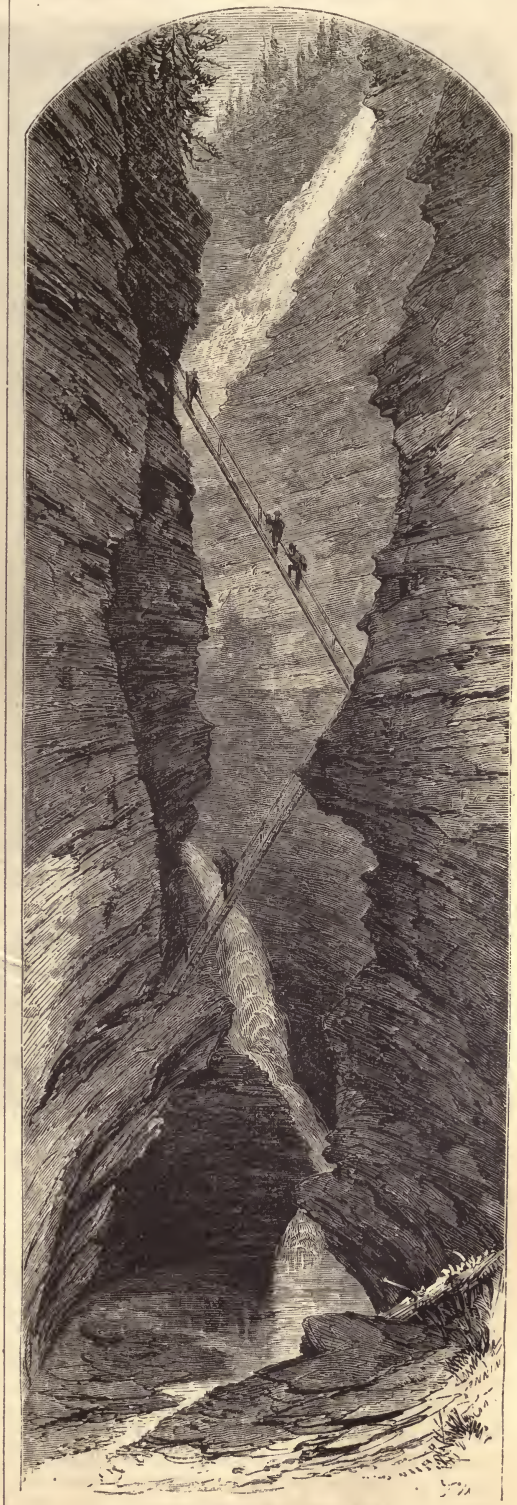
"Takes the stamps to travel in *that* style, u bet!" observes No. 1 as the two walk und to the rear of the car to get a better ht of the interior.

"What's that to *them?*" rejoins Bill; they're worth their millions!"

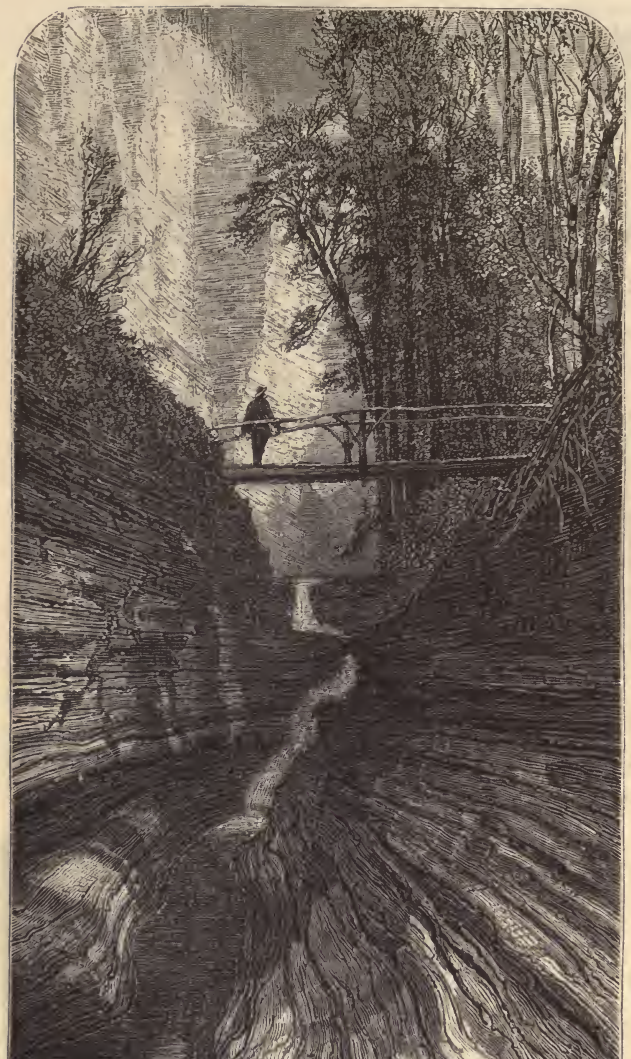
The imputed possession of "stamps" by e million is the source of no little amuseent to the Jolly Man, who overwhelms the ondering boys with the gravest of salutes the car moves on.

Our stop at Elmira is short. Junior's ertic epistle must be looked after, but that es not take long. A little telegraphing nds him back to the car radiant with the formation that the letter is safe in Wilmsport, and sure to overtake us to-morw. The Little Man's message is not so atifying.

"All wrong,—all wrong!" he says, miicking the tone and manner of Tom Talliy after an "illness." (Every Elmirian nows the import of Tom's *all rights* and



BRIDAL VEIL: HAVANA GLEN.



ENTRANCE TO CATHEDRAL: WATKINS GLEN.

*all wrongs.*) Important business compels his immediate return to Baltimore, and the Veteran goes with him.

Clouds are gathering about the declining sun as we skirt the pretty lake and promising park on the edge of the city; but we miss the crimson and gold that every evening thus far have promised a continuance of pleasant weather. For four or five miles we run along the track of the Erie Railroad, turning off just before we come to the historic town of Horse Heads. It is sundown when we leave the hilly country, dusk at Millport, and quite dark when we reach the mouth of the shallow flat-b tomed Chemung Valley and st for the night at Watkins.

The usual assemblage of idl awaits our arrival, curious to what new sensation-hunters ha come to visit their quiet villag and as we file round the curve the road toward the hotel, maki silhouettes against the freig house in front of the locomoti one irreverent urchin fires off single dog-eared joke, shouting

"This way, gentlemen! T way—to the poor-house!"

The idlers at the hotel are l numerous but not less curio than their brethren of the stre

While we are making ready supper, one after another lea the ring around the stove, f tively approaches the regist spells out the names of the n arrivals, and with a look of p found sagacity relapses into chair to continue the *sotto v* discussion. Vague rumors afloat of the intention of cert mysterious capitalists to buy glens and overshadow the vill with a mammoth hotel for su mer visitors; and evidently are the designing parties.

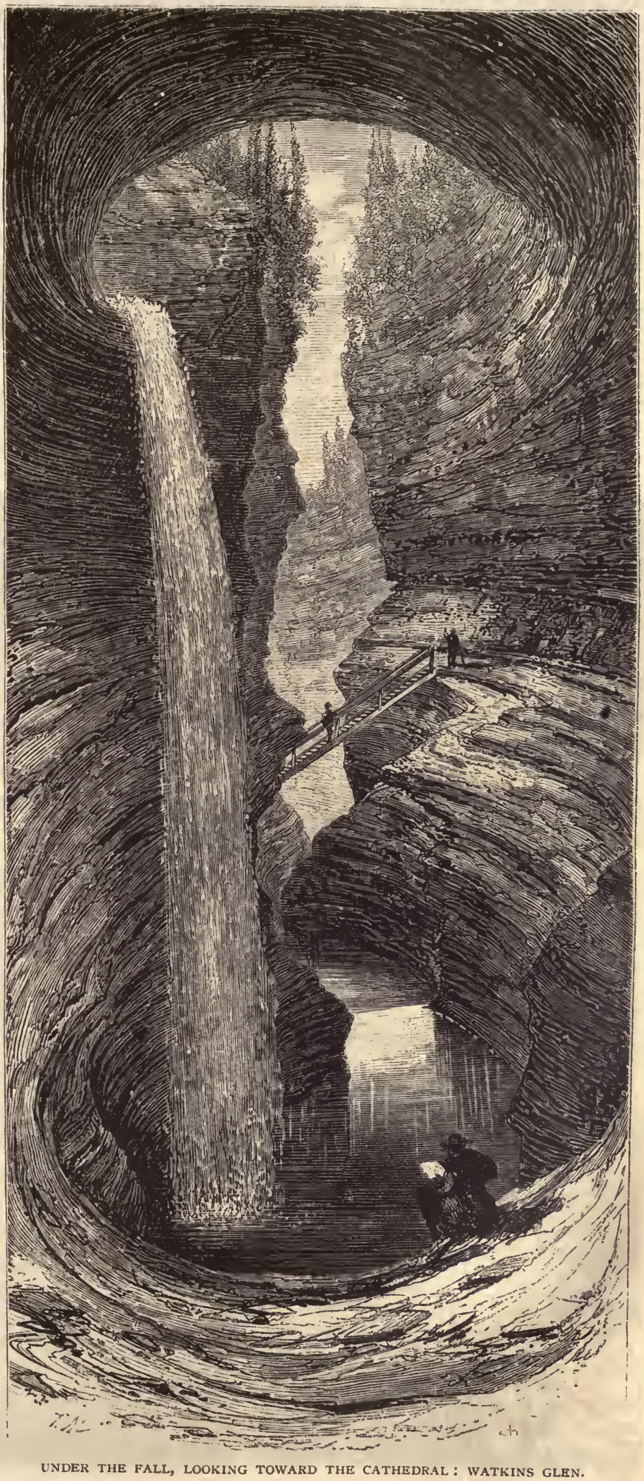
"A Special train don't co all the way from Baltimore w seven men unless they m business," observes the wisest the village Solons, and no n disputes so evident a propositi

When we return from the s per-table to retire to our roo the discussion is still going the millions given us by Pe sylvania Bill have multipli amazingly; and having settled their satisfaction the site and size and s of the new hotel, the disputants are vig ously debating the question whether new-come millionaires may not swallow the village as well as the glens.

Morning dawns late and lowering. cold, misty rain fills the air, and everyth drips dismally. After so long a period pleasant weather there is little hope o speedy clearing off; so we acknowledge situation, profess to find satisfaction in thought that the country is sadly in need water, and set out resolutely determined see the glens, rain or no rain.

A short walk up the village reet, a sudden turn to the ght, and we stand facing an regular cleft in a high wall ` rock. The first sight is a sappointment. We have ome to see a *glen*, and find e angular mouth of a deep ıvine—a cabinet edition of e Colorado cañon. Perhaps e scenery will soften within, owever, and the precipitous iffs give place to grassy slopes d graceful curves, as beomes a proper glen. Climbg the icy stairway at the enance, we look forward into e cavernous gorge beyond, d begin to appreciate the y humor of the man who first plied the pastoral name of *en* to such a rugged chasm. he joke grows on us as we oceed.

Mile after mile of this grand, gloomy, and pecuar" passage into the mounin repeats, with infinite variaons and sharpest contrasts, enes of exquisite prettiness d savage grandeur; here a acid pool; there a thunderg waterfall; beyond a ribbon foam, where the stream ars through a crooked rift in e rock; then a series of riping cascades, followed by ng reaches of still water, so ear and glassy that one seems look through the slaty botm into an under-world of ntastic forms, an inverted iritual counterpart of the onderful region around and ove. Every angle of the erhanging cliff is reproduced, ery tree and shrub and dripng fern,—the distance doubd, and the effects of light d shade curiously complicad. Now the stream overreads a broad channel as vel as a pavement; now it shes through a narrow sluiceay with square-cut sides and lished bottom, or through a ng, tortuous rough-hewn gulin the shale; again it sleeps a chain of oval pools, the



UNDER THE FALL, LOOKING TOWARD THE CATHEDRAL: WATKINS GLEN.

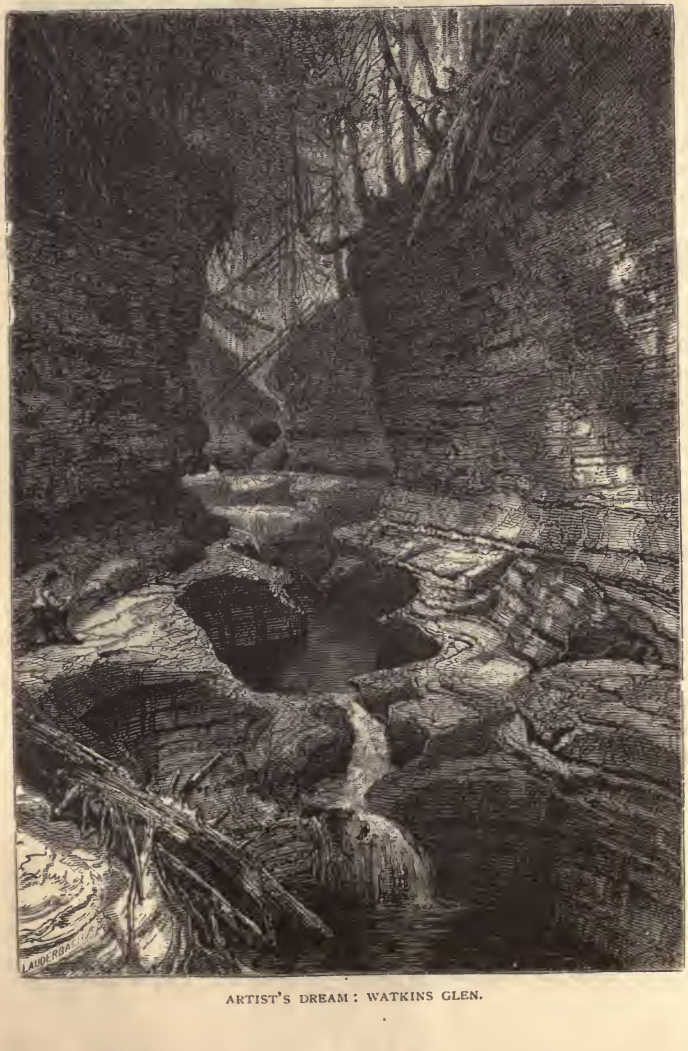
foot-prints of waterfalls long since receded. Sometimes a single well of most pellucid water stands in the middle of a level space, to mark the place of an ancient fall. Through such varying scenes we make our way, one moment creeping along a narrow ledge, water-worn and icy; a minute after climbing steep and slender stairways that cross from cliff to cliff, sometimes in front of, sometimes over, waterfalls that leap fifty or a hundred feet, in one sheer plunge into the black pool below. What magical effects of light and shadow a bright sun might produce here it is impossible to conjecture. Under a cloudy sky, in spite of drizzling rain and slippery walks, we find enough to prove the glen worth a ten days' journey to see.

A longer and steeper climb than ordinary brings us in sight of the Glen House, a
welcome resting-place after so fatiguing
scramble. There is only a matronly ca
with two half-grown kittens to receive us
but the proprietor himself, had we come "i
season," could not have given us a warme
greeting. Poor neglected pets! How the
must miss the good times past, when guest
were numerous, caresses common, and foo
abundant.

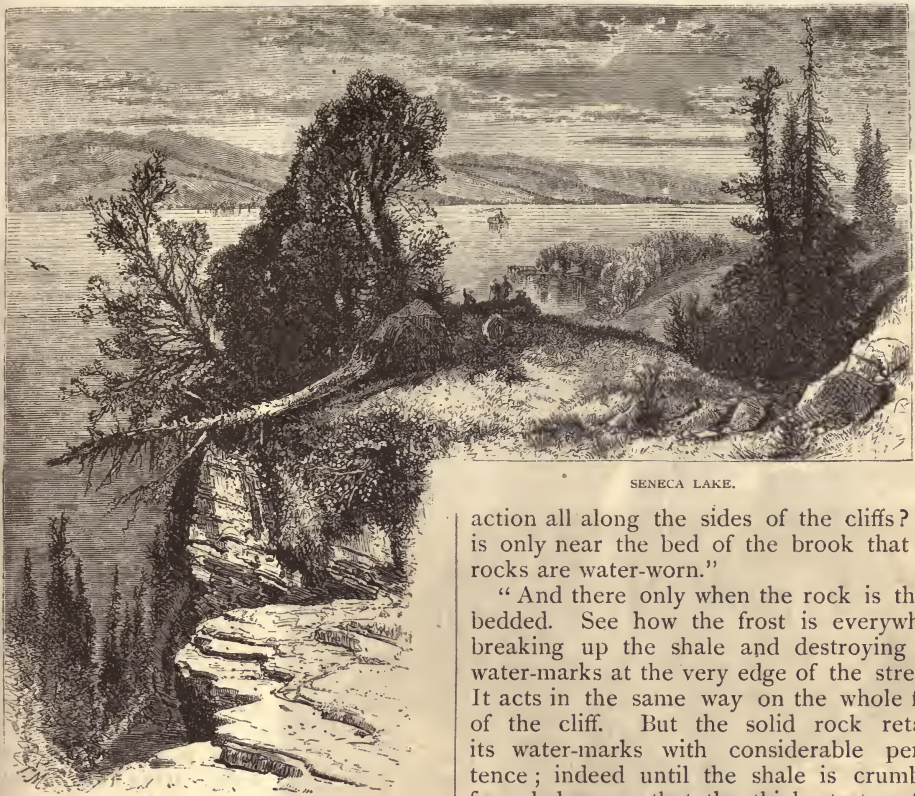
"There ought to be some one in charg
here," says the Executive, starting in searc
of that somebody. The others tramp u
and down the deserted balcony and pee
into the empty rooms in a vain search fo
something to sit on, until the Executive r
turns with the ancient "superintendent,
who leads the way to an inner office whe
there is a fire. Then he fetches the b
register and invites us to append our nam
to the long list of visito
from every corner of th
globe to view this freak
nature. As we hug th
stove, warming our finge
and drying our coats, th
Traveled Man searches th
column of "remarks" f
the opinions of our pred
cessors touching the chara
ter of the Glen. The you
ladies are chiefly "deligh
ed;" the young me
"drunk," but, happily, th
obnoxious word is usua
set down by another han
Brown records, with ma
flourishes, that the glen
"worth coming to see
Jones, laconically, "big
Miss Smith is "lost in wo
der and surprise;" wh
portly Mrs. Robinson fin
it "Uphill Business."
the midst of all the
commonplaces one gen
is inspired to sing w
a perceptible glint of
mor :—

"Oh the steps that you climb,
And the sights that you se
And the cliffs you wind roun
In this wild weird gor-*gee*,
Is something to dream and
member!"

We think we have pass
through every variety
miniature cañon scene
that water and rock are
pable of forming, but



ARTIST'S DREAM: WATKINS GLEN.



SENECA LAKE.

ssured that the best views are beyond. ushing on, we find the story true. Days stead of the hours we have at command ould be required to enjoy all the surprises is singular place has in store, and a volume stead of a page to convey any adequate ea of them.

“It isn't possible for water to have done l this,” the Artist declares as the Geologist credits the formation of the gorge to the tle stream that flows through it. “No oubt the water has helped; but there must ive been an immense fissure in the rocks begin with.”

“Is there any sign of a fissure along the esent bottom of the Glen? And how ould a fissure make this deep pool,—such we see under high falls,—here in the middle of a level space? There must have een a fall here; and if so, all the space om this point to that fall, a hundred rods bove, must have been filled with rock that as since been cut out. The whole cañon a chain of such conditions, all going to ove the theory of erosion.”

“But if the Glen has been cut out by the ream, why do we not see signs of water action all along the sides of the cliffs? It is only near the bed of the brook that the rocks are water-worn.”

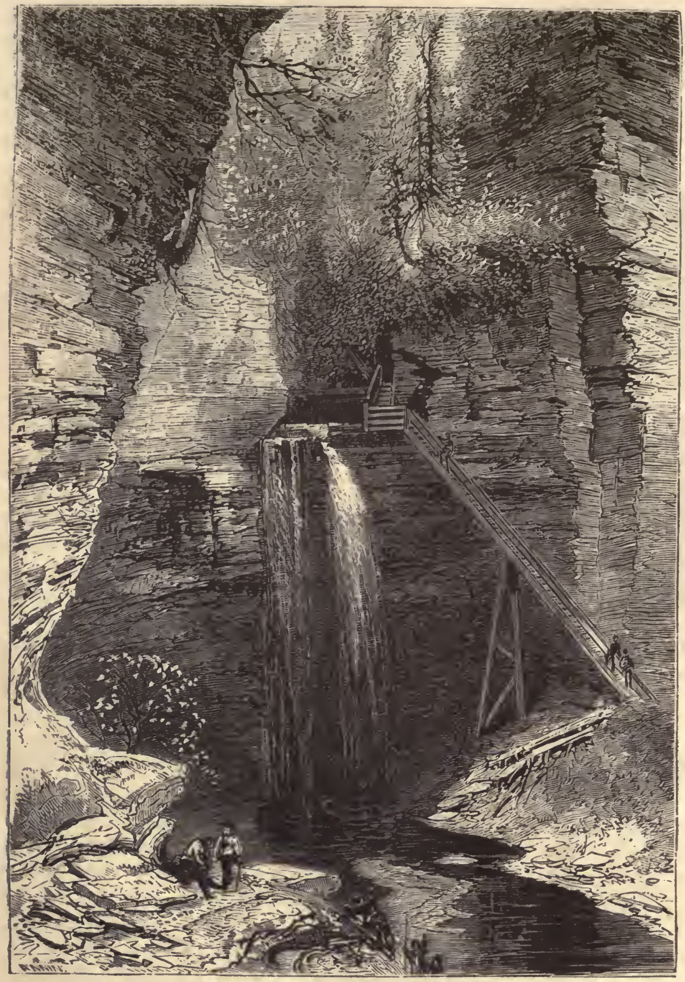
“And there only when the rock is thick-bedded. See how the frost is everywhere breaking up the shale and destroying the water-marks at the very edge of the stream. It acts in the same way on the whole face of the cliff. But the solid rock retains its water-marks with considerable persistence; indeed until the shale is crumbled from below, so that the thick stratum falls from its unsupported weight. There's a worn spot,—there's another, fifty feet above our heads, the curved edge of a pool, once the foot of a fall. I've seen a hundred such since we started. You can see slight traces of water-action on that cliff the stream is undermining. By and by the toppling mass will fall and the signature of the stream will be rubbed out.”

The two disputants hurry from under the frowning cliff into a wide amphitheater, where for the first time the Glen walls degenerate into steep hill-slopes. Then they hear the Junior shouting from the summit on the right, “Come up this way!”

Believing that to be the proper way home, the laggards pass the call on to the Jolly Man, who brings up the rear, and start for the face of the hill.

“Rather a steep climb for a man of my build,” observes the Jolly Man, doubtfully; “but hold on a minute till I get my breath again, and I'll try it.”

Steep indeed the climbers find it, and slippery, and provokingly fenced with briers. At last, however, they reach the summit, with scratched hands and shaky knees, but



EAGLE CLIFF AND FALL: HAVANA GLEN.

only to have their self-gratulations cut short by the cruel question—

"Why didn't you come by the road?"

The Jolly Man gives one look at the nicely graded pathway he might have taken, and doubles up like a jack-knife.

"I shouldn't have cared for the climb," he groans, slowly recovering from his collapse, "if it had been necessary. But—"

Only a look of unutterable disgust can give expression to his feelings.

"But where's the Executive,—and the Quiet Man?"

"Gone on, I suppose," replies the Traveled Man. "We found this road leading up the hill and followed it, expecting every moment to overtake them. They must be ahead somewhere; but I can't account for their leaving us strangers to
find the way out of
gorge alone."

As soon as the climb
are able to go on we pr
forward along the crest
the ridge in pursuit of
hosts. Half an hour's br
walking brings us to
edge of the woods on
brow of the hill overlook
the broad and beautiful C
mung Valley, and a lo
stretch of high land on
eastern shore of the la
At another time we shou
tarry long to enjoy such
charming prospect, but n
our minds are preoccupi
Where can our friends ha
gone? All the road to
village lies as it were un
our feet, in plain sight.

"They can't possib
have gained all that
tance," says the Geologi

"Perhaps they di
leave the Glen at all," s
gests the Artist.

"Where, then, *could* th
have gone?" asks the
nior. "We went to the e
of the Glen. They w
not there, and they could
have passed us coming ba
without our seeing them."

The Traveled Man is
opinion that they are
in the Glen, so we go ba
along a road that seems
come from the Glen Hou
A sharp turn round the point of the
and we stand face to face with the lost.

"You didn't go half way to the end of
Glen," says the Executive, on hearing
story. "There's a mile of splendid scen
beyond the place you came out at.
stopped at a particularly handsome fal
wait for you. As you didn't come, we tur
back, and failing to meet you, we conclu
you had become tired and returned to w
for us at the Glen House. Learning
had not been there, we concluded that
must have left the Glen by the hill ro
and hurried on to overtake you here."

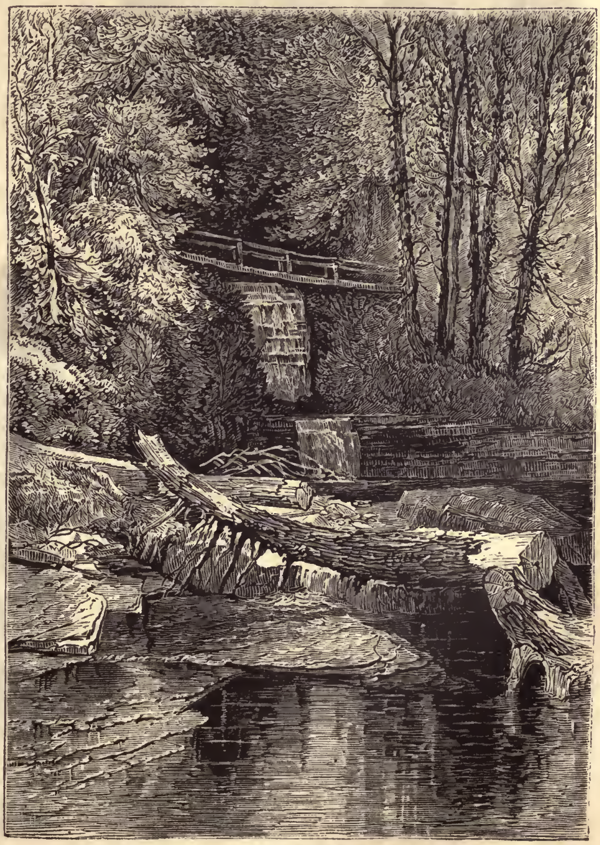
There is no time for retracing our st
for it is nearly noon, and we have Hav
Glen yet to visit. So, despite the assuran
of our friends to the contrary, we con
ourselves with the thought that the por

we have not seen can be only a repetition of the lower half, and descend to the hotel amply satisfied that the attractions of the Glen have not been overrated.

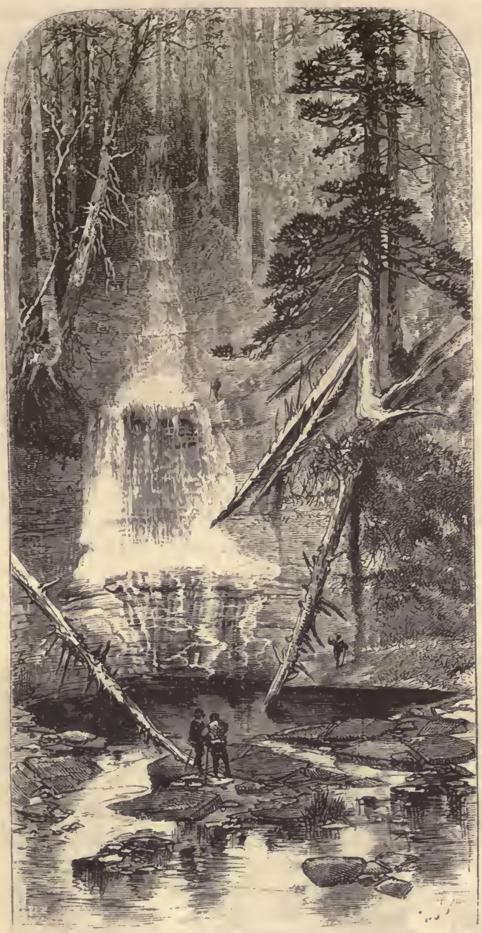
From the point of the terraced hill, which the people of Watkins have appropriated as a burying-ground, the view up the valley and down the lake is remarkably fine, though less imposing than the prospect from the higher ridge above. If the village wiseacres did not plant our mammoth hotel here, their speculations are sure to come to naught. Here, if anywhere, it shall be built. All the ghosts of the adjacent grave-yard could not keep visitors from such an enticing place. In the rear lies the high wooded ridge inclosing the myriad marvels of the Glen; in front, the flat valley, part village, part meadow, and beyond, miles of swelling ridge-land dotted with farmhouses; to the right, the shallow concave of the upper valley stretches away into the dim distance; to the left lies Seneca Lake, from whose fair bosom the trim steamers have driven the wild swan's snowy sail, but which in every other particular sustains the truth of Percival's poetic description. And the air! Even on this dullest of days there is life in the breath that comes up from the long lake-valley.

Two well-worn vehicles—carriages once—are waiting at the hotel to convey us to Havana. There are eleven to go,—our party of seven, the owner of the Glen, who desires to show off the wonders of his property and explain the plans he has in view for increasing its attractions; the owner of Watkins Glen, who does not want us to forget the attractions of his property; and the two drivers. The carriage springs are sorely tried, and revenge the severity of their treatment by periodic losses of flexibility. We are too closely packed to permit of any lateral vibration to our sides in response to the Jolly Man's comments; and, to crown all, the clouds cease to drizzle and begin to pour. "A clearing-up shower," the driver calls it, and so, fortunately, it proves to be. By the time the three miles to Havana are made there are most encouraging signs of clearing, and when we arrive at the Glen the rain is almost over.

From the very beginning Havana Glen impresses the visitor as having a character of its own. The stream is smaller than that of Watkins Glen. The rock is less shaly, and it has a strongly-marked system of rectangular joints dividing the cliffs into square towers and buttresses. When a portion of cliff falls it does not leave a jagged face, as in Watkins Glen, but a mural surface as smooth and even as a fortress wall, giving the sides of the cañon the appearance of great solidity and grand simplicity. The eroding current follows the lines of division, zigzagging at right angles rather than curving after the fashion of ordinary streams. At times, as in the Council Chamber, it cuts out perfect halls, with square corners and perpendicular sides, as unlike anything in Watkins Glen as can be imagined. The walls are lower than in Watkins, but they seem higher because of their clean-cut faces. In Watkins there is a persistent sameness in diversity,—a monotony of fantastic outlines. Havana has a statelier, more majestic cast. Watkins confuses while it amazes, bewildering by its multitude of details, infinitely various yet constantly similar. Havana has



CURTAIN CASCADE: HAVANA GLEN.



EMPIRE FALL : GLEN EXCELSIOR.

less variety and greater diversity, its plan seeming to be to present no two scenes at all alike. At times the cliffs give place to wooded escarpments; vegetation creeps down into the gorge, and throws a network of beauty and grace—truly glen-like—between two spaces of precipitous rock. The falls are fewer, but, in the main, more massive; and the pools are square-cornered instead of oval. In short, the two glens are not rivals, but complements, and the sight of one heightens rather than lessens the enjoyment of the other.

At the foot of Jacob's Ladder—a long series of steep stairways to a natural tunnel, where the path leads through an angle of the cliff—the Jolly Man becomes suddenly serious. An irresistible desire comes over him to inspect at leisure certain charming scenes that we have passed too rapidly. He isn't tired—not a bit; but he doesn't see the sense of rushing through the Glen a a rate that leaves no time to enjoy anything The proprietor enlarges on the charms c Bridal Veil,—in vain; the Jolly Man ha maintained his single blessedness too lon to be ensnared by such a trifle. He doesn care for Whispering Falls. What attractio have they when there are no fair compai ions to whisper to? Nor for the Fairie Cascade. Who ever saw a fairy out on suc a day as this? Even Glen Chaos, so su gestive of a bachelor's home, cannot lure hi forward, and we have to go on without him

Our guide knows of a short cut hom from the upper end of the Glen, and as tin is precious we decide to take it, trusting t find the Jolly Man resting his weary limbs the Glen House, where we have left our ca riages. Our trust is not misplaced.

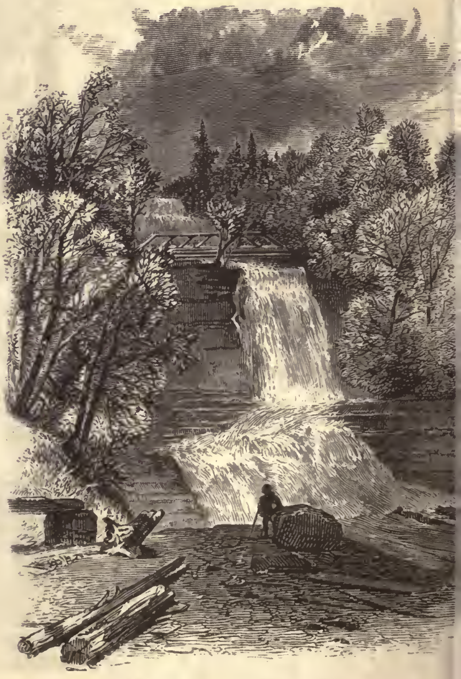
After dinner the owner of another gle waits on us and begs to exhibit his prodigy,- for, it appears, we have seen but two of th numerous natural curiosities of the kind this region.

"What is your glen like?"

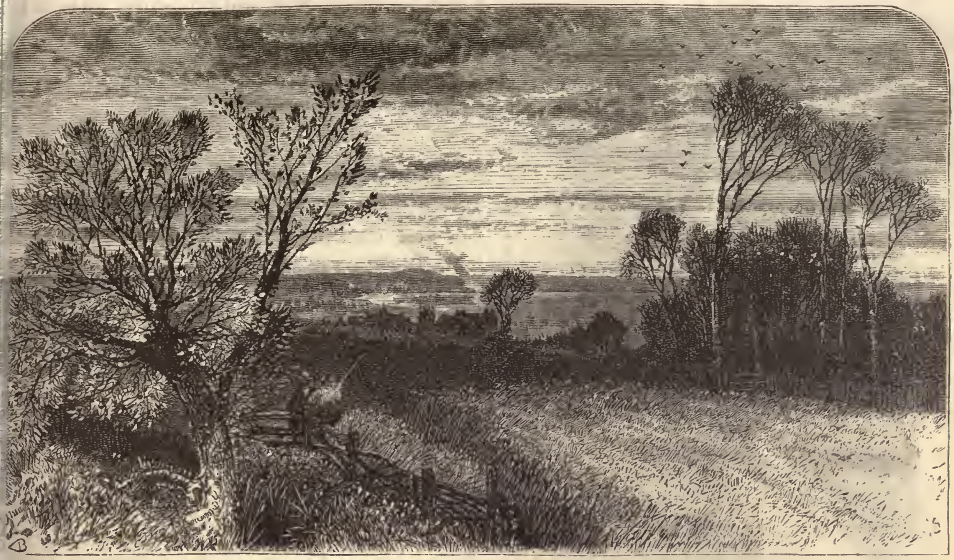
"Well, it isn't like either of them you' seen."

"Anything specially attractive in it?"

"Well, yes; several; partic'larly the e trance, and the big fall, and that's the hig est in the State."



HECTOR FALLS : SENECA LAKE.



NEW YORK FARM SCENE.

“ How high ? ”

“ Two hundred and eighty feet, or there- outs, they say. Have n't measured it my- f.”

“ Never heard of such a high fall in this ate,” says the Geologist. “ How far off is ’ ”

“ Only a mile, or a mile ’n a half; can e you there ’n back inside of an hour.”

The Geologist is anxious to go; so is the tist, and so the Junior, who has just come from his third fruitless visit to the post- ice. How people can live with but one ail a day is a growing mystery to him.

“ There's nothing to hinder your going,” ys the Executive; “ but for one, I've seen ough. Besides, I have a little business at must be attended to.”

Singularly, all the seniors have letters to ite, or some other urgent business to at- nd to; but of course that need not inter- re with the rest.

“ Any other glen-streams over that way ? ”

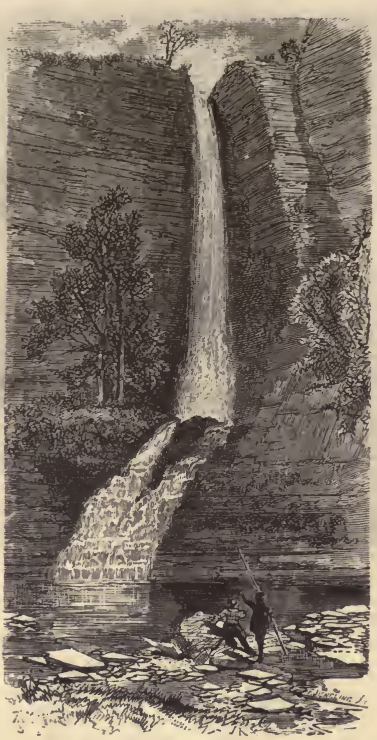
“ Oh yes; there's Hector Falls, a couple miles further on; and a small stream at comes in at Board Point, half a mile yond.”

“ Could you take us to them ? ”

Rather than not have us see his glen, our ould-be entertainer consents to exhibit ese rival curiosities also, and straightway tches his wagon to carry us thither.

The day is so far spent that we do not y to explore the whole of Glen Excel- or, as the new attraction has been called. Passing the narrow outlet where the stream escapes through a channel not more than two feet wide, cut deep into the cliff, we enter a long, dark ravine piercing far into the hill; a lovely strolling place for a hot summer's day, still cool and redolent of ferns and mosses and the spicy fragrance of young hemlocks. At one place a little blocking of the stream would make a beautiful lake, with shaded, mossy banks, shut in by steep and lofty, though not precipitous walls. But the commanding feature of the glen is Empire Fall, where the water slides over a sloping cliff of great height, darting wildly from side to side, and breaking into a storm of spray at the foot. This glen is destined to become a great favorite, especially with lovers of quiet beauty, and those who cannot endure the severe climbing required by Watkins and Havana.

A quiet drive of half an hour, over a most delightful country road along the pleasant lake side, brings us to the double fall of Hector, where a stream, much larger than any of the glen streams, leaps into the lake over a quick succession of bold cliffs, falling two hundred feet or more in as many yards. The massive rock has been able to resist the erosive action of the stream so as to prevent the fall from breaking up into a series of cataracts running back into the hill. The fall has in consequence a stronger, more majestic aspect, than any of the glen falls that we have seen. What forms of beauty or grandeur the stream presents above, we cannot stay to discover;



MYSTIC CASCADE: GLENOLA.

we are eager to explore the nameless glen back of Board Point, and there is no time for delay.

"I don't think it will pay to go far into this glen," our guide remarks, as we approach its mouth. "There isn't any road through it, and it's dangerous climbing along the rocks in such slippery weather."

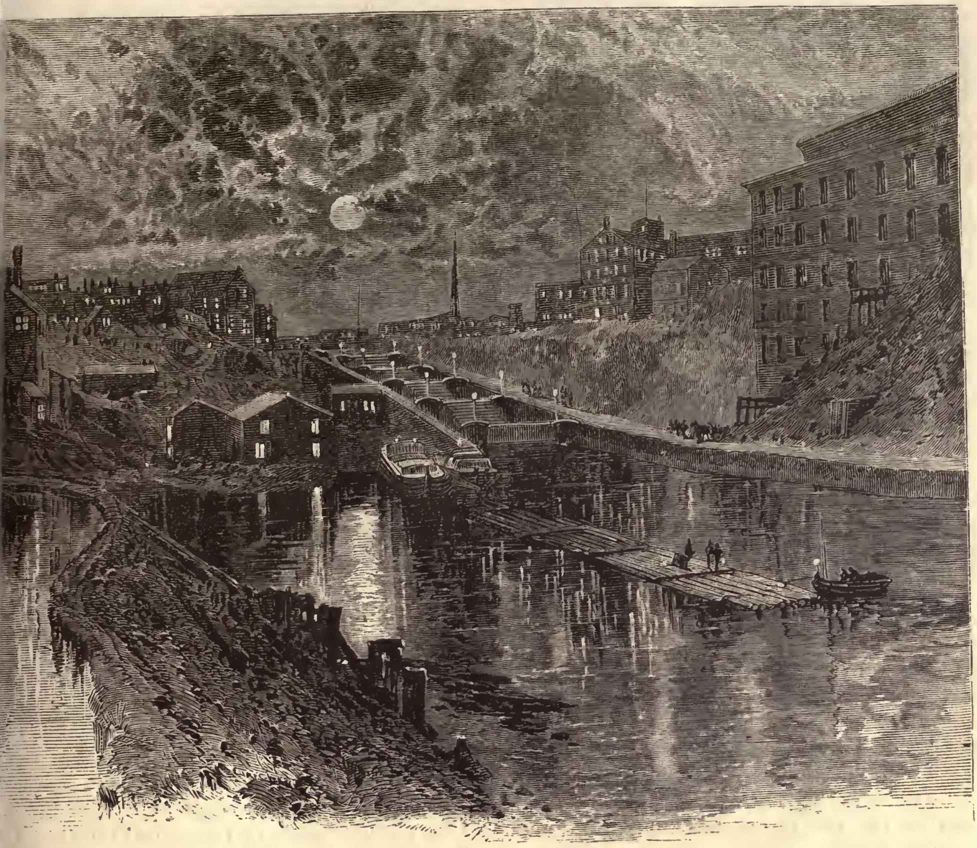
But our blood is up, and the prospect of rough climbing only makes the scramble more inviting. A pretty and tolerably high fall near the entrance gives promise of good things within; and, after directing our coachman to follow the road to the top of the ridge and there await us, we plunge into the hill.

The stream is larger and the ravine deeper and darker, but in general plan this glen bears a strong resemblance to Glen Excelsior. For half a mile at a stretch we follow the brook-bed through shaded dells, then ascend a fall or a series of them, and the level space is repeated. We know that we are diving deeper and deeper into the hill, and are confident that a high fall cannot be far ahead; so we clamber on, sometimes in the bed of the stream, sometimes along the slippery side of the ravine, clinging to roots and bushes. Not unfrequently, after a to
some climb, we turn an angle of the cl
and find ourselves face to face with a pre
pice we cannot scale, and have to go ba
and try another place. This is no fun
our host, whose entreaties to abandon o
fruitless labor are profuse and urgent, risi
almost to the pathetic at times when the r
vine darkens, and there is imminent dang
of our coming suddenly upon a fall who
height may dwarf his "highest fall in t
State."

To tell the truth, we are a little tired ou
selves, and having reached a fall who
singular beauty amply repays our toil an
trouble, and whose precipitous face comp
a difficult and circuitous climb nearly to t
top of the gorge, we conclude to aband
the exploration, much to the satisfaction
our unwilling guide.

Our return is by the "upper road," throu
the quaint old village of Burdett, on t
brow of the hill where the stream of Hect
makes the first plunge in its wild descent
the lake. The clouds break away from t
declining sun as we turn the crest of t
hill and look down into the valley and acr
the lake. A lovelier view would be hard
find; but we are too tired for sentimen
besides our minds are so confused by t
multitude of sights and sensations we ha
had to-day that we are incapable of estin
ting common things. We have done in a d
an amount of sight-seeing that a fortnig
would be too brief for. A summer month
healthful and ever-varying enjoyment co
not exhaust the store of delights and surp
ses that this glen region affords; while t
pleasant drives about the country and t
sail up and down the lake would provi
agreeable employment for an entire s
son.

The closing day of our northward journ
begins like the first—indeed, like all, sa
yesterday, bright and cool, with the prom
of abundant sunshine by and by. We p
ceed to breakfast deliberately. In truth
our movements are deliberate this morni
We are cheerfully grave; and though ea
avers that he never felt better, an air of co
straint, a general stiffness, so to speak, see
to have come upon the entire compa
Does it arise from thought of the approa
ing termination of our pleasant life on t
Special? Or from what certain materiali
would call physical memory of past enj
ments? It is hard to say; but the evide
satisfaction with which each receives fr
all the rest individual assurance of feeli



LOCKPORT AT NIGHT.

rst-rate suggests the latter. The Junior omes last to table.

"I thought I would take a breath of fresh ır before breakfast," he says, apologetically.

"Did you get your letter?" asks the Geologist bluntly.

The question is kindly meant; but the mplied doubt of the motive of his morning valk touches the Junior to the quick, and here is less elation than there might otherwise nave been in the tone of his affirmative reply.

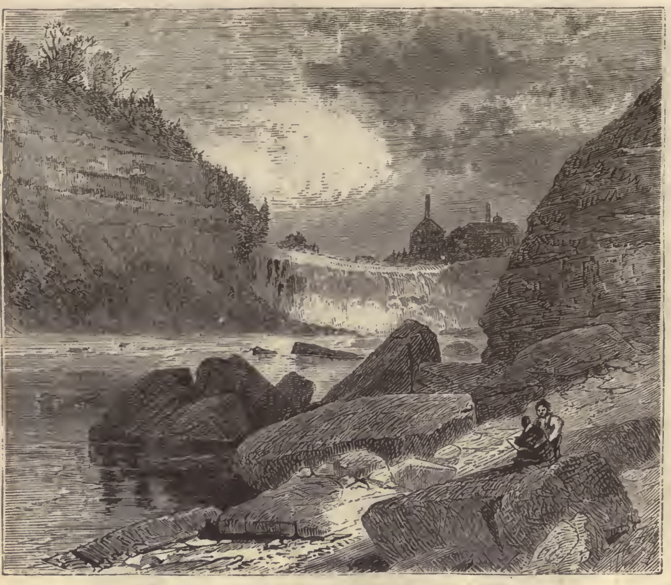
"Ah! delighted to hear it, truly. And is Mrs. Junior well?"

"Oh—ah—I—it wasn't from *her!*"

A sympathetic silence ensues, in which Junior forgets to manifest his accustomed surprise that there are no fresh oysters, Baltimore style, on the bill of fare.

For the first twenty miles above Watkins the road runs along the hillside in full view of the lake. Looking down upon its placid bosom and across to the beautiful slope that rises for miles beyond the opposite shore, a wide chess-board of fields and groves, we cannot but think of the wonderful variety of views we have enjoyed along the route. Crossing three States from south to north, a mountain system, and several zones of vegetation, our course has led us through greater and more rapid contrasts of scenery, probably, than can be found in an equal distance in any other part of the country. River and rivulet and mountain torrent; broad valleys and rocky ravines; rolling hills and precipitous mountains; extensive reaches of fertile farm-land, and miles of wilderness clad with scarcely broken forests; wide expanses of rippling river shallows filled with innumerable islands, and the deep lake, motionless and silvery under the sun; the city, the hamlet, the lonely farmhouse, the lumberman's shanty —every variety of natural scenery, in short, every style of human habitation and a thousand varied forms of human enterprise have passed before us.

Vineyards abound along this western shore of the lake, and the Quiet Man has added to our store of comforts a crate or two of



LOWER GENESEE FALL: ROCHESTER, NEW YORK.

their delicious fruit. The fragrant box proves more enticing than the lake, and the look-out is abandoned. The box is not half emptied, however, when Rock Stream is announced, the car stops on a bridge.

"Splendid view here! Come out and see it," exclaims the Executive, starting for the rear of the car, grape-box in hand, unconsciously removing the only excuse for declining his invitation. We follow on without delay, and are soon enjoying our grapes again, and a charming prospect besides. Above the bridge the stream dashes over a lofty and irregular cliff into a magnificent rotunda with overhanging walls fringed with firs and hemlocks. Beneath us the transparent water drops from the rotunda's mouth into a pebble-rimmed pool on the edge of the lake, which spreads its miles of shining surface still and unbroken, save in the distance where two converging ridges indicate the passage of the mid-day steamer just disappearing behind a projecting point.

Another mile of riding through the trees, along the rugged lake-side, and we stop on a still higher bridge across the deep gorge of Big Stream. The rock has a massive character here, like that of Hector Falls on the opposite shore, and gives promise of imposing falls within the dark, heavily wooded ravine the stream has cut into the hill; but we have no time to go and see. Below the bridge the water pours through a deep gash in the rock, then over a square-cut ledge into a quiet basin, fr which it flows peacefully the lake through the li hamlet of Glenola,—hal dozen houses built on tongue of shale the ra current has carved from rocky bed above, and th out like a pier into the la An ancient mill leans agai the northern hillside, from its sluiceway a crys torrent leaps from the ve of the precipice, falls lik silver ribbon perhaps a h dred and fifty feet, th breaks in spray against sloping rock and spark down the cliff fifty feet furt to rejoin its parent stre making one of the pretti cascades in all this region.

Promising ourselves t pleasure of returning so day to make a fuller acquai ance with the glens of Rock Stream a Big Stream, and the other unvisited a little known glens—cañons in reality—t cut the rocky shores of Seneca Lake i so many fantastic forms, we pass on, ris higher and higher above the lake until turn the crest of the ridge and enter the tile rolling country of Yates and Ontario. T crops were harvested weeks ago, the fie are bare, and the lingering brown lea that kept up a show of Indian summer so of the mountains, have joined their old co panions and lie piled in hollows and fen corners, or are aimlessly drifting over dry stubble, the playthings of the wi That we are in a thrifty, wealthy region evident from the numerous handsome dw ings, white-painted, green windowed, a bristling with lightning-rods; from the gr colonies of overflowing barns, and the cle well-fenced fields and woodlands that ma up the scenery. From a social and p tical point of view it is a satisfaction know that such things abound. It is pl sant to catch glimpses of them as we ru ble along, but it is tiresome to give them dividual attention. So the lookout is ab doned for the easy-chairs within, where sit talking over our plans for the comi week, reviewing the scenes and incidents our pleasant life in the Special, and givi half an ear to the railroady conversation ing on between our hosts and their seni guests. The prosperity and prospects of t l we have come over, the advantages ffers to tourists, the unrivaled facili- it affords — as the directest channel trade and travel between the Great es and the seaboard South—for the in- ısing social and commercial interflow be- en these widely separated parts of the ntry, are subjects that lie next the Exe- ve's heart; and they have come to be wholly without interest to us who have le so pleasant an acquaintance with the active region it traverses.

A brief stop at Penn Yan, an hour at Canandaigua, and two or three more at Rochester, are required by the business needs of our hosts. Night falls before we leave the latter place. The scattered lights of the country-houses grow fewer and fainter as we are bowled across the level plains of Western New York; the late-rising sleepy moon spreads a frosty light over fields and fences, and . . . we are roused to consciousness by the stopping of the car amid the roar of Niagara.

# AN ENGLISH ART REFORMER.

## FORD MADOX BROWN.

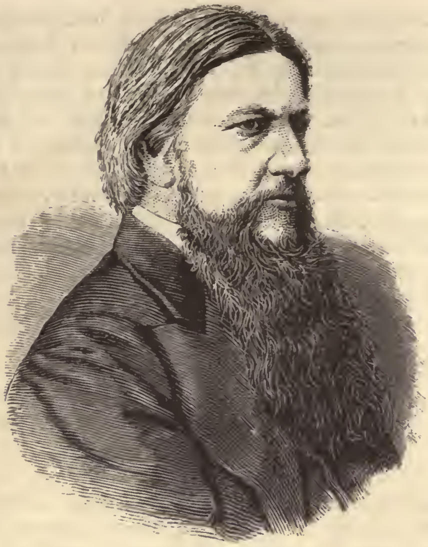
Nothing shows more clearly the unvary- law, that a nation's art is the bloom ch betrays the nation's specific character, n the growth of English art. A crust of ular conservatism, a captivity of ponder- ; precedent, with an incessant agitation honest revolt; a self-imposed outlawry, ng into real insurrection whenever it finds it head; the hard shell of conservatism lding to the harder hammer of reform; commonplace of deferential and tradi- nal deportment here and there stepping de, aghast, at self-confident and self-as- ting individuality,—this has been the tory of England and English art. If orm is difficult it is radical, and as long ying as long coming.

English art never has been of that pretty, even of that ideal, tendency which the neral taste of mankind accepts as fit for companionship of idle, sensuous, or nsive moods. The roots of the national nper are bedded too deeply in the realities existence ever to trifle successfully, and its best work bears an impress of strength, far removed from the imaginative idealism Hellenism on one side as from the polish- deportment of Gallicism on the other. here its art expressions are genuine they ssess a certain massiveness of type which not inconsistent with the highest polish, it which rarely shows it, except in its re- oves.

Hogarth was the great type of the English tist, one of the few first-class intellects hich have found their expression in picto- al forms; but he was a reformer without a form,—nothing followed his lead. Sir shua Reynolds and Gainsborough, great tists and true, were too partial in their aims or results to become reformers, even if reform were ready. A certain amount of intellectual magnetism, of moral significance, must exist in the nature of any man who is capable of exciting enthusiasms and leading movements of earnest men. Hogarth had these, and without doubt the seed he planted survived its dead winters till the time when the conditions favorable to growth arrived; but of all the men of the later time to whose strength and persistence English art owes its present development Ford Madox Brown stands first, in order of time as of efficiency, in reform. Hogarth, like Cromwell, his prototype, failed in succession. Brown fortunately fell on times when the elements were ready for results from his troubling, questioning, and working.

Without doubt a personal acquaintance with Shakespeare would have determined many discussions on his work and made clear what is now nebulous. To Vasari's personal enthusiasm and his own proper fascination we owe much of the supremacy which has been assigned Raphael, and no one not knowing Brown personally would ever clearly estimate the sincerity, the intellectual simplicity, and the directness of his art, or recognize the concentration and clearness with which he pursues his motive through technical difficulties.

He has been overshadowed by less founded reputations and more brilliant executive talent, as well as by more skillful catering to public taste, but his labors began to prepare English art for reform when the reputed reformers, the pre-Raphaelites, were in the life school. Born about 1821, and educated in the studio of Baron Wappers, in the ateliers of Paris, he remained a non-conformist to



FORD MADOX BROWN.

all the conventional notions of representation of nature, as to the trivial actualism of the Dutch schools. He seems to have always been haunted with the idea that significant realism must pervade every part of his work, and recognized the principle, which is all that remains of pre-Raphaelism as a system, that the surroundings in which any event occurred are those which should accompany its representation. His picture of Manfred on the Jungfrau, painted in 1840, was an attempt to get out of the studio into the open air. In 1848 began the pre-Raphaelite movement, for which Brown had done much to clear the way, and in it he took his place as an earnest worker, indifferent to the position assigned him by the public. The public indeed never has accorded, and perhaps never will accord him his true place, owing to the difficulty of estimating that of a man who enters so largely into the work of his contemporaries at the expense often of his own, and whose artistic powers are so peculiarly balanced and rounded that it is sometimes difficult to decide what his forte is. As a designer he has not the facility or intense imaginative quality of Rossetti, he has not the executive power of Millais, or the intense realism of Holman Hunt; yet no painter in the new movement has so large a combination of powers as he, and, I may safely say, no painter in England has impressed on his work so strong and robust an individuality, or such manly and simple dramatic sentiment. If he has not the vigor and abandon in action of Maclise, h more just and natural, more theatrical; if he is less noteworthy than some of brotherhood for executive excellence, one of them equals him in comprehen unity and a thoughtful consideration of meaning to be evolved from every ac sory; and no English painter except garth has so carefully followed the prop ties of accessory and circumstance throu out, no matter at what cost of the att tiveness of his pictures. Here the Cromwellian spirit came out,—no idol conventionalism, no consecrated falseh of art, no servile imitation of misunderst greatness, entered his studio or existed his repertory,—iconoclast he was of them An Englishman among Englishmen wh idiosyncrasy no seductions could abate. stern, puritanical adherence to truth as understands it, to art as he feels it, with regard either to precedent or public opini suggests the Protector on canvas and cords with what one finds in the man.

To sustain successfully an aim like demands studies as varied and profounc most of the sciences, and in this resp Brown stands alone amongst his Eng compeers. His picture of William the C queror with his men bringing the dead b of Harold is so severely true to the costu and accessories of the time as to make it archæological authority.

But a large picture of Chaucer at Court of Edward Third contains perh the boldest and longest step in reform of in the direction in which Brown mov which has been made by any of his cont poraries. It was commenced in 1845, a was, as the painter says of it, "the first which he endeavored to carry out the noti long before conceived, of treating the li and shade absolutely as it exists at any moment, instead of approximately or generalized style." The figures are life-si mostly seated in a softened sunshine. Ch cer, reading with a declamatory action, sta before the old king, at whose right is Al Perrers,—"a cause of scandal to the cou as the painter remarks in the printed ca logue of his pictures, "such as, repeat itself at intervals in history with remarka similarity from David downwards, seems argue that the untimely death of a hero m be not altogether so deplorable an event John of Gaunt listens in full armor, and pages and horse wait him.; Edward Black Prince, wasted with sickness and th in his fortieth year, leans on the lap of his w nna ; Gower is painted in a hood, with ourtier criticising the reading ; and other liæval personages fill up the composition. s, with all its admirable antiquarian owledge and powerful drawing, betrays v great was the effort required to carry on so large a scale (life size), without any s from conventionalities, the severe natur- m which was the artist's intention, and es at first sight an impression of weakness general effect which does not belong to when we come to compare it with na- e's self; but as a first important attempt establish an unrecognized if not new ca- n of art the picture holds its place in glish art history.

Alone, so far as a distinct recognition of necessity of an art reformation is con- ned, and unique, as an expression in art the best type of the progressive English- n, Brown labored preparing the way for new art by study, by sincere labor, and a olute assault on all the difficulties which apathy and ignorance of the public taste ew in his way. If historical parallels re ever complete, I should call him the asmus of that reformation of which Ros- ti was the Luther. But Brown had none the timidity of Erasmus in his logic ;—he ed truth with all its consequences, and ver bowed his head to what he considered expedient ; he wielded his cudgel as Englishman of the olden kind, tough, compromising, and full of common sense. ways ready to give a reason for the truth him, and as ready to instruct, to assist, d help to a position all who labored in at he considered the true spirit, he may said to enter more largely into the *Eng- h* art of the day than any other man now ing.

In his artistic constitution he is one of the w men who, like Da Vinci, suffer from a o great completeness,—a general develop- ent prevents his having attracted the regard hich a man always wins who is distin- ished by a single eminent quality. "The dmirable Crichton" of his sphere, his uni- ersality itself prevents him from obtaining e position which the public fancy accords a specialist, and his balanced ability has ever excited the enthusiasm which weaker, ut more intense because one-sided, painters ave obtained. If Rossetti was the imagi- ation of the pre-Raphaelite movement, rown was its logic and its common sense, nd these are qualities which win confidence, ot enthusiasm.

In the catalogue of an exhibition of his works held in 1865 (he never exhibits in the general exhibitions) there are occasional comments on art and his own works which show his leading ideas in a curiously clear way, as throwing a side-light on them ;—there are many other painters to whom we should have been grateful for a similar service. In cataloguing one of his earlier portraits, he says : "Compared with the head of Mr. Madox and the other five works of the same period in this collection it looks as if painted by another hand, and that of a beginner ; those, on the contrary, appear to realize their aim as well as the style permits. Chiefly on account of this peculiarity I have thought it interesting to include it in this collection. To those who value facile completeness and handling above painstaking research into nature, the change must appear inexplicable and provoking. Even to myself, at this distance of time, *this instinctive turning back to get round by another road* seems remarkable. But in reality it was only the inevitable result of the want of principle, or rather conflict of many jarring principles, under which the student had to begin in those days. Wishing to substitute simple imitation for scenic effectiveness, and purity of natural color for scholastic depth of tone, I found no better way of doing so than to paint what I called a *Holbein of the nineteenth century.* I might perhaps have done so more effectively, but *stepping backwards* is stumbling work at best."

In a similar commentary on another portrait in his collection, I find a most just critique on English portrait art :—

"Compared with the works of the old masters, portrait-painting in England has sunk to a low level. Emperors and kings delighted in former times to be painted by Titian and the greatest historical artists ; now it is considered indispensable (I don't know why) to sit to none but portrait-painters in the most restricted sense. These work to orthodox sizes, ridiculously large for the quantity of artistic matter contained, and have fixed scales of charges in proportion to size, the canvas, at least, being of satisfactory proportions. This system has proved suicidal. People have become ashamed to be painted, and photography has taken the place of portraiture. But a revival must ere long take place. Photography is but the assistant (saving the artist and sitter time) of portrait-painting, which can never exist but by the effort and will of genius. In France, Ingres and Delaroche have painted the finest contemporary portraits; in England, the late

William Dyce might have, perhaps, in particular cases, has done so. As it is, the few likenesses of any interest produced of late have been the accidental works of historical painters. Of course, only people of great wealth and importance can either afford or hope to obtain such work, but the few instances where it could exist would be sufficent to set an example. The professed portrait painter, now becoming extinct, would be enabled to return from photography to a more simple and artistic style of picture than hitherto in vogue, and, on rational sized canvases, and assisted by photography, *now* the natural handmaiden of portraiture, we might hope to see a school arise interesting in itself."

It will be evident that to such a man work means occupation of all his faculties, without losing sight of other artistic qualities. Brown enters the category of great designers, whose pictures never witness avoidance of difficulties, or make-shifts of easy picture-making. Art is to him an intellectual occupation, demanding and receiving his whole mind and enthusiasm. He never seeks the easy problems which the academy walls show so many solutions of. In his explanation of the picture of the "Death of Sir Tristram," he says :—

"In this work, which I offer to the public more as one of action and passion than of high finish, I have designedly sought to reproduce something of the clearness and cheerfulness of color of the old illuminations. As these, from the inexperience of the painters, are almost without light and shade, I have represented the scene as passing in a room lighted from four sides at once ; by this means the shadows are much neutralized, and some of the appearance of mediæval art retained, without forgetting what we owe to truth and eternal nature. So far it has been my intention to make this particular work look (as people term it) '*mediæval*,' but no further. In the small picture of the Prisoner of Chillon I have in the same way been inevitably biased by the character of the Lutheran artists of the *renaissance*, quite a change from mediævalism, but not with a view either to imitation or to neglect of truth ; were I to paint a Greek subject, I could not but act upon the same principle."

Like all artists of this texture of thought, he pushes towards universality of subject and motive. Landscape, portraiture, historical, *genre*, illustration, are supplemented by designs for glass windows, carved furniture, paper-hangings. Pen and ink, water-color,
pastel, chalks, and oil receive with eq
sincerity his attention.

But the line in which Brown's painting
received most just and intelligent apprec
tion is that in which he has executed
"Last of England," and "Work." Th
are, in the truest and noblest sense, hist
cal works. The former represents a you
couple on board an emigrant ship at
moment of taking leave of England. Lo
ing backward, not in retreat but in linger
longing, they see the land slip away ; silen
almost tearfully, feeding their hearts on w
represents to them all of known happiness,
for the moment forgetting all that was
erable there. They are of the pure, bet
middle-class type of Englishmen, painted
none but a man of the type could paint th
Around them are the types of other class
the family of a green grocer, a *vaurien* shak
his fist at the land he would curse, but bles
leaving it ; another, drunken, would joi
his tongue served him. The accessories
such as all sea-going men know,—the pre
rations for a long voyage. The catalo
says of it : "This picture, begun in 18
was finished more than nine years ago.
insure the peculiar look of *light all rou*
which objects have on a dull day at se
was painted for the most part in the o
air on dull days, and when the flesh
being painted, on cold days. Absolut
without regard to the art of any period
country, I have tried to render this scene
it would appear. The minuteness of de
which would be visible under such co
tions of broad daylight, I have thou
necessary to imitate, as bringing the pat
of the subject more home to the beholder

"Work," the painter's most import
picture, is, without being an imitation
Hogarth in any respect of externals, m
in the spirit of the *great* English pair
than any picture painted since he died.
ostensible subject is a group of navvies
work excavating in one of the Lon
suburbs. Into the picture are introduc
however, types of all the workers and n
workers. A wretched vagabond looks o
idle curiosity ; at the side, gazing with
less mood, are two grave thinkers, whose
ginals are easily known to be Carlyle
Maurice, the apostle of muscular Christi
ity ; beyond are types of the wealthy p
ing by, *en route* perhaps from one pleas
to another, or may be from one pain t
worse one ; a lady distributing tracts,
whom the artist philosophically remarks,
*passant*—"this well-intentioned lady

perhaps never reflected that excavators may have notions to the effect that ladies might be benefited by receiving tracts containing navvies' ideas;" dirty and ragged children nestling around their motherly elder sister, she only ten or twelve years old; a policeman severely down on an orange-girl, whose basket's contents he scatters rudely over the ground; lookers-on, enlisted for the moment in the labors going forward, fill up the composition.

It is a picture true, earnest, and of the most radical humanitarianism, the genuine outburst of the indignant reveries of a man who not only sees the "vanity of vanities," but has a bitter, rankling consciousness of the real root of all this vanity and the misuse of humanity which grows out of it;—a painted poem in which are satire, genial philanthropy, and the saddened reflection of a man who knows mankind, and is none the happier for his knowledge; the minor tone of feeling of one in whose mind no detail of art or life comes without a lesson—who cannot be gay and dazzling for the weight of the thought which a large and catholic love of his kind imposes on him.

As might be expected from what I have said, Brown is as a teacher of art quite alone in the ranks of English painters—not in the quick and shallow sense of a lesson given at one guinea an hour, but as a genuine master able to give a reason for his teaching. In this as in all other matters he is indifferent to secondary and personal gains, and is more willing to give than to receive; his life is logical with the principles of his art, and his art is constantly more and more ennobled by an earnest and progressive life, carrying into maturity the same earnestness of purpose and sincerity of convictions which lived in his earlier enthusiasms.

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# BACK-LOG STUDIES.—VI.

## I.

Perhaps the clothes question is exhausted, philosophically. I cannot but regret that the Poet of the Breakfast Table, who appears to have an uncontrollable penchant for saying the things you would like to say yourself, has alluded to the anachronism of "Sir Cœur de Lion Plantagenet in the mutton-chop whiskers and the plain gray suit." A great many scribblers have felt the disadvantage of writing after Montaigne; and it is impossible to tell how much originality in others Dr. Holmes has destroyed in this country. In whist there are some men you always prefer to have on your left hand, and I take it that this intuitive essayist, who is so alert to seize the few remaining unappropriated ideas and analogies in the world, is one of them.

No doubt if the Plantagenets of this day were required to dress in a suit of chain-armor and wear iron-pots on their heads, they would be as ridiculous as most tragedy-actors on the stage. The pit which recognizes Snooks in his tin breast-plate and helmet laughs at him, and Snooks himself feels like a sheep; and when the great tragedian comes on, shining in mail, dragging a two-handed sword, and mouths the grandiloquence which poets have put into the speech of heroes, the dress-circle requires all its good-breeding and its feigned love of the traditionary drama not to titter.

If this sort of acting, which is supposed to have come down to us from the Elizabethan age, and which culminated in the school of the Keans, Kembles, and Siddonses, ever had any fidelity to life, it must have been in a society as artificial as the prose of Sir Philip Sidney. That anybody ever believed in it is difficult to think, especially when we read what privileges the fine beaux and gallants of the town took behind the scenes and on the stage in the golden days of the drama. When a part of the audience sat on the stage, and gentlemen lounged or reeled across it in the midst of a play to speak to acquaintances in the audience, the illusion could not have been very strong.

Now and then a genius, like Rachel as Horatia, or Hackett as Falstaff, may actually seem to be the character assumed by virtue of a transforming imagination, but I suppose the fact to be that getting into a costume, absurdly antiquated and remote from all the habits and associations of the actor, largely accounts for the incongruity and ridiculousness of most of our modern acting. Whether what is called the "legitimate drama" ever was legitimate we do not know, but the advocates of it appear to think that the theater was sometime cast in a mould, once for all, and is good for all times and peoples, like the propositions of Euclid. To our eyes the legitimate drama of to-day is the one in which the day is reflected, both in costume and speech, and which touches the affections, the passions, the humor of the present time. The brilliant success of the few good plays that have been written out of the rich life which we now live—the most varied, fruitful, and dramatically suggestive—ought to rid us forever of the buskin-fustian, except as a pantomimic or spectacular curiosity.

We have no objection to Julius Cæsar or Richard III. stalking about in impossible clothes, and stepping four feet at a stride if they want to, but let them not claim to be more "legitimate" than "Ours," or "Rip Van Winkle." There will probably be some orator for years and years to come, at every Fourth of July, who will go on asking, Where is Thebes? but he does not care anything about it, and he does not really expect an answer. I have sometimes wished I knew the exact site of Thebes, so that I could rise in the audience and stop that question, at any rate. It is legitimate, but it is tiresome.

If we went to the bottom of this subject, I think we should find that the putting upon actors clothes to which they are unaccustomed makes them act and talk artificially, and often in a manner intolerable. An actor who has not the habits or instincts of a gentleman cannot be made to appear like one on the stage by dress; he only caricatures and discredits what he tries to represent; and the unaccustomed clothes and situation make him much more unnatural and insufferable than he would otherwise be. Dressed appropriately for parts for which he is fitted, he will act well enough, probably. What I mean is, that the clothes inappropriate to the man make the incongruity of him and his part more apparent. Vulgarity is never so conspicuous as in fine apparel, on or off the stage, and never so self-conscious. Shall we have, then, no refined characters on the stage? Yes; but let them be taken by men and women of taste and refinement, and let us have done with this masquerading in false raiment, ancient and modern, which makes nearly every stage a travesty of nature and the whole theater a painful pretension. We do not expect the modern theater to be a place of instruction (that business is now turned over to the telegraphic operator, who is making a new language), but it may give amusement instead of torture, and do a little in satirizing folly and kindling love of home and country by the way.

This is a sort of summary of what we all said, and no one in particular is responsible for it; and in this it is like public opinion. The Parson, however, whose only experienc of the theater was the endurance of an or torio once, was very cordial in his denunci tion of the stage altogether.

MANDEVILLE. Yet, acting itself is deligh ful; nothing so entertains us as mimicry, th personation of character. We enjoy it i private. I confess that I am always please with the Parson in the character of grumble He would be an immense success on th stage. I don't know but the theater wi have to go back into the hands of the priest who once controlled it.

THE PARSON. Scoffer!

MANDEVILLE. I can imagine how enjo able the stage might be, cleared of all i traditionary nonsense, stilted language, stil ed behavior, all the rubbish of false sent ment, false dress, and the manners of tim that were both artificial and immoral, an filled with living characters, who speak th thought of to-day, with the wit and cultu that are current to-day. I've seen priva theatricals, where all the performers we persons of cultivation, that—

OUR NEXT DOOR. So have I. For som thing particularly cheerful, commend me amateur theatricals. I have passed son melancholy hours at them.

MANDEVILLE. That's because the pe formers acted the worn stage plays, an attempted to do them in the manner th had seen on the stage. It is not always so

THE FIRE-TENDER. I suppose Mandevil would say that acting has got into a manne ism, which is well described as stagey; an is supposed to be natural to the stage, just half the modern poets write in a recogniz form of literary manufacture, without t least impulse from within, and not with t purpose of saying anything, but of turni out a piece of literary work. That's t reason we have so much poetry that i presses one like sets of faultless cabinet-fu niture made by machinery.

THE PARSON. But you needn't talk nature or naturalness in acting, or in an thing. I tell you nature is poor stuff. can't go alone. Amateur acting—they it up at church sociables nowadays—is to be as near nature as a school-boy's dec mation. Acting is the devil's art.

THE MISTRESS. Do you object to su innocent amusement?

MANDEVILLE. What the Parson objects is that he isn't amused.

THE PARSON. What's the use of obje ing? It's the fashion of the day to am people into the kingdom of heaven.

HERBERT. The Parson has got us off the track. My notion about the stage is that it keeps along pretty evenly with the rest of the world; the stage is usually quite up to the level of the audience. Assumed dress on the stage, since you were speaking of that, makes people no more constrained and self-conscious than it does off the stage.

THE MISTRESS. What sarcasm is coming now?

HERBERT. Well, you may laugh, but the world hasn't got used to good clothes yet. The majority do not wear them with ease. People who only put on their best on rare and stated occasions, step into an artificial feeling.

OUR NEXT DOOR. I wonder if that's the reason the Parson finds it so difficult to get hold of his congregation.

HERBERT. I don't know how else to account for the formality and vapidity of a set "party," where all the guests are clothed in a manner to which they are unaccustomed, dressed into a condition of vivid self-consciousness. The same people, who know each other perfectly well, will enjoy themselves together without restraint in their ordinary apparel. But nothing can be more artificial than the behavior of people together who rarely "dress up." It seems impossible to make the conversation as fine as the clothes, and so it dies in a kind of inane helplessness. Especially is this true in the country, where people have not obtained the mastery of their clothes that those who live in the city have. It is really absurd, at this stage of our civilization, that we should be so affected by such an insignificant accident as dress. Perhaps Mandeville can tell us whether this clothes panic prevails in the older societies.

THE PARSON. Don't. We've heard it; about its being one of the Englishman's thirty-nine articles that he never shall sit down to dinner without a dress-coat, and all that.

THE MISTRESS. I wish, for my part, that everybody who has time to eat a dinner would dress for that, the principal event of the day, and do respectful and leisurely justice to it.

THE YOUNG LADY. It has always seemed singular to me that men who work so hard to build elegant houses, and have good dinners, should take so little leisure to enjoy either.

MANDEVILLE. If the Parson will permit me, I should say that the chief clothes question abroad just now is, how to get any; and it is the same with the dinners.

II.

It is quite unnecessary to say that the talk about clothes ran into the question of dress-reform, and ran out, of course. You cannot converse on anything nowadays that you do not run into some reform. The Parson says that everybody is intent on reforming everything but himself. We are all trying to associate ourselves to make everybody else behave as we do. Said

OUR NEXT DOOR. Dress reform! As if people couldn't change their clothes without concert of action. Resolved, that nobody should put on a clean collar oftener than his neighbor does. I'm sick of every sort of reform. I should like to retrograde a while. Let a dyspeptic ascertain that he can eat porridge three times a day and live, and straightway he insists that everybody ought to eat porridge and nothing else. I mean to get up a society, every member of which shall be pledged to do just as he pleases.

THE PARSON. That would be the most radical reform of the day. That would be independence. If people dressed according to their means, acted according to their convictions, and avowed their opinions, it would revolutionize society.

OUR NEXT DOOR. I should like to walk into your church some Sunday and see the changes under such conditions.

THE PARSON. It might give you a novel sensation to walk in at any time. And I'm not sure but the church would suit your retrograde ideas. It's so Gothic that a Christian of the Middle Ages, if he were alive, couldn't see or hear in it.

HERBERT. I don't know whether these reformers who carry the world on their shoulders in such serious fashion, especially the little fussy fellows, who are themselves the standard of the regeneration they seek, are more ludicrous than pathetic.

THE FIRE-TENDER. Pathetic, by all means. But I don't know that they would be pathetic if they were not ludicrous. There are those reform singers, who have been piping away so sweetly now for thirty years, with never any diminution of cheerful, patient enthusiasm; their hair growing longer and longer, their eyes brighter and brighter, and their faces, I do believe, sweeter and sweeter; singing always with the same constancy for the slave, for the drunkard, for the snuff-taker, for the suffragist—"There's-a-good-time-com-ing-boys (nothing offensive is intended by "boys," it is put in for euphony, and sung pianissimo, not to offend the suffragists), it's-almost-here." And what a brightening up of their faces there is when they say, "it's-al-most-here," not doubting for a moment that "it's" coming to-morrow; and the accompanying melodeon also wails its wheezy suggestion that "it's-al-most-here," that "good-time" (delayed so long, waiting perhaps for the invention of the melodeon) when we shall all sing and all play that cheerful instrument, and all vote, and none shall smoke, or drink, or eat meat, "boys." I declare it almost makes me cry to hear them, so touching is their faith in the midst of a jeering world.

Herbert. I suspect that no one can be a genuine reformer and not be ridiculous. I mean those who give themselves up to the unction of the reform.

The Mistress. Doesn't that depend upon whether the reform is large or petty?

The Fire-Tender. I should say rather that the reforms attracted to them all the ridiculous people, who almost always manage to become the most conspicuous. I suppose that nobody dare write out all that was ludicrous in the great abolition movement. But it was not at all comical to those most zealous in it; they never could see—more's the pity, for thereby they lose much—the humorous side of their performances, and that is why the pathos overcomes one's sense of the absurdity of such people.

The Young Lady. It is lucky for the world that so many are willing to be absurd.

Herbert. Well, I think that, in the main, the reformers manage to look out for themselves tolerably well. I knew once a lean and faithful agent of a great philanthropic scheme, who contrived to collect every year for the cause just enough to support him at a good hotel comfortably.

The Mistress. That's identifying one's self with the cause.

Mandeville. You remember the great free-soil convention at Buffalo, in 1848, when Van Buren was nominated. All the world of hope and discontent went there, with its projects of reform. There seemed to be no doubt, among hundreds that attended it, that if they could get a resolution passed that bread should be buttered on both sides, that it would be so buttered. The platform provided for every want and every woe.

The Fire-Tender. I remember. If you could get the millennium by political action, we should have had it then.

Mandeville. We went there on the Erie canal, the exciting and fashionable mode of travel in those days. I was a boy when we began the voyage. The boat was full of conventionists; all the talk was of what must be done there. I got the impression that as that boat-load went so would go the convention; and I was not alone in that feeling. I can never be enough grateful for one littl scrubby fanatic who was on board, who spen most of his time in drafting resolutions an reading them privately to the passengers He was a very enthusiastic, nervous, an somewhat dirty little man, who wore woolen muffler about his throat, althoug it was summer; he had nearly lost his voic and could only speak in a hoarse, disagreeable whisper, and he always carried a tea cup about, containing some sticky compoun which he stirred frequently with a spoon, an took whenever he talked, in order to improv his voice. If he was separated from his cu for ten minutes his whisper became inaudible. I greatly delighted in him, for I neve saw any one who had so much enjoyment o his own importance. He was fond o telling what he would do if the conventio rejected such and such resolutions. He' make it hot for 'em. I didn't know but he' make them take his mixture. The convention had got to take a stand on tobacco, fo one thing. He'd heard Giddings took snuff he'd see. When we at length reache Buffalo he took his tea-cup and carpet-ba of resolutions and went ashore in a grea hurry. I saw him once again in a chea restaurant, whispering a resolution to anothe delegate, but he didn't appear in the convention. I have often wondered what becam of him.

Our Next Door. Probably he's consu somewhere. They mostly are.

The Fire-Tender. After all, it's th easiest thing in the world to sit and sneer a eccentricities. But what a dead and uninteresting world it would be if we were a proper and kept within the lines! Affai would soon be reduced to mere machiner There are moments, even days, when a interests and movements appear to be settle upon some universal plan of equilibrium but just then some restless and absurd pe son is inspired to throw the machine out c gear. These individual eccentricities see to be the special providences in the gener human scheme.

Herbert. They make it very hard wor for the rest of us, who are disposed to g along peaceably and smoothly.

Mandeville. And stagnate. I'm n sure but the natural condition of this plan is war, and that when it is finally towed t s anchorage—if the universe has any har-or for worlds out of commission—it will ook like the Fighting Téméraire in Turner's icture.

Herbert. There is another thing I should ke to understand: the tendency of people ho take up one reform, perhaps a personal egeneration in regard to some bad habit, to n into a dozen other isms, and get all at ea in several vague and pernicious theories nd practices.

Mandeville. Herbert seems to think ere is safety in a man's being anchored, ven if it is to a bad habit.

Herbert. Thank you. But what is it in uman nature that is apt to carry a man ho may take a step in personal reform into o many extremes?

Our Next Door. Probably it's human ature.

Herbert. Why, for instance, should a eformed drunkard (one of the noblest xamples of victory over self) incline, as I ave known the reformed to do, to spirit-m, or a woman suffragist to "pantar-ism" (whatever that is), and want to pull p all the roots of society, and expect them grow in the air like orchids; or a Graham-read disciple become enamored of Com-unism?

Mandeville. I know an excellent Con-ervative who would, I think, suit you; he ys that he does not see how a man who dulges in the theory and practice of total stinence can be a consistent believer in e Christian religion.

Herbert. Well, I can understand what e means: that a person is bound to hold mself in conditions of moderation and ontrol, using and not abusing the things of is world, practicing temperance, not re-ring into a convent of artificial restrictions order to escape the full responsibility of lf-control. And yet his theory would cer-inly wreck most men and women. What oes the Parson say?

The Parson. That the world is going azy on the notion of individual ability. henever a man attempts to reform himself, anybody else, without the aid of the hristian religion, he is sure to go adrift, d is pretty certain to be blown about by surd theories, and shipwrecked on some ernicious ism.

The Fire-Tender. I think the discussion as touched bottom.

## III.

I never felt so much the value of a house with a back-log in it, as during the late spring; for its lateness was its main feature. Everybody was grumbling about it, as if it were something ordered from the tailor, and not ready on the day. Day after day it snowed, night after night it blew a gale from the north-west; the frost sunk deeper and deeper into the ground; there was a popular longing for spring that was almost a prayer; the weather bureau was active; Easter was set a week earlier than the year before, but nothing seemed to do any good. The robins sat under the evergreens and piped in a disconsolate mood, and at last the blue-jays came and scolded in the midst of the snow-storm, as they always do scold in any weather. The crocuses couldn't be coaxed to come up even with a pickaxe. I'm almost ashamed now to recall what we said of the weather, only I think that people are no more accountable for what they say of the weather than for their remarks when their corns are stepped on.

We agreed, however, that but for disappointed expectations, and the prospect of late lettuce and peas, we were gaining by the fire as much as we were losing by the frost. And the Mistress fell to chanting the comforts of modern civilization.

The Fire-Tender said he should like to know, by the way, if our civilization differed essentially from any other in anything but its comforts?

Herbert. We are no nearer religious unity.

The Parson. We have as much war as ever.

Mandeville. There was never such a social turmoil.

The Young Lady. The artistic part of our nature does not appear to have grown.

The Fire-Tender. We are quarreling as to whether we are in fact radically different from the brutes.

Herbert. Scarcely two people think alike about the proper kind of human government.

The Parson. Our poetry is made out of words for the most part, and not drawn from the living sources.

Our Next Door. And Mr. Cumming is uncorking his seventh vial. I never felt before what barbarians we are.

The Mistress. Yet you won't deny that the life of the average man is safer and every way more comfortable than it was even a century ago.

The Fire-Tender. But what I want to know is, whether what we call our civilization has done anything more for mankind at large than to increase the ease and pleasure of living? Science has multiplied wealth, and facilitated intercourse, and the result is refinement of manners and a diffusion of education and information. Are men and women essentially changed, however? I suppose the Parson would say we have lost faith, for one thing.

MANDEVILLE. And superstition; and gained toleration.

HERBERT. The question is, whether toleration is anything but indifference.

THE PARSON. Everything is tolerated now but Christian orthodoxy.

THE FIRE-TENDER. It's easy enough to make a brilliant catalogue of external achievements, but I take it that real progress ought to be in man himself. It is not a question of what a man enjoys, but what can he produce. The best sculpture was executed two thousand years ago. The best paintings are several centuries old. We study the finest architecture in its ruins. The standards of poetry are Shakespeare, Homer, Isaiah, and David. The latest of the arts, music, culminated in composition, though not in execution, a century ago.

THE MISTRESS. Yet culture in music certainly distinguishes the civilization of this age. It has taken eighteen hundred years for the principles of the Christian religion to begin to be practically incorporated in government and in ordinary business, and it will take a long time for Beethoven to be popularly recognized; but there is growth toward him and not away from him, and when the average culture has reached his height, some other genius will still more profoundly and delicately express the highest thoughts.

HERBERT. I wish I could believe it. The spirit of this age is expressed by the Calliope.

THE PARSON. Yes, it remained for us to add church bells and cannon to the orchestra.

OUR NEXT DOOR. It's a melancholy thought to me that we can no longer express ourselves with the bass-drum; there used to be the whole of the Fourth of July in its patriotic throbs.

MANDEVILLE. We certainly have made great progress in one art—that of war.

THE YOUNG LADY. And in the humane alleviations of the miseries of war.

THE FIRE-TENDER. The most discouraging symptom to me, in our undoubted advance in the comforts and refinements of society, is the facility with which men sli back into barbarism, if the artificial an external accidents of their lives are chang We have always kept a fringe of barbaris on our shifting Western frontier; and I thin there never was a worse society than that i California and Nevada in their early days.

THE YOUNG LADY. That is becau women were absent.

THE FIRE-TENDER. But women are n absent in London and New York, and the are conspicuous in the most exceptionab demonstrations of social anarchy. Certain they were not wanting in Paris. Yes, the was a city widely accepted as the summit our material civilization. No city was beautiful, so luxurious, so safe, so we ordered for the comfort of living, and yet needed only a month or two to make it kind of pandemonium of savagery. I citizens were the barbarians who destroy its own monuments of civilization. I do mean to say that there was no apology f what was done there in the deceit and fra that preceded it, but I simply notice h ready the tiger was to appear, and how litt restraint all the material civilization was the beast.

THE MISTRESS. I can't deny your i stances, and yet I somehow feel that pret much all you have been saying is in effe untrue. Not one of you would be willi to change our civilization for any other. your estimate you take no account, it see to me, of the growth of charity.

MANDEVILLE. And you might add a cognition of the value of human life.

THE MISTRESS. I don't believe there w ever before diffused everywhere such element of good-will, and never before we women so much engaged in philanthro work.

THE PARSON. It must be confessed th one of the best signs of the times is woma charity for woman. That certainly ne existed to the same extent in any other civ zation.

MANDEVILLE. And there is anoth thing that distinguishes us, or is beginning That is, the notion that you can do son thing more with a criminal than punish hi and that society has not done its duty wh it has built a sufficient number of scho for one class, or of decent jails for anoth

HERBERT. It will be a long time before get decent jails.

MANDEVILLE. But when we do they begin to be places of education and traini as much as of punishment and disgra

The public will provide teachers in the prisons as it now does in the common schools.

THE FIRE-TENDER. The imperfections of our methods and means of selecting those n the community who ought to be in prison are so great that extra care in dealing with them becomes us. We are beginning to earn that we cannot draw arbitrary lines with infallible justice. Perhaps half those who are convicted of crimes are as capable of reformation as half those transgressors who are not convicted, or who keep inside the statutory law.

HERBERT. Would you remove the odium of prison ?

THE FIRE-TENDER. No ; but I would have criminals believe, and society believe, hat in going to prison a man or woman does not pass an absolute line and go into a fixed state.

THE PARSON. That is, you would not have udgment and retribution begin in this world.

OUR NEXT DOOR. Don't switch us off nto theology. I hate to go up in a balloon, or see any one else go.

HERBERT. Don't you think there is too much leniency toward crime and criminals, taking the place of justice, in these days ?

THE FIRE-TENDER. There may be too much disposition to condone the crimes of those who have been considered respectable.

OUR NEXT DOOR. That is, scarcely anybody wants to see his friend hung.

MANDEVILLE. I think a large part of the bitterness of the condemned arises from a ense of the inequality with which justice is administered. I am surprised, in visiting ails, to find so few respectable-looking convicts.

OUR NEXT DOOR. Nobody will go to jail nowadays who thinks anything of himself.

THE FIRE-TENDER. When society seriously akes hold of the reformation of criminals say with as much determination as it does to carry an election) this false leniency will disappear ; for it partly springs from a feeling hat punishment is unequal, and does not discriminate enough in individuals, and that society itself has no right to turn a man over o the devil, simply because he shows a trong leaning that way. A part of the cheme of those who work for the reformation of criminals, is to render punishment more certain, and to let its extent depend upon reformation. There is no reason why a professional criminal, who won't change his trade for an honest one, should have inervals of freedom in his prison life in which he is let loose to prey upon society. Criminals ought to be discharged, like insane patients, when they are cured.

OUR NEXT DOOR. It's a wonder to me, what with our multitudes of statutes and hosts of detectives, that we are any of us out of jail. I never come away from a visit to a State-prison without a new spasm of fear and virtue. The facilities for getting into jail seem to be ample. We want more organizations for keeping people out.

MANDEVILLE. That is the sort of enterprise the women are engaged in, the frustration of the criminal tendencies of those born in vice. I believe women have it in their power to regenerate the world morally.

THE PARSON. It's time they began to undo the mischief of their mother.

THE MISTRESS. The reason they have not made more progress is that they have usually confined their individual efforts to one man ; they are now organizing for a general campaign.

THE FIRE-TENDER. I'm not sure but here is where the ameliorations of the conditions of life, which are called the comforts of this civilization, come in, after all, and distinguish the age above all others. They have enabled the finer powers of women to have play as they could not in a ruder age. I should like to live a hundred years and see what they will do.

HERBERT. Not much, but change the fashions, unless they submit themselves to the same training and discipline that men do.

I have no doubt that Herbert had to apologize for this remark afterwards in private, as men are quite willing to do in particular cases ; it is only in general they are unjust. The talk drifted off into general and particular depreciation of other times. Mandeville described a picture, in which he appeared to have confidence, of a fight between an Iguanodon and a Megalosaurus, where these huge iron-clad brutes were represented chewing up different portions of each other's bodies, in a forest of the lower cretaceous period. So far as he could learn, that sort of thing went on unchecked for hundreds of thousands of years, and was typical of the intercourse of the races of man till a comparatively recent period. There was also that gigantic swan, the Plesiosaurus ; in fact, all the early brutes were disgusting. He delighted to think that even the lower animals had improved, both in appearance and disposition.

The conversation ended, therefore, in a very amicable manner, having been taken to a ground that nobody knew anything about.

## IN THE GARDEN.

In this still garden in the cool of day
I often meditate :—
Should He who walked in Eden come this way
And consecrate
This place of bloom with presence passing fair
And robes that make more sweet the summer air!

Anon a voice far off yet near I catch
And question : "Comes He now?"
The virgin lilies that for Him keep watch
Do lowly bow,
And the meek grasses lowlier yet, to greet
His soft approach, and reverent kiss His Feet.

But as for me, who cannot see Him pass,
Yet fain would feel Him near,
I bow me lowlier even than the grass
In love and fear—
Far lowlier than the lilies on their stem,
And through them press to touch His garments' hem.

More softly blows the summer wind to lift
His mantle's sacred fold;
Through all the place sweet sighs and odors drift
Like bliss half told;
And in the fading west a single star
Trembles with rapture, watching Him afar.

And O that I should see that star remote,
Yet His near Glory miss,
Wherein the sun itself and stars do float
As motes, I wis!
But since no man that Glory could abide,
How should I dare lament the sight denied!

—Dark, hushed and dark the garden round me grows,
The folded flowers more sweet;
I hearken long to hear Him where He goes
With noiseless Feet,
Till the familiar place seems sad and strange,
And Eden to Gethsemane doth change.

Through heavy silence falls the heavy dew,
Like sweat of sorrow wrung,
As if the bitter Cup were filled anew
O'er which He hung
Whose love, all love transcending, overcame,—
For us endured the Cross, despised the shame.

Albeit against That Presence passing by
These mortal eyes are sealed,
I see This Other, like Him, standing nigh,
To Faith revealed;
At His dear Feet, on consecrated sod,
I cry like one of old: "My Lord—my God!"

# AT HIS GATES.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

## CHAPTER XIV.

MR. BURTON was a man who was accustomed in his own house to have, in a great degree, his own way; but this was not because his wife was disinclined to hold, or incapable of forming an opinion of her own. On the contrary, it was because he was rather afraid of her nan otherwise, and thought twice before he romulgated any sentiments or started any lan which was likely to be in opposition to ers. But he had neither consulted her, nor, ndeed, thought much of what she would say n the sudden proposal he had made to the Haldanes. He was not a hasty man; but Dr. Maurice's indignation had made an impression upon him, and he had felt all at nce that in going to the Haldanes and to Helen, he must not, if he would preserve is own character, go with merely empty ympathy, but must show practically his pity or them. It was perhaps the only time in is life that he had acted upon a hasty idea vithout taking time to consider; and a chill loubt, as to what Clara would say, was in is mind as he turned his face homewards. Dura was about twenty miles from town, in he heart of one of the leafiest of English counies; the station was a mile and a half from the great house, half of which distance, however, was avenue; and Mr. Burton's phaeton, with the two greys—horses which matched to a hair, and were not equalled in the stables of any potentate in the county—was waiting for him when the train arrived. He liked to drive home in this glorious way, rousing the village folks and acting as a timepiece for them, just as he liked the great dinner-bell, which the old Harcourts sounded only on great occasions, to be rung every day, letting the whole neighbourhood know that their local lord, their superior, the master of the great house, was going to dinner. He liked the thought that his return was an event in the place almost justifying the erection of a standard, as it was erected in a royal castle not very far off, when the sovereign went and came. Our rich man had not gone so far as yet, but he would have liked it, and felt it natural. The village of Dura was like a collection of beads threaded on the long white thread of road which ran from the station to the house—and occupied the greater part of the space, with single houses straggling at either end, and a cluster in the middle. The straggling houses at the end next the station were white villas, built for people whose business was in town, and who came home to dinner by the same train which brought Mr. Burton, though their arrival was less imposing; but where the clump of dwelling-places thickened, the houses toned down into old-fashioned deeply-lichened brick, with here and there a thatched roof to deepen, or a whitewashed gable to relieve, the composition. At the end nearest the great house the village made a respectful pause, and turned off along a slanting path, which showed the tower of the church behind over the trees. The rectory, however, a pretty house buried in shrubberies, fronted the high road with modest confidence; and opposite it was another dwelling-place, in front of which Mr. Burton drew up his horses for a moment, inspecting it with a careful and anxious eye. His heart beat a little quicker as he looked. His own gate was in sight, and these were the very grounds of Dura House, into which the large walled garden of this one intruded like a square wedge. In front there were no shrubberies, no garden, nothing to divide it from the road. A double row of pollard limes—one on the edge of the footpath, one close to the house—indicated and shaded, but did not separate it from the common way. The second row of limes was level with the fence of the Dura grounds, and one row of white flagstones lay between them and the two white steps, the green door, and shining brass knocker of the Gatehouse. It was a house which had been built in the reign of the first George, of red brick, with a great many windows, three-storied, and crowned by a pediment, with that curious mixture of the useful and (supposed) ornamental, which by this time has come to look almost picturesque by reason of age. It had been built for the mother of one of the old Harcourts, a good woman who had been born the Rector's daughter of the place, and loved it and its vicinity, and the sight of its comings and goings. This was the origin of the Gatehouse; but since the days of Mrs. Dunstable Harcourt it had rarely been inhabited by any of the family, and had been a trouble more than an advantage to them. It was too near the hall to be inhabited by strangers, and people do not always like to establish their own poor relations and dependents at their very gates. As the Harcourts dwindled and money became important to them, they let it at a small rate to a maiden household, two or three old ladies of limited means, and blood as blue as their own. And when Dura ceased, except on county maps, to be Harcourt-Dura, and passed into the hands of the rich merchant, he, too, found the Gatehouse a nuisance. There had been talk of pulling it down, but that would have been waste; and there had been attempts made to let it to "a suitable tenant," but no suitable tenant had been found. Genteel old ladies of blue blood had not found the vicinity of the Burtons a comfort to them as they did that of the Harcourts. And there it stood empty, echoing, void, a place where the homeless might be sheltered. Did Mr. Burton's heart glow with benevolent warmth as he paused, drawing up his greys, and looked at it, with all its windows twinkling in the sun? To one of these windows a woman came forward at the sound of his pause, and, putting her face close to the small pane, looked out at him wondering. He gave her a nod, and sighed; and then flourished his whip, and the greys flew on. In another moment they had turned into the avenue and went dashing up the gentle ascent. It was a pretty avenue, though the trees were not so old as most of the Dura trees. The sunset gleamed through it, slanting down under the lowest branches, scattering the brown mossy undergrowth with lumps of gold. A little pleasant tricksy wind shook the branches and dashed little mimic showers of rain in the master's face: for it had been raining in the afternoon, and the air was fresh and full of a hundred nameless odours; but Mr. Burton gave forth another big sigh before he reached the house. He was a little afraid of what his wife would say, and he was afraid of what he had done.

He did not say anything about it, however, till dinner was over. The most propitious moment seemed that gentle hour of dessert, when the inner man is strengthened an comforted, and there is time to dally ove the poetic part of the meal—not that eithe of the Burtons were poetical. They wer alone, not even the children being with them for Mrs. Burton disapproved of childre coming to dessert; but all the same, she wa beautifully dressed; he liked it, and so di she. She made very little difference in thi particular between her most imposing dinne parties and those evenings which she spent *tê à tête* with her husband. When her aunts, wh had old-fashioned ideas about extravaganc remonstrated with her, she defended hersel saying she could afford it, and he liked t see her well dressed. Mr. Burton hated t have any scrap of capital unemployed; an the only interest you could get from you jewels was the pleasure of wearing them, an seeing them worn, he said. So Mrs. Burto dined with her husband in a costume whic a French lady of fashion would have considered appropriate to a ball or royal reception, with naked shoulders and arms, an lace and ornaments. Madame la Duchess might have thought it much too fine, bu Mrs. Burton did not. She was a pale littl woman, small and thin, but not withou beauty. Her hair was not very abundan but it was exquisitely smooth and neat. He uncovered shoulders were white, and he arms round and well-formed; and she ha clear blue eyes, so much brighter than anybody expected, that they took the world b surprise: they were cold in their expressio but they were full of intelligence, and a hundred times more vivid and striking tha anything else about her, so that everybod observed and admired Mrs. Burton's eyes.

"What has been going on to-day? Wha have you been doing?" she asked, when th servants went away. The question sounde affectionate, and showed at least that ther was confidence between the husband an wife.

"Very much as usual," Mr. Burton sai with colloquial ease; and then he stoppe and cleared his throat. "But for my ow part I have done something rather foolish, he said, with an almost imperceptible tremo in his voice.

"Indeed?" She gave a quick glance u at him; but she was not excited, and wer on calmly eating her strawberries. He wa not the kind of man of whose foolish actio a wife is afraid.

"I have been to see the Haldanes to-day, he said, once more clearing his throat; "an I have been to Helen Drummond's, but di not see her. The one, of course, I did out of regard for your father; the other—— I was so distressed by the sight of that poor ellow in his helplessness, that I acted on mpulse, Clara. I know it's a foolish thing o do. I said to myself, here are two families cast out of house and home, and there is he Gatehouse——"

"The Gatehouse!"

"Yes, I was afraid you would be startled; but reflect a moment: it is of no use to us. We have got nobody to occupy it. You know, indeed, how alarmed you were when your aunt Louisa took a fancy to it; and I have tried for a tenant in vain. Then, on the other hand, one cannot but be sorry for these poor people. Helen is my cousin; she has no nearer friend than I am. And your father is so much interested in the Haldanes——"

"I don't quite understand," said Mrs. Burton, with undisturbed composure; "my father's interest in the Haldanes has nothing to do with the Gatehouse. Are they to live there?"

"That was what I thought," said her husband, "but not, of course, if you have any serious dislike to it—not if you decidedly object——"

"Why should I decidedly object?" she said. "I should if you were bringing them to live with me; but otherwise—— It is not at all suitable—they will not be happy there. It will be a great nuisance to us. As it is, strangers rather admire it—it looks old-fashioned and pleasant; but if they made a squalid place of it, dirty windows, and cooking all over the house——"

"So far as *my* cousin is concerned, you could have nothing of that kind to fear," said Mr. Burton, ceasing to be apologetic. He put a slight emphasis on the word *my;* perhaps upon this point he would not have been sorry to provoke his wife, but Clara Burton would not gratify her husband by any show of jealousy. She was not jealous, she was thinking solely of appearances, and of the possible decadence of the Gatehouse.

"Besides, Susan must stay," he continued, after a pause; "she must remain in charge; the house must be kept as it ought to be. If that is your only objection, Clara——"

"I have made no objection at all," said Mrs. Burton; and then she broke into a dry little laugh. "What a curious establishment it will be—an old broken-down nurserymaid, a Dissenting minister, and your cousin! Mr. Burton, will she like it? I cannot say that I should feel proud if it were offered to me."

His face flushed a little. He was not anxious himself to spare Helen's feelings. If he had found an opportunity, it would have been agreeable to him to remind her that she had made a mistake; but she was his own relation, and instinct prompted him to protect her from his wife.

"Helen is too poor to allow herself to think whether she likes it or not," he said.

His wife gave a sharp glance at him across the table. What did he mean? Did he intend to be kind, or to insult the desolate woman? Clara asked herself the question as a philosophical question, not because she cared.

"And is your cousin willing to accept it from you, after—that story?" she said.

"What story? You mean about her husband. It is not my story. I have nothing to do with it; and even if I had, surely it is the man who does wrong, not the man who tells it, that should have the blame; besides, she does not know."

"Ah, that is the safest," said Clara. "I think it is a very strange story, Mr. Burton. It may be true, but it is not like the truth."

"I have nothing to do with it," he exclaimed. He spoke hotly, with a swelling of the veins on his temples. "There are points of view in which his death was very providential," he said.

And once more Clara gave him a sharp glance.

"It was the angel who watches over Mr. Golden that provided the boat, no doubt," she answered, with a contraction of her lips; then fell back into the former topic with perfect calm. "I should insist upon the house being kept clean and nice," she said, as she rose to go away.

"Surely—surely; and you may tell your father when you write, that poor Haldane is so far provided for." He got up to open the door for her, and, detaining her for a moment, stooped down and kissed her forehead. "I am so much obliged to you, Clara, for consenting so kindly," he said.

A faint little cold smile came upon her face. She had been his wife for a dozen years; but in her heart she was contemptuous of the kiss which he gave her, as if she had been a child, as a reward for her acquiescence. It is to be supposed that she loved him after her fashion. She had married him of her free will, and had never quarrelled with him once in all their married life. But yet had he known how his kiss was received, the sting would have penetrated even through the tough covering which protected Reginald

Burton's *amour propre*, if not his heart. Mrs. Burton went away into the great drawing-room, where her children, dressed like little princes in a comedy, were waiting for her. The Harcourts, in the old days, had made a much smaller room their family centre; but the Burtons always used the great drawing-room, and lived, as it were, in state from one year's end to another. Here Clara Burton dwelt—a little anonymous spirit, known to none even of her nearest friends. They were all puzzled by her "ways," and by the blank many-sided surface like a prism which she presented to them, refusing to be influenced by any. She did not know any more about herself than the others did. Outside she was all glitter and splendour; nobody dressed so well, nobody had such jewels, or such carriages, or such horses in all the county. She used every day, and in her homeliest moments, things which even princes reserve for their best. Mrs. Burton made it a boast that she had no best things; she was the same always, herself—and not her guests or anything apart from herself—being the centre of life in her house and in all her arrangements. The dinner which the husband and wife had just eaten had been as varied and as dainty, as if twenty people had sat down to it. It was her principle throughout her life. And yet within herself the woman cared for none of these things. Another woman's dress or jewels was nothing to her. She was totally indifferent to the external advantages which everybody else believed her to be absorbed in. Clara was very worldly, her aunts said, holding up their hands aghast at her extravagance and costly habits; but the fact was, that Clara made all her splendours common, not out of love for them, but contempt for them: a thing which nobody suspected. It is only a cynical soul that could feel thus, and Mrs. Burton's cynicism went very deep. She thought meanly of human nature, and did not believe much in goodness; but she seldom disapproved, and never condemned. She would smile and cast about in her mind (unawares) for the motive of any doubtful action, and generally ended by finding out that it was "very natural," a sentence which procured her credit for large toleration and a most amiable disposition, but which sprang really from the cynical character of her mind. It did not seem to her worth while to censure or to sermonise. She did not believe in reformation; and incredulity was in her the twin-brother of despair; but not a tragical despair. She took it all very calmly, not feeling that it was worth while to be disturbed by it; and went on unconsciously tracking out the mean motives, the poor pretensions, the veiled selfishness of all around her. And she was not aware that she herself was any better, nor did she claim superiority—nay, she would even track her own impulses back to their root, and smile at them, though with a certain bitterness. But all this was so properly cloaked over that nobody suspected it. People gave her credit for wisdom because she generally believed the worst, and was so very often right; and they thought her tolerant because she would take pains to show how it was nature that was in fault, and not the culprit. No one suspected the terrible little cynic, pitiless and hopeless that she was in her heart.

And yet this woman was the mother of children, and had taught them their prayers, and was capable at that or any other moment of giving herself to be torn in pieces for them, as a matter of course, a thing which would not admit a possibility of doubt. She had thought of that in her many thinkings, had attempted to analyse her own love, and to fathom how much it was capable of. "As much as a tiger or a bear would do for her cubs," she had said to herself, with her usual smile. The strangest woman to sit veiled by Reginald Burton's fireside, and take the head of his table, and go to church with him in the richest, daintiest garments which money and skill could get for her! She was herself to some degree behind the scenes of her own nature; but even she could not always discriminate, down among the foundations of her being, which was false and which was true.

She went into the drawing-room, where her little Clara and Ned were waiting. Ned was thirteen, a year older than Norah Drummond. Mr. Burton had determined that he would not be behind the cousin who refused him, nor allow her to suppose that he was pining for her love, so that his marriage had taken place earlier than Helen's. Ned was a big boy, very active, and not given to book-learning; but Clara, who was a year younger, was a meditative creature like her mother. The boy was standing outside the open window, throwing stones at the birds in the distant trees. Little Clara stood within watching him, and making her comments on the sport.

"Suppose you were to kill a poor little bird. Suppose one of the young ones—one of the baby ones—were to try and fly a little bit, and you were to hit it. Suppose the poor papa when he comes home——"

“Oh, that's enough of your supposes,” id the big boy. “Suppose I were to eat *u?* But I don't want to. I don't think u would be nice.”

“Ned!” said a voice from behind Clara, hich thrilled him through and through, and ade the stones fall from his hands as if they d been suddenly paralysed, and were unable grasp anything. “I know it is natural to ys to be cruel, but I had rather not have it der my own eyes.”

“Cruel!” cried Ned, with some dis- ntent. “A parcel of wretched sparrows d things that can't sing a note. They ve no business in our trees. They ought know what they would get.”

“Are boys always cruel, mamma?” said tle Clara, laying hold upon her mother's ess. She was like a little princess herself, l lace and embroidery and blue ribbons d beautifulness. Mrs. Burton made no swer. She did not even wait to see that r boy took no more shots at the birds. e drew a chair close to the window, and t down; and as she took her seat she gave nt to a little fretful sigh. She was thinking Helen, and was annoyed that she had tually no means of judging what were e motives that would move her should e come to Dura. It was difficult for her understand simple ignorance and unsus- ciousness, or to give them their proper ace among the springs of human action. er worst fault philosophically was that of noring these commonest influences of all.

“Mamma, you are thinking of something,” id little Clary. “Why do you sigh, and hy do you shake your head?”

“I have been trying to put together a zzle,” said her mother, “as you do some- mes; and I can't make it out.”

“Ah, a puzzle,” said Ned, coming in; they are not at all fun, mamma. That astly dissected map Aunt Louisa gave me -by Jove! I should like to take the little eces and shy them at the birds.”

“But, mamma,” said Clary, “are you sure is only that? I never saw you playing with ys.”

“I wonder if I ever did?” said Mrs. urton, with a little gleam of surprise. “Do u remember going to London once, Clary, d seeing your cousin, Norah Drummond? hould you like to have her here?”

“She was littler than me,” said Clary, romptly, “though she was older. Papa told e. They lived in a funny little poky house. hey had no carriages nor anything. She ad never even tried to ride; fancy, mamma! When I told her I had a pony all to myself, she only stared. How different she would think it if she came here!”

Her mother looked at the child with a curious light in her cold blue eyes. She gave a little harsh laugh.

“If it were not that it is natural, and you cannot help it,” she said, “I should like to whip you, my dear!”

## CHAPTER XV.

NEXT morning the family at Dura paid a visit to the Gatehouse, to see all its capabilities, and arrange the changes which might be necessary. It was a bright morning after the rain, and they walked together down the dewy avenue, where the sunshine played through the network of leaves, and the refreshed earth sent up sweet odours. All was pleasant to sight and sound, and made a lightsome beginning to the working day. Mr. Burton was pleased with himself and everything surrounding him. His children (he was very proud of his children) strolled along with their father and mother, and there was in Ned a precocious imitation of his own walk and way of holding himself which at once amused and flattered the genial papa. He was pleased by his boy's appreciation of his own charms of manner and appearance; and little Clary was like him, outwardly, at least, being of a larger mould than her mother. His influence was physically predominant in the family, and as for profounder influences these were not much visible as yet. Mrs. Burton had a *toilette fraîche* of the costliest simplicity. Two or three dogs attended them on their walk—a handsome pointer and a wonderful hairy Skye, and the tiniest of little Maltese terriers, with a blue ribbon round its neck such as Clary had, of whose colours her dog was a repetition. When she made a rush now and then along the road, herself like a great white and blue butterfly, the dogs ran too, throwing up their noses in the air, till Ned, marching along in his knickerbockers, with his chest set out, and his head held up like his father's, whistled the bigger ones to his masculine side. It was quite a pretty picture this family procession; they were so well off, so perfectly supplied with everything that was pleasant and suitable, so happily above the world and its necessities. There was a look of wealth about them that might almost have seemed insolent to a poor man. The spectator felt sure that if fricasseed bank-notes had been good to eat, they must have had a little dish of that for breakfast. And the crown of all was that they were going to do a good action—to give shelter and help to the homeless. Many simple persons would have wept over the spectacle, had they known it, out of pure delight in so much goodness—if Mrs. Burton, looking on with those clear cold blue eyes of hers, had not thrown upon the matter something of a clearer light.

The inspection was satisfactory enough, revealing space sufficient to have accommodated twice as many people. And Mr. Burton found it amusing too; for Susan, who was in charge, was very suspicious of their motives, and anxious to secure that she should not be put upon in any arrangement that might be made. There was a large, quaint, old drawing-room, with five glimmering windows—three fronting to the road and two to the garden—not French sashes, cut down to the ground, but old-fashioned English windows with a sill to them, and a solid piece of wall underneath. The chimney had a high wooden mantelpiece with a little square of mirror let in, too high up for any purpose but that of giving a glimmer of reflection. The carpet, which was very much worn, was partially covered by a tightly strained white cloth, as if the room had been prepared for dancing. The furniture was very thin in the legs and angular in its proportions; some of the chairs were ebony, with bands of faded gilding and covers of minute old embroidery, into which whole lives had been worked. The curtains were of old-fashioned, big-patterned chintz—like that we call Cretonne nowadays—with brown linings. Everything was very old and worn, but clean and carefully mended. The looker-on felt it possible that the entrance of a stranger might so break the spell that all might crumble into dust at a touch. But yet there was a quaint, old-fashioned elegance—not old enough to be antique, but yet getting venerable—about the silent old house. Mr. Burton was of opinion that it would be better with new red curtains and some plain, solid mahogany; but, if the things would do, considered that it was unnecessary to incur further expense. When all the necessary arrangements had been settled upon, the family party went on to the railway station. This was a very frequent custom with them. Mr. Burton liked to come home in state—to notify his arrival by means of the high-stepping greys and the commotion they made, to his subjects; but he was quite willing to leave in the morning with graceful humility and that exhibition of family affection which brings even the highest potentates to a level with common men. When he arrived with his wife and his children a
his dogs at the station, it was touching to s
the devotion with which the station-mast
and the porters and everybody about receiv
the great man. The train seemed to ha
been made on purpose for him—to ha
come on purpose all the way out of t
Midland Counties; the railway people r
all along its length as soon as it arrived
find a vacant carriage for their demig
"Here you are, sir!" cried a smiling port
"Here you are, sir!" echoed the stati
master, rushing forward to open the do
The other porter, who was compelled by d
to stand at the little gate of exit and take t
tickets, looked gloomily upon the active s
vice of his brethren, but identified hims
with their devotion by words at least, sir
nothing else was left him. "What d'ye me
by being late?" he cried to the guard. "
train didn't ought to be late as takes gent
men to town for business. You're as sl
you are, as if you was the ladies' express."

Mr. Burton laughed as he passed, a
gladness stole into the porter's soul.
magical power of wealth! when it laughs,
world grows glad. To go into the gri
world of business, and be rubbed against
the streets by men who did him no homa
must be hard upon such a man, after
royal calm of the morning and all its pl
sant circumstances. It was after just su
another morning that he went again to
Mary's Road, and was admitted to see
cousin. She had shut herself up for a f
night obstinately. She would have done
for a year, in defiance of herself and of nat
had it been possible, that all the world mi
know that Robert had "the respect" due
him. She would not have deprived him
one day, one fold of crape, one imbecility
grief, of her own will. She would have b
ill, if she could, to do him honour. All
was quite independent of that misery of wh
the world could know nothing, which
deep as the sea in her own heart. T
must last let her do what she would.
she would fain have given to her husb
the outside too. The fortnight, however,
all that poor Helen could give. Alre
stern need was coming in, and the credit
to whom everything she had belonged. W
Mr. Burton was admitted, the man had be
to make an inventory of the furniture.
pretty drawing-room was already dismant
the plants all removed from the conse
tory; the canvases were stacked against
wall in poor Robert's studio, and a pict
dealer was there valuing them. They w

of considerable value now—more than they would have been had it still been possible that they should be finished. People who were making collections of modern pictures would buy them readily as the only "Drummonds" now to be had. Mr. Burton went and looked at the pictures, and pointed out one that he would like to buy. His feelings were not very delicate, but yet it struck a certain chill upon him to go into that room. Poor Drummond himself was lying at the bottom of the river—he could not reproach any one, even allowing that it was not all his own fault. And yet—the studio was unpleasant to Mr. Burton. It affected his nerves; and in anticipation of his interview with Helen he wanted all his strength.

But Helen received him very gently, more so than he could have hoped. She had not seen the papers. The world and its interests had gone away from her. She had read nothing but the good books which she felt it was right to read during her seclusion. She was unaware of all that had happened, unsuspicious, did not even care. It had never occurred to her to think of dishonour as possible. All calamity was for her concentrated in the one which had happened, which had left her nothing more to fear. She was seated in a very small room opening on the garden, which had once been appropriated to Norah and her playthings. She was very pale, with the white rim of her cap close round her face, and her hair concealed. Norah was there too, seated close to her mother, giving her what support she could with instinctive faithfulness. Mr. Burton was more overcome by the sight of them than he could have thought it possible to be. They were worse even than the studio. He faltered, he cleared his throat, he took Helen's hand and held it—then let it drop in a confused way. He was overcome, she thought, with natural emotion, with grief and pity. And it made her heart soft even to a man she loved so little. "Thanks," she murmured, as she sank down upon her chair. That tremor in his voice covered a multitude of sins.

"I have been here before," he said.

"Yes, so I heard; it was very kind. Don't speak of *that*, please. I am not able to bear it, though it is kind, very kind of you."

"Everybody is sorry for you, Helen," he said, "but I don't want to recall your grief to your mind——"

"Recall!" she said, with a kind of miserable smile. "That was not what I meant; but—Reginald—my heart is too sore to bear talking. I—cannot speak, and—I would rather not cry—not just now."

She had not called him Reginald before since they were boy and girl together; and that, and the piteous look she gave him, and her tremulous protest that she would rather not cry, gave the man such a twinge through his very soul as he had never felt before. He would have changed places at the moment with one of his own porters to get out of it—to escape from a position which he alone was aware of. Norah was crying without restraint. It was such a scene as a man in the very height of prosperity and comfort would hesitate to plunge into, even if there had not risen before him those ghosts in the newspapers which one day or other, if not now, Helen must find out.

"What I wanted to speak of was your own plans," he said hastily, "what you think of doing, and—if you will not think me impertinent—what you have to depend upon? I am your nearest relation, Helen, and it is right I should know."

"If everything has to be given up, I suppose I shall have nothing," she said faintly. "There was my hundred a year settled upon me. The papers came the other day. Who must I give them to? I have nothing, I suppose."

"If your hundred a year was settled on you, of course you have that, heaven be praised," said Mr. Burton, "nobody can touch that. And, Helen, if you like to come back to the old neighbourhood, I have part of a house I could offer you. It is of no use to me. I can't let it; so you might be quite easy in your mind about that. And it is furnished after a sort; and it would be rent free."

The tears which she had been restraining rushed to her eyes. "How kind you are!" she said. "Oh, I can't say anything; but you are very, very kind."

"Never mind about that. You used to speak as if you did not like the old neighbourhood——"

"Ah!" she said, "that was when I cared. All neighbourhoods are the same to me now."

"But you will get to care after a while," he said. "You will not always be as you are now."

She shook her head with that faint little gleam of the painfullest smile. To such a suggestion she could make no answer. She did not believe her grief would ever lighten. She did not wish to feel differently. She had not even that terrible experience which teaches some that the broken heart must heal one way or other—mend of its wound, or at least have its wound skinned over; for she had never been quite stricken down to the ground before.

"Anyhow, you will think of it," Mr. Burton said in a soothing tone. "Norah, you would like to come and live in the country, where there was a nice large garden and plenty of room to run about. You must persuade your mother to come. I won't stay now to worry you, Helen, and besides, my time is precious; but you will let me do this much for you, I hope."

She stood up in her black gown, which was so dismal and heavy, without any reflection of light in its dull blackness, and held out to him a hand which was doubly white by the contrast, and thin with fasting and watching. "You are very kind," she said again. "If I ever was unjust to you, forgive me. I must have a home—for Norah; and I have nowhere—nowhere to go!"

"Then that is settled," he said with eagerness. It was an infinite relief to him. Never in his life had he been so anxious to serve another. Was it because he had loved her once? because he was fond of her still? because she was his relation? His wife at that very moment was pondering on the matter, touching it as it were with a little sharp spear, which was not celestial like Ithuriel's. Being his wife, it would have been natural enough if some little impulse of jealousy had come across her, and moved her towards the theory that her husband did this out of love for his cousin. But Mrs. Burton had not blood enough in her veins, and she had too clear an intelligence in her head to be jealous. She came to such a very different conclusion, that I hesitate to repeat it; and she, too, half scared by the long journey she had taken, and her very imperfect knowledge of the way by which she had travelled, did not venture to put it into words. But the whisper at the bottom of her heart was, "Remorse! Remorse!" Mrs. Burton herself did not know for what, nor how far her husband was guilty towards his cousin.

But it was a relief to all parties when this interview was over. Mr. Burton went away drawing a long breath. And Helen applied herself courageously to the work which was before her. She did not make any hardship to herself about those men who were taking the inventory. It had to be, and what was that—what was the loss of everything in comparison—— The larger loss deadened her to the smaller ones, which is not always the case. She had her own and Norah's clothes to pack, some books, a few insignificant trifles which she was allowed to retain, and the three unfinished pictures, which indeed, had they not been given to her, she felt she could have stolen. The little blurred sketch from the easel, a trifling subject, meaning little but bearing in its smeared colours the last handwriting of poor Robert's despair; and that wistful face looking up from the depths up to the bit of blue sky far above and the one star. Was that the Dives he had thought of, the soul in pain so wistful, so sad, yet scarcely able to despair? It was like his letter, a sacred appeal to her not on this earth only, but beyond—an appeal which would outlast death and the grave. "The door into hell," she did not understand, but she knew it had something to do with her husband's last agony. These mournful relics were all she had to take with her into the changed world.

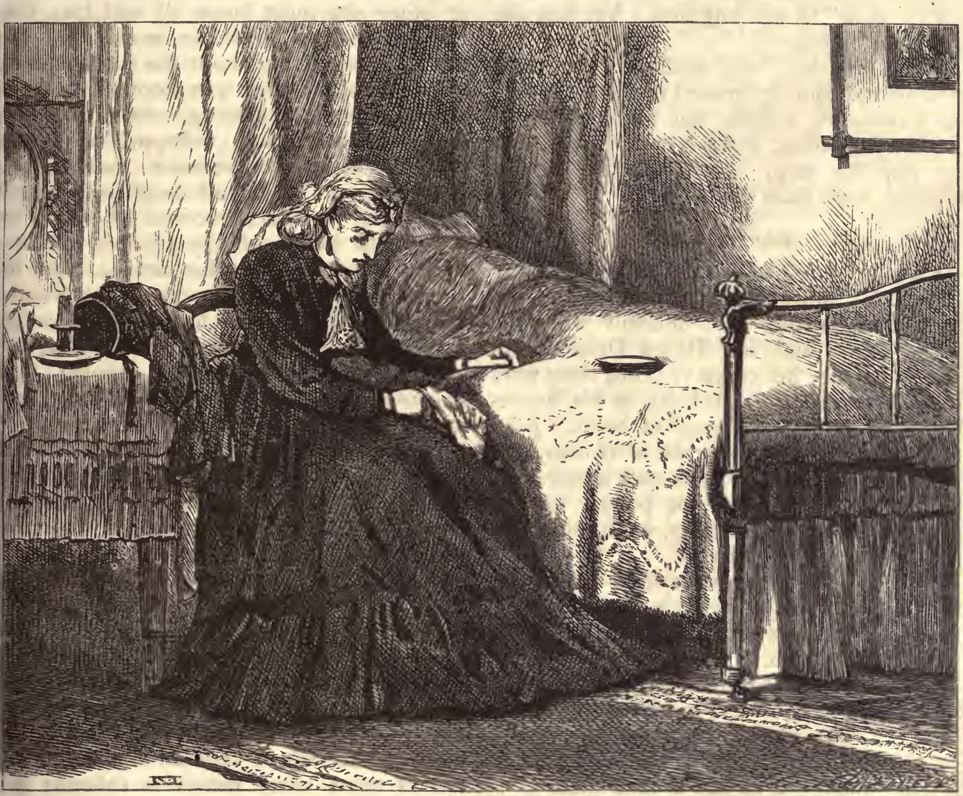
A woman cannot weep violently when she is at work. Tears may come into her eyes, tears may drop among the garments in which her past is still existing, but her movements to and fro, her occupations stem the full tide and arrest it. Helen was quite calm. While Norah brought the things fo her out of the drawers she talked to the child as ordinary people talk whose hearts are not broken. She had fallen into a certain stillness—a hush of feeling. It did her good to be astir. When the boxes were full and fastened she turned to he pictures, enveloping them carefully, protecting the edges with cushions of folded paper. Norah was still very busy in finding the cord for her, and holding the canvases in their place. The child had rummaged ou a heap of old newspapers, with which th packing was being done. Suddenly sh began to cry as she stood holding one in he hand.

"Oh, mamma!" she said, looking up with big eyes in Helen's face. Crying was not so rare in the house as to surprise her mother. She said—

"Hush, my darling!" and went on. Bu when she felt the paper thrust into her hand Helen stopped short in her task and looked not at it but at Norah. The tears wer hanging on the child's cheeks, but she had stopped crying. She pointed to one column in the paper and watched her mother wit eyes like those of Dives in the picture Helen gave a cry when she looked at it

Ah !" as if some sharp blow had been given ) her. It was the name, nothing but her hus-and's name, that had pierced her like a sudden agger. But she read on, without doubting, ithout thinking. It was the article written vo days before on the history of the painter )rummond, "the wretched man," who had ırnished a text for a sermon to the *Daily 'emaphore.*

Norah had read only a sentence at the eginning which she but partially understood. t was something unkind, something untrue bout "poor papa." But she read her mother now instead, comprehending it by her looks. Helen went over the whole without drawing breath. It brought back the blood to her pale cheeks; it ran like a wild new life into every vein, into every nerve. She turned round in the twinkling of an eye, without a pause for thought, and put on the black bonnet with its overwhelming crape veil which had been brought to her that morning. She had not wanted it before. It was the first time in her life that she had required to look at the world through those folds of crape.



"May I come too, mamma?" said Norah ›ftly. She did not know where they were oing; but henceforward where her mother as there was the place for Norah, at home r abroad, sleeping or waking. The child ung to Helen's hand as they opened the miliar door, and went out once again—after lifetime—into the once familiar, the changed nd awful world. A summer evening, early une, the bloom newly off the lilacs, the first oses coming on the trees; the strange day-ght dazzled them, the sound of passing voices uzzed and echoed as if they had been the centre of a crowd. Or rather, this was their effect upon Helen. Norah clinging to her hand, pressed close to her side, watched her, and thought of nothing more.

Dr. Maurice was going to his solitary dinner. He had washed his hands and made himself daintily nice and tidy, as he always was; but he had not changed his morning coat. He was standing with his back against the writing-table in his library, looking up dreamily at poor Drummond's picture, and waiting for the sound of the bell which should summon him into the next room to his meal. When the door bell sounded instead impatience seized him.

"What fool can be coming now?" he said to himself, and turned round in time to see John's scared face peeping into the room before he introduced those two figures, those two with their dark black dresses, the one treading in the very steps of the other, moving with her movement. He gave a cry of surprise. He had not seen them since the day after Drummond's death. He had gone to inquire, and had left anxious kind messages, but he, too, had conventional ideas in his mind and had thought the widow "would not be able" to see any one. Yet now she had come to him—

"Dr. Maurice," she said, with no other preliminary, coming forward to the table with her newspaper, holding out no hand, giving him no salutation, while Norah moved with her step for step, like a shadow. "Dr. Maurice, what does this mean?"

### CHAPTER XVI.

I WOULD not like to say what despairing thought Dr. Maurice might have had about his dinner in the first moment when he turned round and saw Helen Drummond's pale face under her crape veil, but there were many thoughts on the subject in his household, and much searchings of heart. John had been aghast at the arrival of visitors, and especially of such visitors at such a moment; but his feelings would not permit him to carry up dinner immediately, or to sound the bell, the note of warning.

"I canna do it, I canna do it—don't ask me," he said, for John was a north-countryman, and when his heart was moved fell back upon his old idiom.

"Maybe the lady would eat a bit herself, poor soul," the cook said in insinuating tones. "I've known folks eat in a strange house, for the strangeness of it like, when they couldn't swallow a morsel in their own."

"Don't ask me!" said John, and he seized a stray teapot and began to polish it in the trouble of his heart. There was silence in the kitchen for ten minutes at least, for the cook was a mild woman till driven to extremities; but to see fish growing into wool and potatoes to lead was more than any one could be expected to bear.

"Do you see that?" she said in despair, carrying the dish up to him, and thrusting it under his eyes. John threw down his teapot and fled. He went and sat on the stairs to be out of reach of her remonstrances. But the spectre of that fish went with him, and would not leave his sight; the half-hour chimed, the three-quarters—

"I canna stand this no longer!" John said in desperation, and rushing up to the dining-room, sounded the dinner bell.

Its clang disturbed the little party in the next room who were so differently occupied. Helen was seated by the table with a pile of papers before her; her hands trembled as she turned from one to another, but her attention did not swerve. She was following through them every scrap that bore upon that one subject. Dr. Maurice had procured them all for her. He had felt that one time or other she must know all, and that then her information must be complete. He himself was walking about the room with his hands in his pocket, now stopping to point out or explain something, now taking up a book, unsettled and unhappy, as a man generally looks when he has to wait, and has nothing to do. He had sought out a book for Norah, to the attractions of which the poor child had gradually yielded. At first she had stood close by her mother. But the contents of those papers were not for Norah's eye, and Helen herself had sent her away. She had put herself in the window, her natural place; the ruddy evening light streamed in upon her, and found out between the black of her dress and that of her hat, a gleam of brown hair, to which it gave double brightness by the contrast; and gradually she fell into her old attitude, her old absorption. Dr. Maurice walked about the room, and pondered a hundred things. He would have given half he possessed for that fatherless child who sat reading in the light, and forgetting her childish share of sorrow. The mother in her mature beauty was little to him—but the child—a child like that! And she was not his. She was Robert Drummond's, who lay drowned at the bottom of the river, and whose very name was drowned too in those bitter waters of calumny and shame. Strange providence that metes so unequally to one and to another. The man did not think that he too might have had a wife and children had he so chosen; but his heart hankered for this that was his neighbour's, and which no magic, not even any subtle spell of love or protecting tenderness could ever make his own.

And Helen, almost unconscious of the presence of either, read through those papers which had been preserved for her. She read Golden's letter, and the comment upon it. She read the letter which Dr. Maurice had written, contradicting those cruel assertions.

She read the further comments upon that. How natural it was; how praiseworthy was the vehemence of friends in defence of the dead—and how entirely without proof! The newspaper pointed out with a cold distinctness, which looked like hatred to Helen, that the fact of the disappearance of the books told fatally against "the unhappy man." Why did he destroy those evidences which would no doubt have cleared him had he acted fairly and honestly? Day by day she traced the course of this controversy which had been going on while she had shut herself up in the darkness. It gleamed across her as she turned from one to another that this was why her energy had been preserved and her strength sustained. She had not broken down like other women, for this cause. God had kept her up for this. The discussion had gone on down to that very morning, when a little editorial note, appended to a short letter—one of the many which had come from all sorts of people in defence of the painter—had announced that such a controversy could no longer be carried on "in these pages." "No doubt the friends of Mr. Drummond will take further steps to prove the innocence of which they are so fully convinced," it said, "and it must be evident to all parties that the columns of a newspaper is not the place for a prolonged discussion on a personal subject." Helen scarcely spoke while she read all these. She did not hear the dinner-bell. The noise of the door when Dr. Maurice rushed to it with threatening word and look, to John's confusion, scarcely moved her. "Be quiet, dear," she said unconsciously, when the doctor's voice in the hall, where he had fallen upon his servant, came faintly into her abstraction. "You rascal! how dare you take such a liberty when you knew who was with me?' was what Dr. Maurice was saying, with rage in his voice. But to Helen it seemed as if little Norah, forgetting the cloud of misery about her, had begun to talk more lightly than she ought. "Oh, my child, be quiet," she repeated; "be quiet!" All her soul was absorbed in this. She had no room for any other thought.

Dr. Maurice came back with a flush of anger on his face. "These people would think it necessary to consider their miserable dishes if the last judgment were coming on," he said. He was a kind man, and very sorry for his friend's widow. He would have given up much to help her; but perhaps he too was hungry, and the thought of the spoilt dishes increased his vehemence. She looked at him, putting back her veil with a blank look of absolute incomprehension. She had heard nothing, knew nothing. Comfort, and dinners, and servants, and all the paraphernalia of ordinary life, were a hundred miles away from her thoughts.

"I have read them all," she said in a tone so low that he had to stoop to hear her. "Oh, that I should have lost so much time in selfish grieving! I thought nothing more could happen after. Dr. Maurice, do you know what I ought to do?"

"You!" he said. There was something piteous in her look of appeal. The pale face and the gleaming eyes, the helplessness and the energy, all struck him at a glance—a combination which he did not understand.

"Yes—me! You will say what can I do? I cannot tell the world what he was, as you have done. Thanks for that," she said, holding out her hand to him. "The wife cannot speak for her husband, and I cannot write to the papers. I am quite ignorant. Dr. Maurice, tell me if you know. What can I do?"

Her gleam of wild indignation was gone. It had sunk before the controversy, the discussion which the newspapers would no longer continue. If poor Robert had met with no defenders, she would have felt herself inspired. But his friends had spoken, friends who could speak. And deep depression fell over her. "Oh!" she said, clasping her hands, "must we bear it? Is there nothing—nothing I can do?"

Again and again had he asked himself the same question. "Mrs. Drummond," he said, "you can do nothing; try and make up your mind to it. I hoped you might never know. A lady can do nothing in a matter of business. You feel yourself that you cannot write or speak. And what good would it do even if you could? I say that a more honourable man never existed. You could say, I know, a great deal more than that; but what does it matter without proof? If we could find out about those books——"

"He did not know anything about books," said Helen; "he could not even keep his own accounts—at least it was a trouble to him. Oh, you know that; how often have we—laughed——Oh, my God, my God!"

Laughed! The words brought the tears even to Dr. Maurice's eyes. He put his hand on her arm and patted it softly, as if she had been a child. "Poor soul! poor soul!" he said: the tears had got into his voice too, and all his own thoughts went out of his mind in the warmth of his sympathy.

He was a cautious man, not disposed to commit himself; but the touch of such emotion overpowered all his defences. "Look here, Mrs. Drummond," he said; "I don't know what we may be able to do, but I promise you something shall be done—I give you my word. The shareholders are making a movement already, but so many of them are ruined, so many hesitate, as people say, to throw good money after the bad. I don't know why I should hesitate, I am sure. I have neither chick nor child." He glanced at Norah as he spoke—at Norah lost in her book, with the light in her hair, and her outline clear against the window. But Helen did not notice, did not think what he could mean, being absorbed in her own thoughts. She watched him, notwithstanding, with dilating eyes. She saw all that at that moment she was capable of seeing in his face—the rising resolution that came with it, the flash of purpose. "It ought to be done," he said, "even for justice. I will do it—for that—and for Robert's sake."

She held out both her hands to him in the enthusiasm of her ignorance. "Oh, God bless you! God reward you!" she said. It seemed to her as if she had accomplished all she had come for, and had cleared her husband's name. At least his friend had pledged himself to do it, and it seemed to Helen so easy. He had only to refute the lies which had been told; to prove how true, how honest, how tender, how good, incapable of hurting a fly; even how simple and ignorant of business, more ignorant almost than she was, he had been; a man who never had kept any books, not even his own accounts; who had a profession of his own, quite different, at which he worked; who had not been five times in the City in his life before he became connected with Rivers's After she had bestowed that blessing, it seemed to her almost as if she were making too much of it, as if she had but to go herself and tell it all, and prove his whitest innocence. To go herself—but she did not know where.

Dr. Maurice came down with a little tremulousness of excitement about him from the pinnacle of that resolution. He knew better what it was. Her simple notion of "going and telling" resolved itself, in his mind, to an action before the law-courts, to briefs, and witnesses, and expenditure. But he was a man without chick or child; he was not ruined by Rivers's. The sum he had lost had been enough to give him an interest in the question, not enough to injure his powers of operation. And it was a question of justice, a matter which some man ought to take up. Nevertheless it was a great resolution to take. It would revolutionise his quiet life, and waste the substance which he applied, he knew, to many good uses. He felt a little shaken when he came down. And then—his dinner, the poor friendly unfortunate man!

"Let Norah come and eat something with me," he said, "the child must be tired. Come too and you shall have a chair to rest in, and we will not trouble you; and then I will see you home."

"Ah!" Helen gave an unconscious cry at the word. But already, even in this one hour, she had learned the first hard lesson of grief, which is that it must not fatigue others with its eternal presence—that they who suffer most must be content often to suffer silently, and put on such smiles as are possible—the ghost must not appear at life's commonest board any more than at the banquet. It seemed like a dream when five minutes later she found herself seated in an easy-chair in Dr. Maurice's dining-room, painfully swallowing some wine, while Norah sat at the table by him and shared his dinner. It was like a dream; twilight had begun to fall by this time, and the lamp was lighted on the table—a lamp which left whole acres of darkness all round in the long dim room. Helen sat and looked at the bright table and Norah's face, which turning to her companion began to grow bright too, unawares. A fortnight is a long age of trouble to a child. Norah's tears were still ready to come, but the bitterness was out of them. She was sad for sympathy now. And this change, the gleam of light, the smile of her old friend—his fond, half-mocking talk, felt like happiness come back. Her mother looked on from the shady corner where she was sitting, and understood it all. Robert's friend loved him; but was glad now to pass to other matters, to common life. And Robert's child loved him; but she was a child, and she was ready to reply to the first touch of that same dear life. Helen was growing wiser in her trouble. A little while ago she would have denounced this changeableness, and struggled against it. But now she understood and accepted what was out of her power to change.

And then in the pauses of his talk with Norah, which was sweet to him, Dr. Maurice heard all their story—how the house was already in the creditors' hands, how they had prepared all their scanty possessions to go away, and how Mr. Burton had been very kind. Helen had not associated him in any way with the assault on her husband's memory. She spoke of him with a half gratitude which filled the doctor with suppressed fury. He had been very kind—he had offered her a house.

"I thought you disliked Dura," he said with an impatience which he could not restrain.

"And so I did," she answered drearily, "as long as I could. It does not matter now."

"Then you will still go?"

"Still? Oh, yes; where should we go else? The whole world is the same to us now," said Helen. "And Norah will be happier in the country; it is good air."

"Good air!" said Dr. Maurice. "Good heavens, what can you be thinking of? And the child will grow up without any one to teach her, without a—friend. What is to be done for her education? What is to be done—Mrs. Drummond, I beg your pardon. I hope you will forgive me. I have got into a way of interfering and making myself ridiculous, but I did not mean——"

"Nay," said Helen gently, half because she felt so weary, half because there was a certain comfort in thinking that any one cared, "I am not angry. I knew you would think of what is best for Norah. But, Dr. Maurice, we shall be very poor."

He did not make any reply; he was half ashamed of his vehemence, and yet withal he was unhappy at this new change. Was it not enough that he had lost Drummond, his oldest friend, but he must lose the child too, whom he had watched ever since she was born? He cast a glance round upon the great room, which might have held a dozen people, and in his mind surveyed the echoing chambers above, of which but one was occupied. And then he glanced at Norah's face, still bright, but slightly clouded over, beside him, and thought of the pretty picture she had made in the library seated against the window. Burton, who was their enemy, who had been the chief agent in bringing them to poverty, could give them a home to shelter their houseless heads. And why could not he, who had neither chick nor child, who had a house so much too big for him, why could not he take them in? Just to have the child in the house, to see her now and then, to hear her voice on the stairs, or watch her running from room to room, would be all he should want. They could live there and harm nobody, and save their little pittance. This thought ran through his mind, and then he stopped and confounded Burton. But Burton had nothing to do with it. He had better have confounded the world, which would not permit him to offer shelter to his friend's widow. He gave a furtive glance at Helen in the shadow. He did not want Helen in his house. His friend's wife had never attracted him; and though he would have been the kindest of guardians to his friend's widow, still there was nothing in her that touched his heart. But he could not open his doors to her and say, "Come." He knew if he did so how the men would grin and the women whisper; how impertinent prophecies would flit about, or slanders much worse than impertinent. No, he could not do it; he could not have Norah by, to help on her education, to have a hand in her training, to make her a child of his own. He had no child. It was his lot to live alone and have no soft hand ever in his. All this was very ridiculous, for, as I have said before, Dr. Maurice was very well off; he was not old nor bad-looking, and he might have married like other men. But then he did not want to marry. He wanted little Norah Drummond to be his child, and he wanted nothing more.

Helen leaned back in her chair without any thought of what was passing through his heart. That her child should have inspired a *grande passion* at twelve had never entered her mind, and she took his words in their simplicity and pondered over them. "I can teach her myself," she said with a tremor in her voice. This man was not her friend, she knew. He had no partial good opinion of her, such as one likes one's friends to have, but judged her on her merits, which few people are vain enough to put much trust in; and she thought that very likely he would not think her worthy of such a charge. "I *have* taught her most of what she knows," she added with a little more confidence. "And then the great thing is, we shall be very poor."

"Forgive me!" he said; "don't say any more. I was unpardonably rash—impertinent—don't think of what I said."

And then he ordered his carriage for them and sent them home. I do not know whether perhaps it did not occur to Helen as she drove back through the summer dusk to her dismantled house what a difference there was between their destitution and poverty and all the warm glow of comfort and ease which surrounded this lonely man. But there can be no doubt that Norah thought of it, who had taken in everything with her brown eyes, though she said little. While they were driving along in the luxurious smoothly-rolling brougham, the child crept close to her mother, clasping Helen's arm with both her hands. "Oh, mamma," she said, "how strange it is that we should have lost everything and Dr. Maurice nothing, that he should have that great house and this nice carriage, and us be driven away from St. Mary's Road! What can God be thinking of, mamma?"

"Oh, Norah, my dear child, we have each other, and he has nobody," said Helen; and in her heart there was a frenzy of triumph over this man who was so much better off than she was. The poor so often have that consolation; and sometimes it is not much of a consolation after all. But Helen felt it to the bottom of her heart as she drew her child to her, and felt the warm, soft clasp of hands, the round cheek against her own. Two desolate, lonely creatures in their black dresses—but two, and together; whereas Dr. Maurice, in his wealth, in his strength, in what the world would have called his happiness, was but one.

## CHAPTER XVII.

THE pretty house in St. Mary's Road—what a change had come upon it! There was a great painted board in front describing the desirable residence, with studio attached, which was to be let. The carpets were half taken up and laid in rolls along the floor, the chairs piled together, the costly, pretty furniture, so carefully chosen, the things which belonged to the painter's early life, and those which were the product of poor Drummond's wealth, all removed and jumbled together, and ticketed "Lot 16," "Lot 20." "Lot 20" was the chair which had been Helen's chair for years—the one poor Robert had kissed. If she had known that, she would have spent her last shilling to buy it back out of the rude hands that turned it over. But even Helen only knew half of the tragedy which had suddenly enveloped her life. They threaded their way up-stairs to their bedroom through all those ghosts. It was still early; but what could they do down-stairs in the house which no longer retained a single feature of home? Helen put her child to bed, and then sat down by her, shading the poor little candle. It was scarcely quite dark even now. It is never dark in June. Through the open window there came the sound of voices, people walking about the streets after their work was over. There are so many who have only the streets to walk in, so many to whom St. Mary's Road, with its lilacs and laburnums and pretty houses, was pleasant and fresh as if it had been in the depths of the country. Helen saw them from the window, coming and going, so often two, arm in arm, two who loitered and looked up at the lighted house, and spoke softly to each other, making their cheerful comments. The voices sounded mellow, the distant rattle of carriages was softened by the night, and a soft wind blew through the lilacs, and some stars looked wistfully out of the pale sky. Why are they so sad in summer those lustrous stars? Helen looked out at them, and big tears fell softly out of her eyes. Oh, face of Dives looking up! Oh, true and kind and just and gentle soul! Must she not even think of him as in heaven, as hidden in God with the dead who depart in faith and peace, but gone elsewhere, banished for ever? The thought crossed her like an awful shadow, but did not sting. There are some depths of misery to which healthy nature refuses to descend, and this was one. Had she *felt* as many good people feel on this subject, and as she herself believed theoretically that she felt, I know what Helen would have done. She would have gone down to that river and joined him in his own way, wherever he was, choosing it so. No doubt, she would have been wrong. But she did not descend into that abyss. She kept by her faith in God instinctively, not by any doctrine. Did not God *know?* But even the edge of it, the shadow of the thought was enough to chill her from head to foot. She stole in from the window, and sat down at the foot of the bed where Norah lay, and tried to think. She had thought there could be no future change, no difference one way or other; but since this very morning what changes there were!—her last confidence shattered, her last comfort thrust from her. Robert's good name! She sat quite silent for hours thinking it over while Norah slept. Sometimes for a moment it went nigh to make her mad. Of all frantic things in the world, there is nothing like that sense of impotence—to feel the wrong and to be unable to move against it. It woke a feverish irritation in her, a *sourd* resentment, a rage which she could not overcome, nor satisfy by any exertion. What could she do, a feeble woman, against the men who had cast this stigma on her husband? She did not even know who they were, except Golden. It was he who was the origin of it all, and whose profit it was to prove himself innocent by the fable of Robert's guilt. Robert's guilt! It was the most horrible farce, a farce which was a tragedy, which every one who knew him must laugh at wildly among their tears. But then the world did not know him; and the world likes to think the worst, to believe in guilt as the one thing always possible. That there were people who knew better had been proved to her—people who had ventured to call out indignantly, and say, "This is not true," without waiting to be asked. Oh, God bless them! God bless them! But they were not the world.

When the night was deeper, when the walkers outside had gone, when all was quiet, except now and then the hurried step of a late passer-by, Helen went to the window once more, and looked out upon that world. What a little bit of a world it is that a woman can see from her window!—a few silent roofs and closed windows, one or two figures going and coming, not a soul whom she knew or could influence; but all those unknown people, when they heard her husband's name, if it were years and years hence, would remember the slander that had stained it, and would never know his innocence, his incapacity even for such guilt. This is what gives force to a lie, this is what gives bitterness, beyond telling, to the hearts of those who are impotent, whose contradiction counts for nothing, who have no proof, but only certainty. What a night it was!—like Paradise even in London. The angels might have been straying through those blue depths of air, through the celestial warmth and coolness, without any derogation from their high estate. It was not moonlight, nor starlight, nor dawn, but some heavenly combination of all three which breathed over the blue arch above, so serene, so deep, so unfathomable; and down below the peopled earth lay like a child, defenceless and trustful in the arms of its Maker. "Dear God, the very city seems asleep!" But here was one pair of eyes that no sleep visited, which dared not look up to heaven too closely lest her dead should not be there; which dared not take any comfort in the pity of earth, knowing that it condemned while it pitied. God help the solitary, the helpless, the wronged, those who can see no compensation for their sufferings, no possible alchemy that can bring good out of them! Helen crept to bed at last, and slept. It was the only thing in which there remained any consolation; to be unconscious, to shut out life and light and all that accompanies them; to be for an hour, for a moment, as good as dead. There are many people always, to whom this is the best blessing remaining in the world.

The morning brought a letter from Mr. Burton, announcing that the house at Dura was ready to receive his cousin. Helen would have been thankful to go but for the discovery she had made on the previous day. After that it seemed to her that to be on the spot, to be where she could maintain poor Robert's cause, or hear of others maintaining it, was all she wanted now in the world But this was a mere fancy, such as the poor cannot indulge in. She arranged everything to go to her new home on the next day. It was time at least that she should leave this place in which her own room was with difficulty preserved to her for another night. All the morning the mother and daughter shut themselves up there, hearing the sounds of the commotion below—the furniture rolled about here and there, the heavy feet moving about the uncarpeted stairs and rooms that already sounded hollow and vacant. Bills of the sale were in all the windows; the very studio, the place which now would have been sacred if they had been rich enough to indulge in fancies. But why linger upon such a scene? The homeliest imagination can form some idea of circumstances which in themselves are common enough.

In the afternoon the two went out—to escape from the house more than anything else. "We will go and see the Haldanes," Helen said to her child; and Norah wondered, but acquiesced gladly. Mrs. Drummond had never taken kindly to the fact that her husband's chief friend lived in Victoria Villas, and was a Dissenting minister with a mother and sister who could not be called gentlewomen. But all that belonged to the day of her prosperity, and now her heart yearned for some one who loved Robert—some one who would believe in him—to whom no vindication, even in thought, would be necessary. And the Haldanes had been ruined by Rivers's. This was another bond of union. She had called but once upon them before, and then under protest; but now she went nimbly, almost eagerly, down the road, past the line of white houses with their railings. There had been much thought and many discussions over Mr. Burton's proposal within those walls. They had heard of it nearly a fortnight since, but they had not yet made any formal decision; that is to say, Mrs. Haldane was eager to go; Miss Jane had made a great many calculations, and decided that the offer ought to be accepted as a matter of duty; but Stephen's extreme reluctance still kept them from settling. Something, however, had occurred that morning which had added a sting to Stephen's discouragement, and taken away the little strength with which he had faintly maintained his own way. In the warmth and fervour of his heart, he had used his little magazine to vindicate his friend. A number of it had been just going to the press when the papers had published Drummond's condemnation, and Haldane, who knew him so well—all his weakness and his strength—had dashed into the field and proclaimed, in the only way that was possible to him, the innocence and excellence of his friend. All his heart had been in it; he had made such a sketch of the painter, of his genius (poor Stephen thought he had genius), of his simplicity and goodness and unimpeachable honour, as would have filled the whole denomination with delight, had the subject of the sketch been one of its potentates or even a member of Mr. Haldane's chapel. But Robert was not even a Dissenter at all, he had nothing to do with the denomination; and, to tell the truth, his *éloge* was out of place. Perhaps Stephen himself felt it was so after he had obeyed the first impulse which prompted it. But at least he was not left long in doubt. A letter had reached him from the magazine committee that morning. They had told him that they could not permit their organ to be made the vehicle of private feeling; they had suggested an apology in the next number; and they had threatened to take it altogether out of his hands. Remonstrances had already reached them, they said, from every quarter as to the too secular character of the contents; and they ventured to remind Mr. Haldane that this was not a mere literary journal, but the organ of the body, and intended to promote its highest, its spiritual interests. Poor Stephen! he was grieved, and he writhed under the pinch of this interference. And then the magazine not only brought him in the half of his income, but was the work of his life—he had hoped to "do some good" that way. He had aimed at improving it, cutting short the gossip and scraps of local news, and putting in something of a higher character. In this way he had been able to persuade himself through all his helplessness, that he still possessed some power of influence over the world. He had been so completely subdued by the attack, that he had given in about Mr. Burton's house, and that very day the proposal had been accepted; but he had not yet got the assault itself out of his head. All the morning he had been sitting with the manuscripts and proofs before him which were to make up his new number, commenting upon them in the bitterness of hi heart.

"I suppose I must put this in now, whether I like it or not," he said. "I neve suspected before how many pangs rui brings with it, mother; not one, but a legion They never dreamt of interfering with m before. Now look at this rabid, wretche thing. I would put it in the fire if I dared and free the world of so much ill-tempere folly; but Bateman wrote it, and I dare not. Fancy, I *dare* not! If I had been independent, I should have made a stand. An my magazine—all the little comfort I had—'

"Oh Stephen, my dear! but what does i matter what you put in if they like it? Yo are always writing, writing, wearing yoursel out. Why shouldn't they have some of the trouble? You oughtn't to mind——"

"But I do mind," he said, with a feeble smile. "It is all I have to do, mother. It is to me what I am to you; you would not like to see me neglected, fed upon husks, like the prodigal."

"Oh, Stephen dear, how can you talk so? —you neglected!" said his mother with tears in her eyes.

"Well, that is what I feel, mother. I shall have to feed my child with husks—tea-meetings and reports of this and that chapel, and how much they give. They were afraid of me once; they dared not grumble when I rejected and cut out; but—it is I who dare not now."

Mrs. Haldane wisely made no reply. In her heart she had liked the magazine better when it was all about the tea-meetings and the progress of the good cause. She liked the bits of sectarian gossip, and to know how much the different chapels subscribed, which congregation had given its minister a silver teapot, and which had given him his dismissal. All this was more interesting to her than all Stephen's new-fangled discussions of public matters, his eagerness about education and thought, and a great many other things that did not concern his mother. But she held this opinion within herself, and was as indignant with the magazine committee as heart could desire. The two fell silent for some time, he going on with his literature, and she with her sewing, till the only servant they had left, a maiden, called *par excellence* "the girl," came in with a tray laden with knives and forks to lay the cloth for dinner. The girl's eyes were red, and a dirty streak across one cheek showed where her tears had been wiped away with her apron.

"What is the matter?" said Mrs. Haldane.

"Oh, please it's Miss Jane," cried the handmaid. "She didn't ought to speak so; oh, she didn't ought to. My mother's a seat-holder in our chapel, and I'm a member. I'm not a-going to bear it! We ain't folks to be pushed about."

"Lay the cloth, and do it quietly," said he old lady. And with a silent exasperation, uch as only a woman can feel, she watched he unhandy creature. "Thank heaven, we shall want no girl in the country," she said o herself. But when her eye fell on Stephen, he was actually smiling—smiling at the plea or exception, with that mingled sadness and bitterness which it pained his mother to see. The girl went on sniffing and sobbing all the ame. She had already driven her other mistress almost frantic in the kitchen. Miss ane had left a little stew, a savoury dish uch as Stephen's fanciful appetite required o tempt it, by the fire, slowly coming to perfection. "The girl" had removed it to he fender, where it was standing, growing old, just at the critical moment when all its juices should have been blending under the entle, genial influence of the fire. Common ooks cannot stew. They can boil, or they an burn; but they never catch the delicious medium between. Only such persons s cook for love, or such as possess genius, an hit this more than golden mean. Miss ane combined both characters. She did it *on amore* and *per amore;* and when she ound her fragrant dish set aside for the sake f "the girl's" kettle, her feelings can be but aintly imagined by the uninitiated. "I wish could beat you," she said, with natural xasperation. And this to "a joined member," a seat-holder's daughter! Stephen aughed when the tale was repeated to him, with a laugh which was full of bitterness. He tried to swallow his portion of the stew, ut it went against him. "It is the same verywhere," he said; "the same subjection f the wise to the foolish, postponing of the est to the worst. Rubbish to please the oined members—silence and uselessness to s."

"Oh, Stephen!" said Mrs. Haldane, "you now I am not always of your way of thinking. After all there is something in it; for hen a girl is a church member, she can't e quite without thought; and when she eglects her work, it is possible, you know, hat she might be occupied with better hings. I don't mean to say that it is an xcuse."

"I should think not, indeed," said Miss Jane. "I'd rather have some one that knew her work, and did it, than a dozen church members. A heathen to-day would have been as much use to me."

"That may be very true," said her mother; "but I think, considering Stephen's position, that such a thing should not be said by you or me. In my days a person stood up for chapel, through thick and thin, especially when he had a relation who was a minister. You think you are wiser, you young ones, and want to set up for being liberal, and think church as good as chapel, and the world, so far as I can make out, as good as either. But that way of thinking would never answer me."

"Well, thank heaven," said Miss Jane in a tone of relief, "in the country we shall not want any 'girl.'"

"That is what I have been thinking," said Mrs. Haldane with alacrity; and in the painful moment which intervened while the table was being cleared and the room put in order, she painted to herself a fancy picture of "the country." She was a Londoner born, and had but an imperfect idea what the word meant. It was to her a vague vision of greenness, parks and trees and great banks of flowers. The village street was a thing she had no conception of. A pleasant dream of some pleasant room opening on a garden, and level with it, crossed her mind. It was a cottage of romance, one of those cottages which make their appearance in the stories which she half disapproved of, yet felt a guilty pleasure in reading. There had been one, an innocent short one, with the gentlest of good meanings, in the last number of Stephen's magazine, with just such a cottage in it, where a sick heroine recovered. She thought she could see the room, and the invalid chair outside the door, in which he could be wheeled into the garden to the seat under the apple-tree. Her heart overflowed with that pleasant thought. And Stephen might get well! Such a joy was at the end of every vista to Mrs. Haldane. She sat and dreamed over this with a smile on her face while the room was being cleared; and her vision was only stayed by the unusual sound of Helen's knock at the door.

"It will be some one to see the house," said Miss Jane, and she went away hurriedly, with loud-whispered instructions to the girl, into "the front drawing-room," to be ready to receive any applicant; so that Miss Jane was not in the room when Helen with her heart beating, and Norah clinging close to her as her shadow, was shown abruptly into the invalid's room. "The girl" thrust her in without a word of introduction or explanation. Norah was familiar in the place, though her mother was a stranger. Mrs. Haldane rose hastily to meet them, and an agitated speech was on Helen's lips that she had come to say good-bye, that she was going away, that they might never meet again in this world,—when her eye caught the helpless figure seated by the window, turning a half-surprised, half-sympathetic look upon her. She had never seen poor Stephen since his illness, and she was not prepared for this complete and lamentable overthrow. It drove her own thoughts, even her own sorrows, out of her mind for the moment. She gave a cry of mingled wonder and horror. She had heard all about it, but seeing is so very different from hearing.

"Oh, Mr. Haldane!" she said, going up to him, forgetting herself—with such pity in her voice as he had not heard for years. It drove out of his mind, too, the more recent and still more awful occasion he had to pity her. He looked at her with sudden gratitude in his eyes.

"Yes, it is a change, is it not?" he said with a faint smile. He had been an Alp-climber, a mighty walker, when she saw him last.

Some moments passed before she recovered the shock. She sat down by him trembling, and then she burst into sudden tears—not that she was a woman who cried much in her sorrow, but that her nerves were affected beyond her power of control.

"Mr. Haldane, forgive me," she faltered. "I have never seen you since—and so much has happened—oh, so much!"

"Ah, yes," he said. "I could cry too—not for myself, for that is an old story. I would have gone to you, had I been able—you know that; and it is very, very kind of you to come to me."

"It is to say good-bye. We are going away to the country, Norah and I," said Helen; "there is no longer any place for us here. But I wanted to see you, to tell you—you seem—to belong—so much—to the old time."

Ah, that old time! the time which softens all hearts. It had not been perfect while it existed, but now how fair it was! Perhaps Stephen Haldane remembered it better than she did; perhaps it might even cross his mind that in that old time she had not cared much to see him, had not welcomed him to her house with any pleasure. But he was too generous to allow himself even to think su a thought, in her moment of downfall. T depths were more bitter to her even than him. He would not let the least shad even in his mind fret her in her great troub He put out his hand, and grasped hers w a sympathy which was more telling th words.

"And I hope your mother will forgive too," she said with some timidity. thought I had more command of mys We could not go without coming to good-bye."

"It is very kind—it is more than I h any right to expect," said Mrs. Halda "And we are going to the country t We are going to Dura, to a house M Burton has kindly offered to us. Oh, M Drummond, now I think of it, probably owe it to you."

"No," said Helen, startled and mystifie and then she added slowly, "I am going Dura too."

"Oh, how very lucky that is! Oh, h glad I am!" said the old lady. "Steph do you hear? Of course, Mr. Burton is y cousin; it is natural you should be near h Stephen, this is good news for you. Y will have Miss Norah, whom you were alw so fond of, to come about you as she u to do—that is, if her mamma will allow Oh, my dear, I am so glad! I must go tell Jane. Jane, here is something that make you quite happy. Mrs. Drummon coming too."

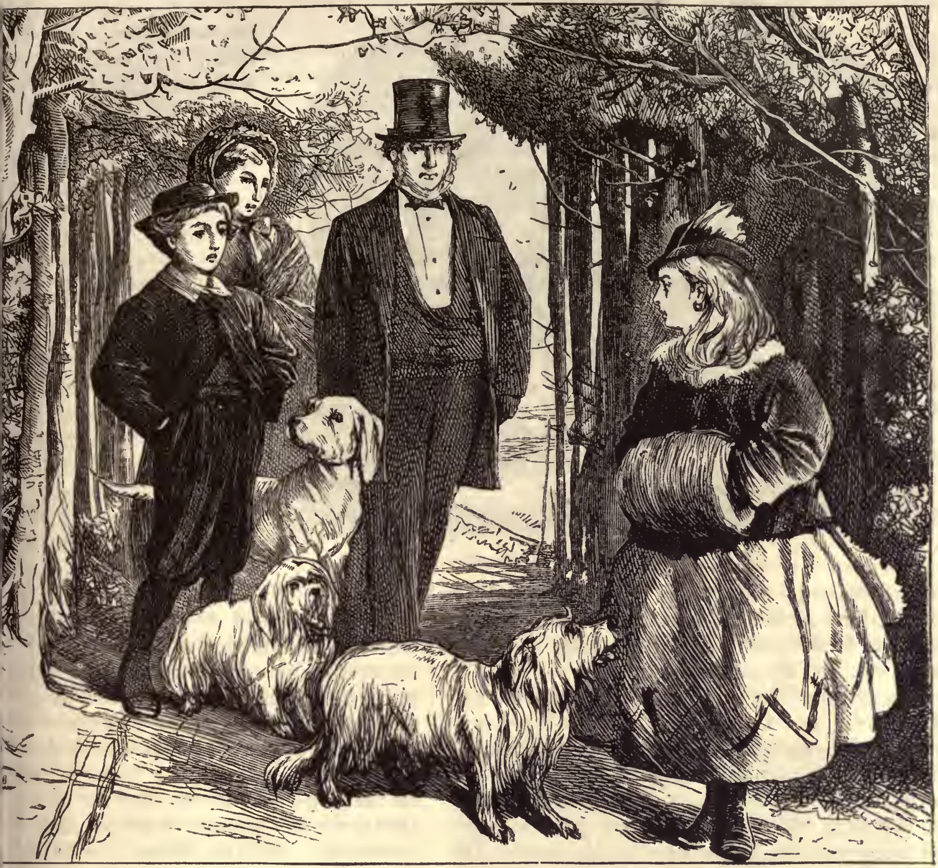
She went to the door to summon daughter, and Helen was left alone with sick man. She had not loved him in old time, but yet he looked a part of Ro now, and her heart melted towards She was glad to have him to herself, as as if he had been a brother. She put hand on the arm of his chair, laying a of doubtful claim to him. "You have what they say?" she asked, looking in face.

"Yes, all; with fury," he said, "with dignation! Oh my God, that I shoul chained here, and good for nothing! T might as well have said it of that child."

"Oh, is it not cruel, cruel!" she said.

These half-dozen words were all passed between them, and yet they comfo her more than all Dr. Maurice had said. had been indignant too, it is true; but with this fiery, visionary wrath—the rag the helpless, who can do nothing.

When Miss Jane came in with her mo they did the most of the talking, and H



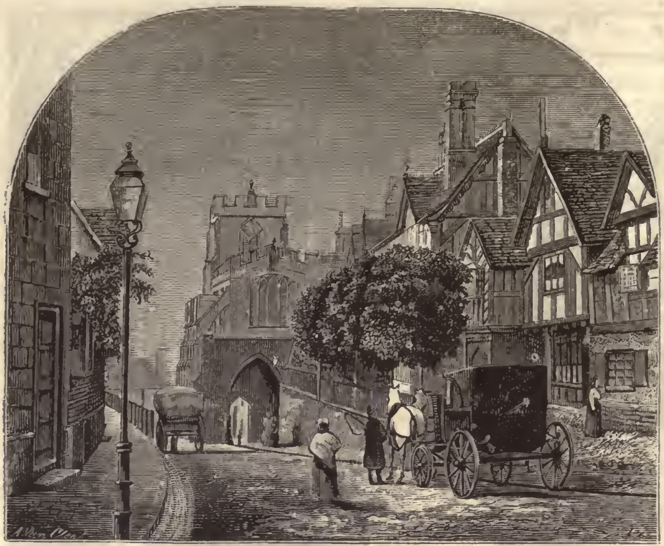
k into herself; but when she had risen
away, Stephen thrust a litttle packet
her hand. "Read it when you go
," he said. It was his little dissenting
zine, the insignificant brochure which
vould have scorned so in the old days.
With what tears, with what swelling of her heart, with what an agony of pride and love and sorrow she read it that night!

And so the old house was closed, and the old life ended. Henceforward, everything that awaited her was cold and sad and new.

(To be continued.)

## THE CITY OF WARWICK.

E city of Warwick, independently of
universally celebrated historical and
dary associations, which must ever ren-
an object of interest to the world at large,
peculiar attraction to the American
r as the subject of perhaps the most
ed and pleasing of Hawthorne's studies
nglish life. With the exception of the
city of Chester, Warwick is by far the
preserved and the most picturesque of
any of those mediæval cities yet to be found here and there in England—in fact, it reminds the wanderer more of one of those quaint old towns hidden away in the remoter parts of Bavaria and Suabia, where tourists are still few and far between, and sumptuous hotels and stately railroad stations are as yet unknown. Fortunately for the sake of its appearance, Warwick has escaped that tasteless rage for classic modernization regardless



ST. JAMES'S HOSPITAL, HIGH STREET.

of all canons of art, so prevalent in England during the last century, which ruined and defaced with so-called improvements many of its ancient structures.

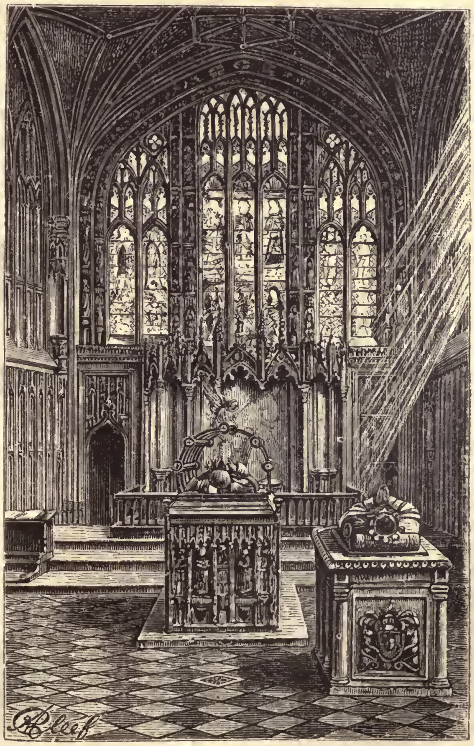
According to tradition, Warwick was founded by Cymbeline, that legendary King of Britain whom the genius of Shakespeare has immortalized. It does not appear to have been exempt from those calamities which overtook all British cities after the final departure of the forces of Imperial Rome. Ancient histories record many sieges and captures of the city by Picts, Saxons, and Danes, as those savage races followed one another in inflicting on the unhappy country all the horrors of fire and sword. These accounts are, however, based solely on traditional evidence, and the first authenticated mention of Warwick occurs about A. D. 915, when a sister of Alfred the Great, who had brought the city as a dowry to her husband, built Warwick Castle. From this period till the Conquest Warwick was held by a race of Saxon earls, who first gained that warlike renown which appeared a peculiar attribute of this title, the greatest of the line falling on the fatal field of Barnet.

William of Normandy, upon his arrival in England, found Warwick Castle in the possession of a great Saxon lord of the name of Turchill, who was probably connected by close ties of blood with many of the prominent Norman barons: otherwise it is difficult to account for the fact that the conquerors permitted so important and honorable a post to remain in the hands of
one of the oppressed
trusted Saxons. On T
death the earldom o
wick and guardianship
castle were granted
Conqueror to Roger
lomont, from whom,
a variety of female
dants, it passed into th
of the Beauchamps,
family retained it for
one hundred and fifty
The daughter and hei
Richard, last earl of th
married Richard Nevil
of the Earl of Salisbu
conveyed to him the
and titles inherited fr
father. This Richard
was the celebrated
maker," whose brillia
ploits and tragic fate
well known to need
ulation. He was one of the m
nowned warriors of his day, more,
through the favors of fortune than
count of any consummate generalsh
his political career was marked by ve
defects, which eventually caused h
He had no grasp of mind, and was
to the last degree of the favor of wh
monarch he served, so that he aliena
affections of many devoted and
adherents. At his death the earld
to the descendant of the unf
George, Duke of Clarence; but as
been attainted by Henry VII.
vested in the Crown, with which
mained until the reign of Queen El
who granted it to Ambrose Dudley,
of the celebrated Robert, Earl of L
After him the earldom passed throug
ral families, and finally was obtained
Grevilles, who had for many years h
session of the castle, and who bear
at present.

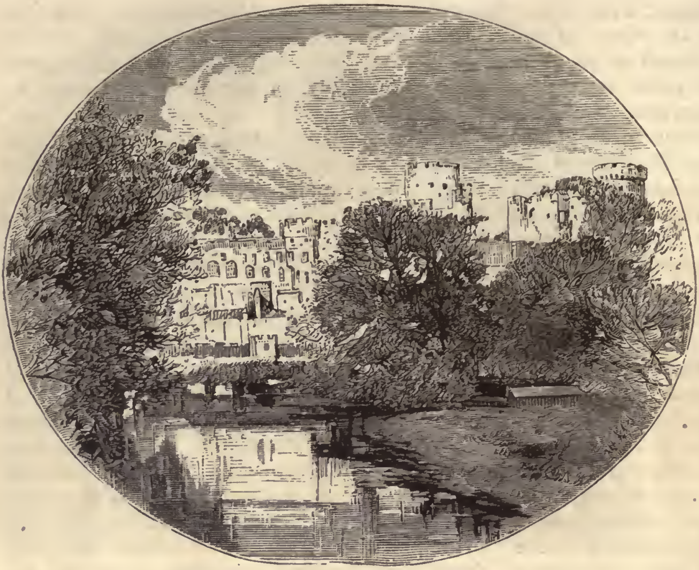
The city whence these various
took their name is the capital and
town of Warwickshire, one of th
fertile counties in England. It is ve
santly situated on the north bank
river Avon upon a rocky eminence
in the Middle Ages greatly enhar
importance as a military post. T
rounding country is dry and fertile.
south side of the town rich meadows
out as far as the eye can reach, whilst t
to the north is bounded by tall gro
variegated woodlands. The city pre

and ancient appearance, very attrac-
the antiquarian or the lover of the
sque, although the friend of progress
probably be able to point out many
and chances for improvement. It is
the oldest corporations in England,
nt two burgesses to Parliament as
s the seventh year of King Edward
st. Its charter was renewed and con-
by King Henry VIII. It is governed
nayor and twelve aldermen. By its
ient in Domesday Book it must even
iave been a place of considerable
ance. The town is traversed by a
ghfare called High Street, on which
ine edifices are situated. This street
inated by a very remarkable gateway,
is partially hewn out of the rock,—
ant of the ancient fortifications of the
nd possibly a relic of the Saxon occu-
It is built over by a large tower
her buildings, which formerly were
or an institution of the Franciscan
but, being secularized at the Reforma-
assed into private hands. In the
f Queen Elizabeth, however, Robert
, the notorious Earl of Leicester,
d this church to a hospital which
cted immediately adjacent under the
f St. James's Hospital, St. James being
tron saint of the before-mentioned
. The accompanying illustration gives
ct idea of the appearance of this sin-
uilding. Its interior, a large quadran-
esents a vivid portrait of the style of
cture in private residences of the bet-
s prevalent during the reign of Queen
eth. It closely resembles those an-
erman mansions which are so familiar
one who has visited Nuremberg,
rg, and many other German cities.
latticed galleries and open corridors
around it, ornamented with quaint
s and numerous gables. The estab-
nt is endowed, in order to support
old men, natives of certain specified
in Warwickshire and Gloucestershire,
Master, usually the Vicar of St. Mary's
. These old men are dressed in a
r costume, and wear the old badge
Earls of Warwick,—the Bear and
d Staff. Such as have been maimed
service of their country have the
ence when there is a vacancy to be
Mr. Hawthorne, in his sketch "About
ck," appears to consider the founda-
this establishment as removing to a
extent the stain which has always
ed the fame of the Earl of Leicester; it detracts, however, somewhat from the credit we might award him for this act to know that the institution was designed, originally, solely for the benefit of his own retainers.

On High Street is also situated St. Mary's Church, a building of very great antiquity; it was unfortunately greatly injured during a conflagration which in 1694 destroyed a large part of Warwick. This church, as it stood before the fire, although undoubtedly founded as early as the period of the Saxon kings, owed most of its magnificence and riches to the Beauchamps, with whom it was a favorite resting-place, and many of whose tombs are yet to be seen there. A very full and minute account of this church and the various curiosities it contains may be found in Dugdale's valuable description of the city and county of Warwick, together with curious illustrations of the principal tombs, several of which perished, since that book was published, in the fire above alluded to. The building in its present state is chiefly the work of Sir Christopher Wren, who has by some been accused of not sufficiently observing the canons of good taste in adapting his restorations to the



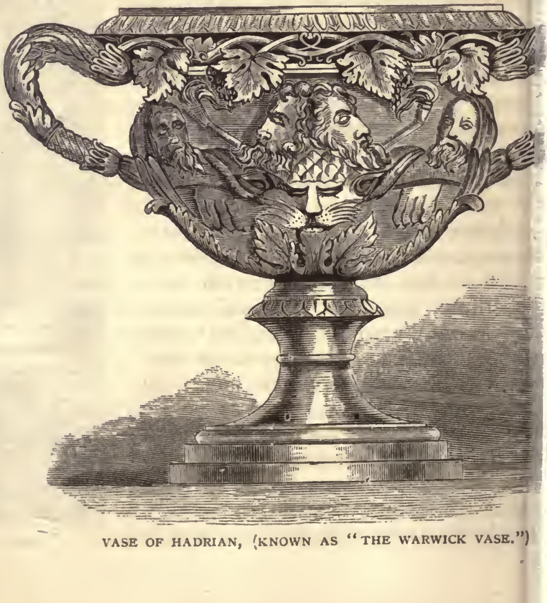
BEAUCHAMP CHAPEL, ST. MARY'S CHURCH.



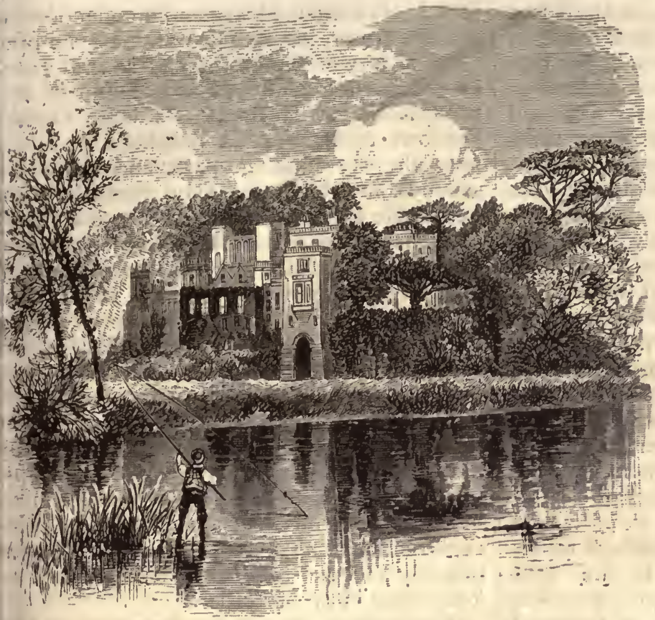
WARWICK CASTLE.

style of the more ancient portions. Be this as it may, the general effect of the interior is fine, and the magnificent windows of stained glass add greatly to the grandeur of the view. The church boasts also a very ancient and elaborate clock, which plays the chimes and exhibits various figures as it strikes the hours.

The most ancient portion of St. Mary's is Our Lady's, or, as it is more commonly termed, the "Beauchamp" Chapel, which, fortunately, escaped the ravages of the fire. This chapel is considered by judges one of the finest specimens of decorated Gothic extant in England. It was erected during the reign of King Henry VI. by Richard Beauchamp, fifth and last Earl of Warwick of that name, to serve as a receptacle for his tomb. The entrance is situated on the south side of the church, and is formed by a finely sculptured porch, the effect of which is peculiar. The entire length of the chapel is fifty-eight feet, its width twenty-five, and its height thirty-two. It has three floors, rising one above the other, and composed of black and white tesselated marble; on either side of the altar is a highly ornamented shrine and a basso-relievo of white marble representing the Annunciation of
the Virgin Mary
whole chapel is or
of carving and
lishment, and is
by a large winc
which are figured,
richest stained gl
arms and portrait
the Earls of War
the Beauchamp ar
ley lines. The b
ragged staff, the
known emblem c
earls, is repeatec
ever it can by an
bility be brought ir
being used inste
stop in punctuat
inscriptions upc
tombs. The mc
of the founder
chapel is one of t
magnificent speci
mortuary art in ex
The earl is represented with life-lil
ity in gilt bronze, lying in full
with his hands raised in an atti
prayer, the statue being inclosed ir
of cage formed of bars of gilt
as represented in the annexed en
The pedestal, which is of black m
ornamented with the arms of Bea
sculptured in bronze, and with fourte
bronze figures representing various r
of the dead man's family. The smal
seen in the engraving is that of A
Dudley, created Earl of Warwick



VASE OF HADRIAN, (KNOWN AS "THE WARWICK VASE.")



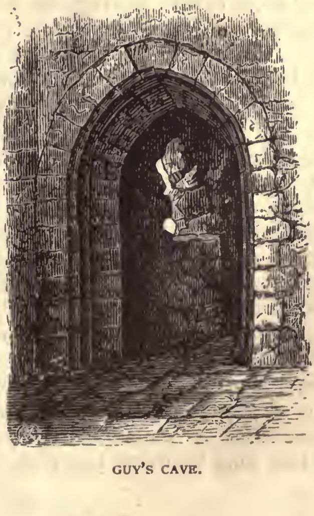
GUY'S CLIFF HOUSE.

reign of Queen Elizabeth. The tomb of his brother, the celebrated Robert, Earl of Leicester, is also yet preserved in the church, as well as those of several others, members of the Beauchamp family.

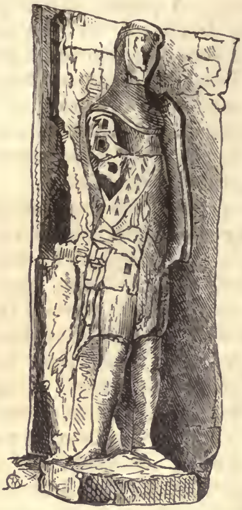
There are several more buildings of interest on High Street, but none that are deserving of any special notice. A beautiful old cross which, as late as the reign of James I., marked the center of the town, has long since disappeared, and is only known by Leland's description. At the south-east end of the city, on the bank of the Avon, stands Warwick Castle, an edifice of almost more renown even than the neighboring Kenilworth, and the best preserved specimen of a Gothic castle in England. It has lately, unfortunately, been the scene of a disastrous conflagration, which, although luckily sparing the most ancient portions of the castle, has yet destroyed many very interesting relics of the past. The great hall, renovated at a very considerable expense some forty years ago, is totally ruined, with the exception of the outer walls, and none of its valuable antiquarian contents, which included many articles impossible to be replaced, were saved. The dining-room, the library, the breakfast-room (of the time of Charles II.), and Lord Warwick's boudoir, are also either entirely destroyed, or so much damaged by fire as to require a complete restoration, but their invaluable contents are for the most part safe. A public subscription has been set on foot in England for the purpose of assisting Lord Warwick to bear the expense of restoring the castle, which is justly felt to be rather a national monument than a private possession.

The epoch of the foundation of this renowned fortress is uncertain, some placing the site of a Roman presidium here, though the best authorities do not accept this supposition. Probably it was first built by Ethelfleda, a sister of King Alfred the Great, as above stated. William the Norman paid especial attention to it and caused its fortifications to be considerably enlarged and strengthened. In the reign of King Henry III. William Mauduit, the then earl, sided with the king in the contests which that monarch so often waged with his refractory barons.

The barons having assembled a large force at Kenilworth, the Earl of Warwick was ordered to put his castle in a good state of defense to repel any attack they might attempt. He appears, however, to have neglected to take any measures of precaution whatsoever, and was consequently surprised by the insurgents, he and his countess brought as prisoners to Kenilworth, and his castle utterly dismantled. In the following reign it was, however, rebuilt by his son-in-law and successor, William Beauchamp, on a



GUY'S CAVE.



STATUE OF GUY.

more extended scale, and much in the form it yet preserves. Although having passed through some vicissitudes, it retained its strength until the time of Elizabeth, when it was converted into a county jail and suffered to fall into decay. Fortunately, her successor granted it to the ancestor of the present earl, the Lord Brooke. This nobleman spent a very considerable sum of money in putting it into thorough repair and rendering it habitable. In the next reign, the Lord Brooke (the same who was afterwards shot at the storming of Lichfield Cathedral) having espoused the Parliamentary cause, Warwick Castle was besieged by the Royalists. They were forced to raise the siege, but the castle was much damaged. Since that period it has remained in peaceable possession of the Greville family.

It stands upon a rock, towering above the river, embracing within its circumference the space of three acres of ground, and is constructed entirely of sandstone. Its two highest towers, which rise to an altitude of one hundred and fifty feet above the river, are Guy's and Cæsar's towers, both taking their names from local traditions. The outward appearance of the castle is very striking; the irregularities of architecture perceptible in all feudal buildings are unusually strongly marked in this one, and the rude old towers are half concealed by luxuriant ivy and shrubs of various species which vegetate within the interstices of the mouldering stones. The moat has long since been laid dry and sown with grass, and its bottom forms a pleasant walk around the castle. One of the features of this fortress is a large artificial mound, on which the keep or donjon is situated. Beneath the castle a fine new stone bridge, presented toll-free by the late Earl of Warwick to the townspeople, crosses the Avon.

On entering the building we find its interior arrangements fully commensurate with its external air of grandeur. The great hall, now destroyed, was a magnificent apartment, seventy feet long by thirty feet high and fifty broad. It contained a splendid collection o ancient armor, mostly illustrative of the previous history of the castle, and several pair of enormous fossil deer's-horns found in th peat-mosses of Ireland. Its large Gothi windows commanded a delightful prospec over the surrounding park and pleasure grounds, in which the Avon forms a mos noticeable feature. Among other fine chambers, the most remarkable is the bed-roor of Queen Elizabeth, in which she slept whe on a visit to Ambrose Dudley, the brothe of her favorite the Earl of Leicester. Ther is also a very extensive armory. Most o this magnificence is due to the unbounde love of display and profuse expenditure o the possessor about the commencement o this century, who also laid out the beautifu pleasure-grounds, nearly ruining his family b his extravagant tastes. The grounds mus indeed have consumed vast sums in the construction, and require the possession of princely income to enable their owner t keep them in proper order.

The park is three miles long, and is lai out with the utmost skill, after the style c the last century, in lawns interspersed wit shrubs and bushes of every kind of fol age, from the light leaf of the holly to th somber hues of the pine. Amongst thes stand many trees of immense size, probabl contemporary with the rugged towers whic look down on them from the overhan ing rock. The pride of the park, hov ever, are some ancient cedars of Lebano —said to have been brought directly fro the Holy Land by some old crusading ear —which show evidences of great antiquit Another object of interest here is an immens Etruscan vase, one of the most perfect e tant, which was excavated at Hadrian's Vi la, near Rome, and presented to the Earl c Warwick by the celebrated connoisseur ar antiquarian Sir William Hamilton. A sketc of Warwick would be incomplete unless included a short description of "Guy's Cl House," a representation of which is accor ingly given—although, strictly speaking, does not appertain to the town.

This mansion, so celebrated for its beaut ful situation and romantic associations, stanc about a mile and a quarter from Warwick c the road to Kenilworth. It is built upc the highest of a group of bold and precip tous cliffs, from which, and an ancient leger related of it, it received its name. It is sa that the celebrated hero Guy, Saxon Ea of Warwick, after having encountered ar slain a gigantic Danish champion called Cc rand in single combat, resolved upon assing the remainder of his days in penience and prayer. He accordingly quitted is countess, the lovely Felicia, and went on oot in pilgrim's garb to worship at the hrine of Our Saviour at Jerusalem. After andering for several years, visiting many oly places, and imploring the intercession f saints and martyrs, he returned, still clad palmer's weeds, to his native place, where e remained unknown to every one, even to is faithful wife. He took up his residence t Guy's Cliff, in which he cut with his own ands a cave out of the solid rock—at least o the old ballad informs us :—

> "At length to Warwick I did come,
> Like pilgrim poor, and was not known;
> And there I lived a hermit life,
> A mile or more out of the town.
> Here with my hands I hewed a house
> Out of a craggy rock of stone,
> And livèd like a palmer poor
> Within that cave, myself alone."

Tradition avers that he daily repaired to he gates of his own castle and received the ole his charitable countess distributed with er own hand to the poor, and that he did ot make himself known to her till he was n his death-bed, when he sent her his signeting. She immediately hastened to the husand she had so long and vainly been execting, and arrived in time to close his ying eyes. He was buried on the spot here he had dwelt so long. Thus runs the ld story. Dugdale and other antiquaries, owever, who consider the earlier Guy to have een a totally fictitious personage, assert that his place was named after Guido or Guy de eauchamp, who laid the foundations of a hapel here which was afterwards completed y his successor, Richard. In this chapel, hich was built in the reign of Henry VI., nd is still in excellent preservation, stands a igantic but greatly mutilated statue of the edoubtable Guy. The castle itself is modrn, and is celebrated for its fine collection f pictures and for its singularly beautiful ite and prospects. From its windows may e traced the course of the river Avon flowng far below, between sunny meadows and ees of the largest growth; the ancient mill mbosomed in foliage forms one of the most ttractive features in the landscape, and bove the mill is the spot where Piers Galeston, the worthless and haughty favorite of Edward II., was beheaded by order of Thomas Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, whose enmity he had incurred by insultingly terming him, in allusion to his swarthy complexion, "the black hound of Arden." Villages and churches peep forth from the surrounding groves, and the carefully laid out plantations which environ the building form a foreground which at once enhances and varies the charms of the scene, according as it is viewed from one side or the other of the house. The reputation of Guy's Cliff for natural scenery is by no means of modern date. Leland, in his *Itinerary*, written during the reign of King Henry VIII., says: "It is the abode of pleasure, a place meet for the Muses; there are natural cavities in the rocks, shady groves, clear and crystal streams, flowery meadows, mossy caves, a gentle murmuring river running among the rocks; and, to crown all, solitude and quiet; friendly in so high a degree to the Muses." Camden, in his *Britannia*, Dugdale, and Fuller are equally enthusiastic in their praises of this delightful spot. In the court-yard the cave once inhabited by Guy is shown; it certainly appears a fit place to do penance in. It is now closed by two strong folding oak doors, and contains a massive and ancient-looking oak chest, though how this came there, or for what purpose it was used, is not known. Dugdale asserts that this cave was in use as a place of monastic seclusion fully four centuries before the date assigned to the fabulous Guy, but a permanent priest was first appointed here in the time of Edward III. to pray for the soul of the then living Earl of Warwick and for those of his departed parents. Henry V. visited this spot, and, struck by its beauties, intended to found a charity here; but his early death prevented him, and his pious intention was carried out in the reign of his successor by Richard, Earl of Warwick, as has been before mentioned. The mansion of Guy's Cliff is founded on the solid rock, from which the cellars and some of the offices are cut. Although modern, with the exception of the chapel, it has been constructed in a style which harmonizes well with the surrounding scenery. It is at present in the possession of the Hon. C. B. Percy, to whom it passed by inheritance from the family of the Greatheads.

# SCHOOLS OF JOURNALISM.*

I HAVE been asked to say something of Journalism, and of schemes of special instruction for it. The Chancellor and Faculty have had in view, however, no absurd plan for turning raw boys into trained editors by the easy process of cramming some new curriculum. West Point cannot make a Soldier; and the University of the City of New York cannot give us assurance of an Editor. But West Point *can* give the training, discipline, special knowledge, without which the born Soldier would find his best efforts crippled, and with which men not born to military greatness may still do valuable service. There were thousands of brave men around Toulon, but only Napoleon could handle the artillery. It was the scientific training that gave his warlike genius its opportunity and its tools of victory. West Point does the same for the countless Napoleons whom (according to the popular biographies) Providence has been kind enough to send us; and this University may yet do as much for the embryo Bryants and Greeleys, Weeds and Raymonds, and Ritchies and Hales who are to transform American Journalism into a Profession, and emulate the laurels of these earlier leaders, with larger opportunities, on a wider stage, to more beneficent ends.

For Journalism, chaotic, drifting, almost purposeless as it seems to-day, is but in the infancy of its development. It was almost twelve hundred years after Justinian before the Lawyer fairly wrested rule from the Soldier. It is barely a century since "Junius," in the height of his conflict with the Lawyers, and specially with Lord Chief-Justice Mansfield, amended the famous maxim of the great law commentator, and proclaimed, not Blackstone's Trial by Jury, but The Liberty of the Press, "the Palladium of all the civil, political, and religious rights of an Englishman." From his triumph we may fairly date —for good or ill—the birth of genuine Journalism. And how gigantic have been the strides of its progress! From the day of Medleys, and Whig Examiners, and Flying Posts, and Observators, Middlesex Journals, and North Britons, and Woodfall's Public Advertisers—all as nearly forgotten now as they seem worthless—down to the quarto sheet, crowded with yesterday's doings in all continents, and a record in some shape or other of the most striking thought of tl whole world's thinkers, which you skimme at the breakfast table, gave your spare ha hours to throughout the day, and can hard finish till to-night, seeking mental repo after the excitements of the day's work y take for it the hour before bed-time, an with the final review of its columns, re yourself again into quiet nerves.

In the largest library in America, the a complished librarian, himself an old Edit will show you long rows of the Engli papers of the last century, and a little w into the century before—dingy little quar volumes, containing each a whole year's sue, and in the whole, scarcely so much ne as in this morning's *Herald*. In Bost they will show you a number of *The Bost News Letter*, about the size of some of o play-house programmes, wherein is print this proud editorial announcement:—

> "The undertaker of this News-Letter in Janu last gave information that, after fourteen years' ex rience, it was impossible, with half a sheet a we to carry on all the publick occurrences of Europe; make up which deficiency, and to render the n newer and more acceptable, he has since print every other week, a whole sheet,—whereby t which seemed old in the former half-sheet beco new now by the sheet; which is easy to be seen any one who will be at the pains to trace back for years, and even this time twelve-months. We w then thirteen months behind with the foreign ne and now we are less than five months; so that; the sheet, we have retrieved about eight months si January last; and any one that has the News-Le to January next (life permitted) will be accom dated with all the news from Europe needful to known in these parts!"

It was in August, 1719, that the lead journal of Boston thus vaunted its enterpri Let us be just, and admit that they h come, even in those parts, to think it ne ful to be accommodated with a little m news from Europe.

Nor was Boston singular. It has b common, though rather absurd, to speak Benjamin Franklin as the father of Ameri journalism. Well, here is his paper, *The Pe sylvania Gazette*, after he had been at w enlarging and improving it for twelve ye Its entire weekly printed surface is so what less than one-eighth of an ordin daily issue of *The N. Y. World*, or of *Press*, now published in the city from wh it was then issued; and of that, one-thir surrendered to advertisements of runa negroes, runaway Irishmen, Muscovado gar, St. Christopher's Rum, and of a fr import from Jamaica, and to be sold

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* Originally prepared at the request of the Chancellor and Board of Regents of the University of the City of New York.

oseph Sims, at his house, where Mr. George
IcCall, deceas'd, lived, of a likely parcel of
oung negro boys and girls. But its news is
nly three months old from London, only
leven days old from Boston, and from New
'ork only three; and it is all neatly and
learly presented. Yet, when at the bottom
f the last page, we come to the announce-
ient, "Philadelphia: Printed by B. Frank-
n, Postmaster, at the new Printing Office,
ear the Market," we are constrained to
dmit that even in the remotest country dis-
ricts we have many a Postmaster-Editor
ow, who has made material advances on
ie work of George the Second's guardian
f the mails in Philadelphia.

Between this dingy scrap of paper, or any
ournal published before the time of "Junius,"
nd first-class journals of to-day, the differ-
nce is world-wide. But the advance will
o on. Never were journalists of the better
lass prouder of their power, or more sensi-
le of their deficiencies; never so thorough-
y convinced of the greatness of their calling,
r so anxious to make themselves equal to
s ever-expanding requirements. It is the
ishion of the times to berate our depraved
ournalism. So it has been the fashion of
ll times, since Journalism began,—and
very year with less reason. There are
lackguards and blackmailers now in plenty,
ho by hook or crook get access to the
olumns even of respectable newspapers,
ut they are fewer in proportion than they
ver were before. There is intemperate
enunciation now—and mere personal abuse,
nd the fiercest partisan intolerance; the
ewspapers are crude; the newspapers are
hallow; the newspapers are coarse, are
njust, are impertinent; they meddle in
rivate affairs; they distort the news to suit
heir own views; they wield their tremen-
ous power to feed fat private grudges; they
re too often indebted, as Sheridan said of
n antagonist, to their memories for their
ests, and to their imaginations for their
acts; they crave sensations that they may
urn a few extra dirty pennies, and are reck-
ess of truth, so they can print a story that
vill become the talk of the town;—charge
ll this, and more if you will, and with
ertain reservations I will grant it all. When
Ir. Beecher had avowed his faith in the
dvantages of having women speak in
hurch, and at the next prayer-meeting a
rosy sister had taken up all the time to no
urpose, and at the next had done the
ame, and at the next the same, and at
he fourth had been, if possible, more
tedious and oppressive than ever before, Mr. Beecher at last rose, with solemn air, as she took her seat, and observed, in argumentative tone, "Nevertheless, Brethren and Sisters, I believe in women speaking in prayer-meeting!" Charge what you will, prove what you will against the press of New York to-day, *nevertheless*, it is better in 1872 than it was in 1871; it was better in 1871 than it had ever been since Manhattan Island was discovered; and, please God, it will be better in 1873 and the years to come than it ever was before! The elder times were *not* better than these; and the young men, cultured, able, and conscientious, who are entering the ranks, are resolved that the future times shall be worthy of the larger opportunities that await them.

But is it worth while? We need not ignore the fact that a good many cultivated people openly, and a great many more in secret, hold the development of the newspaper press a nuisance. When good Dr. Rush made it a condition of his splendid bequest that the library he enriched should never admit those teachers of disjointed thinking, the newspapers, he gave formal utterance to this faith. Nor can we altogether deny the charge on which it rests. The daily journals have taught disjointed thinking. They have encouraged shallow thinking, and inaccuracy, and a certain sponge-like universal receptiveness and forgetfulness. But you may say—in less degree—the same thing of pamphlets, of Quarterly Reviews, of cheap books, of any books at all. The monk who committed his Virgil to memory, then rubbed it out, that on the restored parchment he might inscribe the institutes of Origen, knew the half-dozen great poets or philosophers or theologians of whose works the convent library consisted, better than the average scholar of to-day knows anything. Shall we therefore go back to the days of parchment and wipe out our vast libraries, the accumulation of the centuries of disjointed thinking to which cheap printing has given rise? Most true is that wise saying of Thomas Fuller, that Learning hath gained most by those books whereby the printers have lost; and, refining upon this and upon Pope's well-worn warning against the danger of shallow draughts, a school of philosophers have sprung up—happily of less weight here than abroad, though even here numerous and influential—who pronounce, not merely cheap newspapers, but cheap knowledge of all kinds, the deplorable fountain of wild opinions, leveling dogmas, discontent, and danger to the country. But they may as well go farther—as indeed some of them do. If the newspapers should therefore be discouraged, so also should be their twin brothers, the common-schools. I do not deny the vicious intellectual habits to which they may give rise; I do not deny their shallowness, their inaccuracy, their false logic, their false taste. I only insist that, whether you consider the common-school or the free press, faulty as each may be, it is a necessary concomitant of our civilization and our government; that it has been steadily growing better, and that the best way to remedy the evils it works, is to make it better still. And for the rest, when un-American Americans take up this sickly philosophy of alien birth, and, in the hoarse tones of worn-out European jeremiads, deplore cheap and universal information, and the disjointed thinking that results from it, let us too cross the ocean, and confront them with the wise and manly words of Lord Macaulay at the opening of the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution :—

> "I must confess that the danger which alarms these gentlemen never seemed to me very serious; and my reason is this: that I never could prevail on any person who pronounced superficial knowledge a curse and profound knowledge a blessing, to tell me what was his standard of profundity. The argument proceeds upon the supposition that there is some line between profound and superficial knowledge, similar to that which separates truth from falsehood. I know of no such line."

And so, with a contemptuous inquiry as to whether the gentlemen who were so uneasy about the spread of shallow information supposed that any of their profoundest pundits knew, then, so much, in their own special departments, as the smatterers of the next generation would know, his Lordship dismissed this cast-off folly of older lands, wherein some of our own aping scholars have made haste to clothe themselves. It need give no further discouragement to the sincere and able men who, drawn to journalism by the widening power it already wields, and the sure promise of its near future, seek to make it better. These are the young men whose interest was so widely aroused by the inaccurate report that Yale had resolved upon the foundation of a school of Journalism. They believe that the force which is wresting the scepter from the profession of Law should find form in a Profession itself; and that, with the larger influence it bears, should come ampler preparation.

But they have no faith in the efficacy
the mere preparation. They know, thou
Mr. Emerson, when he wrote of *The Lond*
*Times*, was ignorant of it, that Editors a
born, not made. They enter their prote
against the dictum, the other day, of one
the ablest of American critics, that any p
son of average ability, who chooses to tu
his attention that way, can become a su
cessful newspaper writer. They have se
that the curse of Journalism is the tenden
of all manner of fairly intelligent you
men, who are at a loss for present means
earning next week's board-bills, to fan
that the readiest way of paying them is
relieve some starving newspaper with th
intellectual sustenance. The curse, inde
spreads wider. Men who seek political a
vancement; men who wish a passport to t
acquaintance of people of influence;
manner of men who seek recognition of a
sort, anywhere, try to crowd into Journalis
not as a Profession, but as a stepping-sto
They come to it, not because they love
and want to spend and be spent in it;
because they want to make money, or
fice, or position out of it. "Go home a
get into some newspaper," said a dist
guished diplomatist, last year, to his sec
tary. "St. Louis, or Chicago, or India
polis, or Oshkosh will do; but get int
newspaper. You are fitted for politics, a
ought to rise. A newspaper office is
best place to start from!" The men w
are entering Journalism now, and are to c
trol it ten years hence, mean to make it
sirable as something else than a place
start from; and they mean to make sh
work of the intruders who knock at its ga
with only that purpose. In that d
episode in Dr. Johnson's life, wherein
makes his marvelous appearance as a m
of business, trying to settle his fri
Thrale's estate, he signalizes himself as
advertiser. Wishing to offer a brewery
auction, he announced that it was not me
ly a beggarly lot of vats and kettles he p
posed to sell, but the potentiality of grow
rich, in a short time, beyond the dreams
avarice. That is precisely the idea—wh
ever form of hope for office, or power,
personal advancement it may take—w
which an undistinguished and detesta
mob of aspirants bear down on every le
ing newspaper office. They seek, not
good of Journalism, not a profession whe
they can find honorable scope for their
faculties and the opening for a great car
but a beggarly lot of vats and kettles

es and presses, which may give the po- tiality of growing rich in a short time, yond the dreams of avarice, and from ich they may then get away as soon as ssible.

Against all such the earnest and sincere ung journalists, who constitute the hope the profession, will persistently set their es. One of the best results, indeed, of proposed collegiate training, would be fostering of a professional feeling which uld make such invasions disreputable. ysicians so despise the patent pill or bit- s practitioner, that they make every pur- u of their profession too hot to hold him. e shall come in time to a similar *esprit de ps.* We shall not then see, as now, a eat Apostle of the Half-Baked heralded to the Lyceum Committees of the country the most brilliant of American journal- s, when the gentleman's main use of Jour- lism is as a means of advertising himself. ere may be fewer zanies to gulp down the mbug of the literary adventurer, whose le distinction is his devotion to the Gospel Gush; or of the other, whose main claim consideration is the skill he has displayed procuring celebration of himself, in let- rs to the country press, as the wonderful ing who has organized half a dozen great wspapers, written in each pretty much erything worth reading, and proved him- lf the ablest writer that ever wielded an nglish goose-quill. When the profession of urnalism is thoroughly recognized, charla- nry may still abound, but there will be mmary discipline for the quacks.

At the outset of any plans for professional aining, it is needful to recognize the imerative limitations of the work. No school Journalism, however elaborate or success- l, is going to make Editors; just as Mr. ackard's commercial college, with all the ill and fervor it commands, cannot make ewarts and Claflins. Nor will any such hool furnish the education which Editors eed. That is an acquisition to be begun the best academies and colleges of the untry, and to be sedulously pursued rough all stages of the professional career. either will it undertake to teach shorthand riting. That is something not at all need- l to an Editor, unless he means to assume so the duties of a Reporter, and, at any te, is best learned by practice. No more ill it teach type-setting. No man ought to e in authority about a newspaper office ho does not understand at least the rudi- ents of typography; but for these the best school is the composing-room. And, to pass beyond these details, it will scarcely undertake to teach men to write, though, Heaven knows, that is sadly enough needed, as every busy Editor, yet weary with the work of putting the Hon. Elijah Peony's card into presentable shape, or translating the angry reply of Congressman Simpkins into English, will testify. No man who has not served an apprenticeship to it can imagine the hopeless way in which many even of our best educated men play havoc with their parts of speech, when first turned loose in a printing-office;—while generally they add insult to injury by grumbling at the proof-reader—of all men—for not knowing what they wanted to write, when his business was to see to it that the types printed what they did write. The great need of newspapers, however, is not good writers, but good Editors; and it is of their possible training in a School of Journalism, to be appended to the regular college course, as one of the additional features of University instruction, like the School of Mines, or Medicine, or Law, that I have been asked to speak.

Every Editor, recalling what he has sought so often, and so often in vain, in the selection of assistants, can readily suggest the outlines of the work such a special or Post-Graduate course might lay out for its students. Thus:

*First.* No man should think himself fit for Journalism without some adequate knowledge of the history of Political Parties in this country. Does some one say I am naming, as the first study, the very thing all Editors have already at their fingers' ends? Many doubtless have, though they learned it as Fox said he learned oratory—at the expense of his audiences. But how many know it with the thoroughness and accuracy needful for the instant and intelligent discussions which every new phase of politics demands? Go no further back than to the revival of the One Term argument. How many of the thousand able Editors from Maine to California who began, one morning, on receipt of a dispatch from New York, to tell what they thought of the principle, knew the history of Andrew Jackson's devotion to and desertion of it? Or of the attitude of the Whig party toward it? Or of the arguments for and against it in the time of the Constitutional Convention? A great many, I hope; but there was a plentiful lack of evidence of it, in the way some of them assailed what they were pleased to style a new and monstrous heresy. I am not saying it was not a heresy, or that it was not monstrous; but we should all have had more respect for the judgment that held it so, if found well enough informed to avoid discoursing also of its novelty. Yet the imperative demand of modern Journalism, and of the millions who support it, is, that if the question be sprung upon the sore-pressed writer at midnight, his paper shall next morning give it fair and intelligent discussion. It is not enough that you should know where to find things, which is about all colleges generally teach; you must know things, and know them at once. Some one said of a distinguished Editor, of such real ability that he can afford to laugh at the witty injustice: "He ought to belong to a Quarterly Review or an Annual,—a Weekly is too sudden for him." For the political writer on a great daily, nothing must be too sudden,—no strategic combination of parties, no specious platform that repudiates accepted dogmas, no professed revival of ancient faith that is really the promulgation of new and revolutionary heresy. Yet how find, and how, when found, learn the facts? That is for the school that shall undertake such work to determine. Perhaps they might be partially presented in lectures. For the rest, they must be sought in innumerable Statesmen's Manuals, and Political Text Books, and fragments of Political Biography, Debates in Congress, abortive attempts at the history of the United States, newspaper files, volumes of election statistics, and all manner of other scattered material for a great unwritten work—the greatest and most splendid now awaiting that coming Historian who shall add Macaulay's brilliancy and Buckle's philosophy to more than the industry of both.

*Second.* To this, no young man fitting himself for Journalism should fail to add a comprehensive knowledge of the entire history of his own country, for which, fortunately, he will find the materials a little better digested and more accessible.

*Third.* With this should come an acquaintance with the general history of the world. The history of civilization, and of forms of government, of the trials that have overtaken each, and of the source from which its real perils came, of the development of diverse forms of civilization, and of the causes that have aided, retarded, overthrown each—the deductions of Guizot and De Tocqueville and Buckle—the recitals of Motley, Grote, Gibbon, Froude, Kinglake—whatever tells how governments have borne the stress unexpected peril, and men have prospere suffered, advanced, or lost ground in this that condition of rule, will furnish invalual guidance for any intelligent discussion of day's problems of public affairs.

*Fourth.* It will not, I trust, startle too mu the faith of the average American that a body can edit a newspaper to add, as anoth indispensable acquirement, a fair gene knowledge of the fundamental principles Common, Constitutional, and Internatio Law. Nothing, perhaps, could add to t wisdom with which our Press has alrea discussed, say the Alabama Treaty, or t international obligations involved in t French Arms question, or the problems our Reconstruction policy; but that th who come after us may not fall below t high standard thus set up, the more frequ mastery of Blackstone, and Story, and Wh ton, and similar convenient books of rea reference in editorial offices, may prove advantage.

*Fifth.* There is less occasion, perhaps, insist on the need of Political Economy, si of late there has been a singular revival interest in such topics. But the subject i large one, and he who has supplemen Adam Smith and Bentham and Malthus w John Stuart Mill and Say and Bastiat, mastered Matthew Carey and Henry Carey, Greeley, and Wayland, and Bow will still find the literature of the quest expanding into a thousand ramifications, a leading to kindred studies as complex a imperative. To the newspaper reader, qu tions of Banking and Currency, of the gro and management of National Debts, of present insane recklessness of municipal debtedness, of taxation, of insurance and like, perpetually present themselves; and looks to the Editor for an elucidation of e that shall be popular in form, yet fa abreast of the latest and best thought of men who have made it the study of th lives.

*Sixth.* From the weary plash of wat argumentation on these topics that carries nowhere, from the flabbiness of reasoni and incoherence of premise with conclusi and general inconsequence, who shall deli us? Might not a sixth subject of the m careful study in a course of training for jo nalistic work be fitly found in some s essays on exact reasoning as should m our popular writing conform a little to severe processes of Logic?

*Seventh.* Even yet the modern langua

are not so firmly established in our common courses of collegiate education as to make it reasonably certain that the man of education, approaching Journalism without special preparation, will be sure to have this essential part of a journalist's equipment. Year by year these languages grow more nearly indispensable. The New York office without gentlemen on its staff reading at least French, German, and Spanish, would be preposterous ; and hereafter, the Editor who enters his profession without a working knowledge of at least two of them must expect to find himself perpetually crippled. What reader of taste would not be glad if there were less occasion to add, and dwell upon, the necessity of some knowledge of English? Grant White made magazine readers merry for months, and many journalists angry for a much longer time, over his irreverent descriptions of "Newspaper English." Yet the fact remains, that of the average manuscripts received in almost any of our New York dailies, from professional or semi-professional writers, not more than one-half can be safely put in type without previous careful revision for mere errors in grammar. To use the right words and only enough of them, to say what is meant, so simply and directly that the sentence goes like a bullet straight to its mark, and, having said it, to stop—that, alas! is the achievement of scarcely one in three-score. To secure some approximation to it is the daily toil and tribulation of every sore-tried office editor ;—the writer who fairly reaches it has already made good his place beside the foremost.

*Eighth.* The time is coming in our Journalism when books will be more generally reviewed, not noticed ; when paintings will be criticised and estimated, not puffed or damned ; when we shall learn from our newspapers more of how the score of the opera was rendered and its feeling interpreted, with perhaps less about the looks of the Prima Donna or the clothes of the Chorus ; when the new actor shall be judged by his worthy interpretation of high work, rather than praised because his friends clamor for it. In all these directions, as it seems to me, there has been immense progress in the last decade. Book publishers have about quit expecting the review of a book in a leading journal to bear proportion to the length of the advertisement. Artists comprehend that an invitation to a studio reception is not necessarily followed by an eulogium of all the works now on their easels, all the others they have painted and sold, and all the others still they mean to paint and want to sell. I know something of the state of theatrical criticism in New York ; and I do not know the reputable critic on a reputable journal whom any actor or manager would dare approach with a mercenary proposition. When the field is thus fairly open for legitimate criticism, it is time that the Principles of Criticism were more thoroughly studied.

—And here this too prolix enumeration must end. I have said nothing of that comprehensive study of English Literature which every man of letters begins in his teens and closes only with his life ; or of the wider acquaintance with the progress of modern scientific and metaphysical thought which our advancing Journalism demands. Not to know Darwin and McCosh, Herbert Spencer and Huxley, and *Ecce Homo*, is as bad now as, twenty-five years ago, to be ignorant of the Nueces or Rio Grande boundary, or forty years ago, to know nothing of the National Bank, and the removal of the deposits. In effect, the modern journalist, with what skill and power he may, must well-nigh adopt Bacon's resolve, and take all knowledge to be his province.

No separate school is likely now, or soon, to be founded for such a course. But more than one College or University beside that of the City of New York has been considering whether such studies—many of them already taught in some form or other—might not be appropriately combined into a special department, or a Post Graduate course, which would at least command as large attendance as many of those now enjoying the support of our best institutions and the services of our ripest scholars.

It will be objected that all this presupposes Journalism for the highly-educated few—not for the masses. But who has not learned that the masses are the acutest and most exacting critics? Even your Prima Donna courtesies indeed to the proscenium boxes and the dress circle, but sings to the top tier. "If I have made any success, whether as author or editor," said the Stone Mason of Cromarty, the most fascinating scientific author of his day, and the most successful editor in his country for the last half century, "it has been by constantly writing up to my audience — never writing down to them." The hard-working mechanic, who looks a second time at the four pennies which would almost pay his fare down town, before spending them for the morning paper, is apt to want his four cents' worth, and very likely to know when he has got it. He may not be able to analyze his opinions, but he knows, my friend of the quill, when your article was written because you had something to say, and when because you wanted to furnish some copy; when you understand your subject, and when, in default of exact knowledge, you are substituting rant for reason. He may be carried away now and again by a flaming sensation; but, in the long run, he finds out the deception, and doesn't thank you for it. He inclines more and more to buy the papers that deceive him the least, and put him off the fewest times with their second-best work. He doesn't want fine writing, but he wants the finest writing—that is, the writing which nobody notices, because it is the mere medium for fine thinking. There is sometimes, especially among unlettered and unsuccessful newspaper conductors, a fear of getting beyond their audiences. The trouble is, their audiences are constantly getting beyond them. We have noted the advance in Journalism since Franklin's *Gazette*, and *The Boston News-Letter*. But it has been as marked in ability as in mere bulk of news. Every decade shows it; none perhaps more than the last. We talk of the good old times in New York Journalism, and reverently call the roll of the working worthies of twenty years ago,—dead or famous now. But the work they have left is not so varied, so complete, so thorough as the work of to-day. Take down the files at the Astor or Mercantile Library, and look for yourselves. Yet as the grade of New York Journalism has advanced, its influence has widened, its circulation has quadrupled over and over, and its pecuniary standing has been revolutionized. That is what comes of writing up to your audience, and it is what always will come of it.

Less preparation for Journalism than has just been suggested has of course once and again made the largest success. I do not depreciate self-made journalists. Julius Cæsar knew nothing of Jomini, yet who thinks that a reason why the student of war should be told that the study of Jomini is idle? George Stephenson was the son of a fireman in a colliery, and at the age of eighteen was unable to read or write; but when Wall Street is considering what it shall pay for Union Pacific, or whether it shall touch Northern Pacific, it does not search among the ignorant lads in a colliery for the railway engineers whose judgment is to determine the investments. Morse was a painter of indifferent portraits; but when the Atlantic Cable is laid, the most skillful and scientific electricians are sought. Journalism i America owes to three or four men wh have risen from the printer's case, almost a much as telegraphy to Morse, or railways t Stephenson;—in some of its greater relations they have well-nigh discovered it;—bu its main advances, like advances everywher else, are won by the best preparation an the most honest work.

If there has been less of these, thus far, i our press, than men of thought and cultur would have wished, the profession has no been singular. One of the most curiou chapters in De Tocqueville's great work o our institutions is that in which he theorize on the fact that in all classes and callings i the United States are to be found so man ambitious men and so little lofty ambition As the pervasive, continuous, and ever-increasing influence of the press extends, a preparation for it becomes more general, a a sense of the responsibilities its power imposes becomes deeper, as its ranks fill wit men better and better equipped for its work we may see, there at least, not perhap fewer of the petty ambitions the philosophi Frenchman noted, but more of that loft and honorable Ambition, whose absenc everywhere he deplored. It will be an ambition to make Journalism a field for th ablest, to make its intelligence and its justic commensurate with its power, to make it profession for gentlemen to pursue, moralist to rejoice in, and the Commonwealth to hol as a sure bulwark and high honor.

There are needed reforms in the profession which, under such influences, we ma hope the sooner to attain. First amon these I reckon an increasing sense of responsibility for the printed word—throw heedlessly from the weary pen at midnight but borne with the daybreak to the attentio and confidence of fifty thousand homes, t mend or mar some man's honest name With this will come an increasing sense o the wrong every editor does the whole profession, who permits his press to become th vehicle either for actual slander, or for tha reckless trifling with character and tha invasion of personal concerns which mak so marked a feature of many of our mos successful newspapers. I look indeed fo an absolute revolution in the attitude of th whole respectable press toward the law against slander and libel. It has been common to regard these as laws for the persecution of the press, and such, a hundred year go, they certainly were. But to-day they ught to be among the most valuable gencies for its protection. I, for one, ejoice in the institution of every libel suit r which there is the color of justification; nd count every fair conviction for libel a ain to the cause of decent Journalism. I o not forget that the law of libel once llowed one of Richard Hildreth's Atrocious udges to sentence the Editor of *The Obser-ator* to those public floggings through the owns of Western England, which Pope nbalmed for infamy in the couplet:

> "Earless on high stood unabashed Defoe,
> And Tutchin, flagrant from the scourge below."

I do not forget the series of legal perse-utions and follies that made "Junius" a ower as mysterious and awful as fate, took ohn Wilkes from prison to make him Cham-erlain of London, and soiled ineffaceably the rmine of Mansfield. But here and now e suffer from no such dangers. Instead, e lose standing and influence because our berty runs into license. Were every clear ander, whereof correction on due applica-on and proof has been refused, remorseless- prosecuted to conviction and inexorable unishment, we should have reason to anonize alike prosecutor and judge. No igher service can be rendered Journalism -day than by making it responsible for hat it says, and giving the humblest citizen, hom its gigantic power may purposely rong, easy and cheap justice. Make libel uits easy; make them cheap and speedy; t them lie only in cases where the publica-on was palpably malicious, or fair and rompt correction was, on due application nd proof, refused; then sustain them by a entiment in the profession, which will, in urn, soon create a sentiment in the com-unity; and you have done more to make ur press cautious, and truthful, and just han all the oppressive libel laws of a cen-ury ago ever did to harm it. My own pinion is that the press of New York, uring some months past, would have been astly helped by a libel suit a day. If the ournal with which I am myself connected ame in for its share of them, so much the etter. It would be a deserved discipline, we have done any man a wrong and efused correction. It would make easier he business of enforcing caution and fair ealing on the hundred assistants, whose everal judgments must be more or less rusted in making up every issue. It would ive to every word we did utter an additional weight, and it would deprive the bad men we expose of their present ready answer: "Oh, that doesn't amount to anything; the newspapers abuse everybody." It is an ill day for Journalism when people do not care what the newspapers say against them. It is an ill day for the Country when people do care and cannot get their wrongs redressed. It will be better for both when justice is cheap and Journalism is just.

Another reform, which we may fairly expect, will be shown in a better comprehension of the scope of the news, which is the life-blood of the paper. It is possible to fill up the largest metropolitan sheet with a record of actual news which shall be simply revolting; yet you shall go over it, line by line, and put your finger on no paragraph to which you can fairly object as not a part of the news of the day. Led by its hand, you stroll the world around, and gather every vice on Christian ground. It is possible, again, to fill the same sheet with another record of actual news which shall be simply respectable, and unreadable; yet you shall go over it, line by line, and put your finger on no paragraph which does not convey genuine information about the actual events of the day. Once again, it is possible to fill the same sheet with a record so compounded of that which most freshly and widely interests your average constituency, that you shall have neglected no pressing topic of the times; shall have fairly given your readers as minute a glance as their occupations will permit, at the salient features of the world's progress for the day; and yet shall have cast the lights in your picture on what a gentleman wants to see, and the shades on what he only sees because he must. Now the vicious newspaper pays, and the only way to make the other kind stand the competition is by making it equally interesting. Many a daily journal is loaded down with such feculence that it should only be handled in your homes with a pair of tongs, not because its proprietor really prefers to minister to men's baser instead of their better wants, but because he has found the one way of making money, and hasn't yet hit on the other. It is easy to fill his columns with prurient stories of crime from the police courts; it is harder to find men who can make the details of politics, the wonders of our material development, the progress of thought, as readily and certainly interesting. But we shall get larger ideas of news. We shall come to regard it as something other than a daily chapter of accidents and crimes;

more even than a detail of public meetings, a history of legislation and the Courts, a record of political intrigue at home, and diplomatic complication abroad. We shall come to embrace in it far more generally and systematically every new and significant fact affecting the social, political, intellectual, or moral movements of the world; and to comprehend that this world is composed of two sexes, the one demanding a recognition of its tastes and wants as well as the other. We shall learn to winnow the vast mass of facts which the mails over all continents and the wires under all seas are perpetually bearing to the newspaper doors. We shall learn to reject the most of these as worthless or inconsequent; to adjust the perspective of the rest more in accordance with their intrinsic importance, not their fuss; to divine what the public want, and what they will want when they come to know about it; and to give the whole with a completeness, a spirit, a *verve* which shall make this chronicle of the times as attractive as its themes are absorbing.

With these larger capacities, we may hope too for some of the sanctions of a profession. The mere soldier, who ostentatiously carries his sword to the side of the highest bidder, is despised:—not all the genius, not all the excuse of Jomini could save even his career from blight. Shall we accord greater privileges to intellectual free lances? There was a vealy period in our journalistic development, when young men, with a flavor of Byron and bad beer about them, prated of fair Bohemia, and held it noble to believe nothing, but to write like a believer, for anything that would pay. But the age of fair Bohemia is gone, and the seedy, disreputable Bohemian lags superfluous on the stage. Lawyers may still, in the worst spirit of Lord Brougham's bad maxim, sell faith and honor as well as intellect to their clients if they will, but it is already reckoned a disgrace that a writer should enforce upon the Public a faith he is himself known to despise. "My friend never writes what he does not conscientiously believe," said one distinguished Western journalist of another; "but, of all men living, he has the greatest facility of belief." The profession grows less fond of these facile beliefs. The noisome weed of Bohemianism is well-nigh uprooted, and, when it is, the Press may better command, as it will better deserve, the services of gentlemen and men of letters.

"Shall we ever see a Press that we can always trust to tell the whole truth, without reference to business considerations?" Of course not; and the question is perpetuall asked, as a conclusive demonstration of th worthlessness of newspapers, by men wh ought to know better. Do you know an business man who tells the whole truth i his operations, irrespective of business considerations;—any Lawyer, any Doctor, an Statesman? Till that always promising never performing race of long-delayed patriots appear, who are to publish great newspapers for the mere advancement of truth it is probable that the poor papers we hav will still be issued by their mercenary owner with some sordid purpose of making mone by them.

Not irrespective of business consideration then, but because of them, I believe that i the better Journalism to which we are ten ing, we shall approach more and more nearl to an absolute divorce between the Editori Offices and the Counting-room. The gre newspapers are those which look for new not advertisements. With the news come circulation, and when circulation command the advertisements seek the paper, not th paper the advertisements. Make your new paper so good, so full of news, so truthful, s able that people must take it; make i circulation so great that advertisers wi plead for the privilege of getting into it— those seem to me the two great busine commandments of our better Journalis When at last we get our feet planted on th solid ground, no newspaper can afford suppress or soften the truth in any busine interest. *The London Times* threw aw twenty thousand dollars a week in advertis ments in the railway mania of 1845. made money by the loss. It could n have afforded not to throw the mon away, for it thereby vindicated its spi of honest dealing with its readers, in th eyes of all Europe; and its readers we of infinitely more consequence to it than advertisers. This is precisely the view th your *small* business man would never tak he would see nothing but the twenty tho sand dollars a week that could be had easily as not by only keeping quiet in t editorial columns; but great newspapers a neither built up nor maintained by small bu ness men. More and more the trade selling advertisements is getting reduced as plain a basis as the trade of selling flo or potatoes, where the money paid over t counter represents the exact selling price the article bought, and there is no dream further obligation on either side. By and e shall see all reputable journals stop dereciating their own wares by admitting that is necessary to call attention to an adversement in the reading columns, to get it een ; treat as preposterous the request that ere shall be some notice of theater or cture, "just to accompany the advertiseent, you know;" take as an insult the iggestion that if an editorial could be made eaking well of the capabilities of a region id its need of a railroad, there would be a eavy advertisement of railroad bonds ; uterly refuse, on whatever specious plea of ublic as well as private interest, to suffer ne line to appear as reading matter which e Editor did not select because he thought of more interest than any other matter it ight displace, and the paper did not publish ithout a penny of pay. Some of these eforms, in the case of any but the strongest ournals, will come slowly, for they amount revolution ; but come they will — not ecause publishers will be more disinterested an now, but because, looking to the rights f readers, their paramount importance to the ewspaper they support and the imperative eed of keeping faith with them, publishers ill see such reform to be sound business olicy, and any other course to be business uackery.

I have left myself no time to speak of ome of the problems of Journalism that ay soon come up for settlement :

Whether, as the fields, over which our nterprise gleans, keep ever expanding, we hall enlarge our newspapers or condense ur news ; or, in other words, whether eople want their daily paper to furnish hem more matter, in more frequent triple heets, or regular twelve-page issues, or hether they do not find it already taking p too much time, and ask instead that it be udiciously edited to smaller compass ;—

Whether the great metropolitan newsapers are or are not in danger, in their ager pursuit and elaborate presentment of mportant city news, of impairing their value s the accredited records of the larger news f the world ;—

Whether, as in the differentiation of Jouralism, class papers spring up, the great ailies shall keep up the present competiion, say in shipping news, with *The Journal f Commerce*, in markets with the pure comercial papers, in stock reports with the echnical journals of the street ; and shall xtend their competition into yet other ields, as in courts with the law reports and he official records, in railways and inventions with the Engineering journals, in insurance with the Insurance journals ; or whether technical details shall be abandoned almost entirely to the class papers, and only what is likely to be of general interest to the largest number retained ;—

Whether the further development of our Journalism is to tend towards the French or English pattern, towards reckless epigram and affairs of society almost to the overshadowing and neglect of the news, or towards stately essay writing, and dullish letters ;—

Whether the French *feuilleton* can ever be ingrafted on American journals ;—

Whether we might therewith secure a more convenient shape for our papers ; as, for example, by taking Henry Watterson's suggestive idea of an evening daily of the shape of *The Saturday Review* or *The Nation*, with its last six or eight pages surrendered to advertisements, set without display, and this space made the most valuable and attractive on the paper by keeping a serial story, from the pen of the best novelist money can command, running on the lower half of each advertising page continuously ;—

Whether the new Journalism will follow Public Opinion or make it ;—

Whether a great paper can ever afford for any considerable length of time to set itself deliberately athwart what it knows to be the overwhelming popular desire ;—

What *are* the inherent limitations of this gigantic power ;—

These, and many kindred topics, may still be classed among the unsolved problems of Journalism. On the solutions which the young men of the Profession give to some of them will largely rest its Future.

But above all these is the larger question whether they will not make an end of personal and official Journalism. Half the force of many a great paper is now consumed in warding off attacks upon its Editor, or making attacks upon his antagonist, which nowise concern the justice or acceptability of the principles it advances. The public is invited to a discussion of the political crisis ; and is regaled with an onslaught upon Editor Smith, because he once supported a Custom-house candidate, though he now has the unblushing mendacity to stand on a Tammany Republican platform ; —is asked to consider the grave situation at the South, and is met by a denunciation of Editor Jenkins, because his partner made money by running cotton through the blockade, or his brother-in-law had a wife's nephew in the rebel army. This is not entertaining to the reader, and is not profitable to the Editor. No man is so good as his preaching, and sound discussion of public affairs will always get a fairer hearing when no man's personality colors or compromises it. It has been a long time since the Editors of our best papers paraded their names at the head of the columns; if now they could keep their existence absolutely out of sight, their papers would carry double weight for every judicious article, or every sagacious stroke of policy. With our Nestors of the Press, scarred in half a century of its fights, and crowned with many a grateful honor, this is not possible. But with the younger generation it is; and in their hands American Journalism will reach its most commanding influence, when it most nearly conceals its journalists. When Sir Robert Peel retired from office, and wished to thank the editor of *The Times* for the powerful support it had given his government, he could not learn the Editor's name. The name is common in men's mouths now, and the power has waned. In Paris they get away as far as possible from the habit of their sad island neighbors, and every writer signs his leading article. But the average life of a Paris newspaper is under a year, and a steady journalistic influence in France seems an impossibility. They have plenty of editorial office-holders too; but the newspapers are worthless. When we come to esteem the direction of a great newspaper that has seen a dozen Administrations rise and fall, and may outlive many a dozen yet, as far higher than any four years' office any administration can bestow; when we rigorously require that the man who wants to hold office shall quit trying to be an Editor, and devote himself to his vocation; and when there shall be no relations whatever between the Government and the Press, save honest publicity on the one hand, and candid criticism on the other, our Journalism will at last have planted itself on its true plane.

That most charming of recent discussions, Arthur Helps's *Thoughts upon Government*, goes farther still, in words that deserve the profoundest attention of any young man proposing to himself a future in newspapers. "If any part of the Press," he says, "enters into close alliance with ar great political party, that part of the Pre loses much of its influence; for the publ desires the Press to represent its views ar wishes, and does not delight in manifest a vocacy on behalf of political parties. Th comes the question, what should be the r lations between the Press and the Gover ment? Before all things, these relatio should not be slavish on either side. Th should, if possible, be friendly, and, at a rate, should be just."

There at last we have it! Independe Journalism!—that is the watchword of t future in the profession. An end of co cealments because the truth would hurt t party; an end of one-sided expositions, b cause damaging things must only be allow against our antagonists; an end of assaul that are not believed fully just, but must l made because the exigency of party warfa demands them; an end of slanders that a known to be slanders, but must not be e ploded because it would hurt the party; end of hesitation to print the news in newspaper, because it may hurt the part an end of doctoring the reports of publ opinion in South Carolina and Alaska, b cause the honest story of the feeling the might hurt the party; an end of all ha truths and hesitated lies; an end of pub contempt for the voice that barks only a proval to Sir Oracle, and through all t busy marts of trade and amusement, a learning and religion, keeps ever barki only this:—

> "I am His Highness's dog at Kew;
> Pray, tell me, Sir, whose dog are you;"

an end, as Emerson has taught us the hap phrase, at once of official and officinal Jou nalism—that is the boon which to every pe plexed, conscientious member of the Profe sion a new and beneficent Declaration Independence affords. Under it Journalis expands in a balanced and unfettered deve opment; ceases to be one-sided in its view and to be distrusted, even in its facts; b comes the master, not the tool, of Part tells the whole truth, commands the gene confidence; ceases to be the advocate, ris to be the judge. To that passionless eth we may not from these partisan struggl soon ascend; but if not the near, it is least the certain future of successful a honored Journalism.

## DRAXY MILLER'S DOWRY.

(Continued from page 97.)

DRAXY'S first night was spent at the house a brother of Captain Melville's, to whom had given her a letter. All went smoothly, d her courage rose. The next day at on she was to change cars in one of the eat railroad centers; as she drew near the y she began to feel uneasy. But her di- ctions were explicit, and she stepped brave- out into the dismal, dark, underground ation, bought her ticket, and walked up and wn on the platform with her little valise in r hand, waiting for the train.

In a few moments it thundered in, envel- ped in a blinding, stifling smoke. The owd of passengers poured out. "Twenty inutes for refreshments" was shouted at ich car, and in a moment more there was a earing up of the smoke, and a lull in the ampling of the crowd. Draxy touched the onductor on the arm.

"Is this the train I am to take, sir?" she id, showing him her ticket.

He glanced carelessly at it. "No, no," id he; "this is the express: don't stop ere. You must wait till the afternoon ccommodation."

"But what time will that train get there?" id Draxy, turning pale.

"About ten o'clock, if it's on time," said e conductor, walking away. He had not et glanced at Draxy, but at her "Oh, hat *shall* I do!" He turned back; raxy's face held him spellbound, as it had eld many a man before. He stepped near er, and, taking the ticket from her hand, rned it over and over irresolutely. "I ish I could stop there, Miss," he said. Is it any one who is sick?"—for Draxy's evi- ent distress suggested but one explanation.

"Oh no," replied Draxy, trying in vain o make her voice steady. "But I am all lone, and I know no one there, and I am fraid, it—it is so late at night. My friends hought I should get there before dark."

"What are you going for, if you don't now anybody?" said the conductor, in a one less sympathizing and respectful. He vas a man more used to thinking ill than vell of people.

Draxy colored. But her voice became ery steady.

"I am Reuben Miller's daughter, sir, and am going there to get some money which a ad man owed my father. We need the oney, and there was no one else to go or it."

The conductor had never heard of Una, but the tone of the sentence, "I am Reuben Miller's daughter," smote upon his heart, and made him as reverent to the young girl as if she had been a saint.

"I beg your pardon, Miss," he said involuntarily.

Draxy looked at him with a bewildered expression, but made no reply. She was too pure to know that for the rough manner which had hurt her he ought to ask such pardon.

The conductor proceeded, still fingering the ticket:—

"I don't see how I can stop there. It's a great risk for me to take. If there was only one of the Directors on board now." Draxy looked still more puzzled. "No," he said, giving her back the ticket: "I can't do it no how;" and he walked away.

Draxy stood still in despair. In a few minutes he came back. He could not account for its seeming to him such an utter impossibility to leave that girl to go on her journey at night.

"What shall you do?" said he.

"I think my father would prefer that I should find some proper place to spend the night here, and go on in the morning," replied Draxy; "do you not think that would be better, sir?" she added, with an appealing, confiding tone which made the conductor feel more like her knight than ever.

"Yes, I think so, and I will give you my card to take to the hotel where I stay," said he, and he plunged into the crowd again.

Draxy turned to a brakeman who had drawn near.

"Has the conductor the right to stop the train if he chooses?" said she.

"Why yes, Miss, he's right enough, if that's all. Of course he's got to have power to stop the train any minute. But stoppin' jest to let off a passenger, that's different."

Draxy closed her lips a little more firmly, and became less pale. When the conductor came back and gave her his card, with the name of the hotel on it, she thanked him, took the card, but did not stir. He looked at her earnestly, said "Good day, Miss," lifted his hat, and disappeared. Draxy smiled. It yet wanted ten minutes of the time for the train to go. She stood still, patiently biding her last chance. The first bell rang—the steam was up—the crowd of passengers poured in; at the last minute but one came the conductor. As he caught sight of Draxy's erect, dignified figure he started; before he could speak Draxy said, "I waited, sir, for I thought at the last minute a director might come, or you might change your mind."

The conductor laughed out, and seizing Draxy's valise, exclaimed, "By George, I *will* stop the train for you, Miss Miller! Hang me if I don't; jump in!" and in one minute more Draxy was whirling out of the dark station into the broad sunlight, which dazzled her.

When the conductor first came through the car he saw that Draxy had been crying. "Do her good," he thought to himself; "it always does do women good; but I'll be bound she wouldn't ha' cried if I'd left her."

Half an hour later he found her sound asleep, with her head knocking uneasily about on the back of the seat. Half ashamed of himself, he brought a heavy coat and slipped it under her head for a pillow. Seeing a supercilious and disagreeable smile on the face of a fashionable young man in the seat before Draxy, he said sharply: "She's come a long journey, and was put under my care."

"I guess that's true enough to pass muster," he chuckled to himself as he walked away. "If ever I'd believed a woman could make me stop this train for her! An', by George, without askin' me to either!"

Draxy slept on for hours. The winter twilight came earlier than usual, for the sky was overcast. When she waked the lamps were lit, and the conductor was standing over her, saying: "We're most there, Miss, and I thought you'd better get steadied on your feet a little before you get off, for I don't calculate to make a full stop."

Draxy laughed like a little child, and put up both hands to her head as if to make sure where she was. Then she followed the conductor to the door and stood looking out into the dim light.

The sharp signal for "down brakes" made experienced passengers spring to their feet. Windows opened; heads were thrust out. What had happened to this express train? The unaccustomed sound startled the village also. It was an aristocratic little place, much settled by wealthy men whose business was in a neighboring city. At many a dinner-table surprised voices said: "Why, what on earth is the down express stopping here for? Something must have broken."

"Some director or other to be put off," said others; "they have it all their own way on the road."

In the mean time Draxy Miller was wal ing slowly up the first street she saw, wo dering what she should do next. The co ductor had almost lifted her off the trai had shaken her hand, said "God ble you, Miss," and the train was gone, befo she could be sure he heard her thank hi "Oh, why did I not thank him more befo we stopped," thought Draxy.

"I hope she'll get her money," thoug the conductor. "I'd like to see the m that wouldn't give her what she asked for.'

So the benediction and protection of go wishes, from strangers as well as fr friends, floated on the very air where Dra walked, all unconscious of the invisi blessings.

She walked a long distance before s met any one of whom she liked to a direction. At last she saw an elderly m standing under a lamp-post, reading a lett Draxy studied his face, and then stopp quietly by his side without speaking. I looked up.

"I thought as soon as you had finish your letter, sir, I would ask you to tell where Stephen Potter lives."

It was marvelous what an ineffable cha there was in the subtle mixture of court and simplicity in Draxy's manner.

"I am going directly by his house mys and will show you," replied the old gent man. "Pray let me take your bag, Miss.'

"Was it for you," he added, sudde recollecting the strange stopping of the press train, "was it for you that the expr train stopped just now?"

"Yes, sir," said Draxy. "The cond tor very kindly put me off."

The old gentleman's curiosity was stron roused, but he forbore asking any furt questions until he left Draxy on the st of the house, when he said: "Are they pecting you?"

"Oh no, sir," said Draxy quietly. do not know them."

"Most extraordinary thing," muttered old gentleman as he walked on. He wa lawyer, and could not escape from the p fessional habit of looking upon all unc mon incidents as clues.

Draxy Miller's heart beat faster than us as she was shown into Stephen Pott library. She had said to the servant sim "Tell Mr. Potter that Miss Miller wo like to see him alone."

The grandeur of the house, the richn of the furniture would have embarrassed h except that it made her stern as she thou her father's poverty. "How little a sum must be to this man," she thought.

The name roused no associations in Ste- en Potter; for years the thought of Reuben iller had not crossed his mind, and as he oked in the face of the tall, beautiful girl io rose as he entered the room, he was terly confounded to hear her say—

"I am Reuben Miller's daughter. I have me to see if you will pay me the money u owe him. We are very poor, and need more than you can probably conceive."

Stephen Potter was a bad man, but not a rd-hearted bad man. He had been dis- nest always; but it was the dishonesty of weak and unscrupulous nature, not without nerosity. At that moment a sharp pang ized him. He remembered the simple, right, kindly face of Reuben Miller. He w the same simple uprightness, kindled by rength, in the beautiful face of Reuben iller's daughter. He did not know what say. Draxy waited in perfect composure id silence. It seemed to him hours before spoke. Then he said, in a miserable, uffling way—

"I suppose you think me a rich man."

"I think you must be very rich," said raxy, gently.

Then, moved by some strange impulse in e presence of this pure, unworldly girl, tephen Potter suddenly spoke out, for the rst time since his boyhood, with absolute ncerity.

"Miss Miller, you are your father over gain. I reverenced your father. I have ronged many men without caring, but it oubled me to wrong him. I would give ou that money to-night if I had it, or could ise it. I am not a rich man. I have not dollar in the world. This house is not ine. It may be sold over my head any ay. I am deep in trouble, but not so deep s I deserve to be," and he buried his face in is hands.

Draxy believed him. And it was true. t that moment Stephen Potter was really ruined man, and many others were involved the ruin which was impending.

Draxy rose, saying gravely, "I am very orry for you, Mr. Potter. We heard that ou were rich, or I should not have come. Ve are very poor, but we are not unhappy, s you are."

"Stay, Miss Miller, sit down; I have a ing which might be of value to your ather;" and Mr. Potter opened his safe and ook out a bundle of old yellow papers. Here is the title to a lot of land in the northern part of New Hampshire. I took it on a debt years ago, and never thought it was worth anything. Very likely it has run out, or the town has taken possession of the land for the taxes. But I did think the other day, that if worst came to worst, I might take my wife up there and try to farm it. But I'd rather your father should have it if it's good for anything. I took it for $3,000, and it ought to be worth something. I will have the necessary legal transfer made in the morning, and give it to you before you leave."

This was not very intelligible to Draxy. The thin and tattered old paper looked singularly worthless to her. But rising again, she said simply as before, "I am very sorry for you, Mr. Potter; and I thank you for trying to pay us! Will you let some one go and show me to the Hotel where I ought to sleep?"

Stephen Potter was embarrassed. It cut him to the heart to send this daughter of Reuben Miller's out of his house to pass the night. But he feared Mrs. Potter very much. He hesitated only a moment, however.

"No, Miss Miller. You must sleep here. I will have you shown to your room at once. I do not ask you to see my wife. It would not be pleasant for you to do so." And he rang the bell. When the servant came, he said—

"William, have a fire kindled in the blue room at once; as soon as it is done, come and let me know."

Then he sat down near Draxy and asked many questions about her family, all of which she answered with childlike candor. She felt a strange sympathy for this miserable, stricken, wicked man. When she bade him good-night she said again, "I am very sorry for you, Mr. Potter. My father would be glad if he could help you in any way."

Stephen Potter went into the parlor where his wife sat, reading a novel. She was a very silly, frivolous woman, and she cared nothing for her husband, but when she saw his face she exclaimed, in terror, "What was it, Stephen?"

"Only Reuben Miller's daughter, come two days' journey after some money I owe her father and cannot pay," said Stephen, bitterly.

"Miller? Miller?" said Mrs. Potter, "one of those old canal debts?"

"Yes," said Stephen.

"Well, of course all those are outlawed long ago," said she. "I don't see why you need worry about that; she can't touch you."

Stephen looked scornfully at her. She had a worse heart than he. At that moment Draxy's face and voice, "I am very sorry for you, Mr. Miller," stood out in the very air before him.

"I suppose not," said he, moodily; "I wish she could! But I shall give her a deed of a piece of New Hampshire land which they may get some good of. God knows I hope she may," and he left the room, turning back, however, to add, "She is to sleep here to-night. I could not have her go to the hotel. But you need take no trouble about her."

"I should think not, Stephen Potter," exclaimed Mrs. Potter, sitting bolt upright in her angry astonishment; "I never heard of such impudence as her expecting—"

"She expected nothing. I obliged her to stay," interrupted Stephen, and was gone.

Mrs. Potter's first impulse was to go and order the girl out of her house. But she thought better of it. She was often afraid of her husband at this time; she dimly suspected that he was on the verge of ruin. So she sank back into her chair, buried herself in her novel, and soon forgot the interruption.

Draxy's breakfast and dinner were carried to her room, and every provision made for her comfort. Stephen Potter's servants obeyed him always. No friend of the family could have been more scrupulously served than was Draxy Miller. The man-servant carried her bag to the station, touched his hat to her as she stepped on board the train, and returned to the house to say in the kitchen: "Well, I don't care what she come for; she was a real lady, fust to last, an' that's more than Mr. Potter's got for a wife, I tell you."

When Stephen Potter went into his library after bidding Draxy good-bye, he found on the table a small envelope addressed to him. It held this note:

"MR. POTTER:—I would not take the paper [the word "money" had been scratched out and the word "paper" substituted] for myself; but I think I ought to for my father, because it was a true debt, and he is an old man now, and not strong.

"I am very sorry for you, Mr. Potter, and I hope you will become happy again.

"DRAXY MILLER."

Draxy had intended to write, "I hope you will be 'good' again," but her heart failed her. "Perhaps he will understand that 'happy' means good," she said, and
wrote the gentler phrase. Stephen Pot
did understand; and the feeble outreachi
which, during the few miserable years m
of his life, he made towards uprightness w
partly the fruit of Draxy Miller's words.

Draxy's journey home was unevent
She was sad and weary. The first per
she saw on entering the house was
father. He divined in an instant that
had been unsuccessful. "Never mind, li
daughter," he said, gleefully, "I am not
appointed; I knew you would not get it,
I thought the journey 'd be a good thing
you, may be."

"But I have got something, father de
said Draxy; "only I'm afraid it is not wo
much."

"'Tain't likely to be if Steve Potter g
it," said Reuben, as Draxy handed him
paper. He laughed scornfully as soon as
looked at it. "'Tain't worth the paper
writ on," said he, "and he knew it; if
hain't looked the land up all these ye
of course 'twas sold at vendue sale l
ago."

Draxy turned hastily away. Up to
moment she had clung to a little hope.

When the family had all gathered toget
in the evening, and Draxy had told the st
of her adventures, Reuben and Cap
Melville examined the deed together.
was apparently a good clear title; it
of three hundred acres of land. Reu
groaned, "Oh, how I should like to see l
by the acre once more." Draxy's f
turned scarlet, and she locked and unloc
her hands, but said nothing. "But it's
use thinking about it," he went on; "
paper isn't worth a straw. Most lik
there's more than one man well under
on the land by this time."

They looked the place up on an at
It was in the extreme north-east corne
New Hampshire. A large part of the cou
was still marked "ungranted," and the to
ship in which this land lay was bounded
the north by this uninhabited district.
name of the town was Clairvend.

"What could it have been named fo
said Draxy. "How pleasantly it sounds.

"Most likely some Frenchman," said C
tain Melville. "They always give na
that 're kind o' musical."

"We might as well burn the deed up.
nothing but a torment to think of it a l
round with it's three hundred acres of lan
said Reuben in an impulsive tone, very
for him, and prolonging the "three hundr

ith a scornful emphasis; and he sprang up throw the paper into the fire.

"No, no, man," said Captain Melville; don't be so hasty. No need of burning ings up in such a roomy house 's this! omething may come of that deed yet. ive it to Draxy; I'm sure she's earned it, there's anything to it. Put it away for our dowry, dear," and he snatched the paper om Reuben's hands and tossed it into raxy's lap. He did not believe what he id, and the attempt at a joke brought but a int smile to any face. The paper fell on e floor, and Draxy let it lie there till she ought her father was looking another way, hen she picked it up and put it in her ocket.

For several days there was unusual silence nd depression in the household. They had eally set far more hope than they knew on is venture. It was not easy to take up the ld routine and forget the air castle. Draxy's riend, Mrs. White, was almost as disappoint-d as Draxy herself. She had not thought f the chance of Mr. Potter's being really nable to pay. She told her husband, who as a lawyer, the story of the deed, and he aid at once: "Of course; it isn't worth a traw. If Potter didn't pay the taxes, some-ody else did, and the land's been sold long go."

So Mrs. White tried to comfort herself by ngaging Draxy for one month's steady sew-ng, and presenting her with a set of George liot's novels. And Draxy tried steadily nd bravely to forget her journey, and the ame of Clairvend.

About this time she wrote a hymn, and howed it to her father. It was the first hing she had ever let him see, and his sur-rise and delight showed her that here was ne more way in which she could brighten is life. She had not before thought, in her xtreme humility, that by hiding her verses he was depriving him of pleasure. After his she showed him all she wrote, but the ecret was kept religiously between them.

### DRAXY'S HYMN.

I cannot think but God must know
About the thing I long for so;
I know he is so good, so kind,
I cannot think but he will find
Some way to help, some way to show
Me to the thing I long for so.

I stretch my hand—it lies so near:
It looks so sweet, it looks so dear.
"Dear Lord," I pray, "Oh, let me know
If it is wrong to want it so?"
He only smiles—He does not speak:
My heart grows weaker and more weak,
With looking at the thing so dear,
Which lies so far, and yet so near.

Now, Lord, I leave at thy loved feet
This thing which looks so near, so sweet;
I will not seek, I will not long—
I almost fear I have been wrong.
I'll go, and work the harder, Lord,
And wait till by some loud, clear word
Thou callest me to thy loved feet,
To take this thing so dear, so sweet.

## PART II.

As the spring drew near, a new anxiety began to press upon Draxy. Reuben drooped. The sea-shore had never suited him. He pined at heart for the inland air, the green fields, the fragrant woods. This yearning always was strongest in the spring, when he saw the earth waking up around him; but now the yearning became more than yearning. It was the home-sickness of which men die sometimes. Reuben said little, but Draxy divined all. She had known it from the first, but had tried to hope that he could conquer it.

Draxy spent many wakeful hours at night now. The deed of the New Hampshire land lay in her upper bureau drawer, wrapped in an old handkerchief. She read it over, and over, and over. She looked again and again at the faded pink township on the old atlas. "Who knows," thought she, "but that land was forgotten and overlooked? It is so near the 'ungranted lands,' which must be wilderness, I suppose!" Slowly a dim purpose struggled in Draxy's brain. It would do no harm to find out. But how? No more journeys must be taken on uncertainties. At last, late one night, the inspiration came. Who shall say that it is not an unseen power which sometimes suggests to sorely tried human hearts the one possible escape? Draxy was in bed. She rose, lit her candle, and wrote two letters. Then she went back to bed and slept peacefully. In the morning when she kissed her father good-bye she looked wistfully in his face. She had never kept any secret from him before, except the secret of her verses. "But he must not be disappointed again," said Draxy; "and there is no real hope."

So she dropped her letter into the post-office and went to her work.

The letter was addressed—

"To the Postmaster of Clairvend,
"New Hampshire."

It was a very short letter.

"Dear Sir:—I wish to ask some help from a minister in your town. If there is more than one minister, will you please give my letter to the kindest one.

"Yours truly,
"Draxy Miller."

The letter inclosed was addressed—
"To the Minister of Clairvend."
This letter also was short.

"Dear Sir:—I have asked the Postmaster to give this letter to the kindest minister in the town.

"I am Reuben Miller's daughter. My father is very poor. He has not known how to do as other men do to be rich. He is very good, sir. I think you can hardly have known any one so good. Mr. Stephen Potter, a man who owed him money, has given us a deed of land in your town. My father thinks the deed is not good for anything. But I thought perhaps it might be; and I would try to find out. My father is very sick, but I think he would get well if he could come and live on a farm. I have written this letter in the night, as soon as I thought about you; I mean as soon as I thought that there must be a minister in Clairvend, and he would be willing to help me.

"I have not told my father, because I do not want him to be disappointed again as he was about the deed.

"I have copied for you the part of the deed which tells where the land is; and I put in a stamp to pay for your letter to me, and if you will find out for us if we can get this land, I shall be grateful to you all my life.

"Draxy Miller."

Inclosed was a slip of paper on which Draxy had copied with great care the description of the boundaries of the land conveyed by the deed. It was all that was necessary. The wisest lawyer, the shrewdest diplomatist in the land never put forth a subtler weapon than this simple girl's simple letter.

It was on the morning of the 3d of April that Draxy dropped her letter in the office. Three days later it was taken out of the mail-bag in the post-office of Clairvend. The post-office was in the one store of the village. Ten or a dozen men were lounging about the store, as usual, smoking and talking in the inert way peculiar to rural New England. An old window had been set up on one end of the counter, and a latticed gate shut off that corner of the space behin to make the post-office.

Now and then one of the men flattene his face against the dusty panes and peere through; but there was small interest in th little mail; nobody expected letters in Clai vend, and generally nobody got them. In few moments the sorting was all over, but a the postmaster took up the last letter h uttered an ejaculation of surprise. "Wel that's queer," said he, as he proceeded t open it.

"What is it, John?" said two or three o the bystanders at once.

Mr. Twiner did not answer; he was tur ing the letter over and over, and holding closer to the smoky kerosene lamp.

"Well, that's queer enough, I vow. I' like to know if that's a girl or a boy?" h went on.

"Jest you read that letter loud," calle some one, "if it ain't no secret."

"Well, I reckon there is a secret; but it inside the inside letter," said the postmaste "there ain't no great secret in mine," an then he read aloud Draxy's simple words t the postmaster of Clairvend.

The men gathered up closer to the cou ter and looked over.

"It's a gal's writing," said one; "but th ain't no gal's name."

"Wal, 'd ye ever hear of it's bein' a boy name nuther?" said a boy, pressing forwar But the curiosity about the odd name w soon swallowed up in curiosity as to the co tents of the letter. The men of Clai vend had not been so stirred and rous by anything since the fall election. Lucki for Draxy's poor little letter, there was b one minister in the village, and the on strife which rose was as to who should car him the letter. Finally, two of the m persistent set out with it, both declaring th they had business on that road, and h meant all along to go in and see the Eld on their way home.

Elder Kinney lived in a small cottage hi up on a hill, a mile from the post-office, a on a road very little traveled. As the m toiled up this hill, they saw a tall figure co ing rapidly towards them.

"By thunder! there's the Elder no That's too bad," said little Eben Hill, t greatest gossip in the town.

The Elder was walking at his most ra rate; and Elder Kinney's most rapid r was said to be one with which horses did n easily keep up. "No, thank you, friend, haven't time to ride to-day," he often repli a parishioner who, jogging along with an old m-horse, offered to give him a lift on the ad. And, sure enough, the elder usually ould come in ahead. He was six feet two ches tall, and his legs were almost dispro-rtionately long, so that his stride was mething gigantic.

"Elder! Elder! here's a letter we was a ingin' up to you!" called out both of the en at once, as he passed them like a flash, ying hurriedly "Good evening! good even-g!" and was many steps down the hill yond them before he could stop.

"Oh, thank you!" he said, taking it has-y and dropping it into his pocket. "Mrs. illiams is dying, they say; I cannot stop a inute," and he was out of sight while the ffled parishioners stood confounded at their luck.

"Now jest as like 's not we shan't never now what was in that letter," said Eben ill, disconsolately. "Ef we'd ha' gone in d set down while he read it, we sh'd ha' d some chance."

"But then he mightn't ha' read it while we as there," replied Joseph Bailey, resigned-; "an' I expect it ain't none o' our busi-ess anyhow, one way or tother."

"It's the queerest thing 's ever happened this town," persisted Eben; "what's a rl—that is if 'tis a girl—got to do writin' to minister she don't know? I don't believe s any good she's after."

"Wal, ef she is, she's come to the right ace; and there's no knowin' but that the ord's guided her, Eben; for ef ever there as a man sent on this airth to do the Lord's dd jobs o' lookin' arter folks, it's Elder inney," said Joseph.

"That's so," answered Eben in a dismal ne, "that's so; but he's drefful close-outhed when he's a mind to be. You can't eny that!"

"Wal, I dunno 's I want ter deny it," said oseph, who was beginning, in Eben's com-any, to grow ashamed of curiosity; "I unno 's it's anything agin him," and so the en parted.

It was late at night when Elder Kinney ent home from the bedside of the dying oman. He had forgotten all about the tter. When he undressed, it fell from his ocket, and lay on the floor. It was the rst thing he saw in the morning. "I de-lare!" said the Elder, and reaching out a ong arm from the bed he picked it up.

The bright winter sun was streaming in on he Elder's face as he read Draxy's letter. He let it fall on the scarlet and white counterpane, and lay thinking. The letter touched him unspeakably. Elder Kinney was no common man: he had a sensitive organization and a magnetic power, which, if he had had the advantages of education and position, would have made him a distinguished preacher. As a man, he was tender, chivalrous, and impulsive; and even the rough, cold, undemonstrative people among whom his life had been spent had, without suspecting it, almost a romantic affection for him. He had buried his young wife and her first-born stillborn child together in this little village twelve years before, and had lived ever since in the same house from which they had been carried to the graveyard. "If you ever want any other man to preach to you," he said to the people, "you've only to say so to the Conference. I don't want to preach one sermon too many to you. But I shall live and die in this house; I can't ever go away. I can get a good livin' at farmin'—good as preachin', any day!"

The sentence, "I am Reuben Miller's daughter," went to his heart as it had gone to every man's heart who had heard it before from Draxy's unconscious lips. But it sunk deeper in his heart than in any other.

"If baby had lived she would have loved me like this, perhaps," thought the Elder, as he read the pathetic words over and over. Then he studied the paragraph copied from the deed. Suddenly a thought flashed into his mind. He knew something about this land. It must be—yes, it must be on a part of this land that the sugar-camp lay from which he had been sent for, five years before, to see a Frenchman who was lying very ill in the little log sugar-house. The Elder racked his brains. Slowly it all came back to him. He remembered that at the time some ill-will had been shown in the town toward this Frenchman; that doubts had been expressed about his right to the land; and that no one would go out into the clearing to help take care of him. Occasionally, since that time, the Elder had seen the man hanging about the town. He had an evil look; this was all the Elder could remember.

At breakfast he said to old Nancy, his housekeeper: "Nancy, did you ever know anything about that Frenchman who had a sugar-camp out back of the swamp road? I went out to see him when he had the fever a few years ago."

Nancy was an Indian woman with a little white blood in her veins. She never forgot an injury. This Frenchman had once jeered at her from the steps of the village store, and the village men had laughed.

"Know anythin' about *him?* Yes, sir. He's a son o' Satan, an' I reckon he stays to hum the great part o' the year, for he's never seen round here except jest sugarin' time."

The Elder laughed in spite of himself. Nancy's tongue was a member of which he strongly disapproved; but all his efforts to enforce charity and propriety of speech upon her were rendered null and void by his lack of control of his risibles. Nancy loved her master; but she had no reverence in her composition, and nothing gave her such delight as to make him laugh out against the consent of his will. She went on to say that the Frenchman came every spring, bringing with him a gang of men, some twelve or more, "all sons o' the same Father, sir; you'd know 'em 's far 's you see 'em." They took a large stock of provisions, went out into the maple clearing, and lived there during the whole sugar season in rough log huts. "They do say he's jest carried off a good two thousand dollars' worth o' sugar this very week," said Nancy.

The Elder brought his hand down hard on the table, and said "Whew!" This was Elder Kinney's one ejaculation. Nancy seldom heard it, and she knew it meant tremendous excitement. She grew eager, and lingered, hoping for further questions; but the Elder wanted his next information from a more accurate and trustworthy source than old Nancy. Immediately after breakfast he set out for the village; he soon slackened his pace, however, and began to reflect. It was necessary to act cautiously; he felt instinctively sure that the Frenchman had not purchased the land. His occupation of it had evidently been acquiesced in by the town for many years; but the Elder was too well aware of the slack and unbusinesslike way in which much of the town business was managed to attach much importance to this fact. He was perplexed—a rare thing for Elder Kinney. Finally, he stopped and sat down on the top of a stone wall to think. In a few minutes he saw the steaming heads of a pair of oxen coming up the hill. Slowly the cart came in sight: it was loaded with sugar-buckets; and there, walking by its side, was—yes! it was—the very Frenchman himself!

Elder Kinney was too much astonished even to say "Whew!"

"This begins to look like the Lord's own business," was the first impulsive thought of his devout heart. "There's plainly son thing to be done. That little Draxy's fat shall get some o' the next year's sugar out that camp, or my name isn't Seth Kinney and the Elder sprang from the wall a walked briskly towards the Frenchman. he drew near him, however, and saw the f bidding look on the fellow's face, he su denly abandoned his first intention, wh was to speak to him, and, merely bowi passed on down the hill.

"He's a villain, if I know the look one," said the honest Elder. "I'll thi a little longer. I wonder where he sto his buckets. Now, there's a chance," a Elder Kinney turned about and follow the plodding cart up the hill again. was a long pull and a tedious one; and Elder Kinney to keep behind oxen w a torture like being in a straight wa coat. One mile, two miles, three mil The elder half repented of his undertakin but, like all wise and magnetic natures, had great faith in his first thoughts, and kept on.

At last the cart turned into a lane on right-hand side of the road.

"Why, he's goin' to old Ike's," exclaim the Elder. "Well, I can get at all old knows, and it's pretty apt to be all ther worth knowin'," and Elder Kinney beg in his satisfaction, to whistle,

"This life's the time to serve the Lord,"

in notes as clear and loud as a Bob-o'-link

He walked on rapidly, and was very n overtaking the Frenchman, when suddenl new thought struck him. "Now, if he's easy about himself,—and if he knows he a honest, of course he's uneasy,—he'll may think I'm on his track, and be off to 'hum,' as Nancy calls it," and the El chuckled at the memory, "an' I shoul have any chance of ketchin' him here another year." The Elder stood still aga Presently he jumped a fence, and, walking to the left, climbed a hill, from the top which he could see old Ike's house. H in the edge of a spruce grove, he walked b and forth, watching the proceedings bel "Seems little too much like bein' a sp thought the good man, "but I never fe clearer call in a thing in my life than I d this little girl's letter," and he fell to sing

"Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings,"

till the crows in the wood were frightened the strange sound, and came flying out flapping their great wings above his head.

The Frenchman drove into old Ike's yard. e came out of the house and helped him oad the buckets, and carry them into an l corn-house which stood behind the barn. soon as the Frenchman had turned his en's head down the lane, the Elder set out the house, across the fields. Old Ike was nding in the barn-door. When he saw the l figure striding through the pasture, he n to let down the bars, and hurried up to e Elder and grasped both his hands. Not in Elder Kinney's parish was there a single art which beat so warmly for him as did e heart of this poor lonely old man, who d lived by himself in this solitary valley er since the Elder came to Clairvend.

"Oh, Elder, Elder," said he, "it does me el good to see your face. Be ye well, sir?" oking closely at him.

"Yes, Ike, thank you, I'm always well," plied the Elder absently. He was too ab- rbed in his errand to have precisely his ual manner, and it was the slight change ich Ike's affectionate instinct felt. But e saved him all perplexity as to introdu- ng the object of his visit by saying at once, cking up one of the sugar-buckets which d rolled off to one side, "I'm jest pilin' Ganew's sugar-buckets for him. He pays e well for storin' 'em, but I kind o' hate to ve anythin' to do with him. Don't you re- ember him, Sir—him that was so awful bad ith the fever down 'n the clearin' five years o this month? You was down ter see him, know."

"Yes, yes, I remember," said the Elder, ith a manner so nonchalant that he was ightened at his own diplomacy. "He was bad fellow, I thought."

Ike went on: "Wall, that's everybody's elin' about him: and there ain't no great ing to show for't nuther. But they did say while back that he hadn't no reel right to e land. He turned up all of a sudden, and aid up all there was owin' on the taxes, an' e's paid 'em regular ever sence. But he ain't never showed how the notes come to e signed by some other name. Yes, sir, the ull lot—it's nigh on ter three hundred acres, ch 's 'tis; a good part on't 's swamp though, at ain't wuth a copper—the hull lot went to man down in York State, when the Iron ompany bust up here in 18—, and for two r three year, the chap he jest sent up his ote for the taxes, and they've a drefful iftless way o' lettin' things go in this ere own, 's you know, sir; there wan't nobody at knowed what a sugar orchard was a lyin' there, or there'd been plenty to grab for it; but I don't s'pose there's three men in the town'd ever been over back o' Birch Hill till this Ganew he come and cut a road in, and had his sugar-camp agoin' one spring, afore anybody knew what he was arter. But he's paid all up reg'lar, and well he may, sez everybody, for he can't get his sugar off, sly 's he is, w'thout folks gettin' some kind o' notion about it, an' they say 's he's cleared thousands an' thousands o' dollars. I expect they ain't overshot the mark nuther, for he's got six hundred new buckets this spring, and Bill Sims, he's been in with 'em the last two years, 'n he says there ain't no sugar orchard to compare, except Squire White's over in Mill Creek, and he's often taken in three thousand pounds off his'n."

Ike sighed as he paused, breathless. "It's jest my luck, allers knockin' about 'n them woods 's I am, not to have struck trail on that air orchard. I could ha' bought it 's well 's not in the fust on't, if it had been put up to vendue, 's 't oughter ben, an' nobody knowin' what 'twas wuth."

Elder Kinney sat on the threshold of the barn-door, literally struck dumb by the unhoped-for corroboration of his instincts; clearing up of his difficulties. His voice sounded hoarse in his own ears as he replied:—

"Well, Ike, the longest lane has a turnin'. It's my belief that God doesn't often let dishonest people prosper very long. We shall see what becomes of Ganew. Where does he live? I'd like to see him."

"Well, he don't live nowhere, 's near 's anybody can find out. He's in the camp with the gang about six weeks, sometimes eight; they say 's it 's a kind of settlement down there, an' then he's off again till sugarin' comes round; but he's dreadful sharp and partikler about the taxes, I tell you, and he's given a good deal too, fust and last, to the town. Folks say he wants to make 'em satisfied to let him alone. He's coming up here again to-morrow with two more loads of buckets, sir: if 't wouldn't be too much trouble for you to come here agin so soon," added poor Ike, grasping at the chance of seeing the Elder again.

"Well, I think perhaps I'll come," replied the Elder, ashamed again of the readiness with which he found himself taking to tortuous methods, "if I'm not too busy. What time will he be here?"

"About this same time," said Ike. "He don't waste no time, mornin' nor evenin'."

The Elder went away soon, leaving poor Ike half unhappy.

"He's got somethin' on his mind, thet's

plain enough," thought the loving old soul. "I wonder now ef it's a woman; I've allus thought the Elder war'n't no sort of man to live alone all his days."

"Dear, good little Draxy," thought the Elder, as he walked down the road. "How shall I ever tell the child of this good luck, and how shall I manage it all for the best for her?"

Draxy's interests were in good hands. Before night Elder Kinney had ascertained that there had never been any sale of this land since it was sold to "the New York chap," and that Ganew's occupation of it was illegal. After tea the Elder sat down and wrote two letters.

The first one was to Draxy, and ran as follows :—

"My Dear Child :—

"I received your letter last night, and by the Lord's help I have found out all about your father's land to-day. But I shall write to your father about it, for you could not understand.

"I wish the Lord had seen fit to give me just such a daughter as you are.

"Your friend,
"Seth Kinney."

The letter to Reuben was very long, giv in substance the facts which have been t above, and concluding thus :—

"I feel a great call from the Lord to all I can in this business, and I hope y won't take it amiss if I make bold to dec what's best to be done without consulting y This fellow's got to be dealt with pretty sha and I, being on the ground, can look at him better than you can. But I'll guaran that you'll have possession of that land bef many weeks." He then asked Reuben have an exact copy of the deed made and forwarded to him; also any other pap which might throw light on the transfer of property, sixteen years back. "Not tha calculate there'll be any trouble," he adde "we don't deal much in lawyers' tricks here, but it's just as well to be provided."

The Elder went to the post-office bef breakfast to post this letter. The addr did not escape the eyes of the postmast Before noon Eben Hill knew that the El had written right off by the first mail to "Miss Draxy Miller."

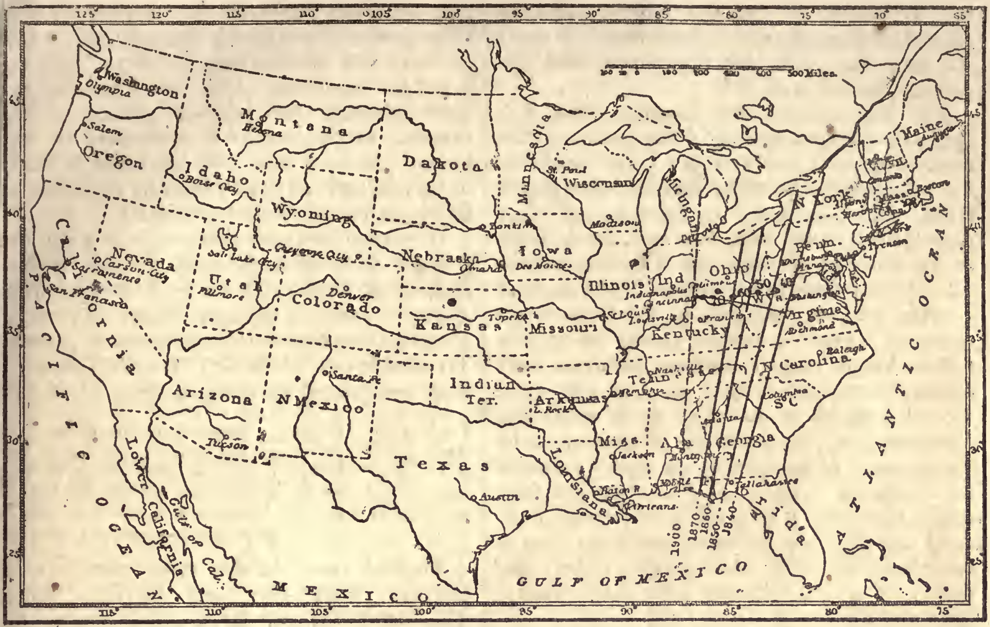
Meantime the Elder was sitting in doorway of old Ike's barn, waiting for Frenchman; ten o'clock came, elev twelve—he did not appear.

(To be continued.)

# THE ADVANCE OF POPULATION IN THE UNITED STATES.

The decennial inventory of the nation forms an almost inexhaustible source from which the statistician and political economist may draw information concerning the development of the country as to its population, wealth, and industry in their most varied aspects. Not that our census has been as comprehensive in its scope as might be desired. In providing for the last enumeration, some of our ablest statesmen exerted themselves unsuccessfully in favor of having many inquiries, of great interest to political economy, included in its schedules; but, even as it is, the records obtained are fraught with the richest store of information, which, in the able hands of the Superintendent, Gen. Francis A. Walker, will doubtless be made to yield results of so great importance and value as will irresistibly lead to a more perfect system of inquiry at the next recurring term.

A census of the United States offers many aspects widely different from those of any taken in the older countries of Europe, where an almost stationary condition as to area cupied by population, distribution of cro industries, and nationalities, prevails. the United States vast new areas are c tinually being settled by a populat drawn from the older states and larg reinforced by emigration from different tions of Europe. These people, accord to some natural instinct, either seek spars settled districts to devote themselves to a culture, or collect in towns and cities, reso ing to level or hilly countries, to cooler warmer climates, according to some b which it would be difficult to predicate, b which an attentive study of the results str ingly exhibits. Questions like these ha not been dealt with by the able statistici of Europe, since the conditions that give r to them do not exist in their countri That they will be treated in a masterly m ner in the forthcoming reports, those w have had an opportunity of watching t progress of the work can confidently pro ise.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Wyoming
Cheyenne City
Nebraska
Omaha
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Des Moines
Illinois
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Indianapolis
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Columbus
Penn.
Nevada
Carson City
Sacramento
San Francisco
California
Utah
Salt Lake City
Fillmore
Colorado
Denver
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St. Louis
Kentucky
Frankfort
Virginia
Richmond
Arizona
N. Mexico
Santa Fe
Indian Ter.
Arkansas
L. Rock
Tenn.
Nashville
N. Carolina
Raleigh
S.C.
Columbia
Tucson
Texas
Austin
Miss.
Jackson
Ala.
Georgia
Louisiana
N. Orleans
Tallahassee
Florida
Lower California
Gulf of Cal.
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GULF OF MEXICO
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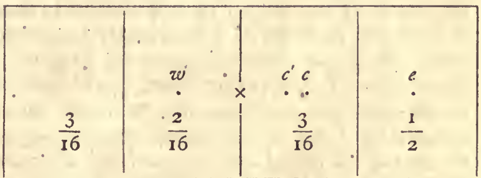
THE UNITED STATES.

In the present article it is proposed to deal with the Advance of Population in its most general aspect, the data being derived from the advance sheets of the population volume distributed by Superintendent Walker.

In order to get some measure of this advance, or some general idea of the rate at which the country is filling up, we will consider the centers of population at different periods and examine their progress.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If the population of a country were uniformly distributed, the center of population would coincide with the geographical center, being that point upon which the area may be said to balance; and if the rate of increase of population were uniform over the whole area, the center of population would not vary from its position. But if, on the other hand, the population be denser in one portion of the country than in others, the center of population will fall away from the geographical center toward the denser portions, and if the population increases more rapidly in the less populated portions, it will advance toward the center of area. This center of population may be more particularly defined as the *center of gravity* of the population, it being, in fact, the point in which the area, loaded with its population, each man in his place, would balance. In order to form a definite idea in regard to this center of gravity, and its movement under a given supposition, let us imagine a rectangular area, as shown in the diagram, divided into four equal parts, containing respectively, one half, three-sixteenths, two-sixteenths, and three-sixteenths of the whole population, reckoning from east to west, and conceiving the population evenly distributed over each quarter. It is now easily seen that the center of population of the eastern quarter lies in the middle of its area, while the center of the other three quarters lies in the middle of the third quarter. Each of these two centers representing one-half of the whole population collectively, that of the whole population must lie midway between them, or in the middle of the second quarter, at *c*, the center of area ( × ) being on the middle dividing line. If now the population were to increase uniformly over the whole area, the relative position of these two centers would not be changed; but if, as in the United States, the population were advancing westward, so that the middle portions gained in a much greater ratio than the eastern part, the center of population will approach that of area.

Let us suppose, for instance, that the increase during a period of ten years in the eastern quarter was fifty per cent., while in the remaining portion of territory the population had doubled. If, under our first assumption, there were two millions in each of the unequal portions under consideration, we will now find three millions in the eastern quarter, and four millions in the three other quarters. Their common center of gravity will no longer be at *c*, midway between their respective centers *e* and *w*, but will have moved towards *w* to *c′*, so as to make the distances *c′e*, *c′w* inversely proportioned to the number of people, or as 4 to 3; and if the distance from *c* to *e* be two hundred miles, that from *c′* to *e* will now be two hundred and twenty-nine miles, and from *c′* to *w* one hundred and seventy-one miles, the center of gravity having advanced twenty-nine miles.

We shall furthermore observe, before proceeding to the actual case in hand, that when the tendency is to a uniform distribution of the population, the excess of increase in the new country over that in the old settlements will in time diminish, and that therefore the approach of the center of population to that of area will proceed at a constantly lessening rate. Without entering upon an elaborate discussion of this proposition, it will suffice to say that the resulting law will not differ essentially from a movement of the center of gravity of population toward its ultimate limit, in a nearly constant ratio of the remaining distance—that is to say, if within a given period the center of gravity has advanced toward its permanent place by one-fourth part of the distance at the beginning of the period, it will in an equal period next succeeding advance over one-fourth of the remaining space, and so on, always assuming that the movement of population is not affected by any extraordinary disturbances.

Let us now turn to the map of the United States. Its geographical center is indicated by the dot just below the middle of the northern boundary of Kansas. Owing to the comparative infertility of the territory lying west of the meridian passing through that center, it is certain that the center of population, when a permanent ratio of distribution shall have been reached, cannot lie far West of the Mississippi river; and since there is no great disparity in the northern and southern zones of the territory as t their power of sustaining a population, it wil be near the middle latitude of 39°, placin it not far from the city of St. Louis, as ha been claimed by persons advocating th removal of the seat of Government to tha place. In what time that condition is likel to be reached, we shall presently endeavor t show our readers how to estimate.

In connection with this article is given th general table of population for the severa States and Territories for each decade, fron 1840 to 1870. Our map shows the corresponding positions of the centers of gravity To enable our readers to transfer them t their own maps, we will give their positions

| *Year.* | *Lat.* | *Long.* | *Approximate Description.* |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1840 | 39° 02′ | 80° 18′ | 22 miles south of Clarksburg, W. Va. |
| 1850 | 38° 59′ | 81° 19′ | 25 miles S. E. of Parkersburg, W. Va. |
| 1860 | 39° 03′ | 82° 50′ | 20 miles south of Chillicothe, Ohio. |
| 1870 | 39° 15′ | 83° 39′ | 5 miles west of Hillsboro, Ohio, o<br>48 miles east by north of Cincinnati. |

The advances in the three periods wer fifty-five, eighty-two, and forty-six miles The comparatively large stride during th second decade, and the checked advanc and more northwardly direction in the third at once strike the eye. The former is attributable to the rapid settlement of Californi after the discovery of gold, by which a considerable population was transferred from th eastern half of the country to its westernmost regions; the latter exhibits the loss i the rate of increase occasioned by the civi war, especially in the South. We may safel assume that disturbing causes of such magnitude cannot again occur, and that th progression will show hereafter but sligh fluctuations from a regular law, since thos extraordinary events have, after all, produce but very moderate inequalities.

Placing now, at a venture, the ultimat position of the center of population 60 miles to the west of its location in 1840 which will bring it between fifty and sixt miles west of St. Louis, we observe that th advance of 180 miles in the last three decades is just three-tenths of the whole distance, leaving 420 miles still to be gained. But three-tenths of this remaining distanc is 126 miles, which may be taken as a goo estimate of the advance during the nex thirty years, and will bring us to a poin some thirty miles south of Indianapolis.

Not wishing to stretch our inferences to far, we leave it to such of our readers a choose to perform the simple calculation fo subsequent periods, which will lead them t the result that in the year 2000 the cente

## POPULATION OF THE UNITED STATES.

| STATES AND TERRITORIES. | 1870 | | 1860 | | 1850 | | 1840 | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Total of the U. States.. | 38,555,983 | | 31,443,321 | | 23,191,876 | | 17,069,453 | |
| Total of the States..... | 38,113,253 | | 31,183,744 | | 23,067,262 | | 17,019,641 | |
| Alabama............. | 16 | 996,992 | 13 | 964,201 | 12 | 771,623 | 12 | 590,756 |
| Arkansas............. | 26 | 484,471 | 25 | 435,450 | 26 | 209,897 | 25 | 97,574 |
| California ............ | 24 | 560,247 | 26 | 379,994 | 29 | 92,597 | .. | ........ |
| Connecticut........... | 25 | 537,454 | 24 | 460,147 | 21 | 370,792 | 20 | 309,978 |
| Delaware ............ | 34 | 125,015 | 32 | 112,216 | 30 | 91,532 | 26 | 78,085 |
| Florida .............. | 33 | 187,748 | 31 | 140,424 | 31 | 87,445 | 27 | 54,477 |
| Georgia.............. | 12 | 1,184,109 | 11 | 1,057,286 | 9 | 906,185 | 9 | 691,392 |
| Illinois.............. | 4 | 2,539,891 | 4 | 1,711,951 | 11 | 851,470 | 14 | 476,183 |
| Indiana..... ........ | 6 | 1,680,637 | 6 | 1,350,428 | 7 | 988,416 | 10 | 685,866 |
| Iowa................. | 11 | 1,191,792 | 20 | 674,913 | 27 | 192,214 | 28 | 43,112 |
| Kansas............... | 29 | 364,399 | 33 | 107,206 | .. | ........ | .. | ........ |
| Kentucky............ | 8 | 1,321,011 | 9 | 1,155,684 | 8 | 982,405 | 6 | 779,828 |
| Louisiana............ | 21 | 726,915 | 17 | 708,002 | 18 | 517,762 | 19 | 352,411 |
| Maine ............... | 23 | 626,915 | 22 | 628,279 | 16 | 583,169 | 13 | 501,793 |
| Maryland............ | 20 | 780,894 | 19 | 687,049 | 17 | 583,034 | 15 | 470,019 |
| Massachusetts........ | 7 | 1,457,351 | 7 | 1,231,066 | 6 | 994,514 | 8 | 737,699 |
| Michigan............. | 13 | 1,184,059 | 16 | 749,113 | 20 | 397,654 | 23 | 212,267 |
| Minnesota........... | 28 | 439,706 | 30 | 172,023 | 33 | 6,077 | .. | ........ |
| Mississippi........... | 18 | 827,922 | 14 | 791,305 | 15 | 606,526 | 17 | 375,651 |
| Missouri ............ | 5 | 1,721,295 | 8 | 1,182,012 | 13 | 682,044 | 16 | 383,702 |
| Nebraska ............ | 35 | 122,993 | 35 | 28,841 | .. | ........ | .. | ........ |
| Nevada.............. | 37 | 42,491 | 36 | 6,857 | .. | ........ | .. | ........ |
| New Hampshire ..... | 31 | 318,300 | 27 | 326,073 | 22 | 317,976 | 22 | 284,574 |
| New Jersey.......... | 17 | 906,096 | 21 | 672,035 | 19 | 489,555 | 18 | 373,306 |
| New York........... | 1 | 4,382,759 | 1 | 3,880,735 | 1 | 3,097,394 | 1 | 2,428,921 |
| North Carolina....... | 14 | 1,071,361 | 12 | 992,622 | 10 | 869,039 | 7 | 753,419 |
| Ohio ............... | 3 | 2,665,260 | 3 | 2,339,511 | 3 | 1,980,329 | 3 | 1,519,467 |
| Oregon.............. | 36 | 90,923 | 34 | 52,465 | 32 | 13,294 | .. | ........ |
| Pennsylvania......... | 2 | 3,521,791 | 2 | 2,906,215 | 2 | 2,311,786 | 2 | 1,724,033 |
| Rhode Island........ | 32 | 217,353 | 29 | 174,620 | 28 | 147,545 | 24 | 108,830 |
| South Carolina....... | 22 | 705,606 | 18 | 703,708 | 14 | 668,507 | 11 | 594,398 |
| Tennessee ........... | 9 | 1,258,520 | 10 | 1,109,801 | 5 | 1,002,717 | 5 | 829,210 |
| Texas ............... | 19 | 818,579 | 23 | 604,215 | 25 | 212,592 | .. | ........ |
| Vermont............. | 30 | 330,551 | 28 | 315,098 | 23 | 314,120 | 21 | 291,948 |
| Virginia ............. | 10 | 1,225,163 | 5 | 1,596,318 | 4 | 1,421,661 | 4 | 1,239,797 |
| West Virginia........ | 27 | 442,014 | .. | ........ | .. | ........ | .. | ........ |
| Wisconsin ........... | 15 | 1,054,670 | 15 | 775,881 | 24 | 305,391 | 29 | 30,945 |
| Total of the Territories. | 442,730 | | 259,577 | | 124,614 | | 43,712 | |
| Arizona.............. | 9 | 9,658 | .. | ........ | .. | ........ | .. | ........ |
| Colorado............. | 4 | 39,864 | 4 | 34,277 | .. | ........ | .. | ........ |
| Dakota.............. | 8 | 14,181 | 6 | 4,837 | .. | ........ | .. | ........ |
| District of Columbia.. | 1 | 131,700 | 2 | 75,080 | 2 | 51,687 | 1 | 43,712 |
| Idaho ............... | 7 | 14,999 | .. | ........ | .. | ........ | .. | ........ |
| Montana ............ | 6 | 20,595 | .. | ........ | .. | ........ | .. | ... .... |
| New Mexico......... | 2 | 91,874 | 1 | 93,516 | 1 | 61,547 | .. | ........ |
| Utah................ | 3 | 86,786 | 3 | 40,273 | 3 | 11,380 | .. | ........ |
| Washington.......... | 5 | 23,955 | 5 | 11,594 | .. | ........ | .. | ........ |
| Wyoming............ | 10 | 9,118 | .. | ........ | .. | ........ | .. | ........ |

of population will still be lingering in Illinois, some thirty miles east of St. Louis. However that may be, it is certainly safe to predict that in 1880 our center will be about ten miles north of Cincinnati.

To some of our readers it will be of interest to learn that in calculating the positions above given the centers for each State have been computed with regard to the relative density of population in their different parts, and that all cities having over 50,000 inhabitants have been treated as separate centers, thus insuring a great degree of accuracy in the result.

Our map exhibits another aspect of the same question. We have drawn upon it lines that divided the population into two equal parts in the several years of the census. Thus, in 1870 one-half of the entire population of 38,556,000 people lived east of a line drawn from Cleveland, Ohio, through West Point, on the boundary between Georgia and Alabama. In 1840, when the population was but little over 17,000,000, such a line might be drawn from Oswego to the northeastern bight of Appalachee Bay, in Florida. The direction of such a bisecting line for any given date is indeed optional, but we have so chosen the arrangement as to conform in some degree to the natural diffusion of the people. The settlements having begun at the sea-coast and spread inward, the line for 1840 is drawn somewhat to represent that idea; at some future time, a line drawn north and south along the meridian of St. Louis will appear most natural and instructive dividing l From the point of intersection of the of 1840 with the 90th meridian, the o lines have been drawn at such distan apart as to bisect the population for e epoch. We may measure their relative vance upon any arc drawn from the p of intersection—as, for instance, on an passing through Cincinnati—and find the cennial progress to be fifty-eight, sixty-n and fifty-one miles. These distances s a similar disparity as those of the cen but the effect of California is felt here by the increased number of persons g westward, unaffected by the great dista to which they have traveled, which enter a factor in determining the center of gra

The lines here presented may be dr on any good map of the United States the following data:—

| *Year.* | *Intersection on Parallel* 45°. | *Intersection Parallel* 30 |
|---|---|---|
| 1840........ | Long. 75° 29′ | Long. 83° |
| 1850........ | " 77 04 | " 84 |
| 1860........ | " 78 51 | " 85 |
| 1870........ | " 80 15 | " 85 |

By a process of reasoning and comp tion similar to that above adopted, ma some allowance for the irregular outlin the northern border, we find that after lapse of three more decades a line dr from the western shore of Saginaw Ba Pensacola will equally divide the popula in the year 1900.

## HER SPHERE.

No outward sign her angelhood revealed,
  Save that her eyes were wondrous mild and fair,—
The aureole round her forehead was concealed
  By the pale glory of her shining hair.

She bore the yoke and wore the name of wife
  To one who made her tenderness and grace
A mere convenience of his narrow life,
  And put a seraph in a servant's place.

She cheered his meager hearth,—she blessed and warmed
  His poverty, and met its harsh demands
With meek, unvarying patience, and performed
  Its menial tasks with stained and battered hands.

She nursed his children through their helpless years,—
  Gave them her strength, her youth, her beauty's prime,—
Bore for them sore privation, toil, and tears,
  Which made her old and tired before her time.

And when fierce fever smote him with its blight
  Her calm, consoling presence charmed his pain;
Through long and thankless watches, day and night,
  Her fluttering fingers cooled his face like rain.

With soft magnetic touch, and murmurs sweet,
  She brought him sleep, and stilled his fretful moan,
And taught his flying pulses to repeat
  The mild and moderate measure of her own.

She had an artist's quick, perceptive eyes
  For all the beautiful; a poet's heart
For every changing phase of earth and skies,
  And all things fair in nature and in art.

She looked with all a woman's keen delight
  On jewels rich and dainty drapery,
Rare fabrics and soft hues,—the happy right
  Of those more favored but less fair than she;

On pallid pearls, which glimmer cool and white,
  Dimming proud foreheads with their purity;
On silks which gleam and ripple in the light,
  And shift and shimmer like the summer sea;

On gems like drops by sudden sunlight kissed,
  When fall the last large brilliants of the rain;
On laces delicate as frozen mist
  Embroidering a winter window-pane;—

Yet, near the throng of worldly butterflies,
  She dwelt, a chrysalis, in homely brown;
With costliest splendors flaunting in her eyes,
  She went her dull way in a gingham gown.

Hedged in by alien hearts, unloved, alone,
  With slender shoulders bowed beneath their load,
She trod the path that Fate had made her own,
  Nor met one kindred spirit on the road.

Slowly the years rolled onward; and at last,
  When the bruised reed was broken, and her soul
Knew its sad term of earthly bondage past,
  And felt its nearness to the heavenly goal,

Then a strange gladness filled the tender eyes,
  Which gazed afar beyond all grief and sin,
And seemed to see the gates of Paradise
  Unclosing for her feet to enter in.

Vainly the master she had served so long
  Clasped her worn hands, and, with remorseful tears,
Cried: "Stay, oh, stay! Forgive my bitter wrong;
  Let me atone for all these dreary years!"

Alas for heedless hearts and blinded sense!
  With what faint welcome and what meager fare,
What mean subjections and small recompense,
  We entertain our angels unaware!

# "SURLY TIM'S TROUBLE,"

## A LANCASHIRE STORY.

"SORRY to hear my fellow-workmen speak so disparagin' o' me? Well, Mester, that's as it may be, yo know. Happen my fellow-workmen ha made a bit o' a mistake—happen what seems loike crustiness to them beant so much crustiness as summut else—happen I mought do my bit o' complainin' too. Yo munnot trust aw yo hear, Mester; that's aw I can say."

I looked at the man's bent face quite curiously, and, judging from its rather heavy but still not unprepossessing outline, I could not really call it a bad face, or even a sulky one. And yet both managers and hands had given me a bad account of Tim Hibblethwaite. "Surly Tim" they called him, and each had something to say about his sullen disposition to silence, and his short answers. Not that he was accused of anything like misdemeanor, but he was "glum loike," the factory people said, and "a surly fellow well deserving his name," as the master of his room had told me.

I had come to Lancashire to take the control of my father's spinning-factory a short time before, and, being anxious to do my best toward the hands, I often talked to one and another in a friendly way, so that I could the better understand their grievances and remedy them with justice to all parties concerned. So, in conversing with men, women, and children, I gradually found out that Tim Hibblethwaite was in bad odor, and that he held himself doggedly aloof from all; and this was how, in the course of time, I came to speak to him about the matter, and the opening words of my story are the words of his answer. But they did not satisfy me by any means. I wanted to do the man justice myself, and see that justice was done to him by others; and then again when, after my curious look at him, he lifted his head from his work and drew the back of his hand across his warm face, I noticed that he gave his eyes a brush, and, glancing at him once more, I recognized the presence of a queer moisture in them.

In my anxiety to conceal that I had noticed anything unusual, I am afraid I spoke to him quite hurriedly. I was a young man then, and by no means as self-possessed as I ought to have been.

"I hope you won't misunderstand me, Hibblethwaite," I said; "I don't mean to complain—indeed, I have nothing to complain of, for Foxley tells me you are the steadiest and most orderly hand he has unde him; but the fact is I should like to mak friends with you all, and see that no one i treated badly. And somehow or other found out that you were not disposed to fee friendly towards the rest, and I was sorry fo it. But I suppose you have some reason o your own."

The man bent down over his work agair silent for a minute, to my discomfiture, bu at last he spoke, almost huskily.

"Thank yo, Mester," he said; "yo're koindly chap or yo wouldn't ha notice An' yo're not fur wrong either. I ha reasor o' my own, tho' I'm loike to keep 'em t mysen most o' toimes. Th' fellows as throw their slurs on me would na understond 'em I were loike to gab, which I never wer But happen th' toime 'll come when Surl Tim 'll tell his own tale, though I often thin its loike it wunnot come till th' Day o' Jud ment."

"I hope it will come before then," I sai cheerfully. "I hope the time is not f away when we shall all understand yo Hibblethwaite. I think it has been misu derstanding so far which has separated yo from the rest, and it cannot last always, yo know."

But he shook his head—not after a sur fashion, but, as I thought, a trifle sadly heavily—so I did not ask any more que tions, or try to force the subject upo him.

But I noticed him pretty closely as tim went on, and the more I saw of him th more fully I was convinced that he was n so surly as people imagined. He never i terfered with the most active of his enemie or made any reply when they taunted hi and more than once I saw him perform silent, half-secret act of kindness. Once caught him throwing half his dinner to wretched little lad who had just come to th factory, and worked near him; and on again, as I was leaving the building on rainy night, I came upon him on the stor steps at the door bending down with an a most pathetic clumsiness to pin the wool shawl of a poor little mite who, like so ma others, worked with her shiftless father ar mother to add to their weekly earnings. was always the poorest and least cared for the children whom he seemed to befrien and very often I noticed that even when h was kindest, in his awkward man fashion, th ttle waifs were afraid of him, and showed heir fear plainly.

The factory was situated on the outskirts f a thriving country town near Manchester, nd at the end of the lane that led from it to he more thickly populated part there was a ath crossing a field to the pretty church and hurch-yard, and this path was a short cut omeward for me. Being so pretty and quiet, he place had a sort of attraction for me, and was in the habit of frequently passing hrough it on my way, partly because it was retty and quiet, perhaps, and partly, I have o doubt, because I was inclined to be weak nd melancholy at the time, my health being roken down under hard study.

It so happened that in passing here one ight, and glancing in among the graves and marble monuments as usual, I caught sight f a dark figure sitting upon a little mound under a tree and resting its head upon its ands, and in this sad-looking figure I recognized the muscular outline of my friend urly Tim.

He did not see me at first, and I was lmost inclined to think it best to leave him lone; but as I half turned away he stirred with something like a faint moan, and then ifted his head and saw me standing in the right, clear moonlight.

"Who's theer?" he said. "Dost ta want owt?"

"It is only Doncaster, Hibblethwaite," I eturned, as I sprang over the low stone wall o join him. "What is the matter, old fellow? I thought I heard you groan just now."

"Yo mought ha done, Mester," he answered heavily. "Happen tha did. I dunnot know mysen. Nowts th' matter though, as I knows on, on'y I'm a bit out o' soarts."

He turned his head aside slightly and began to pull at the blades of grass on the mound, and all at once I saw that his hand was trembling nervously.

It was almost three minutes before he spoke again.

"That un belongs to me," he said suddenly at last, pointing to a longer mound at his feet. "An' this little un," signifying with an indescribable gesture the small one upon which he sat.

"Poor fellow," I said, "I see now."

"A little lad o' mine," he said, slowly and tremulously. "A little lad o' mine an' —an' his mother."

"What!" I exclaimed, "I never knew that you were a married man, Tim."

He dropped his head upon his hand again, still pulling nervously at the grass with the other.

"Th' law says I beant, Mester," he answered in a painful strained fashion. "I canna tell mysen what God-a'-moighty 'ud say about it."

"I don't understand," I faltered; "you don't mean to say the poor girl never was your wife, Hibblethwaite."

"That's what th' law says," slowly; "I thowt different mysen, an' so did th' poor lass. That's what's the matter, Mester: that's th' trouble."

The other nervous hand went up to his bent face for a minute and hid it, but I did not speak. There was so much of strange grief in his simple movement that I felt words would be out of place. It was not my dogged inexplicable "hand" who was sitting before me in the bright moonlight on the baby's grave; it was a man with a hidden history of some tragic sorrow long kept secret in his homely breast—perhaps a history very few of us could read aright. I would not question him, though I fancied he meant to explain himself. I knew that if he was willing to tell me the truth it was best that he should choose his own time for it, and so I left him alone.

And before I had waited very long he broke the silence himself, as I had thought he would.

. . . . . . . .

"It wor welly about six year ago I cum 'n here," he said, "more or less, welly about six year. I wor a quiet chap then, Mester, an' had na many friends, but I had more than I ha' now. Happen I wor better nater'd, but just as loike I wor loighter-hearted—but that's nowt to do wi' it.

"I had na been here more than a week when theer comes a young woman to moind a loom i' th' next room to me, an' this young woman bein' pretty an' modest takes my fancy. She wor na loike th' rest o' the wenches—loud talkin' an' slattern i' her ways, she wor just quiet loike and nowt else. First time I seed her I says to mysen, 'Theer's a lass 'at's seed trouble;' an' somehow every toime I seed her afterward I says to mysen, 'There's a lass 'at's seed trouble.' It wur in her eye—she had a soft loike brown eye, Mester—an' it wur in her voice—her voice wur soft loike, too—I sometimes thowt it wur plain to be seed even i' her dress. If she'd been born a lady she'd ha' been one o' th' foine soart, an' as she'd been born a factory-lass she wur one o' th' foine soart still. So I took to watchin' her an' tryin' to mak' friends wi' her, but I never had much luck wi' her till one neet I was goin' home through th' snow, and I seed her afore fighten' th' drift wi' nowt but a thin shawl over her head; so I goes up behind her an' I says to her, steady and respecful, so as she wouldna be feart, I says:—

"'Lass, let me see thee home. It's bad weather fur thee to be out in by thysen. Tak' my coat an' wrop thee up in it, an' tak' hold o' my arm an' let me help thee along.'

"She looks up right straight forrad i' my face wi' her brown eyes, an' I tell yo, Mester, I wur glad I wur an honest man 'stead o' a rascal, fur them quiet eyes 'ud ha fun me out before I'd ha' done sayin' my say if I'd meant harm.

"'Thaank yo kindly, Mester Hibblethwaite,' she says, 'but dunnot tak' off tha' coat fur me; I'm doin' pretty nicely. It is Mester Hibblethwaite, beant it?'

"'Aye, lass,' I answers, 'it's him. Mought I ax yo're name.'

"'Aye, to be sure,' said she. 'My name's Rosanna—'Sanna Brent th' folk at th' mill allus ca's me. I work at th' loom i' th' next room to thine. I've seed thee often an' often.'

"So we walks home to her lodgings, an' on th' way we talks together friendly an' quiet loike, an' th' more we talks th' more I sees she's had trouble, an' by an' by—bein' ony common workin' folk, we're straightforrad to each other in our plain way—it comes out what her trouble has been.

"'Yo p'raps wouldn't think I've been a married woman, Mester,' she says; 'but I ha', an' I wedded an' rued. I married a sojer when I wur a giddy young wench, four years ago, an' it wur th' worst thing as ever I did i' aw my days. He wur one o' yo're handsome fastish chaps, an' he tired o' me as men o' his stripe allers do tire o' poor lasses, an' then he ill-treated me. He went to th' Crimea after we'n been wed a year, an' left me to shift fur mysen. An' I heard six month after he wur dead. He'd never writ back to me nor sent me no help, but I couldna think he wur dead till th' letter comn. He wur killed th' first month he wur out fightin' th' Rooshians. Poor fellow! Poor Phil! Th' Lord ha mercy on him!'

"That wur how I found out about her trouble, an' somehow it seemed to draw me to her, an' make me feel kindly to'ards her. 't wur so pitiful to hear her talk about th' rascal, so sorrowful an' gentle, an' not gi' him a real hard word for a' he'd done. But that's allers th' way wi' women folk—th' mo yo harry's them, th' more they'll pity yo a pray for yo. Why she wurna more tha twenty-two then, an' she must ha been no but a slip o' a lass when they wur wed.

"How-'sever, Rosanna Brent an' me got be good friends, an' we walked home t gether o' nights, an' talked about our bits wage, an' our bits o' debt, an' th' way th wench 'ud keep me up i' spirits when I w a bit down-hearted about owt, wur just wonder. She wur so quiet an' steady, a when she said owt she meant it, an' sh never said too much or too little. H brown eyes allers minded me o' my mothe though th' old woman deed when I we nobbut a little chap, but I never seed 'Sann Brent smile 'bout thinkin' o' how my moth looked when I wur kneelin' down sayin' m prayers after her. An' bein' as th' lass w so dear to me, I made up my mind to a her to be summat dearer. So once goi home along wi her, I takes hold o' her han an' lifts it up an' kisses it gentle—as gent an' wi' summat th' same feelin' as I'd ki th' Good Book.

"''Sanna,' I says; 'bein' as yo've had s much trouble wi' yo're first chance, wou yo' be afeard to try a second? Could y trust a mon again? Such a mon as m 'Sanna?'

"'I wouldna be feart to trust thee, Tim she answers back soft an' gentle after a ma ner. 'I wouldna be feart to trust thee an time.'

"I kisses her hand again, gentler still.

"'God bless thee, lass,' I says. 'Do that mean yes?'

"She crept up closer to me i' her swee quiet way.

"'Aye, lad,' she answers. 'It mean yes, an' I'll bide by it.'

"'An' tha shalt never rue it, lass,' said 'Tha's gi'en thy life to me, an' I'll gi' min to thee, sure and true.'

"So we wur axed i' th' church t' ne Sunday, an' a month fra then we were we an' if ever God's sun shone on a happy mo it shone on one that day, when we come o o' church together—me and Rosanna—a went to our bit o' a home to begin li again. I couldna tell thee, Mester—the beant no words to tell how happy an' peac ful we lived fur two year after that. M lass never altered her sweet ways, an' I ju loved her to make up to her fur what ha gone by. I thanked God-a'-moighty fur h blessing every day, an' every day I praye to be made worthy of it. An' here's ju

eer I'd like to ax a question, Mester,
ut summat 'ats worretted me a good deal.
unnot want to question th' Maker, but I
ld loike to know how it is 'at sometime
seems 'at we're clean forgot—as if He
ldna fash hissen about our troubles, an'
st loike left 'em to work out theirsens.
see, Mester, an' we aw see sometime he
ks on us an' gi's us a lift, but hasna tha
sen seen times when tha stopt short an'
d thysen, 'Wheer's God-a'-moighty 'at he
straighten things out a bit? Th'
ld's i' a power o' a snarl. Th' righteous
rsaken 'n his seed's beggin' bread. An'
devil's topmost again.' I've talked to
lass about it sometimes, an' I dunnot
k I meant harm, Mester, for I felt hum-
enough—an' when I talked, my lass
'd listen an' smile soft an' sorrowful, but
never gi' me but one answer.

' 'Tim,' she'd say, 'this is on'y th' skoo'
we're th' scholars, an' He's teachin' us
way. We munnot be loike th' children
srael i' th' Wilderness, an' turn away fra th'
ss 'cause o' th' Sarpent. We munnot say,
heers a snake:" we mun say, "Theers
Cross, an' th' Lord gi' it to us." Th'
cher wouldna be o' much use, Tim, if th'
olars knew as much as he did, an' I
rs think it's th' best to comfort mysen wi'
in', Th' Lord-a'-moighty, he knows.'

'An' she allers comforted me too when I
worretted. Life looked smooth some-
them three year. Happen th' Lord
t 'em to me to make up fur what wur
nin.

'At th' eend o' th' first year th' child wur
n, th' little lad here," touching the turf
h his hand, "'Wee Wattie' his mother ca'd
, an' he wur a fine lightsome little chap.
filled th' whole house wi' music day in
day out, crowin' an' crowin'—an' cryin'
sometime. But if ever yo're a feyther,
ster, yo'll find out 'at a baby's cry 's
sic often enough, an' yo'll find, too, if yo
r lose one, 'at yo'd give all yo'd getten
t to hear even th' worst o' cryin'. Ro-
nna she couldna find i' her heart to set
little 'un out o' her arms a minnit, an'
'd go about th' room wi' her eyes aw
ted up, an' her face bloomin' like a slip
a girl's, an' if she laid him i' th' cradle
head 'ud be turnt o'er her shoulder aw'
time lookin' at him an' singin' bits o'
eet-soundin' foolish woman-folks' songs.
howt then 'at them old nursery songs wur
happiest music I ever heard, an' when
nna sung 'em they minded me o' hymn-
es.

"Well, Mester, before th' spring wur out Wee Wat was toddlin' round holdin' to his mother's gown, an' by th' middle o' th' next he was cooin' like a dove, an' prattlin' words i' a voice like hers. His eyes wur big an' brown an' straightforrad like hers, an' his mouth was like hers, an' his curls wur the color o' a brown bee's back. Happen we set too much store by him, or happen it wur on'y th' Teacher again teachin' us his way, but how'sever that wur, I came home one sunny mornin' fro' th' factory, an' my dear lass met me at th' door, all white an' cold, but tryin' hard to be brave an' help me to bear what she had to tell.

"'Tim,' said she, 'th' Lord ha' sent us a trouble; but we can bear it together, canna we, dear lad?'

"That wor aw, but I knew what it meant, though t' poor little lamb had been well enough when I kissed him last.

"I went in an' saw him lyin' theer on his pillows strugglin' an' gaspin' in hard convulsions, an' I seed aw was over. An' in half an hour, just as th' sun crept across th' room an' touched his curls, th' pretty little chap opens his eyes aw at once.

"'Daddy!' he crows out. 'Sithee Dad—!' an' he lifts hissen up, catches at th' floatin' sunshine, laughs at it, and fa's back—dead, Mester.

"I've allers thowt 'at th' Lord-a'-moighty knew what he wur doin' when he gi' th' woman t' Adam i' th' Garden o' Eden. He knowed he wor nowt but a poor chap as couldna do fur hissen; an' I suppose that's th' reason he gi' th' woman th' strength to bear trouble when it comn. I'd ha' gi'en clean in if it hadna been fur my lass when th' little chap deed. I never tackledt owt i' aw my days 'at hurt me as heavy as losin' him did. I couldna abear th' sight o' his cradle, an' if ever I comn across any o' his bits o' playthings, I'd fall to cryin' an' shakin' like a babby. I kept out o' th' way o' th' neebors' children even. I wasna like Rosanna. I couldna see quoite clear what th' Lord meant, an' I couldna help murmuring sad and heavy. That's just loike us men, Mester; just as if th' dear wench as had give him her life fur food day an' neet, hadna fur th' best reet o' th' two to be weak an' heavy-hearted.

"But I getten welly over it at last, an' we was beginnin' to come round a bit an' look forrad to th' toime we'd see him agen 'stead o' lookin' back to th' toime we shut th' round bit of a face under th' coffin lid. Day comn when we could bear to talk about him an' moind things he'd said an' tried to say i' his broken babby way. An' so we were creepin' back again to th' old happy quiet, an' we had been for welly six month, when summat fresh come. I'll never forget it, Mester, th' neet it happened. I'd kissed Rosanna at th' door an' left her standin' theer when I went up to th' village to buy summat she wanted. It wur a bright moonlight neet, just such a neet as this, an' th' lass had followed me out to see th' moonshine, it wur so bright an' clear; an' just before I starts she folds both her hands on my shoulder an' says, soft an' thoughtful:—

"'Tim, I wonder if th' little chap sees us?'

"'I'd loike to know, dear lass,' I answers back. An' then she speaks again:—

"'Tim, I wonder if he'd know he was ours if he could see, or if he'd ha' forgot? He wur such a little fellow.'

"Them wur th' last peaceful words I ever heerd her speak. I went up to th' village an' getten what she sent me fur, an' then I comn back. Th' moon wur shinin' as bright as ever, an' th' flowers i' her slip o' a garden wur aw sparklin' wi' dew. I seed 'em as I went up th' walk, an' I thowt again of what she'd said bout th' little lad.

"She wasna outside, an' I couldna see a leet about th' house, but I heerd voices, so I walked straight in—into th' entry an into th' kitchen, an' theer she wur, Mester—my poor wench, crouchin' down by th' table, hidin' her face i' her hands, an' close beside her wur a mon—a mon i' red sojer clothes.

"My heart leaped into my throat, an fur a minnit I hadna a word, for I saw summat wur up, though I couldna tell what it wur. But at last my voice come back.

"'Good evenin', Mester,' I says to him; 'I hope yo ha'not broughten ill-news? What ails thee, dear lass?'

"She stirs a little, an' gives a moan like a dyin' child; an' then she lifts up her wan, broken-hearted face, an' stretches out both her hands to me.

"'Tim,' she says, 'dunnot hate me, lad, dunnot. I thowt he wur dead long sin'. I thowt 'at th' Rooshans killed him an' I wur free, but I amna. I never wur. He never deed, Tim, an' theer he is—the mon as I wur wed to an' left by. God forgi' him, an' oh, God forgi' me!'

"Theer, Mester, theer's a story fur thee. What dost ta' think o't? My poor lass wasna my wife at aw—th' little chap's mother wasna his feyther's wife, an' never had been. That theer worthless fellow as beat an' starved her an' left her to fight th' w alone, had comn back alive an' well, re to begin again. He could tak' her a fro' me any hour i' th' day, an I couldna sa word to bar him. Th' law said my wife– little dead lad's mother—belonged to h body an' soul. Theer was no law to help —it wur aw on his side.

"Theer's no use o' goin' o'er aw we sai each other i' that dark room theer. I ra an' prayed an' pled wi' th' lass to let carry her across th' seas, wheer I'd heerd theer was help fur such loike; but she p back i' her broken patient way that it wo na be reet, an' happen it wur the Lo will. She didna say much to th' sojer. scarce heerd her speak to him more t once, when she axed him to let her go a by hersen.

"'Tha canna want me now, Phil,' said. 'Tha canna care fur me. Tha n know I'm more this mon's wife than th But I dunnot ax thee to gi me to him cause I know that wouldna be reet; I ax thee to let me aloan. I'll go fur eno off an' never see him more.'

"But th' villain held to her. If she di come wi him, he said, he'd ha' me up be th' court fur bigamy. I could ha' done n der then, Mester, an' I would ha' done i hadna been for th' poor lass runnin' in twixt us an' pleadin' wi' aw her might. we'n been rich foak theer might ha' b some help fur her, at least; th' law might been browt to mak him leave her be, bein' poor workin' foak theer was ony thing: th' wife mun go wi' th' husband, theer th' husband stood—a scoundrel, sing, wi' his black heart on his tongue.

"'Well,' says th' lass at last, fair wea out wi' grief, 'I'll go wi' thee, Phil, an' do my best to please thee, but I wun promise to forget th' mon as has been t to me, an' has stood betwixt me an' world.'

"Then she turned round to me.

"'Tim,' she said to me, as if she haaf feart—aye, feart o' him, an' me sta in' by. Three hours afore, th' law ud ha me mill any mon 'at feart her. 'Tim,' says, 'surely he wunnot refuse to let us together to th' little lad's grave—fur th' time.' She didna speak to him but to an' she spoke still an' strained as if she too heart-broke to be wild. Her face wa white as th' dead, but she didna cry, as other woman would ha' done. 'Co Tim,' she said, 'he canna say no to that.'

"An' so out we went 'thout another w

an' left th' black-hearted rascal behind, sittin' i' th' very room t' little un deed in. His cradle stood theer i' th' corner. We went out into th' moonlight 'thout speakin', an' we didna say a word until we come to this very place, Mester.

"We stood here for a minute silent, an' then I sees her begin to shake, an' she throws hersen down on th' grass wi' her arms flung o'er th' grave, an' she cries out as ef her death-wound had been give to her.

"'Little lad,' she says, 'little lad, dost ta see thee mother? Canst na tha hear her callin' thee! Little lad, get nigh to th' Throne an' plead!'

"I fell down beside o' th' poor crushed wench an' sobbed wi' her. I couldna comfort her, fur wheer wur there any comfort for us? Theer wur none left—theer wur no hope. We was shamed an' broke down—our lives was lost. Th' past wur nowt—th' future wur worse. Oh, my poor lass, how hard she tried to pray—fur me, Mester—yes, fur me, as she lay theer wi' her arms round her dead babby's grave, an' her cheek on th' grass as grew o'er his breast. 'Lord God-a'-moighty,' she says, 'help us—dunnot gi' us up—dunnot, dunnot. We canna do 'thowt thee now, if th' time ever wur when we could. Th' little chap mun be wi' Thee, I moind th' bit o' comfort about getherin' th' lambs ' His bosom. An', Lord, if Tha could spare him a minnit, send him down to us wi' a bit o' leet. Oh, Feyther! help th' poor lad here—help him. Let th' weight fa' on me, not on him. Just help th' poor lad to bear it. If ever I did owt as wur worthy i' Thy sight, let that be my reward. Dear Lord-a'-moighty, I'd be willin' to gi' up a bit o' my own heavenly glory fur th' dear lad's sake.'

"Well, Mester, she lay theer on t' grass prayin' an cryin', wild but gentle, fur nigh haaf an hour, an' then it seemed 'at she got quoite loike, an' she got up. Happen th' Lord had hearkened an' sent th' child—happen He had, fur when she getten up her face looked to me aw white an' shinin' i' th' clear moonlight.

"'Sit down by me, dear lad,' she said, an' hold my hand a minnit.' I set down an' took hold of her hand, as she bid me.

"'Tim,' she said, 'this wur why th' little chap deed. Dost na tha see now 'at th' Lord knew best?'

"'Yes, lass,' I answers humble, an' lays my face on her hand, breakin' down again.

"'Hush, dear lad,' she whispers, 'we cannot time fur that. I want to talk to thee. Wilta listen?'

"'Yes, wife,' I says, an' I heerd her sob when I said it, but she catches hersen up again.

"'I want thee to mak' me a promise,' said she. 'I want thee to promise never to forget what peace we ha' had. I want thee to remember it allus, an' to moind him 'at's dead, an' let his little hand howd thee back fro' sin an' hard thowts. I'll pray fur thee neet an' day, Tim, an' tha shalt pray fur me, an' happen theer'll come a leet. But ef theer dunnot, dear lad—an' I dunnot see how theer could—if theer dunnot, an' we never see each other agen, I want thee to mak' me a promise that if tha sees th' little chap first tha'lt moind him o' me, and watch out wi' him nigh th' gate, and I'll promise thee that if I see him first, I'll moind him o' thee an' watch out true an' constant.'

"I promised her, Mester, as yo' can guess, an' we kneeled down an' kissed th' grass, an' she took a bit o' th' sod to put i' her bosom. An' then we stood up an' looked at each other, an' at last she put her dear face on my breast an' kissed me, as she had done every neet sin' we were mon an' wife.

"'Good-bye, dear lad,' she whispers—her voice aw broken. 'Doant come back to th' house till I'm gone. Good-bye, dear, dear lad, an' God bless thee.' An' she slipped out o' my arms an' wur gone in a moment awmost before I could cry out.

. . . . . . . .

"Theer isna much more to tell, Mester—th' eend's comin' now, an' happen it'll shorten off th' story, so 'at it seems suddent to thee. But it were na suddent to me. I lived alone here, an' worked, an' moinded my own business an' answered no questions fur nigh about a year, hearin' nowt, an' seein' nowt, an' hopin' nowt, till one toime when th' daisies were blowin' on th' little grave here, theer come to me a letter fro' Manchester fro' one o' th' medical chaps i' th' hospital. It wur a short letter wi' prent on it, an' the moment I seed it I knowed summat wur up, an' I opened it tremblin'. Mester, theer wur a woman lyin' i' one o' th' wards dyin' o' some long-named heart-disease, an' she'd prayed 'em to send fur me, an' one o' th' young soft-hearted ones had writ me a line to let me know.

"I started aw'most afore I'd finished readin' th' letter, an' when I getten to th' place I fun just what I knowed I should. I fun Her—my wife—th' blessed lass, an' if I'd been an hour later I would na ha' seen her alive, fur she were nigh past knowin' me then.

"But I knelt down by th' bedside an' I

plead wi' her as she lay theer, until I browt her back to th' world again fur one moment. Her eyes flew wide open aw' at onct, an' she seed me and smiled, aw her dear face quiverin' i' death.

"'Dear lad,' she whispered, 'th' path was na so long after aw. Th' Lord knew—he trod it hissen' onct, yo' know. I knowed tha'd come—I prayed so. I've reached th' very eend now, Tim, an' I shall see th' little lad first. But I wunnot forget my promise—no. I'll look out—for thee—for thee—at th' gate.'

"An' her eyes shut slow an' quiet, an' I knowed she was dead.

"Theer, Mester Doncaster, theer it aw is, for theer she lies under th' daisies cloost by her child, fur I browt her here an' buried her. Th' fellow as come betwixt us had tortured her fur a while an' then left her again, I fun out—an' she were so afeard of doin' me some harm that she wouldna come nigh me. It wur heart disease as killed her, th' medical chaps said, but I knowed better—it wur heart-break. That's aw. Sometimes I think o'er it till I canna stand it any longer, an' I'm fain to come here an' lay my hand on th' grass,—an' sometimes I ha' queer dreams about her. I had one last neet. I thowt 'at she comn to me aw at onct just as she used to look, ony, wi' her white face shinin' loike a star, an' she says, 'Tim, th' path isna so long after aw—tha's come nigh to th' eend, an' me an' th' little chap is waitin'. He knows thee, dear lad, fur I've towt him.'

"That's why I comn here to neet, Mester; an' I believe that's why I've talked so free to thee. If I'm near th' eend I'd loike some one to know. I ha' meant no hurt when I seemed grum an surly. It wurna ill-will, but a heavy heart."

. . . . . . . . .

He stopped here, and his head drooped upon his hands again, and for a minute or so there was another dead silence. Such a story as this needed no comment. I could make none. It seemed to me that the poor fellow's sore heart could bear none. At length he rose from the turf and stood up, looking out over the graves into the soft light beyond with a strange, wistful sadness.

"Well, I mun go now," he said slowly. "Good neet, Mester, good neet, an' thank yo fur listenin'."

"Good night," I returned, adding, in an impulse of pity that was almost a passion, "And God help you!"

"Thank yo again, Mester!" he said, and then turned away; and as I sat pondering I watched his heavy drooping figure threading its way among the dark mounds and white marble, and under the shadowy trees, and out into the path beyond. I did not sleep well that night. The strained, heavy tones of the man's voice were in my ears, and the homely yet tragic story seemed to weave itself into all my thoughts, and keep me from rest. I could not get it out of my mind.

In consequence of this sleeplessness I was later than usual in going down to the factory, and when I arrived at the gates I found an unusual bustle there. Something out of the ordinary routine had plainly occurred, for the whole place was in confusion. There was a crowd of hands grouped about one corner of the yard, and as I came in a man ran against me, and showed me a terribly pale face.

"I ax pardon, Mester Doncaster," he said in a wild hurry, "but theer's an accident happened. One o' th' weavers is hurt bad an' I'm goin' fur th' doctor. Th' loom caugh an' crushed him afore we could stop it."

For some reason or other my heart misgave me that very moment. I pushed forward to the group in the yard-corner, anc made my way through it.

A man was lying on a pile of coats in th middle of the bystanders,—a poor fellov crushed and torn and bruised, but lyin quite quiet now, only for an occasional littl moan that was scarcely more than a quic gasp for breath. It was Surly Tim!

"He's nigh th' eend o' it now!" said one c the hands pityingly. "He's nigh th' last nov poor chap! What's that he's sayin', lads?"

For all at once some flickering sens seemed to have caught at one of the speal er's words, and the wounded man stirre murmuring faintly—but not to the watc ers. Ah, no! to something far, far beyor their feeble human sight—to something the broad Without.

"Th' eend!" he said; "aye, this is t eend, dear lass, an' th' path's aw shinin' summat an!—Why, lass, I can see th plain, an' th' little chap too!"

Another flutter of the breath, one slig movement of the mangled hand, and I be down closer to the poor fellow,—closer, b cause my eyes were so dimmed that I cou not see.

"Lads," I said aloud a few seconds lat "you can do no more for him. His pain over!"

For with the sudden glow of light wh shone upon the shortened path and the wa ing figures of his child and its mother, Su Tim's earthly trouble had ended.

# MR. LOWELL'S PROSE.

SECOND ARTICLE.

WE suspended our discussion of Mr. Lowll's Prose last month with the promise to resent some further illustration of that enhusiasm of momentary sympathy to which is intellectual temperament disposes him, nd by which he is often betrayed into roaching quite irreconcilably contrary critial opinions. We attribute this fault of nconsistency in him to an excess that he is pt to indulge of present sympathy in some articular direction—and yet at times Mr. owell appears rather to us almost, as it ere, pure faculty of intelligence joined to ure capacity of expression apart from any ower of judgment, either to embarrass or to uide. We exaggerate, of course, the deect, though scarcely the merit, in choosing ur statement. His mind is an incomparale instrument of apprehension for all possile forms of human thought. Nothing is so igh, nothing so large, nothing so deep, othing so strange, nothing so subtle, nothng so near, and nothing so far, but once proose it to that "keen seraphic flame" of intelgence, and it will instantly yield its ultimate ecret up to the importunate and imperious uest. His gift of language, too, is adequate o all the hard demands for expression that hus arise. Given a sense, or the shade of a ense, a flavor, or the suspicion of a flavor in is author, and Mr. Lowell will not only eize it for you in an instant. In the same stant he will improvise a form of words for that shall possess every degree of felicity xcept that last degree, the grace not of ature but of art, which, in a charming paraox, that would seem to have been, though probably was not,* itself an illustration, ng ago received the name of "curious felity"—we English transfer rather than transte the happy Latin phrase, *curiosa felicitas* -"careful good-luck." If, therefore, our arch were solely for an intellect to appreend, commanding language to express, every nception that could possibly be submitted its operation, there would be little left to sire beyond the qualifications that meet in r. Lowell. In fact the mere delight of derstanding and of putting into speech too ten seems to satisfy his aspiration. There is no insatiable need incorporated into his mental constitution to seek a ground of unity or of harmony for his various impressions. It is enough for him that he has the present impression, and that he is able to give it a suitable language. To adjust it with another previous impression is no part of his concern. Let both take their chance together. There is no paramount claim. Neither owns any right that can exclude the other. As there was no seizin, there can be no disseizin. The second comer is as good as the first—and no better.

If we compare the closing paragraph of the essay on Shakespeare with a sentence or two occurring incidentally in the course of an essay on "Rousseau and the Sentimentalists," we shall meet with a very good illustration. Mr. Lowell's title, "Shakespeare Once More," implies his own sense of the difficulty of attracting public literary attention by saying anything new on so hackneyed a theme, and the whole essay seems to betray that uneasy effort to overtop predecessors in far-sought hyperbole of adulation, which such a consciousness was likely to beget in a mind not disposed to break in any degree with the prevalent best-bred traditions of criticism on the subject. Accordingly the entire paper has too much the air of seeking its reason of existence in assuming what has already anywhere been said in eulogy of the lucky dramatist, and advancing upon it a degree or two farther in the direction of the conventional extravagance. Having therefore exhausted the resources of his intense and brilliant rhetoric in praising the genius of Shakespeare, what had the critic left for crowning his climax but to set the character of Shakespeare still higher than his genius? It seems that Shakespeare is not only the greatest genius, but the most admirable character, in human history! And this is the style in which the thing is done :—

"But higher even than the genius we rate the character of this unique man, and the grand impersonality of what he wrote. What has he told us of himself? In our self-exploiting nineteenth century, with its melancholy liver-complaint, how serene and high he seems! If he had sorrows, he has made them the woof of everlasting consolation to his kind; and if, as poets are wont to whine, the outward world was cold to him, its biting air did but trace itself in loveliest frost-work of fancy on the many windows of that self-centred and cheerful soul."—*Among my Books*, p. 227.

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* We say "probably was not"—for the phrase is ributed to Petronius Arbiter (Beau Brummel to ero), who used it in speaking of Horace. Petronius s still more a dissolute man of fashion than he was accomplished man of letters—whence little likely have bestowed much curious pains upon his work.

Before analyzing this paragraph to determine the quality of what it contains in itself, let us set alongside of it a few sentences which we find in the essay entitled "Rousseau and the Sentimentalists:"—

"There is nothing so true, so sincere, so downright and forthright, as genius. It is always truer than the man himself is, greater than he. If Shakespeare the man had been as marvelous a creature as the genius that wrote his plays, that genius so comprehensive in its intelligence, so wise even in its play, that its clowns are moralists and philosophers, so penetrative that a single one of its phrases reveals to us the secret of our own character, would his contemporaries have left us so wholly without record of him as they have done, distinguishing him in no wise from his fellow-players?"—*Among my Books*, p. 359. . . .

The collation of these two passages offers to the pleased student of truth the following important results:

On the one hand, in the same individual the genius is always greater than the character.

On the other hand, the character is sometimes greater than the genius in the same individual.

In Shakespeare notably the genius was greater than the character.

But in turn the character was greater than the genius in Shakespeare.

If now it could also appear that perhaps, in addition to being sometimes both mutually superior and mutually inferior to each other, genius and character were likewise never either superior or inferior to each other, but were, on the contrary, always exactly equal, or, better still, essentially identical, the satisfaction of the inquiring and ingenuous mind would be complete. Nothing is to be despaired of to the reader of Mr. Lowell. We shuffle the pages and we have: "Nay, may we not say that great character is as rare a thing as great genius, if it be not even a nobler form of it?"—*Among my Books*, p. 298. All the stimulating antinomies necessary to constitute a many-sided, in fact, a completely spherical criticism are realized here.

In close connection with the sentence just cited from the essay on Lessing we find this: "Since Luther, Germany has given birth to no such intellectual athlete [as Lessing]—to no son so German to the core. [The anti-climax is a favorite figure of Mr. Lowell's.] Greater poets she has had, but no greater writer." Poets and writers are not generally understood to be antithetical classes. What Mr. Lowell means by the discrimination we have honestly studied to find out, but in vain. Whether he means that take Lessing's poetry, indifferent as it is, and his prose together, they make him a greater author than any other German poet or prose writer, greater even than Goethe (*posthabita Samo*); or whether he means that Lessing, though surpassed in poetry, has never been surpassed in prose by any German; or whether he means that, considering Lessing the man along with Lessing the author, we must rank him as Germany's greatest,—whether one of these three things, or some fourth thing, fa wiser, that we have not had the luck to hi upon at all, Mr. Lowell himself would have to be invoked to decide. He ends the passage by acknowledging Goethe to be "right fully pre-eminent," and then putting Lessing above him, both in the same sentence. O the whole, Mr. Lowell in this instance ha chosen not to offer us Lessing's famou hypothetical alternative. His right hand with the truth of his meaning in it, he keep back. But in his left hand he certainly hold out to us the most liberal opportunity o eternally seeking the truth.

It were an idle inquiry which one of th two somewhat inconsistent judgments o Shakespeare above quoted is Mr. Lowell more intimate conviction. The one inc dentally suggested by way of illustration the course of a discussion not directly r lated to Shakespeare is perhaps more like to reflect Mr. Lowell's habitual thought, ar it has, beyond that, the advantage of com mon sense on its side. But attentive readi of nearly the entire body of criticism com prised in these volumes strongly tends persuade us that both the judgments Shakespeare which we have thus broug together for mutual acquaintance from qua ters so widely separated, were neither mo nor less, in their several places, than me rhetorical expedients. They were imp vised for different occasions. It was b natural that they should differ from ea other.

It was not necessary to bring together se tences from separate essays in order to ill trate Mr. Lowell's cheerful independence himself. Within the brief compass of essay on Pope these various expressions cur—harmonize them who can: "In Pop next poem, the 'Essay on Criticism,' the and poet become apparent."—*My St*

*Windows*, pp. 409–410. "I come now to what in itself would be enough to have immortalized him as a poet, the 'Rape of the Lock,' in which, indeed, he appears more purely as poet than in any other of his productions."—*Ib.*, p. 410. "I think he has here touched exactly the point of Pope's merit, and, in doing so, tacitly excludes him from the position of poet, in the highest sense."—*Ib.*, p. 423–4. "However great his merit in expression, I think it impossible that a true poet could have written such a satire as the Dunciad."—*Ib.*, p. 425. "Even in the 'Rape of the Lock,' the fancy is that of a wit rather than of a poet."—*Ib.*, p. 425. "The abiding presence of fancy in his best work [the 'Rape of the Lock'] forbids his exclusion from the rank of poet."—*Ib.*, p. 432. "Where Pope, as in the 'Rape of the Lock,' found a subject exactly level with his genius, he was able to make what, taken for all in all, is the most perfect poem in the language."—*Ib.*, p. 432.* These citations we have given in the order in which they occur in the text with the exception of the last two, which we could not resist the temptation to transpose for the sake of securing, as we thought, a little happier climax.

But let us return to look again at the paragraph with which Mr. Lowell concludes the most important, and in many respects the best, of his essays. Mr. Lowell says that he honors the character still more than he honors the genius of Shakespeare. "Higher even than the genius we rate the character of this unique man," are his words. Thus far the sentence is simple and the sense is easy to the understanding, however hard it may be to the judgment. But after a manner of Mr. Lowell's he adds an unexpected clause. The purpose apparently is to make the sense easier to the judgment. The principal effect, however, is to make the sense harder to the understanding. The whole sentence is: "Higher even than the genius we rate the character of this unique man, and the grand impersonality of what he wrote." As if suddenly conscious, with that swift, not seldom too swift, synthesis of thought for which Mr. Lowell is justly remarkable, as if thus suddenly conscious of the bald absurdity involved in such an avowal of preference with respect to a man of whose personal history we know little, and of whose personal history his wisest admirers would wish we knew less; Mr. Lowell attaches a kind of rider to his principal clause, in the words "and the grand impersonality of what he wrote," by way of an interpretative enfeeblement of the meaning, as willing so to reduce it within rational bounds. Mr. Lowell, then, unable to ground his preference of Shakespeare's character to Shakespeare's genius on knowledge, grounds it on ignorance, of the man. Shakespeare the man is more admirable than Shakespeare the genius, because Shakespeare the genius is impersonal in his work! But Shakespeare was far from impersonal certainly in his sonnets—poems full of a luscious sweetness in passages, and with hints here and there of the Shakespearean insight, but of a prevailing quality such that the gentle-spoken and judicious Hallam is well warranted in his regret that they ever were written. Mr. Lowell therefore must refer to the impersonal quality of Shakespeare in his dramas. But the inexorable condition of success in dramatic composition is that the writer shall forego the pleasure of obtruding his own personality in his work. To be willing to forego this pleasure is one thing—to be able to forego it is another. To be willing to forego it may be manly. That perhaps is a matter of character. To be able to forego it is a higher achievement. But that is a matter of genius. To use a homely figure, emboldened by the plentiful example of Mr. Lowell himself, we may say that the sentence has neatly, like a cat, caught its tail in its mouth. For, saying that Shakespeare's character is more wonderful than his genius, because his genius is impersonal in its work, is only saying that Shakespeare's genius is more wonderful than his genius. A lame and impotent conclusion, to be sure, but worthier than to have let the unqualified absurdity of the first declaration stand.

The few sentences that follow the one on which we have now particularly remarked at the close of the essay on Shakespeare, are characterized by a peculiarity of Mr. Lowell's manner which often offends in him against purity and homogeneity of tone. We quote again: "What has he told us of himself? In our self-exploiting nineteenth century, *with its melancholy liver-complaint*, how serene and high he seems! If he had sorrows, he has made them the woof of everlasting consolation to his kind; and if, as poets are wont to *whine*, the outward world was cold to him, its biting air did but trace itself in loveliest frost-work of fancy on the many windows of that self-centred and cheerful soul." We do not think that poets are wont to "whine" that the outward world was cold to Shakespeare. Nor do we think that the world was cold to Shakespeare, or is, or is ever likely to be, to him, or to any of his kind. Shakespeare is of the world, and the world always loves its own. Nor again, to take Mr. Lowell now as he means, and no longer as he says, can it be truly charged against "poets" that they "are wont to whine" of the world as cold to them. Here and there a poet "whines," no doubt, often with good reason, too, of the world's coldness to his claims. But more poets, against good reason, refrain from whining. "Whining" is not characteristic of their class.* Whatever may be the truth as to this, it is a disagreeable, a peevish, a morbid note interjected here to speak of the century's "melancholy liver-complaint," and of the poets' "whine." Such discords in tone are very frequent everywhere with Mr. Lowell. They have a singularly disenchanting effect on the reader. They make him ask himself, Does this cracked voice, this frequent sudden falsetto, betray the critic's natural expression, and is the manful heartiness and wholesomeness, are the sound chest-tones, with which he generally aims to speak, the artificial instrument which nature, overmastering habit, ever and anon makes him forget to use?

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* "Thet is, I mean, it seems to me so,
But, ef the public think I'm wrong,
I wunt deny but wut I be so,—"
—*The Biglow Papers.*

How purely false and sentimental the suggestion is about Shakespeare's exposure to the neglect of the world, is understood at once on recalling the fact that he retired to Stratford, in his still unbroken prime, accompanied by the general good-will, to enjoy an income reasonably computed to have been equivalent to ten thousand dollars (present value) a year. And as to the admirableness of his temper under such very tolerable poet's adversity, Mr. Richard Grant White sorrowfully testifies that Shakespeare's chief latter wish seemed to be to rank as a considerable landed proprietor in his native shire, and that the records show his serene highness to have been repeatedly engaged in the extremely human occupation of suing delinquent debtors to recover sums nominated in his bonds!

But Mr. Lowell loves to say whatever admits of being said, and he has been willing to compromise his challenge for Shakespeare of complete impersonality in his dramas, so far as to suggest the ingenious and interesting conjecture that Prospero perhaps was consciously intended to represent the dramatist himself.* There is at least a plausible illustrative fitness in the suggestion. No character of all that miniature mankind which inhabits the microcosmic page of Shakespeare so happily answers to our conception of Shakespeare himself as the gracious and gentle wizard Prospero. The wisest loyalty to Shakespeare's fame will not seek to enthrone him too high. Tennyson's lines seat him high enough:—

> For there was Milton like a seraph strong,
> Beside him Shakespeare bland and mild.

It is much if Shakespeare be admitted to smooth his placid brow in neighborhood to the severe and serene, the seraphic aspect of Milton. More it were mere fatuity to ask.

Mr. Lowell is perhaps at his strongest as critic when he is characterizing single qualities of his author, and when he is indulging those minor appreciations of particular passages and phrases or charm-like words which he loves to intersperse throughout his more general discussions. His sentiment and his fancy are exquisitely susceptible to verbal spells, and he is seldom or never at fault in divining just where the true secret of a poetic incantation lies. He thus speaks of Milton's "fulmined over Greece" as "Virgilian" in its Latinized phrase, and as conveying "at once the idea of flash and [of] reverberation," while avoiding "that of riving and shattering." He contrasts with this the Shakespearean "oak-cleaving thunderbolts" and "the all-dreaded thunder-stone" as differently fine in equally effective adherence to the native Saxon idiom. "What home-bred English," he aptly asks, however, "could ape the [']high Roman fashion['] of such togated words as

> The multitudinous sea[s] incarnadine,

where the huddling epithet implies the tempest-tossed soul of the speaker, and at the same time pictures the wallowing waste of ocean more vividly than the famous phrase of Æschylus does its rippling sunshine?" The "*more* vividly" here is in accordance with Mr. Lowell's tendency to overstatement. The "innumerable laughter" of Æschylus is Attic, and "the multitudinous seas incarnadine" is a kind of British Romanesque, but the Greek and the English, so far as we can see, are equally vivid for their several purposes. It is hard for Mr. Lowell to secure harmony—his single felicities are instinctive. "Milton's parsimony (so rare in him) [in whom else, pray, than Milton, should 'Milton's parsimony' be rare? But how again, f parsimony be rare in Milton, is there properly any such quality as 'Milton's parsimony' to be spoken of at all?] makes the success of his

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* Mr. Lowell repeatedly accuses his age of "liver-complaint." In *Among my Books*, p. 332, he says sentimentalism ["melodious whining"] began with Rousseau. In the same volume, p. 366, he says it began with Petrarch—several centuries earlier.

* "Prospero (the very Shakespeare himself, as it were, of the tempest)."
Coleridge, Am. Ed., vol. iv., p. 75.

> Sky lowered, and muttering thunder some sad drops
> Wept at completion of the mortal sin.'"

Here the particular appreciation is just and ine, but the generalized depreciation is hasty and unsustained. Can the author of

> "Rose like an exhalation"

to describe the noiseless, swift, and buoyant spring of that aërial architecture under fallen-angelic hands—of

> "seems another morn
> Risen on midnoon,"

to describe the sudden illumination of Raphael's descent to Adam and Eve in Eden—of

> "Led her blushing like the morn,*"

to describe the auroral flush of color that suffused the maiden Eve as Adam for the first time took her hand—of

> "Rose, as in dance, the stately trees,"

to describe the solemn and choral alacrity with which the just-created trees sprang to their station and their stature, at the fiat of the Omnific Word—of

> "what seemed his head
> The likeness of a kingly crown had on,"

to describe the spectral brow, that wore the spectral crown, of Death—the apparition of a crown on the apparition of a brow—of

> "Far off his coming shone,"

to describe the advancing state of Filial Deity bent against the rebel angels—of

> "Eternal wrath
> Burned after them to the bottomless pit,"

to describe the pauseless, measureless, ruinous rout of the apostate host fleeing into the abyss—can the author of these and of many other such creative phrases of the great imagination be wisely characterized as not knowing how to be effectively frugal in words? But Mr. Lowell, according to his wont, was exclusively occupied with devotion to a single author. He had no use for Milton here but to make him a foil for his Shakespeare.

A curious parallel might be cited that superficially would prove the exact opposite of Mr. Lowell's dictum as to Shakespeare's and Milton's comparative parsimony with words in the production of their effects. Shakespeare has:

> "as sweet
> And musical as bright Apollo's lute
> Strung with his hair."

Milton has:

> "As musical as is Apollo's lute."

Milton's line is from one of his youthful pieces, the "Comus," and if he followed Shakespeare's in it, as is unlikely, the copyist's natural temptation to justify himself by drawing out his original in additions, only makes the self-restraint manifested more noteworthy. It would look at first sight as if Milton were here, in a crucial case, proved the more frugal of the two. The wanton overgrowth, if there is any in either, is certainly Shakespeare's rather than Milton's. But we should fall into Mr. Lowell's own mistake of precipitate judgment to affirm a characteristic difference between the two poets on so slight a foundation. The truth rather is, that Milton was discoursing of divine philosophy and an Attic taste happened here best to become him. Shakespeare's different purpose permitted the fanciful excesses of his verse, and with help to his more composite effect. And in general the fact seems to be that both Shakespeare (at least when he is pure dramatist and not proper poet at all) and Milton are indifferently ready to be now concentrated and now diffuse, as the particular occasion requires. If Shakespeare wishes to flash a sudden effect upon us, like a gleam of lightning which reveals a whole world in an instant, he makes King Lear invoke the aged elements in that sublime, that most pathetic adjuration—though even here the luxurious habits of Shakespeare's less disciplined genius tempt him to be lavish after he had shown himself capable of munificent parsimony.* If he describes Cleopatra's barge or the Field of the Cloth of Gold, he does as Milton does in describing Hell and in describing Paradise; he overwhelms us with profusion. Mr. Lowell is primarily a poet, next he is a rhetorician, pure critic is he last of all, or not at all. He criticises very well as long as he remains a poet. When he becomes a rhetorician, his criticism is often a series of misleading freaks.

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* With the incandescent purity of this unfallen similitude of Milton's, to which it would not be unfit to apply the language of his own resplendent line—

> "Of radiant Urim, work divinely wrought—"

Mr. Richard Grant White, with such felicity, compares the following equivocal leer in Shakespeare—

> "A pudency so rosy, the sweet view on't
> Might well have warmed old Saturn—"

to the advantage of Shakespeare of course—because Shakespeare's verses have no "*like*" in them!

* We are perfectly conscious that our instance from

It seems strange, by the way, to note a word wrong or a word out of place in poetical citations made by a taste so nice as Mr. Lowell's, and, shall we add, by a criticism so very exigent in its demands of exactness from others. That Goldsmith's

> "Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow,"

should appear

> "Remote, unfriend*ly*,"

in Mr. Lowell's text (*Among my Books*, p. 37), may be attributed to negligent revision of the press, or even to intentional change (though the change seems not required by the purpose), the better to humor a pleasantry of the critic's. But Wordsworth's beamy verse,

> "The light that never was on sea or land,"

becomes

> "The light that never was on land or sea"

on Mr. Lowell's page (*My Study Windows*, p. 388), as if taken carelessly at second-hand from current misquotation.* Did Mr. Lowell mean to offer us a silent emendation in quoting (*Among my Books*, p. 161)

> "The multitudinous *sea* incarnadine"

for

> "The multitudinous *seas* incarnadine"?

Mr. Lowell very frankly furnishes us the means of tracing the pedigree of that unhappy compound adjective of his in the "Cathedral," *down-shod*, when he invites our admiration to Dryden's heavy-buoyant, tramping-tripping

> "——and all ye hours,
> That danced away with down upon your feet."

He can afford to be frank, for he has certainly packed Dryden's conceit in the ver smallest possible compass, and it is a case i which verbal parsimony is cogently recommended by the slight value of the idea to b expressed. The sentiment recurs severa times in Mr. Lowell's prose, which he ha also induced to sing modestly in very nea verse,—verse good enough, in fact, to be le alone for ultimate on the subject, and so t stand for illustration of itself—

> "Though old the thought and oft exprest,
> 'Tis his at last who says it best."

This is the theory on which Mr. Lowel appears to have written his essays. Succes would have been its own sufficient justification. Adequate effort would have condone a failure. To have failed without the effo made, betrays a conception on the author part of the conditions under which a vit literature is produced that falls, we thin very far below the pitch of their true gravit and severity.

But we reproach ourselves. We feel th we have as yet done scant justice to th prolific critical results that flow from M Lowell's emancipated literary methods. Th new criticism prepares literally no end exhilarating shocks for its trustful disciple Take a fresh example: "The quality in hi [Shakespeare] which makes him at once thoroughly English and so thoroughly co mopolitan is that aëration of the understan ing by the imagination which he has in co mon with all the greater poets, and which the privilege of genius."—*Among my Book* p. 182. We easily forgive the inelegance the duplicated relative constructions he when we consider how much the critic h to express, and what strength of elastic m tual repugnancy among its components was obliged to overcome in order to embra them all harmoniously within the bounds a single sentence. Note: To have t understanding leavened with imagination English [!], is thoroughly English; it is u versal, thoroughly universal; next, in t wide distribution of this English trait everybody in the world, Shakespeare eve and with him all the greater poets, have n been overlooked; while, finally, genius p sesses it in a kind of monopoly. What, ask, could be more inspiriting to the youth mind than to be whirled about for a seas in the vortices of a sentence like tha What—unless it be to find out after t

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Shakespeare makes rather against than for our concession to him of the quality in question. The fact is, that Shakespeare's *dramatic* imagination often enough produces its effects with few words; but his *poetic* imagination, call it fancy rather, had a quite irresistible tendency to "native" profusion. We have tried in vain to recall a good example in Shakespeare of a distinctively poetic effect, on a grand scale, produced as are so many of Milton's, by a stroke of language. So wholly wrong seems Mr. Lowell to us to have been in his discrimination of Shakespeare and Milton on this point.

* We notice that Mr. Whittier quoting this line makes the same mistake, in his charming Introduction to John Woolman's Journal.

xcitement is over that Mr. Lowell has
ontrived it all without any real paradox in
hought by mere legerdemain of style? For
Ir. Lowell's meaning is apparently this:
'hat Shakespeare's solidity of understanding
ept him thoroughly national as an English-
ian, while his gift of imagination, qualifying
iat, put him in effective sympathy with all
ien of every race;—that this temperament
elongs to great poets generally, and is
ideed the prerogative of genius. A very
ensible view, which it required some inge-
uity to present so as to produce the authen-
c lively and refreshing effect of paradox.

Again: "he [Shakespeare] was an Eng-
sh poet in a sense that is true of no
ther."—*Among my Books*, p. 226. "Dry-
en, the most English of our poets."—*Ib.*, p.
2.

Once more: "If I may trust my own
idgment, it ['the Roman genius'] pro-
uced but one original poet, and that was
Iorace."—*My Study Windows*, pp. 238–239.
The invocation of Venus, as the genetic
orce of nature, by Lucretius, seems to me
ie one sunburst of purely poetic inspiration
hich the Latin language can show."—*Ib.*,
. 239.

Of Burns, Mr. Lowell says that he has
een wronged by that "want of true appre-
iation which deals in panegyric, and would
ut asunder those two things which God has
oined,—the poet and the man."—*Among*
*iy Books*, p. 291. Having thus once for all
eclared the genius and the man indissolubly
iarried, he divorces them (and it happens
y a very fine felicity to be in allusion to
urns again) after this fashion: "With
enius itself we never find any fault. . . .
Ve care for nothing outside the poem itself.
. . Whatever he was or did, somehow
r other God let him be worthy to write *this*,
nd that is enough for us. We forgive every-
hing to the genius; we are inexorable to the
ian."—*Among my Books*, p. 356.

"Character,—the only soil in which real
iental power can root itself and find suste-
ance."—*Among my Books*, p. 318. "Shake-
peare, Goethe, Burns,—what have their
iographies to do with us? Genius is not a
uestion of character."—*Among my Books*,
. 357.

Mr. Lowell's talent for fairness (give him
oom to "orb about") is, we half suspect,
omething more than talent. It has at least
ne of the characteristics which he himself
ttributes to genius. It is exceedingly
'forthright." And sometimes we even
hink it is "greater than he;" for we find it now and then snatching a grace of comprehensive impartiality a little beyond, we are sure, the reach of the critic's conscious art. The analysis and harmony of the following passages will supply several instances:

"[We] will venture to assert that it is only poets of the second class that find successful imitators. And the reason seems to us a very plain one. The genius of the great poet seeks repose in the expression of itself, and finds it at last in style, which is the establishment of a perfect mutual understanding between the worker and his material. The secondary intellect, on the other hand, seeks for excitement in expression, and stimulates itself into mannerism, which is the wilful obtrusion of self, as style is its unconscious abnegation." . . . "I know that Milton's manner is very grand. . . But it is manner, nevertheless, as is proved by the ease with which it is parodied," etc.—*Among my Books*, p. 181, and 184.

"Language, I suspect, is more apt to be reformed by the charm of some master of it, like Milton, than by any amount of precept. The influence of second-rate writers for evil is at best ephemeral, for true style, the joint result of culture and natural aptitude, is always in fashion, as fine manners always are, in whatever clothes."—*My Study Windows*, pp. 401–402.

"The dainty trick of Tennyson cloys when caught by a whole generation of versifiers, as the *style* [italics Mr. Lowell's] of a great poet never can be."—*My Study Windows*, p. 211.

The first of the foregoing citations makes broad the distinction between "manner" and "style," and affirms that "manner" is the brand of second-class genius, while "style" is the attribute exclusively of first-class genius. It ascribes "manner" to Milton, accounting thus for the fact alleged of his being imitable, and inferring thence his second-class rank:

The second of the citations contrasts the ephemeral influence exerted on letters for evil by the mannerisms of second-rate writers, with the perennial influence exerted on letters for good by the "true style" of a master of language like Milton:

The third of the citations pronounces it a universal law that "*style*," pertaining only to first-class genius, is beyond the reach of imitation.

It thus appears that

First, if Mr. Lowell has in one place roundly refused to Milton the attribute of "style," that circumstance in his opinion is no reason why he should not, in another place, handsomely concede to Milton the attribute of "style;"

Secondly, if Mr. Lowell has in one place formally demonstrated that Milton was a second-class writer, he is not therefore the less ready in another place, with great and unconscious liberality, to imply that he was not a second-class writer; and,

Thirdly, if Mr. Lowell has seen it necessary to affirm in one place that Milton's lack of "style," as distinguished from "manner," exposed him to imitation, he would consider it mere critical bigotry not to acknowledge in another place the equally important complementary fact that Milton's possession of "style," as distinguished from "manner," rendered him for ever incapable of being imitated.

It may possibly be that within the compass of these volumes an instance could be found where either the positive or the negative pole of expressed opinion on a critical point has been left unsupported by the presence somewhere in them of the just counterpoising repulsion of its diametrical opposite. But in face of criticism so unconsciously provident as this, we should not like to assert it.

One experiences several successive degrees, as the medical men say, of effect from the influence of Mr. Lowell's company when he is exercising his office of critic. The first degree is a certain bewilderment. Follows a rallying surprise and shock. Then for a while one feels his spirits constantly rising. One could take critical excursions forever with Mr. Lowell. There is such a delightful sense of escape. The attraction of gravitation is abolished, and we are careering away at large on the wings of the wind in the boundless country of the unconditioned. In fact, we are going up in a balloon. It is glorious. But we grow a little light-headed. We remember Gambetta. Gambetta went up in a balloon. One would not like to resemble Gambetta. Our elation gives way. We pray for a return to the domain of law. We sigh like Ganymede, like Europa, for the solid ground. The Pegasean gait that seems proper for the poet becomes extremely discomposing at last in the critic. If the journey is to be a critical one (no pun is intended, though the temptation is great, and Mr. Lowell's example is very contagious) we choose the peaceful paces of the steady-going palfry that keeps to mother earth rather than the ample bounds in air of a "courser of immortal strain."

What has already been given may suffice for a conspectus of Mr. Lowell's critical discrepancies. We are ready now for a littl further attention to the style independentl of the criticism.

The most characteristic and most essentia happens also to be the most salient qualit of Mr. Lowell's style. It is a *wit* that i as omnipresent and as tireless as electricit itself. He himself says in English of Ca lyle what, as has elsewhere been pointed o by another, had already been said in Frenc of Michelet, that he saw history by flashes c lightning. It would be equally true to say c Mr. Lowell that he reads literature by flashe of wit. The effect is quite indescribabl A quivering phosphorescent sheen pla everywhere over the pages, and sets them i a tremulous illumination that never permi the attention of the reader to sleep. T give any adequate idea by example of th pervasive influence on his prose of th quality of Mr. Lowell's, we should be oblige to quote the entire contents of the volume We are sure that no other equal amount c literature could be produced that would yiel to a competent assay a larger net result c pure wit. Generally the spirit of the wit humane and gracious. Often, even in cas where it appears to be otherwise, the acerbi is so manifestly assumed for the sake of tl wit that we easily forgive the illusion of pa inflicted to the reality of the pleasure co ferred. But here, as in some other point Mr. Lowell sins by too much. He h humored his wit till his wit has become to wayward for him. The servant and the mast exchange places. Mr. Lowell's exaggerate sense of the ludicrous cheats him into th indulgence of the extravagant and grotesqu The "aërating" principle predominates his temperament. And yet when we e counter in him the levity that results fro vivacity unrestrained, we remain still at a lo whether to blame or to excuse. On th one hand, his gifts and his accomplishment perhaps we ought to add the pretensions i plied in his work, incline us to hold him to strict accountability. But, on the othe we doubt if his opportunities have been f vorable. It is true enough that brillia table-talk and the wit that wins the ea applause of wondering undergraduates a a material that needs to be selected fro with very wasteful heed before it can l wrought into a durable literature. B how, suppose one is worked so hard an every-day vocation that the bright i provisations which have been forced out an overtaxed mental vitality by the commo

ce occasions of the dinner-table and the
s-room, are the best or the only response
t he has it in his power to make to the
and on him for books? We do not
rm that the genesis of Mr. Lowell's essays
uch as we have suggested. That would
presumptuous, for we know nothing about
matter. But it is a perfectly sincere
rture of extenuation on Mr. Lowell's
alf to have made the suggestion. And
insist that the texture of much of the
nposition agrees well with our hypothesis.
s extemporisation. The sallies of wit are
uently, if they are not prevailingly, of
that sort which a very ready-minded and
y full-minded man might make, stimulated
helpful atmosphere of sympathetic social
reciation on the convivial occasion, or
n the professor's chair. They are lively,
they are too lively. The criticism like-
e and the discussion have that uncon-
ered and desultory quality which, while
y misbecoming to serious composition, is
ault readily excused in the extemporary
ture, and is a positive charm in conversa-
n. The construction of the sentences is
eed often very elaborate, but elaborate in
h a way as almost tempts one to think
t all were written under some whimsical
olution never once to change the mould
expression in which the crude thought
ght first to be cast. The really remark-
e incoherences and inconsistencies that
racterize Mr. Lowell's prose, considered
an individual body of literature, are most
urally accounted for when we suppose
t his essays grew under his hands sentence
sentence and paragraph on paragraph, as
nce opportunity served, by a process of
tinct accretions separated from each other
irregular intervals of time, without the
ience afterward bestowed to fuse all into
ty in the costly welding glow of one long-
ntinued imaginative heat. It is pertinent
ther to say that criticisms produced as
se have been, at different epochs in the
tory of a living and growing mind, might
urally contain some few expressions of
inion not wholly congruous with one
other. The just reason why Mr. Lowell
iable now to critical censure on account
his incongruous expressions is threefold:
the first place, they often occur in one
d the same essay; in the second place,
ey are too serious and too numerous, as
nd in different essays; and, in the third
ce, the essays should, at all events, have
en made to harmonize when they were
ally collected into volumes. Was the leisure lacking to him for such editorial revision of his work? Then it would have profited to remember that a single one of these essays severely finished—as a patience on Mr. Lowell's part equal to his genius might surely have finished at least one of them—would constitute a better guaranty to him of his individual fame than all of them together do in their actual state. It would, too, be incalculably a more useful genetic and regulative force in literature. Mr. Higginson has learned from Emerson a wiser lesson than Mr. Lowell.

As already suggested, we should despair of making any fair impression of Mr. Lowell's wit by specimen quotations. But here is a good stroke, sudden, light, and, rarest of all qualities in Mr. Lowell's wit, momentary as an electric spark. He is speaking of Lessing's play, "Nathan:" "As a play it has not the interest of Minna or Emilia, though the Germans, who have a praiseworthy national stoicism where one of their great writers is concerned, find in seeing it represented a grave satisfaction, like that of subscribing to a monument."—*Among my Books*, p. 345.

Again, in the essay on "Witchcraft" he is describing the circumstances under which a man who had sold himself to the Devil was taken away by the purchasing party "as per contract:" "The clothes and wig of the involuntary aeronaut were, in the handsomest manner, left upon the bed, as not included in the bill of sale."—*Among my Books*, p. 98.

Once again, what could be more delicious than this? Mr. Lowell relates one of his experiences in relieving mendicants: "For seven years I helped maintain one heroic man on an imaginary journey to Portland,—as fine an example as I have ever known of hopeless loyalty to an ideal."—*My Study Windows*, p. 58. One has here, it is true, to blink the element of personal weakness on Mr. Lowell's own part, revealed in the incident, supposed real, or the element of extravagance and improbability in it, supposed imaginary.

We give a few specimens of the faults in wit which we blame in Mr. Lowell. He is speaking of the sixteenth century as prodigal in its production of great men. "An *attack* of immortality in a *family* might have been looked for then as *scarlet-fever* would be now," he says.—*Among my Books*, p. 163. "Shakespeare himself has left us a pregnant satire on dogmatical and categorical æsthetics (which commonly in discussion soon lose their ceremonious *tails* and are reduced to

the internecine *dog* and *cat* of their bald first syllables)" !—*Ibid.* p. 195. "It is comparatively easy for an author to *get up* [italics Mr. Lowell's] any period with tolerable minuteness in externals, but readers and audiences find more difficulty in *getting them* [whom? or what?] *down*, though oblivion *swallows* scores of them at a *gulp*."—*Ibid.*, p. 208. Does the following parenthesis pleasantly let slip something besides a pun? Is it a true word spoken in jest? "I might suspect his thermometer (as indeed I did, for we Harvard men are apt to think ill of any *graduation* but our own)."—*My Study Windows*, p. 4. Speaking of a certain literary vogue, Mr. Lowell says "the rapid and almost simultaneous [simultaneous with what?] diffusion of this purely *cutaneous eruption*."—*My Study Windows*, p. 391. "For my own part, though I have been forced to *hold my nose* in picking my way through these *ordures* of Dryden."—*Among my Books*, p. 49. Speaking of the "Transcendental movement of thirty years ago," Mr. Lowell says, "No brain but had its private maggot, which must have found pitiably short commons sometimes." —*My Study Windows*, p. 194. We smile at the sudden witty turn in the last clause, though we immediately perceive that its wit is rather apparent than real, since of course if *every* brain had its maggot, some maggots must necessarily have found short commons. The smart *mot*, in fact, only says that some human brains are poor. "Most* descriptive poets seem to think that a *hogshead* of water *caught at the spout* will give us a livelier notion of a thunder-storm than the sullen muttering of the first big drops on the roof."—*Among my Books*, p. 185. (Was he thinking of Byron's magnificent "like the first of a thunder-shower?") "For such purposes of mere æsthetic nourishment Goethe always *milked* other minds,—if minds those ruminators and digesters of antiquity into *asses' milk* may be called."—*Among my Books*, p. 188—a half-page being devoted to an absurd but witty and laughable carrying out of the fantasy, until metaphor fairly becomes allegory. Mr. Lowell says "the average German professor spends his life in making lanterns fit to guide
us through the obscurest passages of all
*ologies* and *ysics*, and there are none [tha
we suppose, no *other*] in the world of s
honest workmanship. They are dura
they have intensifying glasses, reflectors
the most scientific make, capital socket
which to set a light, and a handsome lump
potentially illuminating tallow is thrown
But in order to *see* by them, the explorer
make his own candle, supply his own co
sive wick of common-sense, and light it h
self."—*Among my Books*, p. 293. And
the same page, with exquisitely unconsc
irony upon himself, Mr. Lowell says, "
lightful as Jean Paul's humor is, how m
more so [that is, how much more 'deligh
as it is'] it would be, if he only knew w
to stop!" We simply need to add, "
when not to begin," to make the condit
suit Mr. Lowell's case completely.

So much surpassing beauty is marred
so much infesting defect in Mr. Low
prose style that the appreciative reade
kept constantly at his wit's end whethe
be more provoked at the carelessness
more delighted with the genius. Here
sentence which, for its imaginative qua
might have been written by Sir Tho
Browne. The expression is nearly per
It is not statuesque. It is something be
It blooms, and it breathes, and it moves
the Apollo Belvidere: "A new world
thus opened to intellectual adventure at
very time when the keel of Columbus
[just] turned the first daring furrow of
covery in that unmeasured ocean which
girt the known earth with a becko
horizon of hope and conjecture, which
still fed by rivers that flowed down ou
primeval silences, and which still washed
shores of Dreamland."—*Among my B*
p. 154. Why did not Mr. Lowell take
trouble to notice that no "*very*" time
pointed out unless he said "when the
of Columbus had '*just*,'" etc.?

The following fine simile for Shakespe
cosmopolitan quality has a crystal clea
and a massy calm in its expression w
make it like the summit of Mont
itself: "Among the most alien races he
solidly at home as a mountain seen fron
ferent sides by many lands, itself sup
solitary, yet the companion of all thou
and domesticated in all imaginations."

What a gracious gleam of beauty,—
a glimpse of lovely June ("Then, if
come perfect days")—the words we ita
in the following sentence impart to a co
that is otherwise so perplexedly construc

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* Here again Mr. Lowell's impulsive generosity to his immediate subject becomes unconsidered injustice to the subject in contrast. Does not a different law properly govern the descriptive poet from that which governs the dramatic? A descriptive poet's *business* is description. Might he not be permitted without blame to use "water" somewhat freely in describing a thunderstorm?

Praise art as we will, that which the artist l not mean to put into his work, but which ind itself there by some generous process Nature of which he was as unaware as *blue river is of its rhyme with the blue y*, has somewhat in it that snatches us into mpathy with higher things than those which me by plot and observation."—*Among my ooks*, p. 224.

There is a singularly delicate appreciation nveyed in singularly delicate language in is about style: "that exquisite something lled Style, which, like the grace of perfect eeding, everywhere pervasive and nowhere nphatic, makes itself felt by the skill with hich it effaces itself, and masters us at last with a sense of indefinable completeness."—*Among my Books*, p. 175. The adhering fault (slight, to be sure) in it is, that when we come to the word "masters," we are left uncertain whether that is connected by the preceding "and," to the "effaces itself," or to the whole clause commencing "makes itself." Will it be too close criticism if we ask, also, Does "everywhere pervasive" exactly express the idea intended? To be "everywhere pervasive" is "to possess at every point the capacity of pervading." But, instead of that, 'to possess the capacity of going to every point' is, we suppose, what Mr. Lowell meant.

(To be continued.)

## A MESSAGE.

It was Spring in the great city,—every gaunt and withered tree
Felt the shaping and the stir at heart of leafy prophecy;
All the wide-spread umber branches took a tender tint of green,
And the chattering brown-backed sparrow lost his pert, pugnacious mien
In a dream of mate and nestlings shaded by a verdant screen.

It was Spring,—the grim ailantus, with its snaky arms awry,
Held out meager tufts and bunches to the sun's persistency;
Every little square of greensward, railed in from the dusty way,
Sent its straggling forces upward, blade and spear in bright array,
While the migratory organs Offenbach and Handel play.

Through the heart of the vast Babel, where the tides of being pour,
From his labor in the evening came the sturdy stevedore,
Towering like a son of Anak, of a coarse, ungainly mould;
Yet the hands begrimed and blackened in the harden'd fingers hold
A dandelion blossom, shining like a disk of gold.

Wayside flower! with thy plucking did remembrance gently lay
Her hand upon the tomb of youth and roll the stone away?
Did he see a barefoot urchin wander singing up the lane,
Carving from the pliant willow whistles to prolong the strain,
While the browsing cows, slow driven, chime their bells in low refrain?

Did his home rise up before him, and his child, all loving glee,
Hands and arms in eager motion, for the golden mystery;
Or the fragile, pallid mother, seeing in that starry eye
God's eternal fadeless garden,—God's wide sunshine, and His sky,—
Hers through painless endless ages, bright'ning through immensity?

None may know—the busy workings of the brain remain untold,
But the loving deed—the outgrowth—brings us lessons manifold.
Smiles and frowns—a look—a flower growing by the common way,
Trifles born with every hour make the sum of life's poor day,
And the jewels that we garner are the tears we wipe away.

## TOPICS OF THE TIME.

### Theaters and Theater-going.

To say that a theater cannot teach good morals, is to say that it cannot teach bad morals: is to deny to it the ability to exercise any moral influence whatsoever. What the theater can be, in any direction, is really a question with which we have no practical concern. It can be, if it tries to be, a great power for good in the world, and equally a great power for evil; but we have yet to learn either that managers and actors are generally endowed with a missionary spirit, or that they have a desire to degrade and demoralize their audiences. There are some professions which are endowed with a strong if not a supreme desire to make men better; but we do not remember any manager of a theater who has been called upon to suffer martyrdom for his devotion to religion or morality. We will go still further and say that we do not believe there is a manager in America who tries to do moral injury to his patrons. As a rule, so far as managers and actors are concerned, there are no moral motives of any sort involved. The motive of the manager is to make money. The motive of the actor is to make reputation, and win applause and popular favor, that he also may make money. There is probably one actor in ten who is a genuine artist, and who endeavors to win an honorable place in his profession by the hard and patient study of his art, by pure associations, and by the nurture and preservation of his self-respect. There are actors and actresses who are as true gentlemen and gentlewomen as are to be found in the world, and who deserve and receive the affectionate respect of all who know them.

An examination of the motives of actors and audiences will show us that theaters are not, and are not likely to become, "schools of morals" of any sort. No man ever goes to a theater for moral instruction. He may go for instruction in the graces of oratory, or for instruction in dramatic literature, but never for any moral or religious object. Ninety-nine out of every one hundred persons, in every theater-full of people, are there to be intellectually interested or amused. On the stage are the people who wholly recognize this motive, and who invariably address themselves to it; for, by the degree in which they can gratify the popular desire for amusement, are they successful in their profession. In this way, inevitably, the morals of the stage become the mirror of the popular morals. If they are good, it is because the tone of morality is high in the audience; if they are bad, it is simply because the audience is vulgar and low, and sympathetic with that which is bad. There is only one way in which the theater will ever be elevated, and that is by elevating the community in which it exists. We do not say that there can be no other way; but so long as actors live on the good-will of their audiences, they will never be either much above or much below them. Perhaps there is no one institution connected with American life that is more thoroughly the reflection of th public morality than the stage. If a profane wor or a ribald jest, or a *double-entendre* is indulged by an actor, it is indulged in because it pays,—b cause it catches the response of vulgar sympathy fro his patrons. Men who live as actors live can neve afford to be either too good or too bad for tho upon whose plaudits and pence they rely for bread.

Of one thing we may be certain: the theater exist and will never cease to exist, until something can b contrived to take its place. It seems to be base wholly on the universal love of and demand fo amusement, and the fondness which nature has in planted in every mind for the dramatic element i life. Strip Mr. Gough of his dramatic power, an we have only a common-place lecturer left. Denud Mr. Beecher's sermons of their dramatic element, an though still excellent, they are no longer Mr. Beec er's sermons. The man whose writings or spoke words have great dramatic power is always the favo ite of the people. In the pulpit, at the bar, on th stump, in the *salon*, the dramatic man carries ever thing before him. So strong is the natural taste fo the dramatic in life, literature and conversatio that, more than anything else, it enchains the pop lar interest; while the greatest poems of all liter tures are dramatic always in material, and mainly i form. It is to this taste for the dramatic and th love of amusement that the theater appeals; and w can see at once that if the theater is with us, it ha come to stay. It thrives under opposition, like a plants that have their root in human nature.

The theater is here, then, and will remain. Wha shall we do with it, and what shall be done about it We do not propose to do anything about it, except t endeavor so to elevate the popular mind and tast that the stage, as the reflection of that mind, an taste, shall grow purer and better all the time When truly meritorious men and women appear a actors, it will be the duty and privilege of this MAGA ZINE to recognize them and all there is of good i them. When charlatans appear, it will be equall its duty and privilege to condemn them. Their art i undoubtedly legitimate, though it is surrounded by thousand more temptations for themselves than fo those whom they entertain. Artists of all names an callings—singers as well as actors—who are dependen upon the popular applause almost inevitably grow mean and childish and jealous in their greed fo praise, and especially for partiality of praise. Thes temptations seem to be almost inseparable from thei calling; but there have been noble men and wome enough on the stage to show that they can be re sisted.

The question touching the right or wrong o attending the theater, we do not propose to discuss It certainly is not right for any man to offend hi conscience in anything; but we do not keep an an's conscience, and do not permit any man to keep urs. There is no doubt that the theater has dangerous associations, which the young should shun. There are natures that are very much fascinated by he stage—so much so as to make theater-going a nare and a temptation to them. Again, it is a very xpensive amusement, which young men and women ependent on their own labor can very rarely afford. day's work in real life for an evening's enjoyment f mimic life is a very poor exchange. Yet there are nen and women to whom the theater is an inspiration, a recreation, and a rest. If there were not a reat many such, the theater could not live a month. The life of cities is most intense—almost intolerable, often—and anything not vicious or degrading in itself—which can bring diversion and forgetfulness, is healthful and helpful.

Admitting that the theater is to remain, that it eally has its root in human nature and human want, that it possesses unhealthy fascinations for some natures, that it is expensive, and that it holds its life n the midst of untoward incidents and associations, what are we to do about it? When the dweller upon the prairie sees the fire sweeping toward him he does not fly out to it to fight it, but he lights the grass and stubble around his dwelling, and meets half-way and vanquishes his enemy by the destruction of that which feeds him. The desire for amusement and for dramatic amusement is of nature's own implantation; and if there is any amusement more innocent, delightful, stimulating, instructive, and inspiring than that which comes of amateur dramatic representations, we are not aware of its existence. If we would make the theater better, we must make the community better, of whose morals it is, by its very constitution and necessities, the most faithful reflex and representative. If we would feed the desire for dramatic amusement in some other way, and so destroy the fascination of the theater for the young, let good people frown no longer upon the home and neighborhood representations of the drama, but countenance and cultivate them. The young are easily driven from us by irrational restraint. Let us show by our sympathy with them, that we recognize their needs and desires, and feed at home, or in neighborly assemblies, the tastes which only find aliment elsewhere in dangerous places.

### The Loneliness of Farming-life in America.

An American traveler in the Old World notices, among the multitude of things that are new to his eye, the gathering of agricultural populations into villages. He has been accustomed in his own country to see them distributed upon the farms they cultivate. The isolated farm-life, so universal here, either does not exist at all in the greater part of continental Europe, or it exists as a comparatively modern institution. The old populations, of all callings and professions, clustered together for self-defense, and built walls around themselves. Out from these walls, for miles around, went the tillers of the soil in the morning, and back into the gates they thronged at night. Cottages were clustered around feudal castles, and grew into towns; and so Europe for many centuries was cultivated mainly by people who lived in villages and cities, many of which were walled, and all of which possessed appointments of defense. The early settlers in our own country took the same means to defend themselves from the treacherous Indian. The towns of Hadley, Hatfield, Northfield, and Deerfield, on the Connecticut River, are notable examples of this kind of building; and to this day they remain villages of agriculturists. That this is the way in which farmers ought to live we have no question, and we wish to say a few words about it.

There is some reason for the general disposition of American men and women to shun agricultural pursuits which the observers and philosophers have been slow to find. We see young men pushing everywhere into trade, into mechanical pursuits, into the learned professions, into insignificant clerkships, into salaried positions of every sort that will take them into towns and support and hold them there. We find it impossible to drive poor people from the cities with the threat of starvation, or to coax them with the promise of better pay and cheaper fare. There they stay, and starve, and sicken, and sink. Young women resort to the shops and the factories rather than take service in farmers' houses, where they are received as members of the family; and when they marry, they seek an alliance, when practicable, with mechanics and tradesmen who live in villages and large towns. The daughters of the farmer fly the farm at the first opportunity. The towns grow larger all the time, and, in New England at least, the farms are becoming wider and longer, and the farming population are diminished in numbers, and, in some localities, degraded in quality and character.

It all comes to this, that isolated life has very little significance to a social being. The social life of the village and the city has intense fascination to the lonely dwellers on the farm, or to a great multitude of them. Especially is this the case with the young. The youth of both sexes who have seen nothing of the world have an overwhelming desire to meet life and to be among the multitude. They feel their life to be narrow in its opportunities and its rewards, and the pulsations of the great social heart that comes to them in rushing trains and passing steamers and daily newspapers, damp with the dews of a hundred brows, thrill them with longings for the places where the rhythmic throb is felt and heard. They are not to be blamed for this. It is the most natural thing in the world. If all of life were labor,—if the great object of life were the scraping together of a few dollars, more or less,—why, isolation without diversion would be economy and profit; but so long as the object of life is life, and the best and purest and happiest that can come of it, all needless isolation is a crime against the soul, in that it is a surrender and sacrifice of noble opportunities.

We are, therefore, not sorry to see farms growing larger, provided those who work them will get nearer together; and that is what they ought to do. Any farmer who plants himself and his family alone—far from possible neighbors—takes upon himself a terrible responsibility. It is impossible that he and his should be well developed and thoroughly happy there. He will be forsaken in his old age by the very children for whom he has made his great sacrifice. They will fly to the towns for the social food and stimulus for which they have starved. We never hear of a colony settling on a Western prairie without a thrill of pleasure. It is in colonies that all ought to settle, and in villages rather than on separated farms. The meeting, the lecture, the public amusement, the social assembly, should be things easily reached. There is no such damper upon free social life as distance. A long road is the surest bar to neighborly intercourse. If the social life of the farmer were richer, his life would by that measure be the more attractive.

After all, there are farmers who will read this article with a sense of affront or injury, as if by doubting or disputing the sufficiency of their soci opportunities we insult them with a sort of contemp We assure them that they cannot afford to tre thoroughly sympathetic counsel in this way. W know that their wives and daughters and sons are c our side, quarrel with us as they may; and the wome and children are right. "The old man," who rid to market and the post-office, and mingles more less in business with the world, gets along tolerab well; but it is the stayers at home who suffer. I stead of growing wiser and better as they grow ol they lose all the graces of life in unmeaning drudger and instead of ripening in mind and heart, they simp dry up or decay. We are entirely satisfied that t great curse of farming life in America is its isolatio It is useless to say that men shun the farm becau they are lazy. The American is not a lazy man an where; but he is social, and he will fly from a li that is not social to one that is. If we are to have larger and better population devoted to agricultur isolation must be shunned, and the whole policy settlement hereafter must be controlled or great modified by social considerations.

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## THE OLD CABINET.

WAS it treason? The shrug of Theodosia's shoulders, and the slow down-drawing of her eyelids, just as cousin Bertha passed out of the room.—I knew precisely what they meant:

"Bored."

Suppose that the little gestures had been translated into that awful word, and carried to Bertha's ears—a passion of repentance and a lifetime of remorse had not sufficed!

Our spirits are willing, but sometimes, alas! our flesh is weak. And then we have heard so often about the Jerubbabels of Jobstown, and how their great-aunt's cat ran through our grandmother's garret—and what an aristocratic cat it was, and how extraordinary and ever fruitful an Event its sudden, stately passage; and how it had been long predicted that just such an Event would surely happen; and how it *did* happen exactly, to the whisk of a tail, as it had been long predicted; and how perfectly delighted both families were at this devoutly-wished consummation—that is to say, all except our grandmother's half-brother, who was blind as a bat, and so couldn't have seen it even if he had been in the humor; and wouldn't believe it unless he did see it; and he always was an uncomfortable soul, who wouldn't have lost his eyesight if it hadn't been for going out one pouring—at least drizzly—or was it only cloudy, and dark like; well, it was strange, but she could never remember whether there was really a shower that night or not; or it might have been just before it began to rain, or just after it stopped—or either, or both, or anything, or everything; and now we go up, up, up; and now we down, down, down; and now we go backwards a forwards, and now we go roundy, round, round in dreamy mutter, like the pur-r-r of the aristocrat Jerubbabel cat itself, on the immemorial Jerubbab hearth, in the olden, golden days that are so de to cousin Bertha.

But we do love the old soul. We know what tr gedy overwhelmed her young life; we know how we through these long years, she has kept the fait Patient, helpful, and true-hearted—her gray, cris quivering curls make a saintly halo about her head.

It was not treason—it was only a confidence.

. . . A man would get a very false notion his standing among his friends and acquaintances if were possible—as many would like to have it possib—to know what is said of him behind his back. O day he would go about in a glow of self-esteem; a the next he would be bowed under a miserable sen of misapprehension and distrust. It would be imp sible for him to put this and that together and "stri an average." The fact is, there is a strange hum tendency to take the present friend into present co fidence. With strong natures this tendency prov often a stumbling-block — with weak natures amounts to fickleness. It is a proof, no doubt, of t universal brotherhood; but one has to watch lest, an unguarded moment, it lead him into ever so slig disloyalty to the absent.

It is a nice question—how much liberty may allow ourselves in talking of our absent friend

: is very clear that we may discuss their virtues ; much as we choose. That is a holy exercise. ut their failings! I think it may be considered sign that we have gone too far when we sweep way all our fault-finding, our nice balancing of quali- es and analyzation of character, in a sudden storm f adulation.

I suppose the distinction between the different ades of friendship should be made clear. Let us y—acquaintances, friends, intimates. Most persons n easily place the people whom they know under ese three heads. Now it does seem not only natu- l but desirable that there should be free, though ways loyal and kindly, discussion as to the antece- ents, the surroundings, the prejudices, the whims, e characters of those with whom we are thrown contact, and who come under the first two heads. /e may thus learn to bear more easily with their centricities, to appreciate their good points, to judge ow far we should allow their views to affect ours. s for the third class—go to! is not love its own w?

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SPEAKING of friends—and *not* speaking of the one two, as it may happen, very closest relationships— hat good fortune it is that most of us have no idea ow little our friends think of us. With all our talk out human loneliness, we are lonelier than we im- gine. This strange brutal element of selfishness, ow imperious it is, how often, in the best and ten- erest of us, it drives out thought or care for others.

As you joined in the hymn at the morning service sterday, you were touched by a certain plaintive- ess in your own tenor—you thought your friend, hose thumb nestled against yours on the opened mn-book, also noticed and was moved by it. Bless ou! it was her own wailful alto, that started the ars in those gentle blue eyes.

I hardly dare put it here in black and white—but it true as truth—that while there is tender com- ssion for those upon whom any great personal lamity has fallen; who are stricken, say, by fatal sease, there is also—dim and unacknowledged and potent it may be—something of the same im- tience and pitilessness that causes certain wild easts to fall upon and rend their sick and crippled. ur friend is well and prosperous—we shudder at the ncy of any great trouble falling upon him; it comes, d, though our hearts go out in loving helpfulness, ere is just a little cloud over that sympathy,—partly e to our classing him with others in like man- er afflicted. The individual hardship seems to be a ifle less because—well, it may be because there are atistics of misfortune;—just about so many people ill become consumptive, just about so many people ill lose their limbs by railroad accidents, just about many people must die this year.

O, that last and most pitiful accident! Have you t sometimes thought of yourself lying there "cold d quiet?" have you not pictured the roomful of sobbing mourners; the weeping procession bearing you to the grave? It has seemed almost worth the perilous passing for the sake of such an agony of devotion. But, my friend, sincere as would be the grief, not a single human soul could send with you the intimate, intense, all-embracing and constant sympathy for which you yearn.

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WE have been reading a volume of poems by an English poet, who is hardly known at all in this country.* The quaint and nervous verse reveals a very interesting and lovable personality in the author—who, as we learn from our traveled friend, is at once poet, painter, and priest. Many of the poems have all the characteristics of paintings—one, indeed, is arranged with "distance," "middle-distance" and "foreground." As might be supposed, his little water-color sketches, some of which I have seen, are full of the poetical element; while all his work is beautiful with the light that comes from a religious nature.

The writer seems to have drunk deep not only of nature's living waters, but from the pure fountains of English poesy. As poem after poem was read aloud, now Herbert, now Milton, now Wordsworth, was pleasantly suggested.

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WHICH reminds me of our talk about imitation.

Our traveled friend said he had heard a great deal of twaddle on that subject. A painter of ordinary talent will jog on serenely all his life, turning out commonplace pictures in the style of some obscure master from whom he learned his art, and winning a profitable reputation. Another man, with brains enough to make his some of the methods of a great master, with sufficient genius to imbue these with his own individuality, mixing them with his own methods, and using them to express his own distinct and original ideas,—is damned as an imitator! Copy—as servilely as you will—a school or a nobody, and you may be original enough to escape the indignation of the critics. Build your art on "the best that has gone before," and you are a mere echo!

Of course, said the Critic, it would not be just to the individual or to the world to compel every man to start at the beginning. But the imitation of mere method is as painful to the esthetic sense, as a grain of sand to the eye. The inventor holds the right to his invention, and by an instinct of humanity we protest against any infringement upon it. But, somewhat as in the case of ordinary patent-rights, methods are improved upon—after a time become common property and enter into the body of art. When you come to the soul of the thing, that can't be imitated or plagiarized. No one accuses Wesley of stealing his religion from St. Paul. The more intimately an art is associated with its expression, the more sensitive is the public conscience in the matter of imitation. In musical composition, if a man borrows he is condemned; on the other hand it is a feather in one's cap to "sing like Jenny Lind,"—for singing, of all arts, is nearest to the essential soul. You reach this last, or you do not—a thousand men may march up shoulder to shoulder, and to every one who attains is joy and honor.

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* *The Afterglow: Songs and Sonnets for My Friends.* Second Edition. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1869.

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I KNEW the artist was going to paint a big picture, but I didn't know how big it would be. It was not begun till he had been back from his summer rambles many months. When I think of his carrying that immense canvas across his brain so long, I wonder that he didn't go through doors sidewise, and call to people to look out when they came near.

Watching the picture grow was like keeping one's eye open during the successive ages of world creation—from darkness to the word Good. The outline was thrown upon the bare canvas in a single day. Afterward great streaks of, to me, meaningless color flashed hither and thither. I saw only hopeless chaos. Then blue sky appeared; by and by, delicate indications of cloud, mist, mountain, rock, and tree crept down the canvas, slowly gathering body and tone; till at last the artist's full, glorious Idea shone perfect in every part.

I believe I have had almost as much worry and pleasure over it as the painter himself, although I put brush to it but once. My figure had a vast deal of action, he said, yet, on the whole, he thought i would look better the other side of a pine-tree. take satisfaction in knowing it's there, even if no body can see it—(The Old Cabinet + its mark.)

I dropped in last evening just about dusk. A shadowy glow from the western window half illumine the big canvas.

"Well, how comes on the Baby?" I said.

"Oh, She's behaved like a lady to-day. I gues we'll carry her out to-morrow." And so we talke on about the picture in a low tone of voice, as if i were a child lying asleep there in the twilight.

To-morrow the critics and the public will com rustling and gossiping about it.

I know what some of the critics will do. Becaus it is a 'new departure' in art; because it is some thing altogether fresh and daring—they will do a the American Jack tars at Port Mahon did whe they saw the French sailors going about with sho tails to their jackets—they won't stand that sort o thing. They will "pitch in!"

They will prove that the noble fellow's great-grea uncle, on his mother's side, was hung for horse-stea ing some time in the latter part of the last century.

## NATURE AND SCIENCE.

### Marriage and the Death-Rate.

THE death-rate in the married and unmarried was the subject of a paper recently read by M. Bertillon before the Academy of Medicine in Paris. The results are based on statistics derived from France, Belgium, and Holland, and are as follows. Of married men between the ages of 25 and 30, the death-rate was 4 per thousand, unmarried 10 per thousand, widowers 22 per thousand. Of married and unmarried women the rate was the same, viz.: 9 per thousand, while in widows it was 17.

In persons from 30 to 35 the death-rate among married men was 11, the unmarried 5, and the widowers 19 per thousand. Among the women it was 5 for the married, 10 for the unmarried, and 15 per thousand for the widows, from which we obtain the following tables:—

| AGE. | | MEN. | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 25 to 30. | Married, | 4. | Unmarried, | 10. | Widowers, | 22. |
| 30 to 35. | " | 11. | " | 5. | " | 19. |
| Total for decade | | 15. | | 15. | | 41. |

| AGE. | | WOMEN. | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 25 to 30, | Married, | 9. | Unmarried, | 9. | Widows, | 17. |
| 30 to 35. | " | 5. | " | 10. | " | 15. |
| Total for decade | | 14. | | 19. | | 32. |

Which demonstrate that while in the case of m the death-rate was the same throughout the deca for the married and unmarried, there was a great tality among the widowers. We may, therefore, co clude that while the married state does not active improve the sanitary condition in men, the rela into the unmarried state is attended by a gre fatality. The apparent explanation of this result the reduction in the tone of the system from t mental affliction that follows the loss of the wife, a doubtless a critical examination into the disea which carry off widowers in such large proporti would support this hypothesis.

The singular fatality among widowers might be vanced as an argument against the married state men, for it is not attended by any correspond advantage, since the rate is the same both in married and unmarried; but this is only a superfic view of the case, for it must not be forgotten that very increase in the death-rate among widowers sho how much they have lost in losing their companio and that loss is an indirect but no less certain e dence that there was a gain, although it may app to be obscure.

Among women, on the contrary, marriage redu the death-rate nearly one-third during the decade had, therefore, an excellent sanitary effect. On lapsing into the single state of widowhood a gr ncrease in the death-rate is again seen, although in a ess degree than in men. Applying in this instance he same argument as in the case of the men, we are riven to the conclusion that while the loss of the ompanion increases the death-rate among women, he results are not as fatal as among men, in the proortion as the table shows, of forty-one in the men, o thirty-two in the women.

### Ostrich Farms.

THE raising of the ostrich in a tame state for its eathers is now carried on extensively in Africa. The irds are kept in inclosures, and fed on lucerne, with hich the inclosure is planted. Every eight months hey are plucked, some extracting the quill at once, nd others cutting the quill a little above its insertion, nd then removing the roots a couple of months later. he latter method is said to give better results with ess injury to the bird. The yield is about fifty dolars per annum for each bird.

In breeding it is found to be best to allow one emale to each male, though in the wild state five emales are often attached to a single male. There re usually two broods in a year, and the male and emale sit on the eggs by turns, the male generally aking the largest share of this duty. The female akes chief charge of the brood after it is hatched. he young are reared on chopped lucerne, and as hey get older a little grain is given to them; they lso require abundance of water, and a liberal supply f pulverized quartz and small bones. When grown, o food suits them better than chopped lucerne or refoil, with an occasional supply of cabbage, fruit, and rain.

### Utilizing Sewage.

VARIOUS attempts have been made to extract from ewage the organic matter it contains. Among hese, that which is known as the method by phoshates appears to have been successfully applied at ottenham and Leicester in England. The phoshate in question is prepared by the action of dilute ydrochloric or sulphuric acid on a pulverized phoshate of alumina, found in the West Indies. The oluble phosphate thus formed is a powerful antiseptic nd disinfectant, and on being properly diluted and dded to the sewage water in reservoirs where it can e perfectly tranquil, slowly precipitates all the solid rganic matter held in suspension. At the same time completely deodorizes the water, purifying it so perectly that, according to Prof. Letheby, fishes can live it, and it will stand through the hot summer eather without putrefying or emitting a disagreeable dor.

### Sensation in Plants.

M. FIGUIER believes that a plant has the sensation f pleasure and of pain. Cold, for instance, he says, ffects it painfully. We see it contract, or, so to peak, shiver under a sudden or violent depression of emperature. An abnormal elevation of temperature evidently causes it to suffer, for in many vegetables, when the heat is excessive, the leaves droop on the stalk, fold themselves together and wither; when the cool of the evening comes, the leaves straighten, and the plant resumes a serene and undisturbed appearance. Drought causes evident suffering to plants, for when they are watered after a prolonged drought they show signs of satisfaction.

The sensitive plant, touched by the finger, or only visited by a current of unwelcome air, folds its petals and contracts itself. The botanist Desfontaines saw one which he was conveying in a carriage fold its leaves while the vehicle was in motion and expand them when it stopped,—a proof that it was the motion that disturbed it.

Sensation in plants is of the same kind as in animals, since electricity kills and crushes them as it does animals. Plants may also be put to sleep by washing them in opium dissolved in water, and hydrocyanic acid destroys their vitality as quickly as it does that of animals.

### Poisonous Colors.

COAL tar colors are frequently the cause of distressing symptoms in the human economy. Aniline itself is a poison, and all colors that contain it in an unchanged state are consequently more or less toxic in their action. The agents employed in the preparation of aniline colors are in many instances very deleterious. Among these are the compounds of arsenic, zinc, tin, antimony, lead, together with hydrochloric and picric acids.

The common or inferior colors prepared from residues are especially dangerous, and are, on account of their cheapness, employed in coloring paper-hangings, wooden toys, matches, India-rubber articles, and confectionery. In the dyeing of woolen and other tissues the common aniline colors are also extensively used, and sewing-girls frequently suffer severely from the presence of arsenic and picric acid in their materials; their fingers become inflamed and dotted with small pimples upon a red ground; the same eruptions after a while appear upon the face, the lips are of a dark violet color, and there is trembling of the hands and feet, accelerated pulse, and difficult respiration.

### Subjection of Man to Conditions.

IN whatever relation we view man and his actions, we almost invariably find that though we are taught that he is a free agent, nevertheless the evidence of the domination of conditions governing and controlling his actions sooner or later looms into view.

If, for example, we examine into the causes of mortality, we find that his condition or occupations exert an all-important influence on the duration of his life. If he is very poor, his chance of death is half as much again as if he were rich, and as regards profession, Quetelet shows that in Germany, for twenty-four doctors that reach the age of seventy, thirty-two military men and forty-two theologians obtain their three score and ten.

If we inquire into his honesty, we find that it depends on his age to a certain extent, for between the ages of twenty-one and twenty-five the tendency to theft is double what it is between the ages of thirty-five and forty. On this and other crimes education has a very important influence, as is shown in Quetelet's statistics of crime in France and England. In the former country, out of one hundred criminals, sixty-one could not read or write, twenty-seven could read imperfectly, and only twelve could read and write well. In England, thirty-six could not read at all, sixty-one could read and write imperfectly, and only three could read and write well.

Actions which appear on the surface to depend entirely on the will of the individual are also strangely influenced by apparently trivial causes. Statistics of suicide by hanging, for example, show that the maximum of such cases occurred between six and eight in the morning; the number decreased slightly till noon, and then dropped suddenly to the minimum, there being 123 cases between ten and twelve o'clock against only 32 between twelve and two o'clock. The number rose in the afternoon to 104 cases between four and six, dropping to an average of about 70 through the night, the second minimum, 45, being between two and four o'clock in the morning. How clearly the influences of the mid-day meal and the midnight sleep are marked in their elevation of the mental tone, while the depression of the morning and afternoon at the prospect of another day or night of misery is likewise indicated by the increased number that sought relief in self-destruction.

Another instance of this influence of obscure laws on the actions of man is the statement by M. Quetelet that, in Belgium, out of 10,000 marriages in each period of five years from 1841 to 1865, 6 men aged from 30 to 45 married women aged 60 or more. M. Quetelet thereupon remarks: "It is curious to see man, proudly entitling himself King of Nature, and fancying himself controlling all things by his free will, yet submitting, unknown to himself, more rigorously than any other being in creation, to the laws to which he is under subjection. These laws are co-ordinated with such wisdom that they even escape his attention."

### Memoranda.

Brain-work costs more food than hand-work. According to careful estimates and analyses of the excretions, three hours of hard study wear out the body more than a whole day of severe physical labor. Another evidence of the cost of brain-work is obtained from the fact that though the brain is only one-fortieth the weight of the body it receives about one-fifth of all the blood sent by the heart into the system. Brain-workers therefore require a more liberal supply of food, and richer food, than manual laborers.

Every iron rail on a north and south railroad, so far as I have been able to examine, is a perfect magnet, the north end attracting the south pole and the south end the north pole of a magnetic needle. So also in a T rail on such a railroad, the lower flange attracts the south pole and the upper flange the north pole of a needle. (Dr. Richard Owen, of Indiana State University.)

The St. Gothard tunnel is now the great engineering project in Europe. The success of the Mt. Cenis tunnel has aroused the fears of Switzerland and Germany regarding the future of the Asiatic trade. In order, therefore, to be on an equal footing in this respect with France, it is proposed to pierce the Alps near the St. Gothard Pass. The estimated cost is $37,000,000; the tunnel will be twice as long a the Mt. Cenis, and the rocks are much more difficul to manage, but it is thought that with the experienc which has been gained in other works, it can be constructed in a much shorter time than was required fo the Mt. Cenis tunnel.

A balloon capable of a certain degree of guidance through the agency of a rudder and scre worked by four men, has been constructed at Pari by M. Dupuy de Lôme.

To Prof. J. D. Dana, of Yale College, the counc of the Geological Society has awarded the Wollasto medal of the present year.

The spectrum of hydrogen has been recently mad the subject of experiment by Prof. Angström; h states that it presents only four lines, and conside that the other spectra that have been given are i error from the presence of impurities. He also e amined the spectra of atmospheric air under diffe ent degrees of rarefaction, and found that at first was that of air; then of nitrogen; then of carbon oxide; and when the exhaustion had reached its u most limit the spectrum obtained was that of sodiu and chlorine.

The were-wolves, or man-tigers and man-hyæn of by-gone popular superstition were, according Mr. A. R. Wallace, probably men who had exce tional power of acting upon certain sensitive inc viduals, and could make them, when so acted upo believe they saw whatever the mesmerizer pleased.

A rival to tea and coffee is said to have be found in *guarana* or the seeds of the *Paulin Sorbitis*, which contain an active principle similar that found in tea and coffee.

Strawberry plants should be set out as soon they are received. If the ground is not ready a the planting has to be deferred, open the box package *at once*. The plants may have beco heated, and, as the temperature in the package creases, a few hours' delay may destroy their vitali (Dr. F. M. Hexamer.)

That railway axles break less frequently in sumn than in winter is shown by the recent report of t German Railway Association, in which it is sta that during the summer half year fifty-five ax broke, while during the winter half seventy-seven broke, although the traffic was less.

Mineral cotton, to be used as a non-conducting packing for steam boilers and pipe, may be made by blowing a jet of steam through a current of liquid slag.

Slag answers admirably for road-making and for preparing concrete.

Petroleum has been successfully applied in St. Louis to the refining of crude cast-iron and its conversion into bar and malleable iron. Common Iron Mountain pig-iron is said to have been converted into the best flange boiler iron by a single application of the liquid fuel in the puddling furnace.

Perfect anæsthesia may be produced and sustained for a long time without the usual danger by administering a subcutaneous injection of hydrochlorate of morphine about a half an hour before the inhalation of chloroform. (Mrs. L. Labbé and G. Guyon.)

There are no leeches or mosquitoes in Thibet, nor are maggots or fleas ever seen there, and in Dingcham or Thibet proper there are no bees or wasps. A curious disease, known as goomtook, or the laughing disease, at times attacks both the men and women of this country. It is attended by excruciating pain in the throat, and often proves fatal in a few days. (Dr. Campbell, Superintendent of Darjeelling.)

The diving-bell has been successfully used in mines in Westphalia that were flooded with water, for the purpose of repairing the valves of the pumps.

The restoration of the writing on manuscripts charred by fire may, it is said, be accomplished by separating the charred paper into single leaves, immersing them in a solution of nitrate of silver (forty grains to the ounce of water). The operation is to be conducted in a dark room, and when the writing is sufficiently legible the excess of silver solution should be washed out with distilled water and dilute solution of hyposulphite of soda. (*Am. Artisan.*)

M. Quetelet holds that virtuous and vicious acts are products not merely of the individual who does them, but of the society in which they take place. "The wealthy and educated classes, whose lives seem to themselves as free from moral blame as they are from legal punishment, may at first hear with no pleasant surprise a theory which inculpates them as sharers in the crimes necessarily resulting from the state of society which they are influential in shaping."

The remains of pterodactyls, or winged reptiles, found by Prof. O. C. Marsh in the cretaceous shale of Western Kansas, show for one individual an expanse of both wings equal to nearly twenty feet, and for another twenty-two feet. America therefore not only possessed its pterodactyls, but they are the largest that have as yet been found.

Electricity is developed in metallic wires by merely bending them, and the development appears to be independent of any thermic action.

The great stone monuments of England, like Stonehenge, are supposed by Mr. James Ferguson to be military trophies, erected in the time of King Arthur on the battle-fields by the victorious armies.

Dr. Shaw states that the diamonds of South Africa originally belonged to some metamorphic rock, probably a talcose slate, which occupied the heights during the upheaval of the trap which has given to the country its physical features. This upheaval was followed by a period of lakes, the traces of which still exist, and it is in the soil of these dried-up lakes that the diamonds are found. Prof. T. R. Jones, on the contrary, thinks that the diamonds are supplied both from metamorphic and igneous rocks, and that the gravel in which they are found has been conveyed by glacial action from very remote mountains.

Water-proof leather for various purposes is now prepared by exhausting the air from the pores of the leather and filling them up with a substance which unites with and permeates the material without injuring the elasticity.

In Saxony the children of the lower classes are compelled by law to attend the evening schools for three years during the time they are apprenticed to a trade. The education of such children is thus forced beyond the mere rudiments, and Saxony, hitherto in the van of the educational movement, promises still to hold her place.

Through the agency of the Iron and Steel Institute of Great Britain, important improvements in puddling through the use of machinery are to be introduced, and the iron manufacture relieved from the uncertainities of the present system of hand puddling. This desirable result is entirely owing to the efforts of the society in question, and is an illustration of the great advantages resulting from united action among manufacturers.

The Zoological Station soon to be established at Naples is to be placed about 100 feet from the Mediterranean Sea and furnished with great tanks, through which a continuous stream of sea water is to pass. In these aquaria various creatures from the adjoining waters are to be placed, and their reproduction and development studied by competent observers. Zoological and physiological laboratories and accommodations for the officers are also to be furnished, and every facility afforded for the study of embryology. The important results to be obtained from the systematic, careful investigation of such phenomena cannot be overestimated, and it is to be hoped that we may before long record the establishment of similar stations in our own country.

## HOME AND SOCIETY.

### Croquet.

"SPOONEY."

"SLEDGE-HAMMER."

THE "National Game" of base ball has had its grand congresses and wonderful match-games, with a special paper in New York to publish the scores. The champion clubs with red stockings and white stockings have roamed around the country, daring any one to tread on their coat-tails or to knock a chip from their shoulders, until, to the infinite disgust of respectable people, the "institution" has degenerated from an innocent and healthy exercise to the gambling and rowdyism of too many of our regattas and horse-races. During these years the quiet and social home game of croquet has been steadily gaining ground, and to-day its devotees, not without justice, claim for it the distinction of the true and only "National Game" of America.

It has been the constant wish of every expert croquetist that some method could be devised to secure a successful croquet congress that should be acknowledged authority on the rules of the game. It is, indeed, remarkable that the game should have flourished notwithstanding the absence of all system in playing. But such a convention or congress has been rendered impossible or impracticable by the very element that has withheld croquet from the unfortunate fate of base ball. Croquet is evidently a home game, and croquet clubs have never flourished to any great extent in this country except in large cities, because every family and neighborhood can have a ground and a game. Therefore, whenever a croquet congress has been suggested, the proposition has proved barren because there have been no organizations to send accredited delegates; and the unarbitered debate still rages between the advocates of tight croquet and loose croquet, booby and no booby, flinch and no flinch, double points and waived points, rover and no rover.

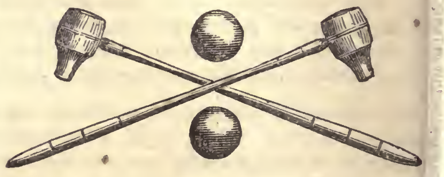
It may be of little consequence which of a half-dozen recognized authorities is adopted to govern the playing on any croquet ground, but every ground should adopt some one code of rules and stick to it. Without fear of successful contradiction, it may be asserted that of every twenty croqueteries in use throughout the country, and probably of every fifty, not more than one is used with strict regard on the part of the players to any acknowledged authority in the game.

Much of this is due to the short-sighted and niggardly policy of the manufacturers, who, in order tc save the sum of two or three cents in the cost, put out with their croqueteries garbled and condensed books of rules which are worse than useless. Every ground should be governed by some one set of rules, and every player should cheerfully agree to them while on the ground.

If no printed rules can be found that are satisfactory, all amendments or changes should be made ir writing, and inserted in the proper places for convenient reference. Such a course will soon convinc any one that it is much easier to find fault with th rules than to compile a satisfactory and consistent set but any other method is always productive of disputation and unpleasantness.

As at this season many are purchasing new implements, some advice concerning style and quality ma be of interest. For those who have regard only t economy, nothing can be said. When a complet set of croquet balls, mallets, etc., put up in a case, i manufactured so as to be retailed, after the additio of two profits, for from three to four dollars, qualit cannot be taken into account.

Among our native woods few are suitable for croquet-balls and mallet-heads, and none superior t good rock-maple or sugar-maple, and for balls n other should ever be used. Turkey boxwood ha been very popular among expert players, and is certainly very durable; but it is the general opinion tha in order to keep the proper relative proportic between the weight of the mallet-head and the bal without making the head too large for convenien or elegance, the material for the head should be c greater specific gravity than the ball. For this reasc boxwood mallets and rock-maple balls have formed very popular combination with experienced player but for children and others who do not understar the game they are not desirable, because the ba are used up more rapidly than with a lighter ar softer mallet.

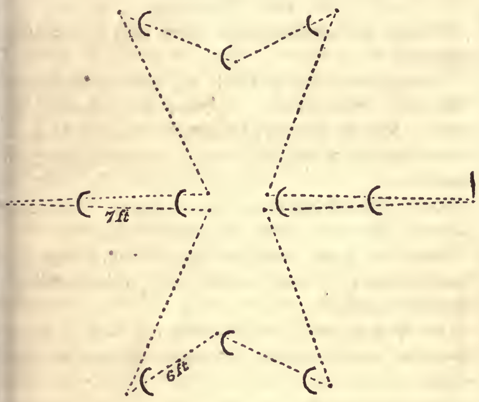


For mallet-heads no wood is superior to Hondu rosewood. This wood is somewhat rare in t market during certain seasons, but is very dural and quite elegant when polished, although not eautiful as the dark soft rosewood, which is, howver, absolutely useless for croquet.

Many players have mallets of peculiar size, weight, d form for their own use. In the accompanying t a mallet is presented, the handle of which is out eighteen inches long; the head is larger at one d than the other, and the handle is inserted nearer e large end, so as to balance well.

The large convex face is for ordinary use, and the nall end for the tight croquet, although some prefer e small end for all purposes.

There is no occasion for the long handles now in ommon use, unless the sledge-hammer style of stroke to be adopted,—which is, let us suggest, better uited to slaying oxen than playing croquet,—or the oony style, by which some old Betty in pantaloons ecures accuracy of stroke at the sacrifice of all eleance and grace.



The one great cause of the universal popularity of roquet is the fact that it can be played on almost ny size or form of ground, although ordinarily it is esirable that the ground be nearly twice as long as ide. By setting the bridges and stakes according to e accompanying diagram, a very good game can e played on a ground nearly square. The side ridges, being out of line, can be placed rather nearer ogether than the end bridges, because under any ircumstances it is impossible to run the three at one low. Even where the ground is of the usual proortion, this arrangement of the side bridges is conidered by many to be better than any other; by the possibility of running the three bridges at ne stroke is avoided, as it is in the nine bridge rrangement, where one bridge is set in the center. ighting around the center bridge, which forms an bjection to the latter arrangement, is obviated by his plan.

### Roses.

THE Rose requires a deep, rich, loamy soil, unhaded or smothered by trees or shrubs; good drainage, careful waterings, if the season is dry, and close, judicious pruning.

The soil should be well intermixed with thoroughly decayed manure; and during the heat of summer it should be mulched with straw manure, to keep the roots moist and cool, and encourage a strong growth.

All the wood which produced flowers last season should be cut clean out, or back to the strong, fresh growth of the past year; and these free shoots can also be pruned one-third or more of their length.

This may seem to the amateur gardener a terrible waste of material, but it will make the rose throw out stronger flowering shoots, and produce flowers of extra size and beauty. So spare not the knife! As early in the spring as is practicable, cut back the branches with a will.

Hybrid Perpetual Roses have been the fashion of late years; but they are not as free bloomers as the Bourbon and Hybrid China. Their name is also a misnomer, for, though they may bloom again in the autumn, they will not flower as profusely as in June, nor will their blossoms be as handsome, unless the shoots are trimmed back in July to within two or three eyes of the main stem.

The old fashioned Moss, Damask, and Provence Roses of our childhood far excel these so-called Perpetuals in fragrance, and they are rapidly coming into favor again.

*Cristata*, or the Crested Moss Rose, is one of the loveliest of its class. The plant from which all this species of roses is descended was discovered years ago, growing in the crevice of a wall at Friburg, Switzerland. There is a difference of opinion among florists as to what particular species the *Cristata* belongs, and it is thought by many to be more like the Provence Roses than the true Mosses, for, when fully developed, it resembles the old Cabbage or Provence species. Its buds are perfection! The calyx is divided into a fringe or mossy crest, clasping and half surmounting the rich pink petals, as they strive to unfold their many leaves. The moss is more abundant and longer than that on other Moss Roses, and the buds are very large. This variety requires a deep, rich, moist soil for its perfect development; and when thus grown, it will command greater admiration than any other rose.

Roses are easily propagated by cuttings, but the shoots should be old enough to be free from softness, yet not too woody or hard. It is best to cut off the shoots just below a joint, trimming off the leaf attached to it, and leaving two or three buds above it, with leaves on them; but when they are too luxuriant cut off a part, for if they wither the cutting will not strike root.

Sand is far better than loam for rooting cuttings: so fill up your tiny pots with it, and insert the cuttings close to the edge of the pot, keeping it thoroughly wet—for if the sand dries the tiny roots will die. Then sink the pots in a hot-bed made of manure, or in a pan of hot water, changing it as it cools.

Bottom heat is a necessity—without its aid there is little use in attempting to strike tender roses; and a glass shade, to retain the heat and moisture, is also needful. Another way to strike cuttings is to fill a large flower-pot half-full with a little rich loam and two or three inches of sand; then plant the cuttings close to the edge, about half an inch apart, and cover them with a pane of window-glass. Place the pot in a pan of hot water, in a window, and, if you change the water three or four times a day, you will have a good hot-bed for striking tender cuttings of all kinds. It will take from three to five weeks for delicate roses to become rooted, and they must be kept well watered all the time. In planting cuttings, the sand must be firmly pressed around the base, so that it is in the closest contact with it.

Our roses are often ruined by the slug and the green fly. A few days of neglect, and every bush will be shorn of its glory. But if air-slacked lime is scattered over the leaves while wet with morning dew it will usually prove an effectual remedy.

A pint of common soft soap, with a pint of fine salt added to ten gallons of warm water, syringed over the bushes, is also a good insect destroyer. No one can expect to cultivate flowers without trouble. So as soon as the green leaves appear we must begin our fight against their insect enemies.

Rose-bugs are routed by shaking the stems containing them over a dish of hot water, or by hand-picking and burning.

Soot is an excellent remedy for mildew: it must be dusted thickly over the plants while wet with dew, and in twenty-four hours syringed off. It is also an excellent fertilizer to the soil. Wood-ashes can be applied in the same manner for both mildew and insects.

The Florists' Catalogues offer us many roses with high-sounding names, a few of which we select for notice. *Devoniensis* is an unsurpassed tea-rose, creamy white, with a tinged center, and of most delicious odor. It is a delicate rose in northern latitudes, and must be carefully housed in the winter, though at the south it will endure an ordinary winter without protection.

*Maréchal Niel* is of an intense golden yellow, the finest known; its fragrance is unsurpassed; but, like the *Devoniensis*, it cannot endure the cold.

*Madame Falcot* is of a deep nankeen yellow, with a perfect bud. *Céline Forrestier* is paler and smaller, blossoming in clusters.

*Fils Niphetos* is pure white, with lemon center, and is not very hardy.

*Pius the Ninth* is the deepest, darkest rose that we possess. How perfectly its rich tints set off its more delicate sisters!

This exquisite pink, and model of symmetry, is *Comtesse Chabrilland;* and next to it is the *Comte de Nanteuil*, a summer rose sweet and bright, monthly in habit, and hardy in some latitudes.

Those rich, brilliant flowers are *Alfred Colomb*, exquisitely petaled; *Charles Lefebre*, beautifully blended with crimson, purple and scarlet—its leav as regular as those of a Camellia; *Eugène Apper* deepest crimson, and *Madame Charles Wood*, clar crimson, among the largest roses grown.

Moss Roses add to the charms of a bouquet—suc as *Princess Adelaide; Countess Murinais*, a pu white; *Laneir*, rosy crimson; *William Lobb*, purpli crimson; and *Cristata*, the peerless.

The white "Perpetuals," *Madame Vidot*, *Soph Coquerelle*, and *Mrs. Rivers* are lovely models their species, and are more or less flesh-tinged at t center.

### Dolly Vardens.

THERE are circumstances under which curiosity laudable.

Perhaps we could find it in the Lives of Celebrat Women? Not there. Eminent Christians? N there. New England Celebrities? Female Martyr Noted Names of Fiction? Our forty-volume Cycl pædia?

Not a line about it in one of them! There w nothing left but to go to the great Library.

Behold us leaning over that classic railing, biograp ical dictionary in hand, turning the pages end-of-th alphabet-ward.

At V A R, the urbane attendant, whom we light to honor, smiled knowingly behind his sp tacles.

"You'll not find it there," he said. "It's *Barnaby Rudge.*"

"Ah, thank you! The volume, please."

"Sorry to say, we haven't it."

"What! Not *Barnaby Rudge?* In a gr library like this?"

"We have a hundred copies, madame; but th all are out. Everybody is reading up on 'Do Varden.'"

The load was lifted. At the mere mention *Barnaby Rudge*, the locksmith's pretty daugh stood before us. Strange that we could have f gotten her,—the sweet, fresh, jaunty English la trim, neat and coquettish, with her bright quil petticoat, and her gown caught up daintily and pin at the back. The locksmith's daughter, as we kn was no heroine. She advocated no great pul principle, suffered in no noble cause. She was ju good, pure, everyday girl—and that is why we l her. Her name is a character in itself. All Dicke names are. It means freshness and spring-time guileless dressiness. And so Dolly Varden is m the presiding genius of the dry-goods world to-day

She comes in with the spring, as she should, w city folk search the highways for fresh fabrics millinery as naturally as they would look for arbu and apple-blossoms in the country. And, truly would be hard for forest, meadow or garden to r the gayly-patterned goods that fill our great sh Huge nosegays of garden flowers, delicate wild-w blossoms, birds atilt in branches, birds darting thro ce, and butterflies dizzy with the nectar of roses. l these have the dress goods, and more: pastoral nes, a lady under a tree feeding chickens, and the r-youthful shepherdess with her crook! Nay, a ttage has been seen with fence and shrubbery com- te, all within a yard of calico. Poor Dolly Var- n!

What an innovation upon the plain colors and nun- e simplicity of dress that have been in vogue so ng! Why, of late, a lady to be gay had but to splay a red bow at the neck of her black gown; to gorgeous she had but to tie a bright sash over e same somber garment. Now the poor thing is zed with a prodigality of form and color. At ery counter, the clerks shake a whole summer of oom before her eyes. A little spray, a blossom re and there might do. But this!

At first she wanders in a state of bewilderment nong the flower-bedizened silks and calicoes, with shuddering sense of gay upholstery in her soul. ut, after all, everybody must have at least one olly Varden costume; and so there is a little crowd d a twitter of excitement around these counters ntinually. Higher up, to where the great brood- g elevators flit and settle, you see cruel effigies, mb lay-figure Dolly Vardens—"ready-made" things at would have unmade poor, simple, real Dolly at a ance. Only lady-wooers have they, but the co- etry of price keeps up the excitement, and murmurs "lovely!" fill the air.

Besides the charm of novelty which makes the yle attractive, they have also a vague home-like ggestion,—perhaps because they have not yet been lopted as street costumes,—and to see all the world ying home-dresses seems to predict a reign of the mestic virtues. Then, undoubtedly, they gain a rrowed grace from their name, a cheerfulness hich does not belong altogether to the painted ses and chickens, but to a certain phase of domestic e as drawn for us by the great novelist. Who does t remember with pleasant emotions the jubilant ay in which Dickens drew the scenes of domestic e? Mrs. Crachit sweetened up the apple-sauce, iss Belinda dusted the hot-plates, Master Bob ashed the potatoes, etc. Or, when Mrs. Whitney lls us how "we girls" made preparations for the rty, it was like a merry-go-round, and so much etter than the dull vapidities of fashionable calls, at every woman longed for an *art kitchen* and a lling-pin at once.

The other day, at Stewart's, an old lady, who sat ther insecurely on one of the rotary seats near us, as caressingly fingering some red, red roses—calico nes, on a yellow calico ground—and saying to a atronly woman who accompanied her: "Exactly ke the dress I wore the night I danced with the eneral"—but here the reminiscence was interrupted y the clerk, who said these Dolly Vardens were of he very newest pattern.

"Dolly Vardens and the newest pattern are they? Well, well!" and the old lady nodded her head slowly as if she could give testimony on that subject. But she knew, as we all do, that it wouldn't be worth while, for if Fashion should declare that black was white the world would become color-blind.

What of it? The Dolly Vardens are not a whit the less new and stylish to-day because they were new and stylish in the days of our great-grandmothers.

### Traveling Dresses.

"Send us," writes Country Cousin, "something for a traveling dress which will be becoming, useful, and cool. Do not send us that bluish drab shiny poplin, which makes every one look like an elephant, or anything with a woolly feeling, which will be so detestable of a hot day in the cars."

Then we go to one of our great shops and get a Japanese silk called "Tussor," a most desirable fabric in soft buff, or durable brown. It costs two-and-a-half dollars a yard, but will take one to California and back handsomely, and then wash like a piece of linen. It never wears out, nor fades, nor grows rough. Water does not injure it, nor does usage crumple it, or "custom stale its infinite variety." Also, there are China silks at one dollar a yard—not so durable, but very good; and a lovely material, called "Linen Batiste," of delicate shades, and with a satin stripe (still of linen) running through it—very elegant and durable and cool. But these dresses only answer for short journeys and sunny days, while the "Tussor" is a joy forever. For foreign traveling, where the climate is cooler than ours, alpaca, serge, and black silk suits are the most convenient, as they bear the dust and rain with equanimity, but here they are too warm for our hot, dry atmosphere and crowded cars. If a lady is going only for a day's journey something which will wash is the most desirable—some luxurious ladies even traveling in white *piqué*. Brown and yellow linen, so much worn last summer, has the disadvantage of wrinkling and losing its shape, so that a lady arrives at her journey's end in a faded condition, rather like a yesterday's bouquet.

### Bonnets, etc.

Of bonnets every charming thing imaginable can be said. They are larger, softer, more becoming than they have been for years. The refined straw, trimmed with a ribbon and a bunch of flowers; the stately Leghorn, with its feathers and buff ribbon; the coquettish lilac *crêpe* with a wreath of violets—all are fine.

The round hats of Leghorn with a wide brim and drooping feather find much favor; they are more becoming than the high, somewhat brazen hats of last summer, and they really shade the face from the sun. They are inconvenient for driving, and must then give place to those of stiffer brim. The most marked of all the spring fashions is a costume composed of two colors,—sometimes strongly contrasting, as buff over purple, or more frequently two shades of the same color. At the opera, at dinner, or in the evening, these dresses are beautiful; but a quiet taste pronounces them too striking for the street.

The fashion in jewelry is curiously changeful. A modern writer says that "Any woman who would wear a false diamond would steal one." The earring, bracelet, the pin, the ring, should always be real; but one can afford an occasional lapse into gilt in ponderous articles, like the chatelaine—which is very fashionable just now, and becoming to slender waists.

What do you say to a lady's locket which gives you one of Æsop's fables? On a gold ground is the traditional fox in oxydized silver, looking at the unattainable grapes, also in silver. These lockets are new and pretty. The charmingly minute, truthful, artistic Japanese work in gold of different tints, begins to be very much worn.

The passion for brilliant enamels and gold ornaments has driven out the classic cameos. The c ornaments are so disproportionately expensive anc little ornamental that they are not much worn. & Black have a very beautiful necklace made of solid links an inch long, but loose and pliant; almc shaped drops hang from these, united by small cha They are of different colored golds, or set with quoise, garnet, and pearls. In fact, the work of American goldworkers is becoming more and n tasteful. Besides it wears well, which cannot be saic the jewelry of the Italian goldsmiths, with the si exception of Castellani, whose work is always genu

In the matter of parasols (that finishing touc the toilet), we have some charming novelties. L ruffled sunshades of the color of the dress, w muslin and lace covers, and the long parasol aff to a cane we have had before; but there is ano and prettier still, which reminds one of a fluted lia, pride of the autumnal garden.

## CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

### Turner's "Slave Ship."

Our art field for the past month is as chequered as usual, but more than usually rich in matters of interest. The critics—to say nothing of the artistic and social quidnuncs who judge little and gossip much—are enjoying a first-class sensation in the exhibition, at Mr. Johnston's gallery on Fifth avenue, of Turner's famous painting, "The Slave Ship." Such an uncommonly rich bone of critical controversy is too good to waste: it is rarely that we in Gotham get a chance to squabble over a noted work of a great master; and Mr. Johnston's acquisition bids fair to prove the direful spring of woes unnumbered by the discussion and contention it will excite in our social and esthetic coteries. In such controversies it is generally pleasanter to contemplate the warring element, Lucretius-like, from the firm ground of a discreet reticence. It was a principle, however, in the old Greek republics, that in times of civil discord every good citizen must take sides, and neutrality be held the worst of treason to the state. So the artistic reviewer, it might be urged, is bound in every emergency, and on the shortest notice, to have an opinion, and, what is more, to state it; and even the crudest or most erroneous judgment, honestly urged, may be more honorable than the safer but less manly device of sitting on the fence.

Be it stated, then, modestly but pretty decidedly, that we strongly object to the principle—admitting the existence of such a thing—on which "The Slaver" with so much of Turner's later work, seems to have been painted. It is a first axiom in painting, one might think, that the delineation shall look like the thing delineated, and act on the mind of the beholder by direct resemblance, not by an incoherent and arbitrary suggestion. We by no means overlook the so often urged remark, that the perceptive sees in a given object or scene much which is invis to the duller sense, and neglects much which superficial or grosser taste finds all-important. have no intention of urging the claims of a coars mechanical realism as against the higher value refined and imaginative art. Doubtless a really n art will select its elements for delineation, neglec or passing over with the vaguest hints the trivial unessential, emphasizing and raising to the hig planes of thought the vital factors of the scene o emotion. But this it must do always under the evident limitation and guiding law of *resembla* It is *not* free to neglect the most palpable feature the object imitated, or to substitute a fanciful geries of detail or indication drawn from some pı *à priori* and extraneous principle. The art which reconcile these conflicting necessities—can be at suggestive, large, imaginative, ideal, yet healthily normally true to fact—is good art, and will last. which deals with natural objects as mere hints which to build a structure of whim, a fanciful co nation, an independent totality of contrasts or harmonies, however striking or original in themse is to our poor thinking bad art, and all the Rus in the Four Kingdoms won't drive it out of us.

Turner in the present work, though in less sure than in the "Steamers off Shore," and the pictorial fantasies, seems to adopt for painting principle of Mr. Haweis in regard to music, *th may raise in the mind emotions like the emo excited by natural events or objects, but can n describe them.* In looking at this gorgeous bewildering mass of streaks and splashes and blot purple and crimson, green and azure and golden, hard to conceive that Turner for a moment tho he was painting anything which should *look like* ve-ship, or a sea, or even clouds and sunset. His thought probably was to get a grand color-sym- y, noble and harmonious by some imaginative of its own, and borrowing only an adventitious e from its power to call up thoughts or emotions h, properly utilized by a very creative spirit, ıt suggest the reminiscence of ships and waves clouds and drowning men. Agreeing with Mr. veis that music has a law of its own, and works ther methods than definite statement and minute ription, we must maintain that painting is a very rent thing. Fine and in many senses suggestive e many traits of this work, grand as is its rugged r of conception viewed as a poem, or a creative ght in color, a sound criticism will deny it rank *ood painting* and deprecate the fascination of a ol which would set the artist a-wandering in tless fields of multichromatic speculation or ntion.

### Church's "Parthenon."

ı curious contrast with the above is Mr. Church's arthenon," belonging to Mr. Jessup, and recently exhibition at Goupil's. The picture has the tran- ıdent merit, not always to be found in this artist's ks, of utter simplicity and unity in composition. It often been a fault of Mr. Church's paintings that he crowded them, especially in the foreground, with a s of bewildering detail, and drawn off that attention ch should have been concentrated on the relations he whole to tempt it with the moss on a tree-trunk, articulation of a leaf, or the dazzling plumage of a pic bird. To this fault his treatment of the "Par- non" offers a direct contrast. It is not easy to ne precisely how far he has been seconded by the ice and nature of his subject. It might seem diffi- : for any one with eyes in his head, and the first iments of drawing in his mind, to utterly spoil the thenon, yet sad experience teaches that where- ı bungler or a fool can spoil anything, it is only sagacious artist who can seize and perpetuate the st aspect of even an intrinsically beautiful object. der Mr. Church's skillful treatment the beautiful lding stands alone, full in the observer's sight, ided and unrivaled by any surrounding object, shing warmly in the last rays of the setting sun, l sharply defined against the wondrous sky of At- a, the noblest relic of ancient art, in itself the re- d, the suggestion, and the monument of classic an- uity. The artist has ingeniously aided local defini- n and opened the way to endless suggestive trains thought by the introduction, in the near fore- und, of a shattered column of the Propylæa, jus- ying by the indication thus afforded the cool after- on shadow which fills his foreground and sets off e brilliancy of the illuminated building, yet in no se drawing off eye or mind from the central object interest. The brilliance and absolute purity the aërial tone, and the purple shadows which cling in the ravines in the distant range of Hymettus, just seen over the level surface of the Acropolis, are subordinate yet indispensable elements in the poetic significance of the whole. The slight anachronism of throwing a late *after-sunset* glow on the columns at mid-afternoon, may be pardoned in view of its value in the coloring and its propriety in the delineation of a building itself the personified evening and afterglow of Grecian history.

### Thomas Moran's "Grand Cañon of the Yellowstone."

Mr. Thomas Moran's picture of the Yellowstone Cañon is the most remarkable work of art which has been exhibited in this country for a long time. The interesting region which forms the theme of the painting has been minutely described in our columns. The artist has taken his position on the right bank of the cañon, about two miles below the so-called Wyoming Lower Falls, looking up toward the cataract and having at the right, and much nearer the spectator, a curious mass of cathedral-shaped cliffs. This, as we learn from the picture, as also from the explanation of Mr. Moran, and other gentlemen familiar with the country, is based on a substructure of lava and basalt, with superimposed strata of cretaceous formation, largely due to the hot springs. The combination of these two elements, with the "weathering off" due to time and climatic influence, has produced the most fantastic groups of wild and beautiful bluffs, buttresses and pinnacles, all bearing more or less resemblance to human architecture, and almost all magnificently stained and tinted with the iron oxides and sulphur, washed out by the rain in the disintegration of the soil. The same disintegration also sends down from the peaks masses, or rather floods, of pulverized drift, glowing with all the hues of red and yellow of the original rock, sweeping in long river-like avalanches down the steep ravines, and lodging and curdling like snow-wreaths in the ledges and crannies of the firmer basalt. The right hand portion of Mr. Moran's picture, therefore, is one mass of luminous color—any skepticism as to which must give way before the distinct assertion of Prof. Hayden that the painting is, in this regard, as also in its definition of geologic forms, strictly true to nature.

Passing from the warm light of this portion, the eye rests with more repose on the cooler middle ground of the picture,—the cañon with the fall,—whose grand rocky walls are thrown into moderate shadow by a passing cloud; and hence reaches the right bank of the cañon (the left to the spectator) which repeats, though less gorgeously, the features of the right. On the high plateau, which lies far above and beyond the cañon, may be seen the jets of steam from the famous geysers, and still farther, on the extreme horizon, the snow-capped summits of Les Trois Tétons and their attendant range of Rocky Mountains.

In the great size of his picture (about twelve feet by seven), the startling character of the geologic forms, the brilliant colors he has had to deal with, and in the manifold planes of distance presented by the view, all needing clear definition yet gradation, and all threatening to claim special and undue attention while requiring to be subordinated and harmonized to the whole—the artist has had a task of no common magnitude. A patent obstacle to the unity of the work, also, is the independent and, so to speak, rival significance and importance of the splendid mass of rock-work at the right, and the cañon proper with its waterfall. It is a favorite theory with some art critics that too great grandeur of subject in landscape painting may be as fatal to success as tameness or insignificance of theme, crushing and bewildering the artist by its splendor or variety, and calling unwelcome attention from its own wealth and immensity to his poverty and littleness of description. In the present work the artist has had not merely one but two such subjects to deal with—the superb cliffs with their exceptional coloring, and the equally superb waterfall, one of the most striking cataracts on this our continent of magnificent objects and colossal proportions. By his masterly arrangement, his ingenious combination and subordination of details, and his boldness yet harmony in coloring, he has blended the two to an impressive and artistic whole, and gone far to demonstrate his own theory, that any, the most imposing of Nature's works is legitimate matter for judicious delineation.

The perfect success which Mr. Moran has achieved in this wonderful painting is due to a happy and, we believe, unique combination of gifts and acquirements. It is evident that the painter of this picture possesses in a high degree the poetic instinct, as well as entire familiarity with nature. He not only understands the methods of art but the processes and work of nature, so far as the faithful interpreter of natural scenery must know them. In all the rush of enthusiasm and glow of artistic power, he seems never to forget the faithful manipulation by which absolute truth is caught and fixed in the splendor of picturesque art. It is noble to paint a glorious and inspiring poem; it is satisfying to render nature with firm mastery of technical detail. In "The Grand Cañon of the Yellowstone" Mr. Moran has done both. He has produced a painting which has, we suppose, but a single rival in American landscape art; in certain elements of greatness it will be acknowledged to excel even this, and it is not likely soon to be surpassed by the work of any hand save, perhaps, that of Thomas Moran himself.

### Some of the Pictures at the Academy.

THE spring exhibition of the Academy of Design seems to our perhaps erroneous recollection to be at least equal to the average of later years, and perhaps perceptibly above it. The absence of many well-known names, and the mediocrity of the works by which others are represented, may, perhap explained by the growing custom on the part of of the artists of selling their best pictures direct the studio, so that the walls of the Academy ca at any given date be considered as offering a fair of the state of art in our city, for the period. I exhibition of this year, as so often before, we n much of good tendency, of tender, delicate, o morous appreciation and original thought, strug with incomplete mastery of technical methods, deficient clearness of conception and firmnes grasp.

Our limits allow only the hastiest hint at a fe presentative pictures, without even the preten exhaustive analysis of single works or complet view of the whole field. Perhaps the most notic landscapes are those of L. C. Tiffany and R. S. ford. Tiffany's bit of Oriental scenery, with mo and minarets in the middle distance, and grou figures in the foreground, is a promising piece of In skillful composition and firmness of tou is highly meritorious, while in purity of tone breadth and boldness of contrast and shad leaves us still much to hope from that pro in which we are glad to feel that this conscien young artist is steadily advancing. His M water-carriers, relieved, according to his fa device, against a bit of illuminated wall, shows very spirited handling, especially in the force richness of light in the painting of the masonry the almost dramatic vigor of the standing figur tached *en silhouette* against it; but the group i on the whole well managed, and needs distincter nition in details, and better management of sha

R. Swain Gifford's Gibraltar is simple and st it surpasses Colman's picture on the same subj the more skillful management of the foreground, cially in the avoidance of the error so usual Colman of large unoccupied masses of tame —but is not so mellow and warm in effect of as its predecessor.

S. R. Gifford's "Venice" aims at the hottes most brilliant atmospheric tint, but falls on the side from excess and monotony in tone. It once dry and feverish, and the buildings, in sha lack body and the requisite coolness to properly monize with and offset the intensity of his evenin

Anton Braith's "Storm in the Mountains" admirable bit of work, by a Munich artist, simple, vigorous, and effective. We have seen so good cattle painting on the Academy and the picture may rank as one of the best, the very best, of the collection.

Bristol's "June Afternoon" is tenderly thoughtfully painted, but a little conventiona Shattuck's "Midsummer" is hard and set in dr and color, and tedious, not to say virulent, in i nery.

Eastman Johnson's "Drummer Boy" is a s group, but unnecessarily thin in color and h

in tone, even for a noonday battle-field, and both
and boy have a little air of standing for their
ures.
uy's "Tangled Skein" is carefully—almost too
efully—manipulated, and admirable in chiaroscuro,
in the attempt at richness of color the artist has
en into the morbid, and would have done well to
he his female figure in something cooler and sim-
than flame-color, however suggestive the garment
be in the thought and the situation.
Iuntington has some good—if conventional—por-
ts, and Fagnani a characteristic picture of Dr.
per. Page's heads have a good deal of hard,
nright force of characterization, but are, after his
r wont, unpleasantly raw and thin in color.
Villiam Hunt's "Boy and Butterfly," and por-
t of a young girl, curiously suggest, in breadth
simplicity of treatment, the better French school
Couture and his imitators, on which he has model-
himself. We have already so cordially recognized
merit in Mr. Hunt's paintings that we may be
nitted critically to suggest that the flesh tint in
first picture is muddy and unnatural, and
girl's head, by deficient relief, lies flat against
sky, at unreconcilable distance in the rear of her
y.
aker's portraits of young girls and children, of
ch there are two in the exhibition, are a little set
drawing, but fresh and pure in flesh-tint, and
uisite for the clearness and serenity of expression
ch this artist, more than any of our portraitists,
nages to throw into the eyes of youth and inno-
ce.
richer's "Turn of Tide" is cheap in method, but
nirable for a certain dramatic knack in catching
ctive *motif*, and his skill in drawing the long
aking curl and swing of incoming waves.
Ve are forced to pass by with, at present, hasty
approving mention, the works of several merito-
is artists, such as Messrs. Blashfield, Julian Scott,
rles H. Miller, and Humphrey Moore; nor let it
imagined that in citing these we exclude others,
r whose pictures we should like to linger did time
space permit.

### The Great Quartette.

THE musical field for the month has presented no
ture of exceptional interest but the long-expected
nbination of four noted artists in the Parepa-Rosa
ra troupe. Recognizing as we do the great merits
the manager, either from the point of view of an
ightened enterprise and self-interest, or from that
a due regard to the claims of public taste, it is still
d to shut our eyes to the fact that the engagement
not completely satisfied the perhaps overstrained
ectations formed of it in advance. No one of the
ists, be it said gently and respectfully, yet decided-
at present unites in full measure the three great
uisites of finished and satisfactory art—*i. e.*, organ,
thod, and dramatic feeling. Noble as are the
merits of the *prime donne* in the two latter regards, the unremitting labor of a very arduous season has not been without perceptible effect on their voices; and we must wait till the repose of the summer holidays shall have restored that strength and clearness of organ which is indispensable for the full illustration of their other indisputable and almost exceptional powers. Of Mr. Santley we have so often spoken before, that it is hardly necessary to do more here than simply to hint that if his dramatic fervor were on a level with his exquisite skill and taste in musical execution, he might seek his equal on the lyric stage. Mr. Wachtel has delighted us—as, for aught that now appears, he seems likely to delight our grandchildren —with the magnetic vigor of his delivery and the unequaled power of his wonderful tenor. But every representation has gone further to show, that in the more intellectual regards which alone must enter into our judgment of art, simply as such, Mr. Wachtel is not a finished nor even a correct artist. Admitting—as how can we do otherwise?—that the only proper standard by which to judge a performer, with a view to sincere praise or reproof, must have regard to the labor, patience, taste, judgment, and fine perception which he has brought to the study of his profession, the famous German tenor, with all his magnificent wealth of organ, can not justly claim rank as a great artist. The distinction is not one universally recognized nor admitted, but we believe it essential, and we are not likely to be tempted or frightened from our opinion by any the most startling or explosive utterances at unimaginable distances above the line.

But, all deductions made—as made they certainly must be,—the representations in which the quartette have been concerned have offered many rare and delightful features. No one, after all, can sing "Il balen" like Santley, or "Di quella pira" like Wachtel, nor are we likely soon to hear any one who can give the pathos of the "letter aria" or the stern despair of Azucena with greater breadth, dignity, and simplicity of method than Parepa and Phillips. In the general mounting and direction of the representations, too, Mr. Rosa has shown praiseworthy energy and discretion. Believing, as we do, that the opera of the future is to depend less on startling or exceptional merit of individual performers than on the sympathetic relation and harmony of all,—on good chorus, thorough drill, rich and appropriate *mise-en-scene;* in short, on general soundness and symmetry of all essential elements, we hail Mr. Rosa's efforts this winter as rightly anticipating what, we feel sure, will be the taste of the coming public.

We are grateful, too, to him for restoring to our stage an artist (Miss Phillips) who has been too long absent, and for whom discreet music-lovers feel an esteem in which personal regard and respect largely blend with artistic approval. Miss Phillips's career illustrates a phase of artistic life which we are tempted to consider as peculiarly American. Commencing her life-work, as many of our readers will remember, in early youth, almost childhood, Miss Phillips has gone steadily onward, in face of more than usual embarrassment, bravely, honorably, kindly, and generously winning her way to her present high position both in professional and private life, untouched by any shadow of reproach, unspoiled by praise, and careless of the smaller devices which are conventionally supposed essential to artistic recognition and applause. Hosts of personal friends delight to sympathize in the pleasure of her success, and to honor in her a noble form of the representative American woman, who cares little to discuss in print or on platforms the great things she *may* do some day, but bravely goes to work and does them.

### The Metric System.

A MOVEMENT now slowly but surely gaining ground among statisticians and men of science, is that which tends to the unification of weights and measures all over the civilized world, and—presumably—the adoption of the French metric system. "What," the gentle reader may ask, "*is* the metric system?" Briefly this. The circumference of our earth, measured on a meridian of longitude, is, in very rough figures, about 24,000 miles—a quadrant, therefore, or distance from pole to equator, 6,000. These 6,000 miles contain, evidently, some 30,000,000 feet, of which one ten-millionth part would be three feet—one yard. Accurately calculated, this quantity is 39.37 inches, and has been adopted since the beginning of this century by the French and several other European governments as the basis of their system of measures, under the name of *metre*. Let us, for convenience' sake, call this metre forty inches, and see what further comes of it. A hundredth part of it, the *centimetre*, is just about four-tenths of an inch, and is used in France for all smaller calculations in the fine arts and manufactures; while scientific men, with their minute computations, are familiar with a tenth of this—the *millimetre* and its decimal subdivisions. Railroad men and surveyors use a thousand such *metres* under the Greek title of *kilometre*, a little over 3,000 feet, or six-tenths of one mile. These are the familiar units of length; now for measures. Let the reader be good enough to take—or imagine—a little cubical box, one *centimetre* (.4 inch) in cube, filled with distilled water at the temperature at which it reaches its maximum density. The weight of such water gives the unit of weight, the gramme—about 15½ of our grains. By the same consistent system of Greek and Latin nomenclature, a hundredth part of one of these *grammes* gives the *centigramme*, for chemical analysis, druggists' work, etc.; and a thousand grammes gives the kilogramme—or rather more than two of our pounds—for the grocers' sugar and butter, and the manufacturers' heavy materials. Next for liquid measures. Take, as just now, a thousand of these little *gramme* boxes, piled solid, or, what is better, the space they would occupy, and we have a new cube—one *decimetre* in length, breadth, etc., whose contents in
distilled water evidently weigh the *kilogramme* a
said. The *capacity* of this box, however—as ne
as possible sixty-four cubic inches—makes the Fr
*litre*, or unit of fluid measure—a liberal En
quart. If we are doing a wholesale business in fl
we may need the *hectolitre*, or hundred-quart
sure. For dry measure we take a cubical box
one *metre* each way, and have the *stere*, rou
stated at thirty-five cubic feet. Marketing, evide
would be best done by the *decistere*, or 3½ feet c
Housekeepers, who know better than we how
space a peck of peas or tomatoes takes up, will p
make their own calculations. And finally, when
farmer wishes to buy land he takes a ten-metre
and the square of which this forms the side is his
—about 120 square yards. One hundred of
*ares* give him his ordinary unit of measure, the
*tare*, or two and a half acres.

All this is a little complicated, and needs som
uring, but, apparently, we have got to come
some day, and might as well begin now. Our y
friends—and some older ones—will find it w
while to cipher it out for themselves a bit, ove
parlor fire. It will be noticed that the Greek t
run *up*, in multiples, and the Latin ones *dow*
fractions, and that we make no mention of inte
diate terms—*decagrammes*, *hectometres*, etc.,
actually much used, if at all. Some practical
evident conclusions will strike even a hasty obs
tion. We shall have, when that time comes,
the same fluid measure as before, and a quart of
on the new system will not go much further
circle of thirsty topers than of old. Anxious fa
of families will consent rather more readily to
silk dresses for mamma and the girls, when dimen
are stated metrically and not in yards, but will
somewhat over the increased bills. Mamma
count up the family consumption in flour, butter
tea with mild and pleased surprise when she bu
kilogrammes, and find her mistake when she co
that remorseless monitor, the pass-book. Jo
will get fearfully bothered in telling the carpente
length of his sled or his rabbit-hutch in centim
but will console himself in being able to tie o
bobs of his kite-tail just one decimetre apart.
so on through all the usages of domestic or com
cial life—there will be for a time much surprise
growling, and confusion—many old notions w
wiped out, many old practices subverted—
thinking and calculation and reshaping of m
habit and process necessitated. But it will all
right after a while, and the school-boy of the fut
to say nothing of his elders—serene in his new
mal system, will stand by the grave of his old
*burn's Arithmetic*, and murmur the mystic but
half-forgotten formula—"Five and a half yard
rod; sixty-three gallons one hogshead; twelve dr
one ounce," with a tender complacency not unmi
with compassion.

It would be interesting, if our space perm say a word about the amazing care and pains with ich the French engineers and astronomers measured t famous base-line from Dunkirk to Barcelona, veling straight onward till they had raised or pped a given star by a given number of degrees, l then, by examining the distance traversed, com- ing the distance from pole to equator. But all s can be found—to say nothing of other scientific rks—in the excellent translation of Arago's *Popu-* *Astronomy*. Much might be said, too, about the nense gain in facility of commercial transactions to reached by adopting the new system all over the rld, as also about the patent objections and diffi- ties which it presents. All this, with the history the movement, so far, the States which have al- dy become *metric*, and the like interesting matter, l be found admirably set forth in President Bar- d's Address to the Convocation of the University New York, recently published by the Trustees of lumbia College, and to that we earnestly refer all intelligent readers.

### "The Masque of the Gods."

THE chief merit of this poem seems to us to be the a of it. It was a very happy thought, worthy of oet, when Mr. Taylor conceived the plan of bring- thus together the various national deities that ve been worshiped among men, and making them persons of a drama. A stricter literary con- ence, and, we must say, too, a more dominant ral sense, joined to such genius as Mr. Taylor ssesses, would have inspired a great poem on a me so great. There was place, however, for a re severe and more generous culture also than it been Mr. Taylor's fortune, in the extremely yssean life that he has led, to acquire. Milton's rning would all of it have found its use in enriching treatment of a subject like this, which, we insist, is very high merit in Mr. Taylor merely to have osen. Milton's disciplined art, too—what a fine d of exercise it would have enjoyed in order- the wealth of illustrative material that his learn- would have levied from every tributary realm of tory! But above all, what a living coal of fire noble Hebrew conscience would have laid on the s of his genius to kindle its speech! How the sking gods would have fled in a magnificent rout dismay before "Jehovah thundering out of Zion," en He appeared in Milton's poem.

There is a most disheartening contrast between total impression made by Mr. Taylor's purpose- s poem and that made, for instance, by Milton's ymn on the Nativity. Mr. Taylor touches no ain that reminds one, except by the difference, of h poetry as this :—

> The oracles are dumb ;
> No voice or hideous hum
>         Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving :
> Apollo from his shrine
> Can no more divine
>         With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving :
> No nightly trance, or breathed spell,
> Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic cell.

Compare with a mood of music, of meaning, and of moral majesty like that, the fantastic pirouetting, Goethean movement of verse which follows, from Mr. Taylor's poem. The Caverns speak :—

> With murmurs, vibrations,
> With rustlings and whispers,
> And voices of darkness,
>         We breathe as of old.
> Through the roots of the mountains,
> Under beds of the rivers,
> We wander and deepen
>         In silence and cold.
>
> But the language of terror,
> Foreboding, or promise,
> The mystical secrets
>         That made us sublime,
> Have died in our keeping :
> Our speech is confusion :
> We mark but the empty
>         Rotations of time.

The immense gulf between Milton and Mr. Taylor here, is of course in part due to a difference in endowment of genius. But it is still more due to a difference of moral inspiration. Milton knew no better than Mr. Taylor knows that it was Christianity that dissolved the spell of old religions, and disenchanted the oracular caverns. But Milton believed it better, and rejoiced in it more. Milton could never, in a poem of his, have suffered Jehovah to be jostled among the vulgar rout of demon gods, as if Jehovah, too, was one of the dispossessed divinities. His art would probably have saved him from so fatal an artistic mistake. But his conscience would have prompted his art, if his art had offered to forget. Mr. Taylor's art forgot, and his conscience was not present to prompt him. He furnishes one more instance, where instances were already but too plentiful, of the need that literature has of moral convictions.

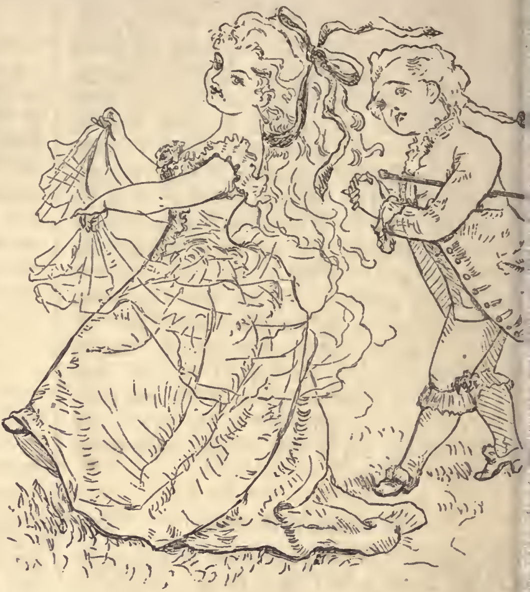
The poem is devoid of interest. It is mainly barren of ornament. It has no action, no progress, no *dénoûment*, no motive and no meaning. It is called a mask, but it is the dimmest possible illusion of drama. It is rather a phantasmagoria. We say that it has no meaning. But it does vaguely imply a dilute and insipid paganized Parkerism in religion. We say that it moves toward no goal. But it does offer us something in the way of a dreary theological prospect. The "gods many" that mask here, the Hebrew Elohim and Immanuel among them, are adumbrations, it would seem, of a deity, who is dramatized in the poem only as a Voice from Space, to be hereafter completely revealed. It is a "forlorn and wild" anticipation, having in it neither the comfort of piety, nor the beauty of poetry. It has not even the certainty of science—or at least we suppose not.

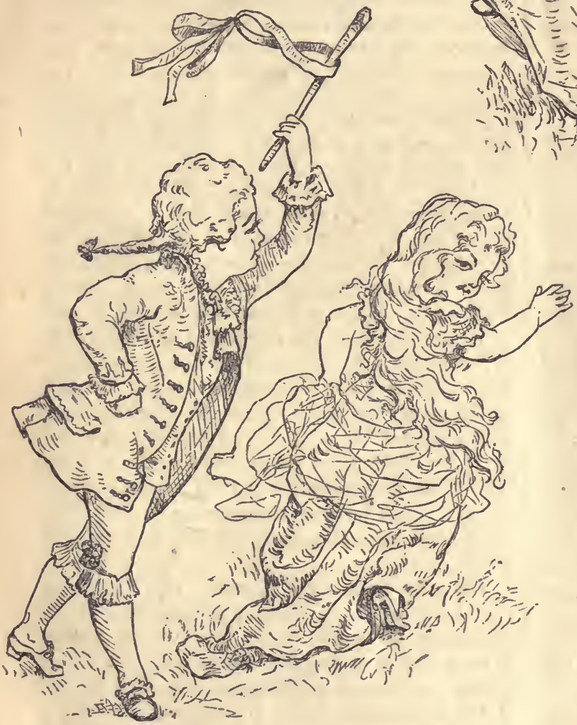
# ETCHINGS.

### Blue Ribbons.

Oh, the ribbon that tied up my golden hair
Came slipping, sliding, falling down,
As I ran o'er the fields, and my cousin Clare
Sang "Love, for that ribbon I'd give thee a crown."

"Then why don't you take it?" I answered him back,
And I laughed in his face as I glanced around,
When such a misfortune befell, for, alack!
My bonnie blue ribbon dropped off on the ground.



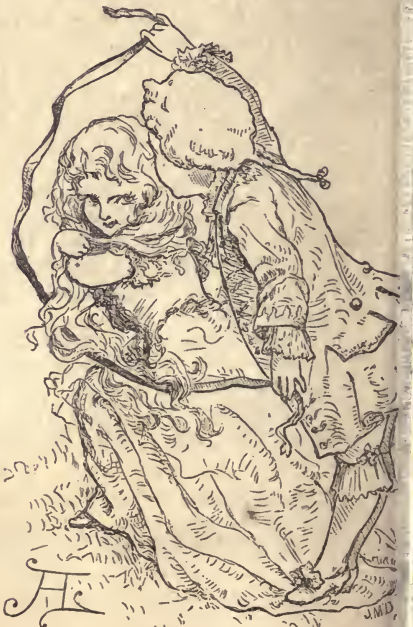


"I will then, my darling"—he laughed in his joy
Till the woods his gay laughter re-echoed again;
"A forfeit I'll have," said this impudent boy,
As he swung my blue ribbon around on his cane.

"Then why don't you take it?" I answered him back;
"You'll have to run fast, Sir, in spite of your charms!"
When such a misfortune befell, for, alack,
I tripped on a stone and fell into his arms!

"I will then, my darling." He bent down h
But I pulled all my golden hair over my ey
"These sunny rays dazzle my sight so," he sa
"That I can't find the rosebud, nor tell
lies.

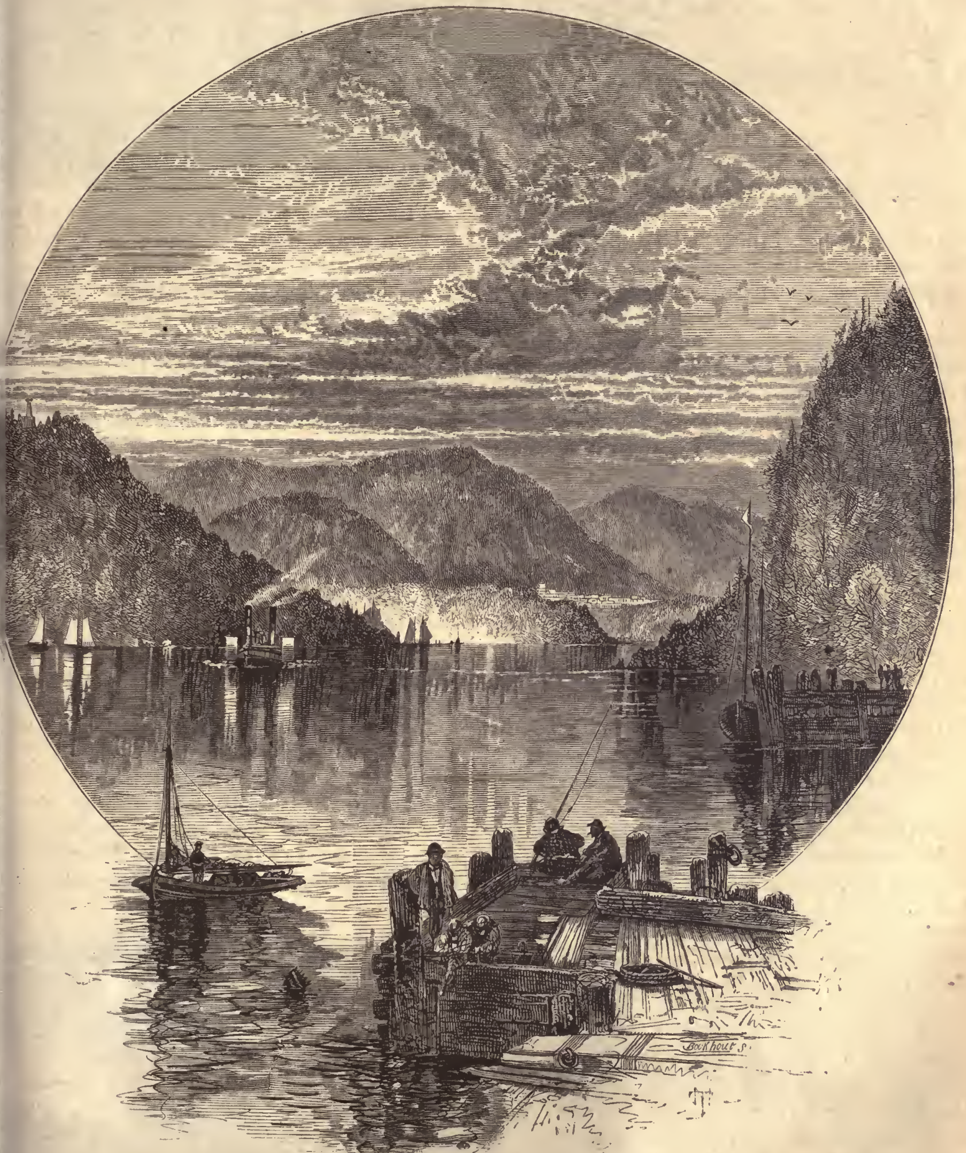
"But here's a blue ribbon I found on the wa
So I'll tie up the sunbeams, and give you a
To pay for my trouble; but frown, or say na
And I'll give you another, as hearty as—*th*



SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

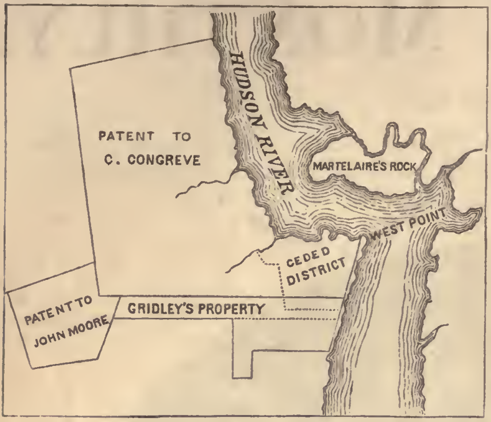
L. IV. JULY, 1872. No. 3.

# WEST POINT.



WEST POINT AND COLD SPRING, FROM GARRISON'S LANDING.

“In time of Peace prepare for War” is a lesome maxim, and one susceptible of wide application in the affairs of the world It is specially so in the strict and limited



SURVEY OF GOVERNMENT LANDS AT WEST POINT IN 1839.

sense of its utterance. "To be prepared for war is one of the most effectual means of preserving the peace. . . . . . . The United States ought not to indulge a persuasion that, contrary to the order of human events, they will forever keep at a distance those painful appeals to arms, with which the history of every nation abounds. . . . If we desire to avoid insult, we must be able to repel it. If we desire to secure peace, one of the most powerful instruments of our rising prosperity, it must be known that we are, at all times, ready for war."

So Washington formulated the maxim in his fifth Annual Message to Congress, for experience and observation had taught him its precepts most impressively during the old War for Independence.

Upon the principles of this maxim the National Legislature acted, when it passed a law for the establishment of a Military Academy at West Point in the bosom of the Highlands of the Hudson River.

Before further noticing this act and its consequences, let us take a brief view of the antecedent history of West Point and its vicinity, that we may better comprehend the motives for the establishment of a military academy there.

The mountain region in which the Academy is situated was once a part of a tract of land thirty by forty miles square granted by Governor Fletcher, of New York, to his favorite, Captain John Evans, of the Royal Artillery, and known as the "Evans Patent." Evans was one of a corrupt ring, of which Fletcher was the center, and by wh
he robbed the government and oppressed
people—if we may believe his successor,
Earl of Bellomont, who, with King Willi
and Captain Wm. Kyd were partners in
business of "privateering" as they called
though Kyd, their scape-goat, was hang
for *piracy*. Perhaps we had better not lo
too closely into the conduct of these
governors, or we may discover that N
York was no better ruled 200 years ago,
the boasted "good old times" than no
and so we will pass on.

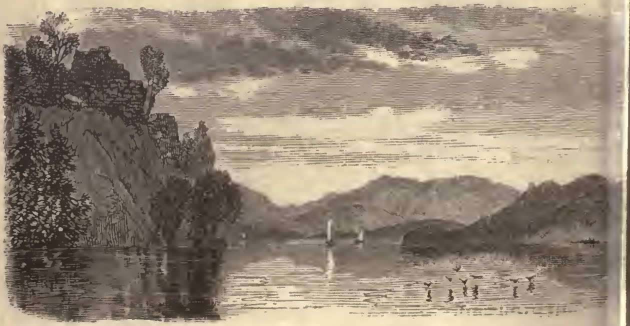
Evans's patent was vacated by an act
the Provincial legislature in 1699, and n
proprietors came into possession in cou
of time.

From these, partly by purchase, and pa
ly by a grant from the State of New Yo
in 1826, the present domain of 2,
acres belonging to the Military Acade
became the property of the Republic.
resurvey was made in 1839, and the bo
daries of the tract permanently settled.

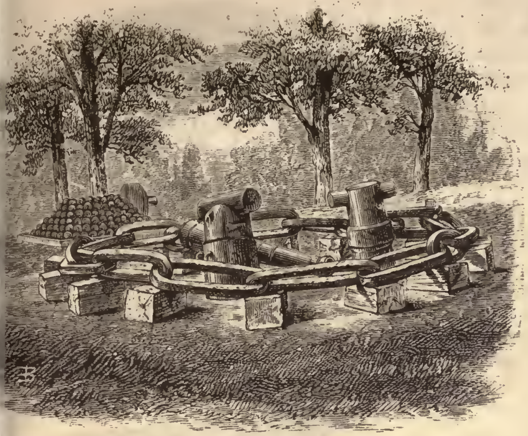
Down to the period of the War for In
pendence, there appears to have been
dwelling or settler here excepting such
were necessary to secure the patent, by
compliance with its terms. It is a region
primary stratified rock heavily covered w
drift-boulders of from a few pounds to m
tons in weight. Like the rest of the la
immediately around, it was mostly uns
ceptible of cultivation.

The American reader need not be told
detail the history of this locality during t
old war, and I will only draw a simple o
line of the more prominent events wh
have rendered the whole region cla
ground.

From the earliest period of the Rev
tion, the British government sought to
tain possession of the Hudson River, thro
military occupation of its entire valley



REMAINS OF FORT CONSTITUTION.



REMAINS OF BIG CHAIN AND MORTARS.

of Lake Champlain, in order, by means ı cordon of posts extending north and h from the St. Lawrence to the sea, to ırate the Eastern from the other States, so weaken the confederacy of revolted vinces.

he importance of controlling the Hudson as evident to the colonists, especially e of New York, as to the British min-, and to that end great exertions were forth by the former. In a report to the vincial Congress of New York early in 5, it was declared that securing pos-ion of the river must necessarily be a tal part of the plan of the British govern-t for subduing the colonists. So thought Continental Congress, and accordingly it lved, on the 25th of May, 1775, to estab- a military post in the Highlands. The vincial Congress of New York took im-iate action in that direction, and, in ust following, ordered fortifications to be "on the banks of the Hudson River, in Highlands," immediately.

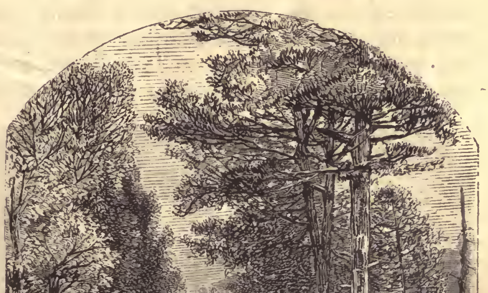
hese fortifications were commenced upon telaer's Rock Island, immediately oppo- West Point, under the direction of onel Bernard Romans, as engineer, who ed there in August, 1775, with Com-ioners Bedloe, Grenell, and Bayard, inted by the Provincial Congress of York, and an escort of twenty-four

hey built Fort Constitution, of which e remains are still left; and from that the island (called after a French family ed Martelaire) has been known as Con-tion Island. They also built redoubts he lofty hills east of West Point, and ts Clinton and Montgomery below.

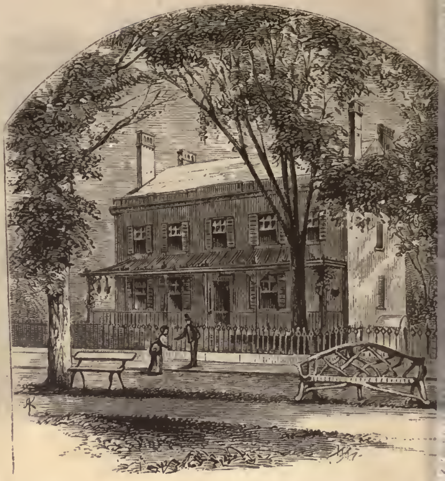
When, in the autumn of 1775, a committee, appointed by the Continental Congress to inspect the works in the Highlands, performed that duty, they discovered that Fort Constitution was on lower ground than West Point opposite, not well located to command the reach in the river southward, and might be made untenable by an enemy gaining possession of the adjacent shore. That committee recommended the occupation of West Point by a fortified camp, and the establishment of batteries on the east side of the river, near the present Garrison's Landing and railway station. This was the first official recommendation for fortifying West Point. They also advised the planting of batteries at Poplopens Kill about six miles below, and there forts Clinton and Montgomery were soon afterwards erected.

In compliance with a resolution of Congress, the Committee of Safety of New York sent Colonel Nicoll to take command of these fortifications in the Highlands. That was the first establishment of a garrison there.

Romans, the engineer, who was working expensively but not very scientifically, was dismissed, and another was put in his place. Under the directions of a Secret Committee of the Provincial Convention of New York, a boom composed of heavy logs and a heavy



ROAD UP FROM THE LANDING.



THE SUPERINTENDENT'S HOUSE.

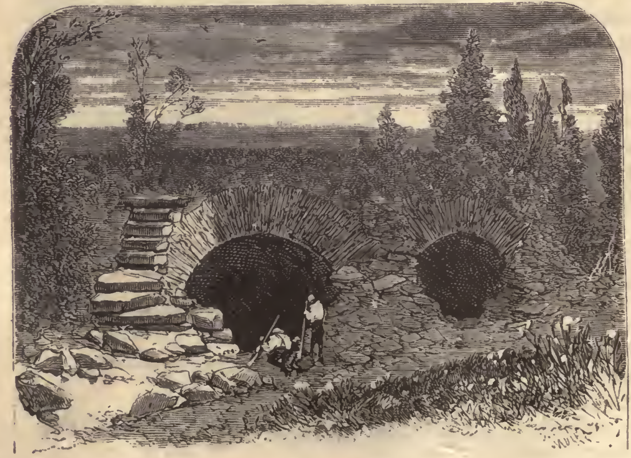
iron chain was stretched across the river at Fort Montgomery. The currents of the stream swept it away. The work was more effectually done the following spring, and a body of troops under General Putnam was placed in the vicinity of the Highlands to defend their passes. An invasion of this region, from both the north and the south, was attempted during the campaign of 1777. But Burgoyne was checked and captured at Saratoga; and Sir Henry Clinton, after some successes on the lower Hudson, captured Forts Clinton and Montgomery, and, destroying the boom and chain, hastened back to New York, having been completely foiled in the accomplishment of his main purpose.

The failure of these works awakened the most intense anxiety in the mind of Washington, and prompt measures were taken to strengthen the defences of the Highlands. It was determined to abandon Forts Clinton and Montgomery, and place a chain and boom obstruction at West Point, where the river was 300 feet narrower, and the position a better one, being at a turn in the stream where sailing vessels ascending it usually lose their headway.

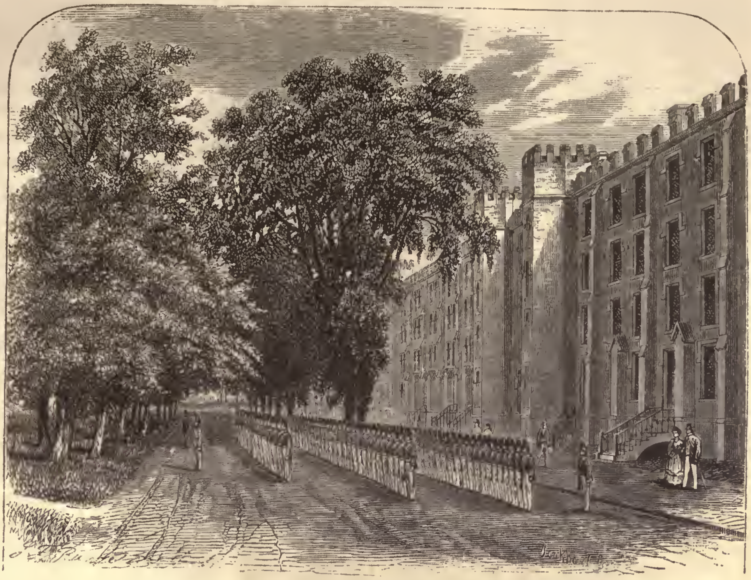
During the winter a fort was built on West Point by a Connecticut brigade under the supervision of Lieutenant-Colonel Radière, a French engineer. This was called Fort Arnold till after the treason of that officer, when the name was changed to Fort Clinton. Extensive water batteries were also erected, and a chain, 500 yards long, of the best Sterling iron, each link two and a quarter inches square, and about two feet in length, was soon afterward,
with the boom, stretched across the riv
West Point, under cover of the gun
Fort Constitution and a water battery
site. A portion of this chain may no
seen among the trophies on the nor
verge of the plain at West Point, surr
ing the brass mortars taken from Burg
at Saratoga.

In the spring of 1778, General McD
succeeded General Putnam in comma
the troops in the Highlands; and Ra
who, like Romans, was determined to
too extensively and expensively, and
not be restrained, was superseded as en
by Colonel Thaddeus Kosciuszko. Un
guidance, the works went on judici
His suavity of manner endeared him
and he was a favorite everywhere. He
pleted Fort Arnold (now
Clinton); and among the m
which composed its ruins t
dets, in 1828, erected a be
white marble cenotaph, in
ory of that noble friend
Americans during their st
for independence.

Kosciuszko was soon
by Colonel Rufus Putn
practical engineer, and
speedily constructed a stro
tification on lofty Mount
pendence. The work was
by Putnam's own regimen
McDougall named it For
nam in honor of the eng
Forts Willys and Webb, on
eminences in the rear of the
were also constructed at this



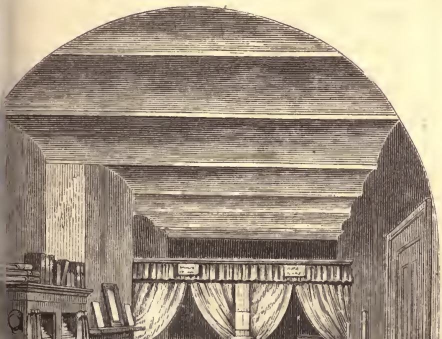
ENTRANCE TO FORT PUTNAM.



THE BARRACKS.

ort Putnam, now uins, was the most ortant of all the ications in the lands, and at- the acumen of onstructor in the ce of its site. It upon lower nd than Snook in the rear, but nt Independence an advantage the higher hill, ing so steep that ld not be escala- By making the pet on that side non-proof, the was rendered le at all points. ommanded the of West Point, e the Academy ings are now, and the river up and for several miles, over which plunging could sweep its waters with destructive .

e gray ruins of Fort Putnam, em- ned among evergreens on the summit ount Independence, 500 feet above the can easily be seen by the traveler by or on the cars which run parallel to the river, for the space of several miles while passing West Point. Remains of casemates in which the patriots lodged, and the dilapidated stone steps at the sally-port, or main entrance to the fort, are alone now left to us as mementos of this once impregnable stronghold.



INTERIOR OF A CADET'S ROOM.

West Point and its dependencies were thoroughly garrisoned throughout the remainder of the war, and commanded, at different times, by McDougall, Heath, Howe, Arnold, and Knox. It was the scene of Arnold's treason, he having requested the command of this important post with the purpose of betraying it into the hands of the enemy, for his treasonable plans had already been matured. But the story of that transaction need not be repeated here. It is the most familiar chapter in the history of West Point to the American reader. The only mementos of that treason left are the Beverly Robinson House, on the east side of the river, which was his headquarters, and the rock at Beverly Dock, below Garrison's, from which he stepped into his barge, when he fled to the *Vulture*. The house retains the same general aspect within and without which it bore when Arnold left it.*

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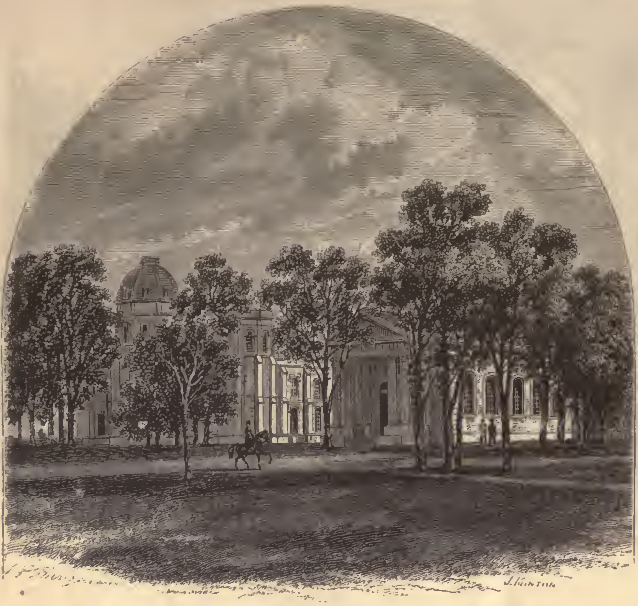
* The reader who may wish to peruse the details of the proceedings in the trial of Major André, and also the more minute particulars about this Highland region and the school there, may be gratified by consulting the excellent *History of West Point* (D. Van Nostrand, publisher) by Major Edward C. Boynton, late Adjutant of the Post.



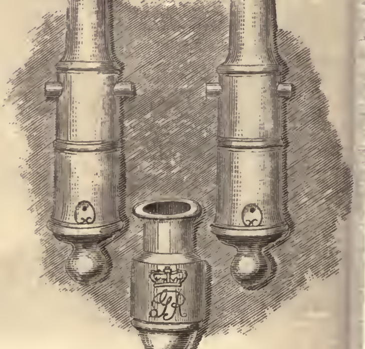
LIBRARY AND OBSERVATORY.

Only one more incident of much general interest occurred at West Point in connection with its military occupation. It was a grand *fête* in honor of the birth of the Dauphin (heir to the throne) of France, given by Washington in the latter part of May, 1782, under an order from Congress. France was then the ally of the United States, and one of its armies, which had helped to overthrow Cornwallis, was yet in this country.

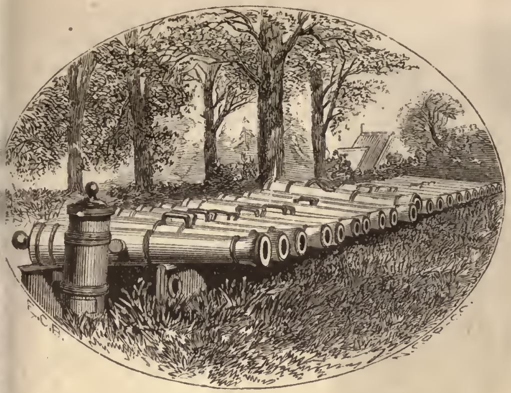
In preparation for the *fête*, Major Villefranche, a French Engineer, constructed an immense arbor formed of trunks of trees and covered over with branches. This was beautifully decorated, and illuminated at night with scores of candles. A ball was held in the evening, which Washington attended, having for his partner the beautiful Mrs. General Knox, with whom, according to an eye-witness, "he carried down the dance of twenty couple in the arbor on the green grass." The *fête* wound up about midnight with a *feu de joie* from muskets and cannon, followed by a grand display of fireworks.

General Knox remained in command of a small garrison at West Point to protect government property there until 1785, when he was appointed Secretary of War. It was in honor of him, as commander of artillery during that war, that a small fortification built, a few years ago, by the cadets for practice was named Battery Knox. It stands
on the bank at the east
edge of the Plain, and c
mands an extensive view
the river and the moun
scenery around. In 1787
1788 the redoubts were dism
tled; the iron chain (most
lying at the bottom of the
er), and the buildings on C
stitution Island were sold,
thus ended the occupation
West Point as a garris
post.

The importance of a trai
school for officers of the a
was felt at an early perio
the Revolution, and so ear
in the autumn of 1776
gress considered the su
and appointed a committe
"prepare and bring in a
of a Military Academy."
eral Knox furnished some
uable hints upon the sub
but no further action ap
to have been taken unti
spring of 1783, after a cessation of
tilities was declared. Then Alexa
Hamilton, as chairman of a committe
Congress appointed to consider prope
rangements with reference to a peace e
lishment, requested Washington to give
his views on institutions of every kin
the defense of the States. He desire
general officers of the army to send



ENGLISH TROPHY GUNS.



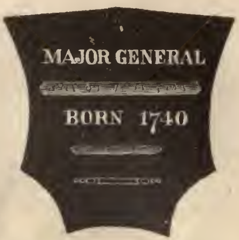
MEXICAN TROPHY CANNON.

ir opinions on the subject in writing. ey did so, some briefly and some in del, and these were collated by Washington d embodied in a long letter to the comttee, covering twenty-five folio pages, ich, in accordance with the suggestions General Huntington and Timothy Pickng, recommended the establishment of a litary Academy at West Point.

The subject was revived occasionally, but virtually slumbered until 1790, when Genl Knox, in his report as Secretary of War, ged the importance of establishing a Miliy Academy. Again the scheme slumred for three years, when Washington akened it in his fifth annual message in 93. That portion of his message was dissed at a cabinet meeting, when Jefferson, e Secretary of State, opposed it as unconstutional. Washington was so well conced of the necessity such an institution at he cautiously sugsted it in that messge, and left Congress decide the constitunal question.

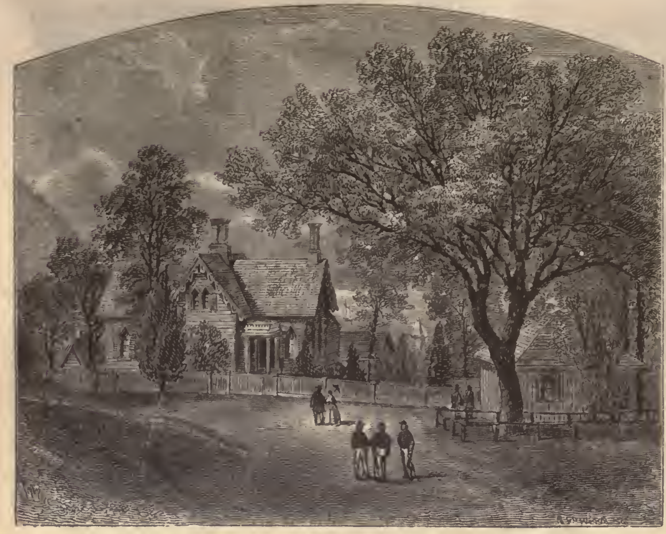
ROAD IN FRONT OF CADET BARRACKS.

This led to Congresnal action in the ring of 1794. By an t passed on the 7th May, provision was ade for a corps of tillerists and Engiers, to which a few dets or learners of e military art were to attached, the corps, rnished with proper oks and apparatus by e Secretary of War, be stationed at West Point. Under this act Washington established a school there the same year. Major Jonathan Williams was the first commander of the corps, and held the relative position of Superintendent of the post. The school occupied a stone building known as the "Old Provost," situated on the northeast side of "Ice House Hollow." The building was burned in 1796, and the school was broken up. In his annual message of that year, Washington again urged the necessity for establishing a Military Academy upon a firm foundation.



BENEDICT ARNOLD'S TABLET.

Two years passed on without anything further being done. Then Congress authorized an increase in the corps of Artillerists and Engineers, and the number of the cadets, and gave the President authority to appoint four teachers of the arts and sciences necessary for the proper military instruction of this corps. The enlightened Secretary of War, Mr. McHenry, in a report early in 1799 very strongly urged the importance of a permanent and well endowed Military Academy, and gave conclusive arguments in favor of such an institution; and President Adams, in his brief message accompanying the report, spoke of it as containing "matter in which the honor and safety of the country are deeply interested."



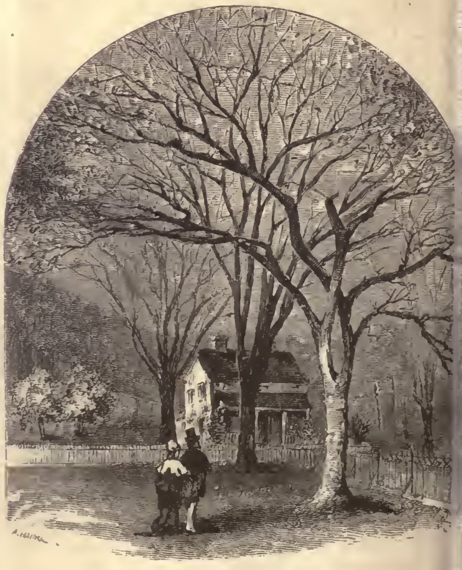
THE POST-OFFICE.

But Congress was still slow to act on the subject. There were no serious war-clouds on the horizon of the Republic; the necessity for skillful military men was not so apparent as it had been; and so it was not until the early spring of 1802, when Congress passed an act for determining the peace establishment, that a Military Academy proper was provided for, to be located at West Point. President Jefferson had, previous to this, revived the military school there under the old acts of Congress; but it was directed by an incompetent private citizen, and was, consequently, a failure.

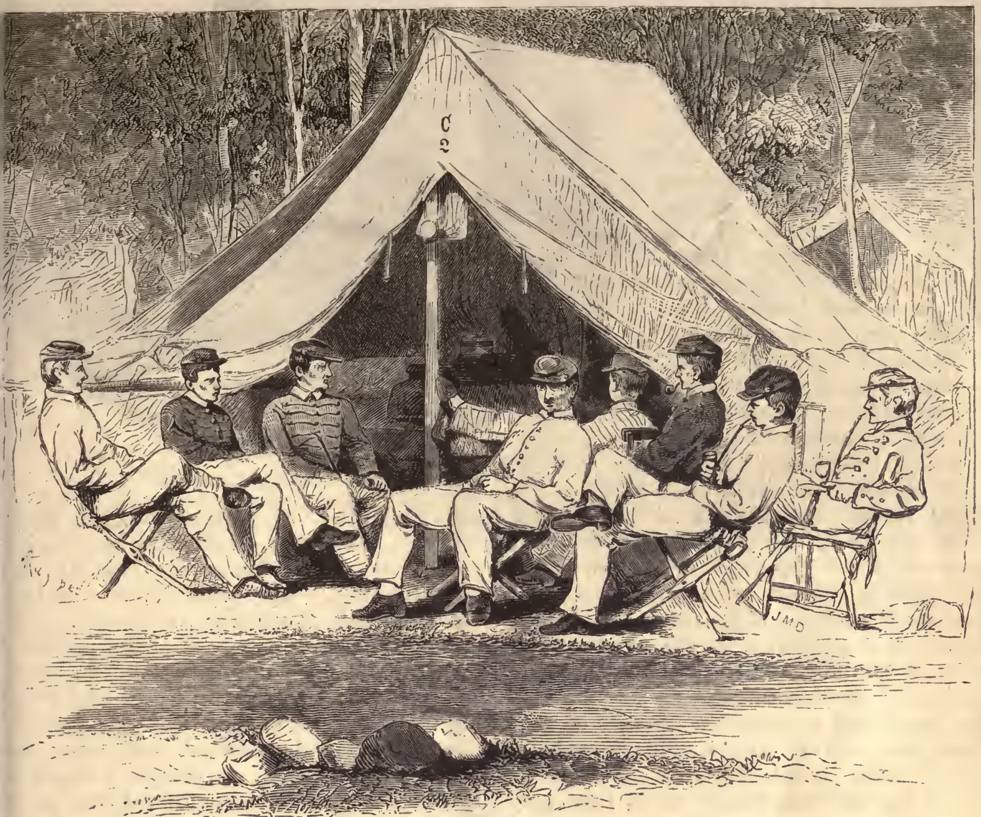
In February, 1803, Congress empowered the President to appoint a teacher of the French language, and also a teacher of drawing, for the Academy. These were important additions to the educational force of the institution, and drawing has ever since, until recently, held a conspicuous place among the studies there. By new regulations that attention to this branch of instruction, which its great importance demands, has been—unwisely, I think—somewhat withdrawn.

Soon after the passage of the act for establishing the Military Academy at West Point, Major Jonathan Williams, who was *ex-officio* chief-engineer, with Captains Mansfield and W. A. Barron, took charge of the Academy. The Major occasionally read lectures on fortifications, gave practical lessons in the field, and taught the use of instruments generally to the little class of cadets, while the two captains taught mathematics. So late as 1808 Major Williams, in his report on the condition o the Academy, spoke of it a being then "like a foundling barely existing among th mountains, and nurtured at distance out of sight, an almost unknown to its legitimate parents." He deprecated the apathy concerning i which then prevailed amon members of Congress and th people.

The Academy continued t have a sickly existence unt the close of the war of 1812 '15, when its importance wa too conspicuously manifest t allow it to be longer neglec ed. Presidents Jefferson an Madison had urged the nece sity of making it what it shoul be, but there was a wide-sprea belief that such an institutic would encourage a warlike spirit among people whose best guarantees for prosperi and happiness were to be found in the cultiv tion of the arts of peace. Finally, a fe weeks before war was declared against Gre Britain, in 1812, Congress passed an act whi authorized the establishment of the Acaden at West Point upon its present broad fou dations. It was made a purely military i stitution, whose officers and professors are su ject to the same Rules and Articles of War govern the land forces of the United State



GENERALS' QUARTERS.

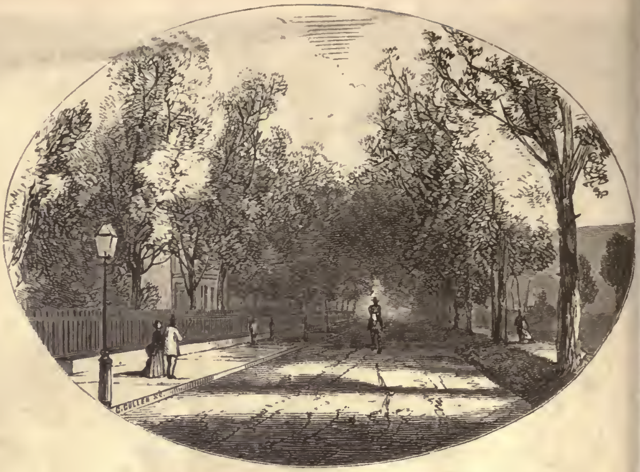


CADETS IN SUMMER UNIFORM.

Although at the peace in 1815 no speck f war appeared anywhere upon our borders, he military skill of the Republic had been indicated, the power of the hostile Indian ribes was much diminished, and the army educed to 10,000 men, President Madison ecommended the enlargement of the Miliary Academy, for enlightened men felt he necessity of preparing for war in time f peace. At about that time the office f Superintendent of the Academy was stablished. To this officer, under the direcion of the Secretary of War, was given xclusive control of the Institution and those onnected with it. Captain Alden Partridge, ho, as Senior Engineer, had been at the ead of the Academy since 1808, became s first Superintendent. The Academy uilding, at that time, containing also the uarters of the Superintendent, was a twotoried wooden structure which stood on the ite of the present spacious house occupied y that officer.

The erection of Academic buildings was ow begun. For this purpose the act of 1812 appropriated $25,000, an amount that was to cover, also, all other expenses, such as a library, implements, etc. This appears like a small sum, but we must consider that it was for a small school. Although provision had been made for a large number of cadets, few had been appointed; and during the ten years of its existence, only seventy had been graduated. In fact there had been no accommodations for the number authorized.

Up to this time, and until the year 1818, orders, rules, and regulations had been promulgated, but to very little purpose, for they were much unheeded. Cadets were taken without examination; were not considered answerable to martial law; no rank was established; and numbers were admitted without regard to age or qualifications required by the law of 1812. The consequence was that many were totally unfit for the position, and were compelled to leave the institution without completing their education. Even general orders prescribing the uniform of the cadets were very little attended to until

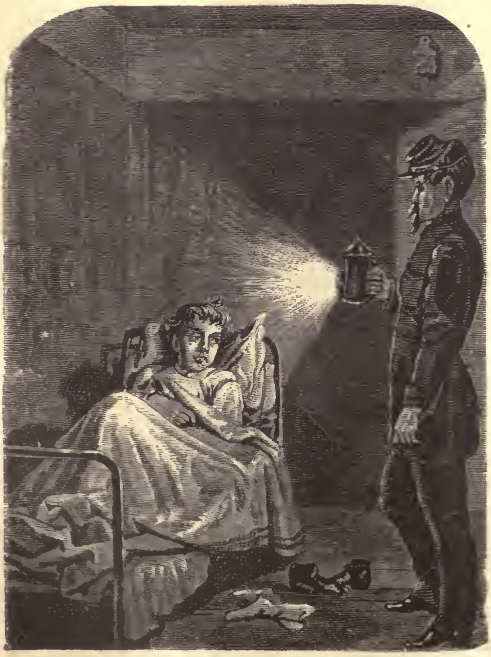


STREET IN FRONT OF OFFICERS' QUARTERS.

1816, when the uniform of the students as now worn—excepting that the hat and cockade have been superseded by a dress and fatigue caps—was adopted, and the orders therefor were strictly enforced. This uniform varies with the season, being of gray cloth in winter, trimmed with black braid; and for summer, of white drilling.

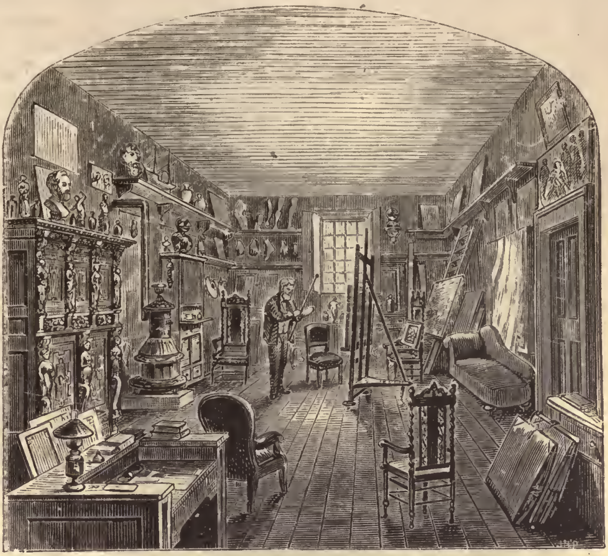
In the course of a conversation with the late General Scott in the library of the Military Academy at West Point, in the summer of 1862, the veteran gave to the writer the following account of the origin of the "Cadet gray," as the color of the cadets is called: While stationed at Buffalo in the summer of 1814, General Scott wrote to the Quartermaster for a supply of new clothing for the regulars. Word soon came back that blue cloth, such as was used in the army, could not be obtained, owing to the stringency of the blockade and the embargo, and the lack of manufactures in the country, but that there was a sufficient quantity of gray cloth (now known as "Cadet's Gray") in Philadelphia. Scott ordered it to be made up for his soldiers, and in these new gray suits they marched down the Niagara River on the Canada side, in the direction of Chippewa. It was just before the battle know by that name, which occurred early in July General Riall, the British commander, looked upon them with contempt when preparin for battle on the morning of the 5th, for th Marquis of Tweeddale, who, with the Britis advance, had skirmished with them all th day before, had reported that they wer only "Buffalo militia," and accounted fo their fighting so well and driving him to hi intrenchments north of the Chippewa Rive by the fact that it was the anniversary o American Independence that stimulate them. On account of the victory won a Chippewa on that day, chiefly by these so diers in gray, and in honor of Scott and hi troops, that style of cloth was adopted a the Military Academy at West Point as th uniform of the cadets.

Previous to 1815, the cadets had bee quartered in the "Long Barracks" of th Revolution that stood near the site of th hotel, until the building known as the Sout Barracks was completed in that year. stood, with the old Mess-hall and Academ upon an east and west line directly in fro of the present beautiful pile which compose the Cadets' Barracks, a front view of which here given. This is on the south side of th plateau or plain, and is the most imposin structure in the group of academic building It is constructed of stone, with rooms fir proof. Its external appearance is elegan being castellated, and corniced with re sandstone in the style of the later Tudor The building is 60 feet wide by 360 feet lon with a wing extending in rear of the wester

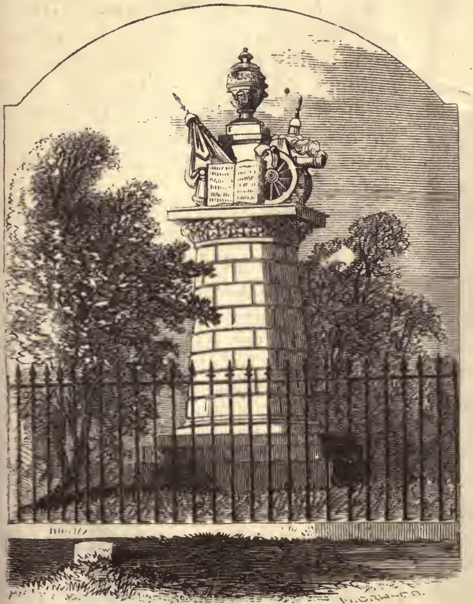


INSPECTION AFTER TAPS.

tower 60 × 100 feet. In the basement are bathing-rooms, heating apparatus for the whole building, and quarters for the servants. The building contains 176 rooms, of which 136 are cadets' quarters, each 14 × 22 feet square, arranged in eight divisions. These are all so alike that a description of one will answer for all. It is furnished with an iron bedstead and table, and a few simple articles of necessity, all in a very plain and convenient manner for the use of the cadets at night and when off duty, each room accommodating two. Until the "Administrative Building" was erected, the west tower of this imposing structure and the adjacent division were used as officers' quarters. In front of this building is a broad and finely kept street, shaded by lofty, wide-spreading trees, where the cadets are often seen on parade in fine weather.

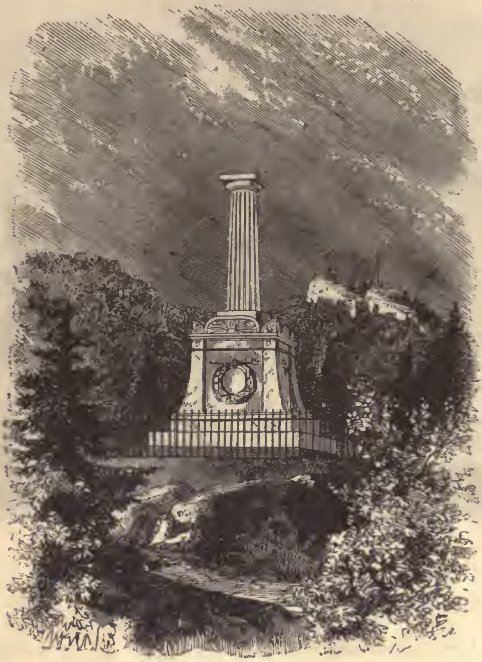

INTERIOR OF PROF. WEIR'S STUDIO.

The Academy building, which was constructed of stone in 1815, and was destroyed by fire in February, 1838, stood at the west of the South Barracks. A new stone building was immediately erected, directly west of the Chapel, three stories in height, 75 feet deep, and with a front of 275 feet, having red sandstone pilasters, and a clock-tower at the northwest angle. In the south end of the first story are the Chemical Department, lecture-room, a room for electrical experiments, and a work-room, all spacious. In the central part of the story is a large gymnasium, with a room for official meetings; and at the north end of the story is the Fencing Room, 38 × 75 feet square. In the second story is an excellent cabinet of minerals and fossils, directly above the chemical department; and the engineering rooms are just over the fencing rooms. To these are attached two engineering model rooms; and on the same floor are seven spacious recitation rooms. In the third story are the Artillery Model Room; Mineralogical Recitation Room; Geographical Room; Mathematical Model Room; and the Drawing Academy. To the latter are attached the Picture Gallery, and Gallery of Sculpture, each large rooms; and on the same floor are three recitation rooms.


CADETS' MONUMENT.

Directly south of the Academy, and, like it, fronting the east, is the Mess-Hall, another building of beautiful proportions, one hundred and seventy feet in length and sixty-two feet in depth. The mess-room is a central hall forty-six by ninety-six feet; and, connected with it, are the Purveyor's quarters, mess-room for officers attached to the Academy, and kitchen and bakery.

The Observatory and Library building stands at the south-east corner of the plain. This was erected in 1841, and is castellated, and corniced with red sandstone in the style of the Cadets' Barracks. It is constructed



KOSCIUSCZKO'S CENOTAPH.

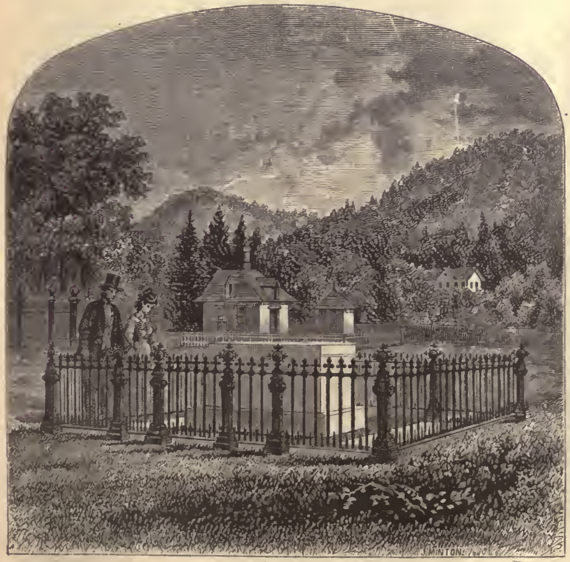
of stone, one hundred and sixty feet front and seventy-eight in depth. In the second story is a lecture-hall; also the apparatus used in the Philosophical Department, including a telescope under a dome twenty-seven feet in diameter. A transit instrument and mural circle are in the towers.

The Library is in a spacious room, forty-six feet square and thirty-one feet in height. It contains nearly 24,000 volumes, and receives from Congress an appropriation of $2,000 a year. In it hang the portraits of several of the celebrities connected with West Point. Among these is the full-length likeness of Colonel Sylvanus Thayer painted by Professor Weir. The Colonel was Superintendent of the Academy from 1817 to 1833. To the admirable organizing and executive abilities of Col. Thayer the Academy owes its high character and success as a seminary of learning. He arranged the cadets upon an army plan; divided the classes into sections; methodized the whole course of instruction and discipline, and introduced most of the general regulations for preserving order which now govern the Academy. He infused such new life into the institution, that he earned the honor of being called the father of it.

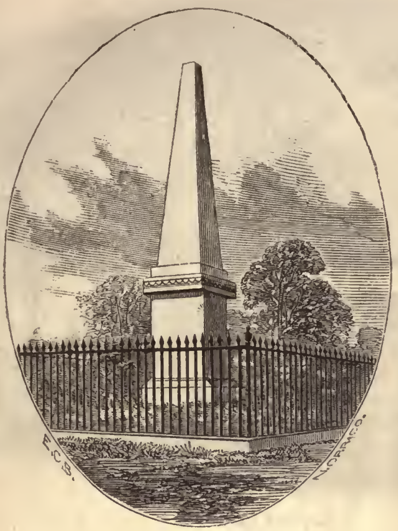
West of the library building is the Chapel, a neat structure of stone, erected in 1836. It contains a fine painting over the chancel by Professor Weir; and trophies taken from the British and Mexicans, composed of colors and great guns, adorn its walls. There are the two brass cannon, taken from the British, which Congress voted to General Nathaniel Greene, and which were in 1823, by permission of his family, deposited in the Military Academy. They are about five feet in length, and each contains the inscription on the opposite page. Between the guns is a small brass mortar.

Upon the walls of the chapel are several black marble tablets bearing the names, in gilt letters, of the Generals of the Revolution, with the exception of one near the front of the west end of the gallery, which has on it only these words: "MAJOR-GENERAL - - - - - BORN 1740," with furrows cut into the stone, as if a part of the inscription containing a name had been scooped out. This is the significant memorial of Benedict Arnold.

One of the finest of the structures at West Point, and which was recently finished, stands south of the chapel, and is called the "Administrative Building." It is devoted to the use



GEN. SCOTT'S SARCOPHAGUS.



WOOD'S MONUMENT.

of the various officers of the institution, such as the Superintendent, the Treasurer, the Adjutant, *et cetera.* It is built of stone and is fire-proof.

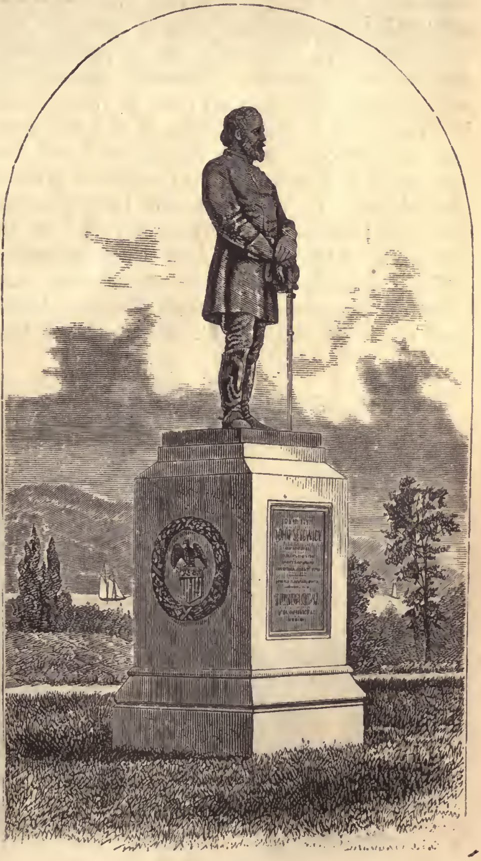
Southeast of the library, upon a lower terrace, are the cavalry stables, extending parallel with the Hudson river 301 feet, with an extensive wing, containing stalls for one hundred horses. South of these a few yards is the Riding School, 78 × 218 feet. It was built of stone in 1855, and is spanned by a single curved roof. It is said to be the largest building in this country used for equestrian exercises. These buildings stand at the head of the road leading up from the landing, and are conspicuous objects from the river.

On the northwest slope of the plain are the cavalry, artillery, and engineer barracks, two stories in height, built of brick in 1857 and 1858. In front of these buildings at the edge of the river, is a long brick structure occupied by army pontoon trains. In the rear of the Engineers' barracks is the fire-proof powder magazine; and near the cavalry barracks is the hospital for soldiers, of whom a few are always stationed at West Point. The hospital for the cadets is a stone building of two stories and a basement; and the band barracks is a long wooden structure where the families of the musicians reside. South of all these, on the northern slope of the plain, is the Ordnance and Artillery Laboratory, inclosed within a stone-fenced yard, where the fabrication of ammunition and repairing is carried on.

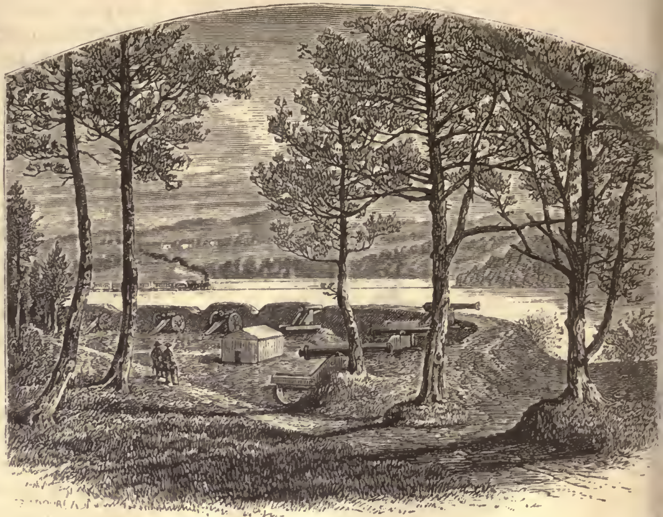
---

"TAKEN
FROM THE BRITISH ARMY,
AND PRESENTED BY ORDER OF
THE UNITED STATES IN CONGRESS ASSEMBLED,
TO MAJOR-GENERAL GREENE
AS A MONUMENT OF
THEIR HIGH SENSE OF
THE WISDOM, FORTITUDE, AND MILITARY TALENTS
WHICH DISTINGUISHED HIS COMMAND
IN THE SOUTHERN DEPARTMENT,
AND OF
THE EMINENT SERVICES
WHICH,
AMIDST COMPLICATED DANGERS AND DIFFICULTIES,
HE PERFORMED FOR
HIS COUNTRY.
OCTOBER YE 18, 1783."

INSCRIPTION ON CANNON.



GEN. SEDGWICK'S STATUE.



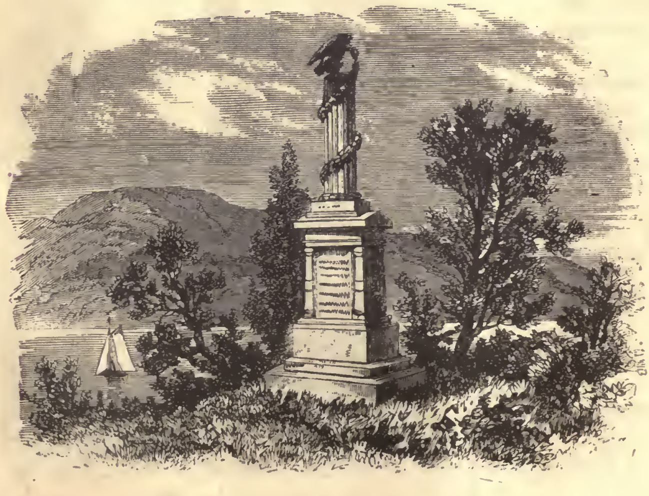
BATTERY KNOX.

Very near this Laboratory, on a terrace upon the steep, northern portion of the plain, is a neat gothic cottage where, for many years, the Post-office has been kept by the widow of Chaudius Berard who was the first Professor of the French language in the Academy after the passage of the act of 1840, creating such professorship. She was made post-mistress in 1848, and on the 4th of July, 1871, the President appointed her accomplished daughter, Miss Blanche Berard, to the same office.

In addition to the buildings just mentioned, are nine spacious brick houses on the western side of the plain, and three double stone dwellings on its northern verge, for the accommodation of the Superintendent and Professors, and their families; also more than twenty smaller ones, a soldiers' church, six guard-houses, workshops, *et cetera*, and a hotel. These compose the structures of the military post at West Point. We may add to the list one of the old quarters for officers, which stood until this last spring, on the extreme northwestern part of the plain. It was a small but pleasant wooden structure in which several of the generals of the army had their dwellings when connected with the Academic staff. Among them were Generals Robert Anderson, C. F. Smith, O. O. Howard, Gibbon, Vogdes, and Rosecranz. The late Professor Mahan occupied it at one time.

The officers' quarters are beautifully located at the foot of the mountain, surrounded by gardens and embowered in shrubbery; and in front is a broad street, shaded by noble trees, and a wide stone sidewalk which makes a pleasant place for an evening's promenade.

According to the revised regulations fo the Military Academy, adopted in 1866, the organization consists of a Superintendent, Commandant of Cadets, and Professors and Instructors; the latter, who have held their commissions as such for over ten years being assimilated in rank to lieutenant colonels, and all others to majors. The members of the Academic Staff rank as follows: (1) Superintendent (2) the Commandant of Cadets; (3) all Professors and officers of the army, according to their assimilated o lineal rank in the service The Academic Board consists of the Superintendent Commandant of Cadets, Professors, and the Instructor of practical Military Engineering, and of Ordnanc and Gunnery. Three members form a quorum to examine candidates for admission. An officer of the arm is detailed as Adjutant o the Academy, who has charg

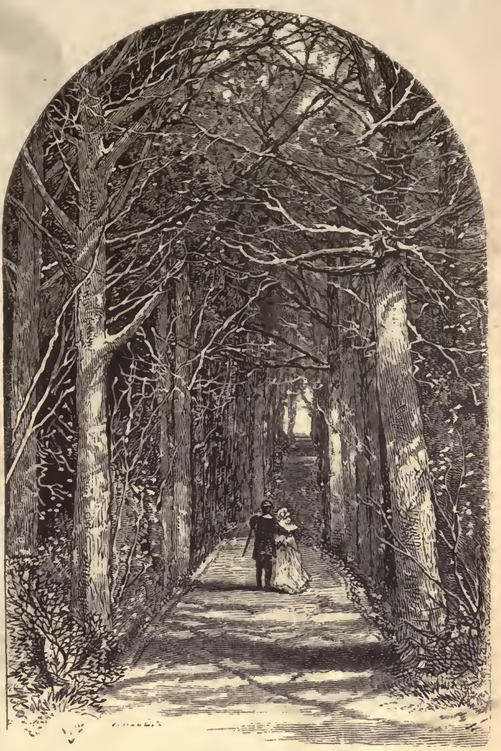


DADE'S MONUMENT.

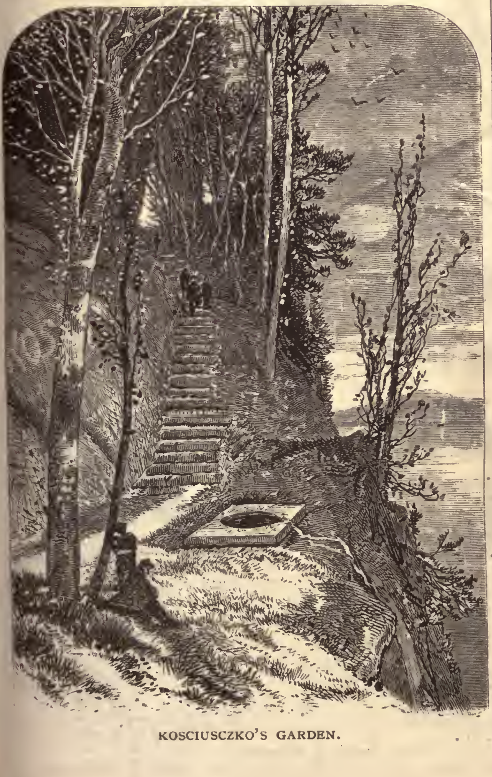
f all the records and papers of the same, nd acts as Secretary to the Academic ʒoard. An officer of the army is also etailed as Treasurer of the Academy.

In the appointment of cadets, each Conressional and Territorial District, and the )istrict of Columbia, is entitled to one and 10 more. The candidate is usually nominaed to the Secretary of War, by the repreentative in Congress from the district in vhich he and the applicant reside, yet it nay be done by the candidate himself or his riends. The Secretary of War then makes he appointments. The President of the Jnited States is authorized to appoint every rear ten cadets in addition to those just 1amed, according to his own will and pleaure, who are called "Cadets at large."

No candidate for cadetship may be admited, under seventeen or over twenty-one rears of age, or who is less than five feet in 1eight, or who is deformed, or by disease nade physically unfit for military duty, or vho at the time of presenting himself shall oe afflicted with any infectious or immoral disorder. All are subjected to the examination of a medical board composed of three experienced medical officers. The physical disqualifications are enumerated in detail in a printed circular which may be had by application to the Superintendent. It also contains full information concerning the method of applying for admission, qualifications, and the course of study.

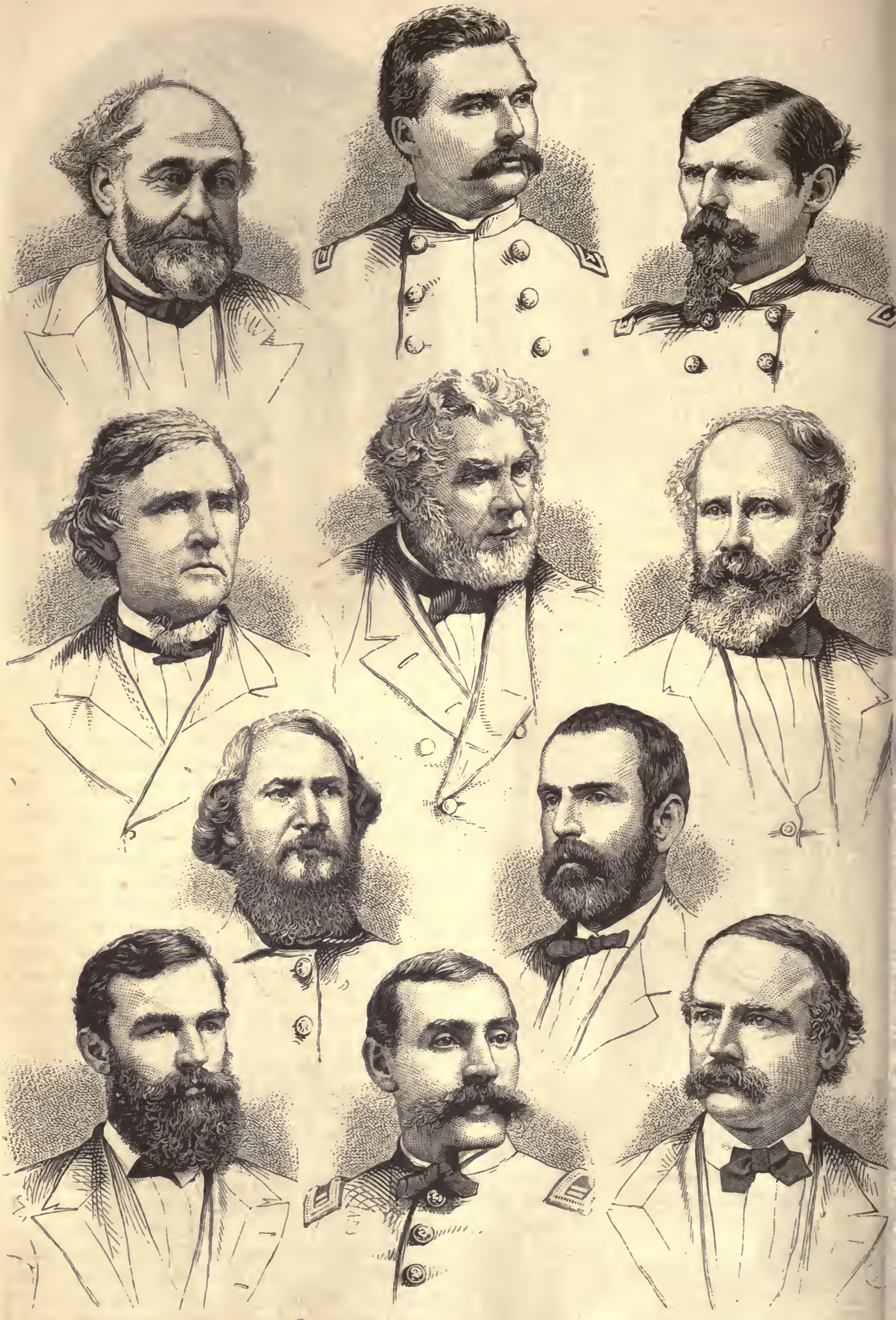


FLIRTATION WALK.



KOSCIUSCZKO'S GARDEN.

Any person who served honorably and faithfully not less than one year, either as a volunteer or in the regular service, in the late war, shall be eligible for appointment up to the age of twenty-four years. No married person shall be admitted as a cadet; or if a cadet shall marry before graduation, such an act shall be considered equivalent to a resignation. Each candidate must be able to read and write the English language correctly, and to perform with facility and accuracy the various operations of the four ground rules of arithmetic, of reduction, of simple and compound proportion, and of vulgar and decimal fractions; and have a knowledge of the elements of English grammar, of descriptive geography, particularly of the United States of America, and of the history of the United States. Those selected by the War Department as candidates are ordered to report to the Superintendent, for examination, between the first and the twentieth of June, but



THE ACADEMIC BOARD.

Prof. Albert E. Church.
Rev. John Forsyth, D.D.
Patrice De Janon.
Prof. Peter S. Michie.

Col. Thomas H. Ruger.
Prof. Robert W. Weir.
Prof. Junius B. Wheeler.
Capt. Oswald H. Ernst.

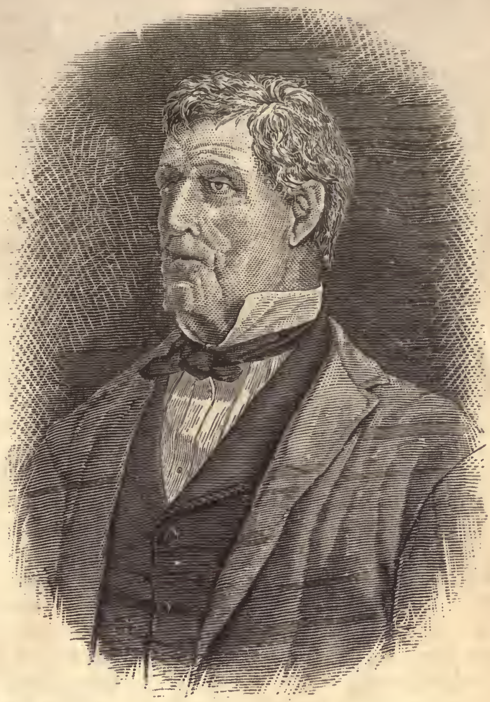
Lt. Col. Emory Upton.
Prof. Henry L. Kendrick.
Prof. George L. Andrews.

ey cannot receive their warrants and be
dmitted to full cadetship until after the
nuary examination next ensuing their
dmission. The candidate must, upon being
dmitted, sign an agreement that he will
rve in the Army of the United States for
ght years unless sooner discharged by
mpetent authority, and take the following
th: "I solemnly swear that I will support
e Constitution of the United States, and
ear true allegiance to the National Govern-
ent; that I will maintain the sovereignty of
e United States paramount to any and all
legiance, sovereignty, or fealty I may owe
any State, county, or country whatsoever;
d that I will at all times obey the legal
ders of my superior officers and the rules
d articles governing the Armies of the
nited States."

The usual term of the cadet begins with
e first of July and continues four years.
uring this time the Government allows
m about $500 a year in money, with the
ldition of one ration a day, commuted at
irty cents. Four dollars a month is re-
ined, however, for the cadet, until his
aduation, as an equipment fund. No
oney is allowed in the hands of a cadet,
t his condition in life be what it may. His
penses are all paid by the treasurer, and
arged to him.

The permanent charges against a cadet
e: For board, twenty dollars a month;
ashing, two dollars and fifty cents; postage,
rious; barber and shoe-blacking, sixty-five
nts; baths (two a week), thirty-nine cents;
aking fires and police in barracks, sixty
nts; printing, twelve cents; and gas fund,
ty cents. All damages are charged extra.
here is a Commissary of Cadets appointed
the Superintendent, who furnishes all
ticles needed, at or about their cost.

The life of a cadet is not a monotonous
e by any means, for he has a daily round
changing duties and recreations, spiced
ith adventures after "taps," when it is
ficially assumed that every student is in
d. He is aroused from a sound sleep at
e o'clock by the morning gun, and the
veillé summoning him to early roll-call. He
ust be in the ranks a few minutes later.
t half-past five he must have his room
order. He is not allowed a waiter,
rse, or dog, and must perform all the
eeping, folding of bedding, dusting, and
rk of that kind himself. This done, he
oceeds to study until the drum taps for
eakfast roll-call at seven o'clock. Then
marches with a platoon to the mess-hall,



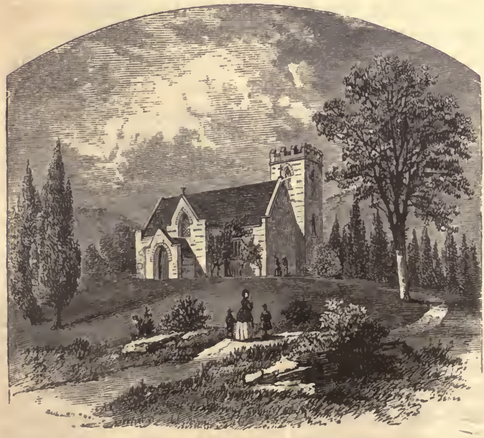
BENNY HAVENS, OH !

where he is allowed to remain twenty-five minutes. Then he has half an hour for recreation during guard-mounting, when at eight o'clock the bugle calls "to quarters," which means five hours of recitations, class-parades, *et cetera.* From one to two o'clock is the time allowed for dinner and recreation. At four o'clock the work of the Academy is over. Drill occupies an hour and a half, when a season of recreation follows, and the pleasant dress-parade takes place at sunset. Supper over, he has thirty minutes for recreation, when the bugle calls him to quarters and study. Tattoo beats at half-past nine, and taps at ten, when the lights are extinguished. This comprises the usual daily routine of a cadet's life.

The Academic term, as we have observed, consists of four years, and the student passes gradually from the fourth to the first class. During the first year his studies are confined to mathematics, the French language, tactics of artillery and infantry, and the use of small arms. The second year he is instructed in mathematics, the French and Spanish languages, drawing, and infantry and cavalry tactics. In the third year natural and experimental philosophy, chemistry, drawing, artillery, cavalry and infantry tactics, and practical military engineering are taught him. The fourth year is occupied with the study of military and civil engineering and the science of war, mineralogy and geology, ethics and law, artillery, cavalry, and infantry tactics, ordnance and gunnery, and practical military engineering.

It will be perceived that the number of studies are few, as compared with collegiate institutions, and the consequence is that the mind is not overburdened, and everything is learned well. The methods of instruction are so thorough and rigid, that a cadet is generally qualified, at the end of each year, to pass the ordeal of the Examining Board, without which he may not ascend into the next higher class. The discipline is so exact, and rules for the promotion of order and personal cleanliness and neatness are so strict, that the cadet acquires habits that are extremely useful to him during the remainder of his existence. The use, occupation and care of his accouterments, bedstead and bedding, clothes-press, and the furniture, floors, walls, and wood-work, heating apparatus, screen and top, in his room in the barracks, are all subjected to prescribed regulations. By the Conduct-Roll his standing is daily determined; and to the Code of Regulations, which is severely rigid, he must be obedient to the letter, or be the subject of damaging demerit marks, or punishments.

The delinquencies for which demerit marks are given might seem trifling to the casual observer, but they form a part of a necessary whole. For example: "collar not neatly put on; shoes not properly blacked; coat unbuttoned; hair too long at inspection; pipe in possession at 8½ A.M.; wash-bowl not inverted at morning inspection; not neatly shaved at inspection." If cadet receives more than one hundred these demerit marks in the course of months, he is dismissed. Leniency is sho to the younger class of students because their inexperience, and at the end of ea six months of the first year one-third of t demerit marks are stricken off, and the r mainder stand as a permanent record.


CHURCH OF THE HOLY INNOCENTS.

Thoughtlessness, carelessness, and inatte tion are not tolerated. For every, even t least, offense, the cadet is reported to t Commandant, and, after being allowed to e plain, is punished or acquitted as the c cumstances may warrant. He is contin ally under the eye of a superior, who, li his shadow, is always with him, whether military duty, at his meals, in his room, or recitation, and whose business it is to repo every departure from the requirements the Rules. This, in the slang vocabula of the Academy, is called "skinning." cadet so "persecuted" wrote thus concer ing his "shadow:"—

He sought me out at early dawn
  Whilst weary nature slept,
And *skinned* me for my "bedding down,"
  Because "I had not swept,"
Because my "bowl was not upturned,"
  For "dirt in fire-place;"
Then, with his horny finger, on
  My mantel tried to trace
His ugly name, and with a sneer
  Said—"dusty! Mr. Case!"

The winter recreations of the cadets a more limited than those of summer, a consist chiefly of social gatherings in th rooms, or with the families residing at t Post, on Saturday evenings, when stud are always omitted; also of occasional p vate theatricals and literary entertainmen In a lively volume, entitled *The West Po Scrap-Book*, by Lieutenant O. E. Woo which contains a collection of stori songs, and legends of the Military Acaden are many clever pictures of cadet-life the from which I have culled "bits" for embellishment of this paper, among other vivid sketch of the incidents of a theatri performance there, late in 1866. The p was "The Melancholy Drama of 'L me Five Shillings,' during the performa of which no levity will be allowed in audience," said the play-bill. It was a announced in a *nota bene* that "Those the audience who wish to weep may d handkerchiefs, provided they are out of de During the intermission between the Sec nd Third Parts, officers will be allowed to go down to the 'mess,' provided they do not take any undue advantage of the permit. Members of the Corps not on pledge [temperance] may partake of pea-nuts during this intermission. Persons not able to procure seats can have the privilege of bowling ten pins in the Gymnasium."

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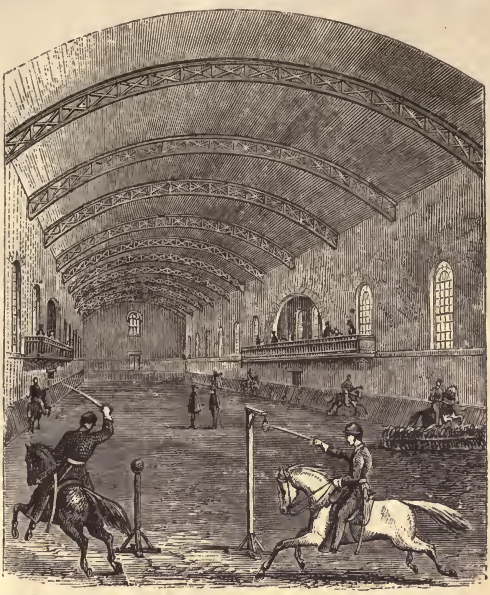
* Published by D. Van Nostrand.

The first part introduced impecunious characters, among them a young artist. The second was composed of music and dancing. The third was a farce, in which appeared an "irrepressible contraband;" a "benign old gentlemen;" a "French barber in love with Mrs. Morton," who was "a widow and the mother of twins;" and "a model nurse."

There was trouble in "casting" the play. One cadet couldn't take the part of the Artist because his hair didn't curl, and all young artists were supposed to have curly hair. One was too tall and another was too short for respective characters; and another was too painfully thin to take the part of the "widow, and mother of twins," and so on. But the cast was finally made. "The Point" was ransacked for costume. The ladies there lent dresses and jewelry, "switches" and "chignons," but it was difficult to find the "twins." They went to "the Dutchman's" to borrow them, but the good *frau* was afraid "dose caddets vould hurt dem," and so they had to be content with artificial ones. The theater was in the Fencing Academy, and the "green room" was an apartment of the size of a cadet's quarters in the Barracks. The whole affair was grandly successful.

Occasionally, amusements were indulged in of a less creditable character, involving the violation of some regulation. The most harmless of these was "The Hash,"—a midnight feast at the quarters of one of the cadets. After "taps," all the lights being out, the participants would steal in one after the other, when, the outer and the transom windows having been darkened by blankets, the gas was again lighted. Then from under the bodies and capes, and out of the sleeves of overcoats came bread and butter, and meat and potatoes, pepper and salt, knives, forks, dishes and spoons, which those who were invited to the "hash" had "hived" from the mess-hall at dinner time; and up the chimney, away from the eyes of prying officers, a gas cooking-stove had been hid. The wash-bowl served for mixing the viands in before putting them in a cooking pan, while the "guests" prepared the bread and butter for the feast. The supper over, they would take "a good square smoke," if not caught by the vigilant Officer-in-charge.

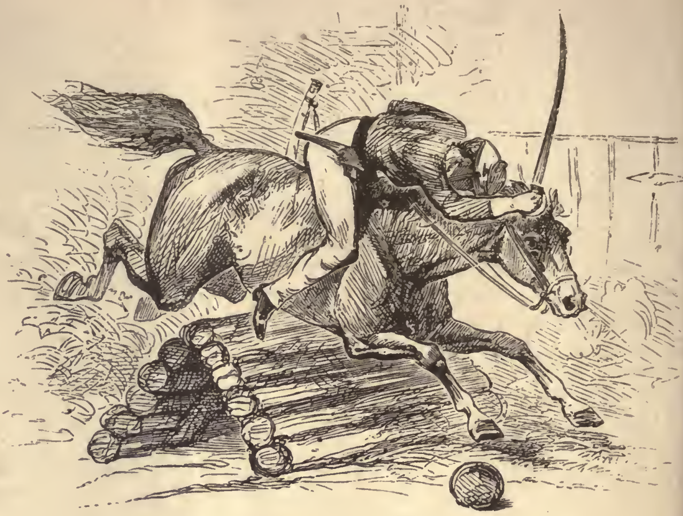

INTERIOR OF RIDING HALL.

The lightest foot-fall on the stairs would scatter the feasters. Out would go the lights, and out would go the "guests" in stockened feet, helter-skelter to their rooms, leaving the "host" and his room-mate to dispose of the remains of the "hash," the crockery and tobacco-smoke as best they might. The officer, with bull's-eye lantern in hand, always found these innocent ones in bed, soundly sleeping—hard to wake—ignorant of all that had happened. But they were pretty sure to hear their names read out at the evening parade in connection with "Cooking in quarters after Taps," and "Tobacco-smoke in quarters after Taps." Descriptive of detection, one of these young sinners once wrote, in imitation of Poe :—

. . . "You've been having cooking!
That is what has greased your floor!
'Only this and nothing more.'"

"Yes," said Forest, "I can smell it,
'Tis so plain that one can tell it
By the odor of the cooking,
And the grease upon the floor."
And he said to "Jay—Key"—"Skin him!
Skin him for the smell of cooking!
Skin him for a greasy floor!"
"Yes," said Jay, "and something more."

Some of the amusements of the cadets were much more reprehensible. I need not speak of the barbarous system of "hazing" the "Plebes," which is now discontinued. Another, more prevalent formerly than now, was the enjoyment of convivial hours outside the government grounds without permission. "Benny Havens" was the great master of ceremonies on these occasions. His name is as familiar to the ears of a West Point graduate as that of his *alma mater*. Benny for a long time kept a shop for the sale of "refreshments" within the government domain. There, "on the sly," he furnished cadets with flip and buckwheat cakes, and beverages even more exhilarating, until at length the Academic Board, or some other authority, voted him a nuisance and drove him from the grounds.



"RIGHT CUT ON THE GROUND."

"Benny Havens" was not a man to be disheartened. He set up a shop on the old plan among the rocks upon the brink of the river a mile or more below the famous South Gate, for straying without permission out of which a cadet would receive many demerit marks. Benny soon found that what seemed a misfortune was a blessing in disguise. More cadets now came to his shop than before, for the madcaps of the Academy found more exciting adventure in the double sinning of leaving the grounds and "refreshing" at Benny's after taps on Saturday nights, than in going slyly to his den on the Point. So Benny flourished and became the theme of romance and song.

Assistant-Surgeon O'Brien was commissioned a lieutenant in the army, but before joining his regiment he visited a friend at West Point. They made many excursions to Benny's together, and O'Brien and others composed a song, set to the tune of "Wearing of the Green," called "Benny Havens, oh!" which soon became very popular in the army and among the cadets. I quote a few stanzas to show its temper:—

Come, fill your glasses, fellows, and stand up in a row,
To sing sentimentally, we're going for to go;
In the army there's sobriety, promotion's very slow,
So we'll sing our reminiscences of Benny Havens, oh!
Oh! Benny Havens, oh!—Oh! Benny Havens, oh!
So we'll sing our reminiscences of Benny Havens, oh!

Now Roe's Hotel's a perfect "fess'," and Cozzen's all the go,
And officers, as thick as hops, infest "The Falls" below;
But we'll slip them all so quietly, as once a week we go,
To toast the lovely flowers that bloom at Benny Havens, oh!
Oh! Benny Havens, oh!—etc.

Let us toast our foster-father, the Republic, as yo know,
Who in the paths of science taught us upward for t go;
And the maidens of our native land, whose cheek like roses glow,
They're oft remembered in our cups at Benny Havens, oh!
Oh! Benny Havens, oh!—etc.

. . . . . . . . . .

Of the lovely maids, with virgin lips like roses dippe in dew,
Who are to be our better halves, we'd like to take view;
But sufficient to the bridal day is the ill of it, yo know;
So we'll cheer our hearts with chorusing at Benn Havens, oh!
Oh! Benny Havens, oh!—etc.

O'Brien died in Florida, and the followin stanza commemorates him:—

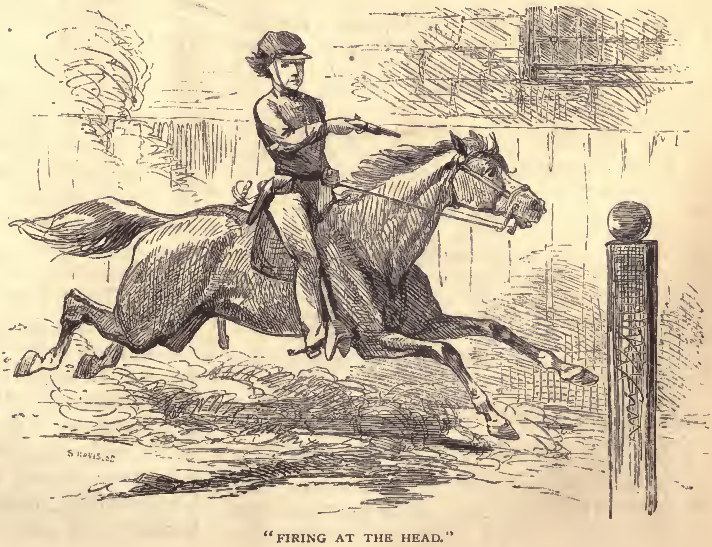
There comes a voice from Florida, from Tampa lonely shore,
It is the wail of gallant men: "O'Brien is no more!
In the land of sun and flowers his head lies pillowe low,
No more to sing *petite coquille* at Benny Havens, o
Oh! Benny Havens, oh!

Afterwards about a dozen verses we added by successive classes, closing with:—

When this life's troubled sea is o'er, and our last battle through,
If God permits us mortals then his bless'd domain to view,
Then shall we see, with glory crown'd, in proud celestial row,
The friends we've known and loved so well at Benny Havens, oh!
Oh! Benny Havens, oh!

The summer-time is more fruitful in varied recreations for the cadets. They go into camp from the 20th to the 25th of June, in full summer uniform. When the annual examination is ended, the Board of Visitors dispersed, the First Class graduated, the Third Class have gone on furlough to enjoy the pleasures of home, and the other classes are duly promoted, then comes the bustle of moving from barracks to camp. The tents are pitched in order near the northeast end of the plain, and at a specified hour there is a general movement of chairs, tables, pails, mattresses, trunks, and other contents of the quarters in the barracks to the new quarters under canvas. Then comes order and repose, and the beginning of the routine of camp life, pleasant to most of them, but onerous to those on guard or sentinel duty, especially in stormy weather. This and regular military exercises, with a dress parade at sunset,—always a pleasing spectacle,—constitute the only business of the cadet until his return to the barracks at near the close of August.

During the summer-time the cadets see and enjoy much of the outside social life. Then parents, brothers, and sisters of those not entitled to a furlough come to visit them, and the hotels are crowded with curious, transient visitors, who come and go like flitting birds of passage.



"FIRING AT THE HEAD."

Some remain at the Point and vicinity all summer, and often form a pleasant society into which the well-bred cadet is ever welcomed. During the summer he is permitted, under proper restrictions, to visit the hotels and engage in the numerous "hops," as plain dances are called, where oftentimes acquaintanceship begun in flirtation results in matrimony. But not seldom here, as in the "wide world over," these flirtations end in flirtations only, and many a maiden and "spooney" cadet have felt a mutual disappointment when vows ratified by gifts of memorial bell-buttons and locks of hair have turned out to be nothing more substantial than sighing zephyrs. A disappointed fair one wrote :—

So, "sets of bell-buttons" for dresses,
Are exchanged for a lock of your hair;
Were the barracks searched after encampment,
It would make up a Vanity Fair!

. . . . . . . .

Next year you find to your sorrow,
He's proved but a faithless Cadet;
And you go to a "blue-coat" the morrow,
And find you've some heart to give yet.

Then the "blue-coat" will grow sentimental,
Convince you he's deeply in love;
But never, by word or committal,
That you anywhere after could prove.

To this a "West-Pointer," more indignant than gallant, replied in many stanzas, the pith of which is combined in these lines :—

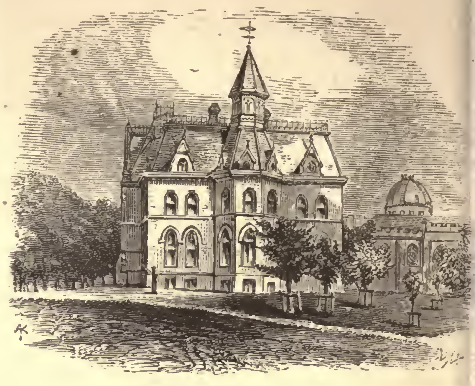
How you smile away sets of brass buttons,
Which you wear as your "trophies of war;"
Then say, when you're asked where they came from,
"Oh, from 'Stupid'—a terrible bore!"

Four o'clock is the magic hour in the whole cadet life, for then he is released from hard duty, and goes out for recreation with his own and the gentler sex, who are pleasantly called "The Four o'Clocks." So wrote a gentle, though a little cynical, critic:—

'Tis four o'clock—the bugle blows,
And whether now it rains or snows,
Or fierce winds whistle all about,
Be sure the girls will all be out.
What is the strange, mysterious power
That thus attends this mystic hour?
Why does it call the lasses all
(No matter whether great or small)
To pace the side-walk to and fro?
Is it that each one wants a beau,
And, eager for some dear Cadet,
Defies the snow, the wind, the wet?
It must be so; for ere that note
Has on the echoes ceased to float,
They come in haste,—a motley crew,—
In pink, in red, in black, and blue,
And, joining each a gallant "Grey,"
Soon while a pleasant hour away.
Each day they come, unfailing come,
And stay until the signal drum,
Which all their fondest wishes mocks,
And scatters all the "Four o'Clocks."

The "hop" affords the crowning excitement in the recreations of a cadet's life, and he has frequent opportunities to enjoy it during the season of the encampment. In a poem read before the Dialectic Society of the Academy in 1859 it is humorously described. After speaking of the cadet in the Third Class, who considers himself a man and thinks he must be gallant to the ladies, the writer says:—

You go to hops, those charming hops, where all is so exciting,
Sashes red and buttons bright, black eyes that shoot forth lightning;
As thus you pass your life away, of death you've not a fear,
Find *hops* will make you look with favor on the *bier*.
You give a girl your buttons,—lace,—at last you throw your heart in,
You little think what *flames* will rise when first you go out *sparkin'*.
An angel dressed in crinoline you to her side now becks;
As she must still remain "unknown," we'll have to call her "X."
She occupies one-half the room,—the space is more than fair;
If radius we call large R, the area's *n*R.
The rustle of her dress alone would charm ten thousand troops,
Much pleasanter the sound than that of wild Comanche whoops.
You blush whene'er "X" looks at you from out that mass of lace,
Which proves that "X" must enter the "ex-pression" of your face.
The music starts; you gently take her in your arms—what bliss!—
You now can say you have your "X" in a parenthesis!
"Faster still!" she whispers, though you're giddy and half-sick;



ADMINISTRATIVE BUILDING.

Your heart which once kept "common time" no moves at "double quick."
Faster yet you're going round—ten "X's" now yo see;
She hugs you with her sleeveless arms, till you cr "*Bare* with me!"
To get yourself from her embrace you'd now giv fifty farms!
Says she: "Since you're a soldier, you shall have, si *two bare arms*" (to bear arms).
Your head's becoming dizzier, you stagger a goo deal,
And what was started as a *waltz* is ending in a *reel*.

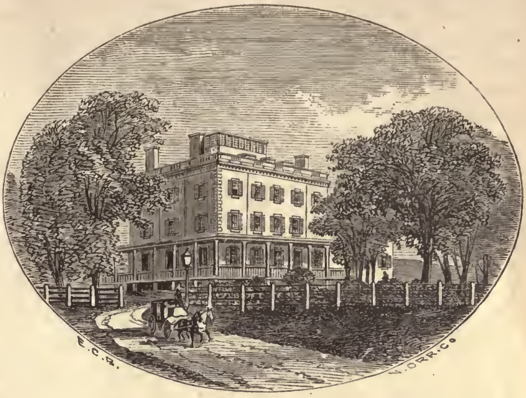
But there are more intellectual amuse ments than these for the cadets, such a forming some distant camp, making geolo gical and botanical excursions, and th enjoyment of the refined society always t be found in the homes of the officers an professors of the post. From the beginnin to the end of cadet life, a youth is contin ally subjected to salutary, restraining, an developing influences; and his must be most unimpressible nature that does nc yield to the moulding of these influen ces.

West Point and its surroundings preser the most delightful aspects to summer vis tors. It is in the midst of mountain scener picturesque but not magnificent, with one o the most notable and thoroughly travele rivers in the world flowing through the hil in a channel so tortuous that it seems fro many points of view to be cut up into littl lakes. West Point presents to the America many objects of special interest, some c which have been already mentioned in th paper. It may be easily reached by wate in summer, and by the Hudson River Railwa at all seasons of the year. Its railway statio is "Garrison's," from near which a stea ferry-boat carries passengers across to th Government Dock at West Point. A Garrison's a fine general view of West Poir and its structures may be obtained, such as is given at the head of this paper.

One of my earliest visits to this classic ground was in the summer-time more than wenty years ago, when the Hudson River Railway was being built, and before the wharf and the gentle roadway leading up to the plain were constructed. My last visit was late in the autumn of 1871, durng a furious storm of wind and rain, which began after my arrival there. It was made for the purpose of gathering materials for this paper. In that task I was most kindly aided by Professor John Forsyth, D.D., the chaplain of the post, Professor R. W. Weir, Adjutant Robert H. Hall, and others of the Academic staff, who gave me every facility for acquiring a knowledge of the Institution. The Academic Board at that time (November, 1871) was composed of the Superintendent, Commandant of Cadets, Instructor of Ordnance and Gunnery, Instructor of Practical Engineering, and eight Professors.

Colonel Thomas H. Ruger, the Superintendent, is a native of Lima, N. Y. He was appointed to that office on the 1st of September, 1871. He graduated at the Military Academy in 1854, and was promoted to be second lieutenant of engineers at the same time. He left the army in 1855, and practiced law at Janesville, Wisconsin, until the late civil war broke out, when he was appointed lieutenant-colonel of the 3d Wisconsin Volunteers. He was one of the most active and useful officers in the service during the entire conflict, and came out with great honor, bearing the commission of a major-general. He was made a brevet brigadier-general of the Regular army in 1867, and holds the rank of colonel of the 33d Infantry.

Lieutenant-Colonel Emory Upton is the Commandant of Cadets, and Instructor of Artillery, Cavalry, and Infantry Tactics. He is a native of New York, and graduated at the Military Academy in 1861. He entered the army in the field immediately, and was first engaged in conflict at the battle of Bull's Run. He was a very active officer in the Army of the Potomac, as colonel of the 121st New York Volunteers and in higher stations. He also did good service in Georgia and Alabama. In 1864 he was made a brevet brigadier-general, and in 1865 he was created a brevet major-general in the United States army for "gallant and meritorious service during the Rebellion." He is the author of the system of infantry tactics now used by all the military throughout the United States.



THE WEST POINT HOTEL (FORMERLY ROE'S)

Junius B. Wheeler succeeded the late Professor Mahan in September, 1871, as Professor of Military and Civil Engineering. Professor Wheeler is a native of North Carolina, and graduated at the Military Academy in the summer of 1855. He entered the corps of Topographical Engineers in 1856, and was employed on military roads in Washington and Oregon Territories. He was appointed Assistant Professor of Mathematics at the Military Academy in 1859. During the late war he served in the Academy and in the field, and was made brevet colonel and lieutenant-colonel for gallant and meritorious service.

The Professor of Mathematics is Albert E. Church, LL.D., a native of Salisbury, Connecticut, who graduated in 1828, and in 1831 was appointed Assistant Professor of Mathematics in the Military Academy. After some service in the artillery on the frontier, he was appointed Professor of Mathematics in the Military Academy in the autumn of 1838, which position he has held ever since. He received the honorary degree of LL.D. from Yale College in 1852. Professor Church is the author of several mathematical works, and is a member of several scientific societies.

Robert W. Weir has been at the head of the Department of Drawing in the Military Academy since May, 1834. Previous to that time he was for three years Professor of Perspective in the National Academy of Design. He is a native of New Rochelle, New York, and at the age of sixteen years was a merchant's chief clerk. At nineteen he began seriously to paint, visited Italy, and there studied art for three years. He succeeded C. R. Leslie in the Art Department at West Point; and in 1846 was made Professor of Drawing there. His paintings are not numerous, but are all of a high order. His "Embarkation of the Pilgrims," which fills a panel in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington, is by far the best picture of the eight, as a work of art, and one of the best of his productions.

The Chaplain of the post is Rev. John Forsyth, D.D., who is also Professor of Ethics and Law. Dr. Forsyth has been for many years a leading clergyman in the Reformed Church, and a resident of Newburgh, New York. He is an accomplished scholar, winning in his deportment, enlightened by travel and wide social experience, and beloved by all who come in intimate contact with him.

At the head of the Department of Chemistry, Mineralogy, and Geology is Professor Henry L. Kendrick, LL.D., who has occupied that position since 1857. He is a native of New Hampshire, and graduated at West Point in July, 1835. In September following he was appointed Assistant Professor of Chemistry. For gallant services in the war with Mexico he was made brevet Captain and Major. He was in active service, military and scientific, especially as commander of an escort of Topographical Engineers, until he was appointed to his present professorship in the Military Academy, in 1857. In 1859 he was made one of the Board of Assay Commissioners of the United States Mint at Philadelphia.

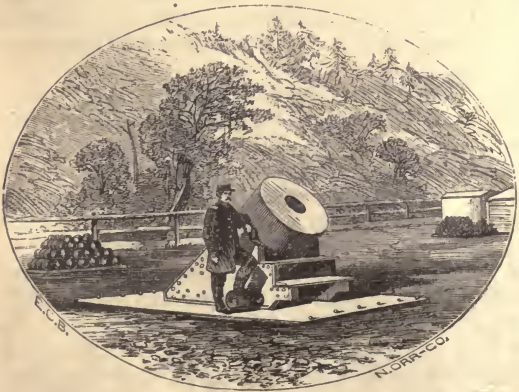
Professor Patrice de Janon, who is at the head of the Department of the Spanish Language, is a native of South America. He was appointed Sword-master at the Military Academy in 1846, and remained in that office until 1857, when he was made Professor of the Spanish Language. He was absent from the Academy from 1863 to February, 1865, when he was reinstated in th
professorship.

Peter S. Michie is the Professor of Natu
ral and Experimental Philosophy. He wa
born in Scotland, graduated at the Academ
in 1863, and joined the corps of Engineer
He was the assistant engineer in the opera
tions against Charleston in 1863 and 186
and was made chief-engineer of a portion o
the Department of the South and of Fl
rida. Afterwards he was chief-engineer
the Army of the James, and superintende
the construction of the Dutch Gap Cana
He was a very active and efficient office
throughout the war, and was with the arm
that captured Lee. He was made breve
lieutenant-colonel in the spring of 1865 f
gallant and meritorious services, and wa
appointed to his present position in th
Military Academy in February, 1871, su
ceeding Professor Bartlett.

George L. Andrews, a native of Mass
chusetts, is the Professor of the Frenc
Language. He graduated at the Militar
Academy in July, 1851, and became Assi
tant Professor of Engineers in 1854. H
resigned in 1855, and remained in civil li
as engineer until the late civil war brok
out, when he entered the service as lieute
ant-colonel of Massachusetts volunteers i
May, 1861. He was very active in vario
parts of the Union during the war, rankin
as high as brigadier-general, and was mad
a brevet major-general of volunteers f
faithful and meritorious services during th
campaign against Mobile and its defence
He was appointed to his professorship i
April, 1871.

Thomas C. Bradford, who died on th
12th of January, 1872, was the Instruct
of Ordnance and Gunnery. He was bo
in Rhode Island, and graduated at the Mil
tary Academy in 1861. He served i
the Ordnance department during the la
war, and was made a brevet major in th
spring of 1865 for faithful and meritorio
service. At Washington City he wa
disabled by the bursting of a cannon
July, 1863. He was appointed Mast
of Ordnance and Gunnery at the Milita
Academy in January, 1871.

The Instructor of Practical Enginee
ing is Oswald H. Ernst, who was bo
in Ohio, and graduated at the Milita
Academy in 1864. He served in th
field as Assistant Engineer of the Arm
of the Tennessee in the Georgia ca
paign, was engaged in various battle
and was active in the siege of Atlant

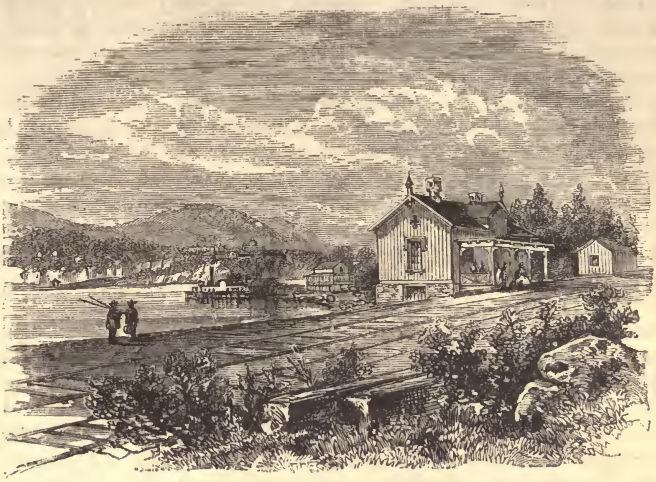


THIRTEEN-INCH MORTAR.

Ie was made brevet capain in the spring of 1865, nd at the close of the year vas promoted to be Captain f Engineers.

It will be seen by the oregoing sketches that, of he twelve officers who compose the Academic Board t West Point, nine are raduates of the Academy. The exceptions are Profesors Weir, Forsyth, and Janon.

I have already mentioned nuch of what may be seen vithin the buildings, and ut little remains to be said. Dr. H. L. Kendrick, Proessor of Chemistry, Mine-alogy, and Geology, kindy took me to each department of the Academy building, where everything under iis charge was in perfect order. The minerlogical and geological cabinets are adnirably arranged, and present many rare pecimens of minerals and curious fosils. In the Ordnance and Artillery Mueum the walls are draped with trophy lags and the colors of regiments distinguished in the war with Mexico. There nay also be seen a great variety of models of military implements; and in the center of the room is a model of the silver mine of Valenciana, in Mexico, which was made for he Pope at a cost of $3,000, and displays nuch skill in its execution. When the American army occupied the city of Mexico n 1847, this model was purchased by a subcription of the officers for the Military Academy.



GARRISON'S.

The Picture Gallery contains more than wo hundred specimens, mostly of pen, pencil, and water-color sketches, executed by he cadets, which, in some instances, show emarkable proficiency when we consider the oo limited time devoted to drawing—only one or two hours each day during a portion of the third and fourth years of the term. From September to January the pupil is kept at pencil drawing, and from January to June practices with color. That is all; and yet the public expect every cadet, whether he have genius or not, to be made an artist by this process in nine months. The Department of Art is one of the most mportant of the Academy; and instead of abridging the time now spent in art instruction, or abolishing it altogether, as some have foolishly proposed, the amount of time devoted to the study ought to be very much increased. Professor Weir has done noble service in that department for almost forty years, and would have done more had proper opportunity been given him.

Adjutant Hall showed me through the Administrative Buildings and the library, and kindly furnished me with various statistics of the Academy; and with Lieutenant E. H. Totten, Professor Weir's Assistant, son of the late chief engineer, I went to the riding hall, where I witnessed some expert equestrian movements, such as riding, leaping of bars, and cavalry sword and pistol exercises by two of the classes. Here the cadet finds his most exciting and dangerous drilling, for sometimes untrained and even vicious horses are to be ridden, often without a saddle. The novice has a hard time in the days of his earlier experience in the riding hall.

In the studio of Professor Weir I spent an hour pleasantly and profitably with the veteran painter, and genial, kind-hearted man. He is one of the three survivors of the earlier members of the National Academy of Design established forty-six years ago. His remaining associates are Asher B. Durand and Thomas S. Cummings. Professor Weir's studio is a square room with a high ceiling and a single window on the north side. In it may be seen models of various kinds, pieces of ancient armor and weapons, stags' horns, antique and modern heads in plaster and on canvas, and portfolios of drawings; and upon his easel was a beautiful picture by himself, entitled "The Guardian Angels," — angels watching a sleeping babe. There was also a picture of the old quarters of generals already mentioned, which he had lately painted. There, also, may be seen a curious antique cabinet made of oak, eight feet in height, and covered with carvings of figures and arabasque designs. It is a specimen of the furniture of the time of Louis XI. of France, and was sent to Professor Weir many years ago by a Parisian gentleman.

I must recur to notes of a former visit in more auspicious weather, for a description of outside objects to be seen at West Point. Let us start with Fort Putnam. I stood upon the ruined ramparts of that old fortress one summer morning before sunrise, and saw the mist-vail lifted from the Hudson into upper air, revealing the marvelous vision below.

Around me were strewn mementoes of the great struggle for Independence. Eastward, behind which were glowing the increasing splendors of approaching day, stretched a range of broken hills on which the patriots planted batteries and built their watch-fires; and on the pinnacle of one of these Timothy Dwight, then a chaplain of a Connecticut regiment, wrote his stirring poem, commencing—

"Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise,
The Queen of the World and the Child of the Skies."

At its foot was seen the "Robinson House," from which Arnold fled when his treason was made known; and not far distant the Beverly Dock, where he embarked in his boat when he started for the British sloop of war *Vulture*. On the left hand, over and beyond Constitution Island, was seen the black smoke of the furnaces of the famous Cold Spring Foundry, where so many Parrott guns were made by the inventor during the late Civil War; and a little nearer, the hospitable mansion of the venerable Gouverneur Kemble, the life-long, intimate friend of Washington Irving. Still further to the left, beneath the crags of Bull Hill, gleamed the white mansion of "Undercliff," the residence of the late General Morris, the lyric writer. At my feet lay the plain of West Point with its many structures, and to the northward of it were seen the white stones in the cemetery, among clumps of shrubbery.

Descending from Fort Putnam by the winding mountain road just as the echoes of the sunrise gun melted into silence, I turned to the left along the high bank of the Hudso and visited the cemetery, a shaded, quie beautiful retreat, where the most prominei object that meets the eye is the monumei erected by his brother cadets to the memoi of Vincent M. Lowe, of New York, wh was accidentally killed by the discharge a cannon in 1817. The names of sever other deceased officers and cadets are i scribed upon it. There, too, is the tomb General Winfield Scott, in the form of massive sarcophagus which has been recer ly erected.

To that beautiful "God's Acre" the mains of General Robert Anderson we conveyed on the third of April last, by officer and twelve men from the Milita Academy, after special and imposing milita honors had been bestowed upon them in t city of New York. They were conveyed West Point in a steamer employed for t purpose, accompanied by the bearers, a were buried near the grave of Brigadi General Bowers, over which stands a beau ful white marble monument.

Passing along the shaded walk on t northern verge of the plain, we come to fine bronze statue of General Sedgwi erected not far from the turn in the road front of the Officers' Quarters. It is su ported by a granite pedestal, on which, up a bronze tablet, is the following inscription

"MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN SEDGWICK,
U. S. VOLUNTEERS,
COLONEL 4TH CAVALRY, U. S. ARMY,
BORN SEPT. 13, 1813,
KILLED IN BATTLE AT SPOTTSYLVANIA,
MAY 9, 1864,
WHILE IN COMMAND OF THE 6TH CORP
ARMY OF THE POTOMAC."

"THE SIXTH ARMY CORPS,
IN LOVING ADMIRATION OF ITS COMMANDI
DEDICATE
THIS STATUE TO HIS MEMORY."

Not far from this statue is the obeli upon a grassy knoll surrounded by ev greens, erected to the memory of Lieut ant-Colonel E. D. Wood, of the Corps Engineers, by Major-General Jacob Brow He fell while leading the sortie from F Erie in Canada, in September, 1814. T relics upon Trophy Point passed by, come to the Hotel, now kept by Theod Cozzens, on the northeastern point of plain, from the north piazza of which may look through the open gate of the up Highlands to Newburgh and the beaut ountry beyond. Eastward of the Hotel, nother graveled walk leads us to old Fort linton, on the margin of the plain, 180 feet bove the river. This fort has recently been erfectly restored by the skill and labor of e cadets, and, with the groups of everreens growing within it, presents a most leasing aspect.

From near Kosciuzko's cenotaph, and unning along the river bank southward, is secluded graveled path, overhung by trees nd shrubbery, known as the "Chain Battery" r "Flirtation" walk. This forms a favorite romenade for cadets and maidens who love saunter along its cool and shady path on ummer afternoons, or in the quiet evening vilight. A love-sick swain once reminded is sweetheart that she had said there, at arting :—

"We will sit together on 'Flirtation'
Another, brighter summer day.
The river will always murmur its song,
And the soft wind whisper the boughs among,
And I will be true as they ;"

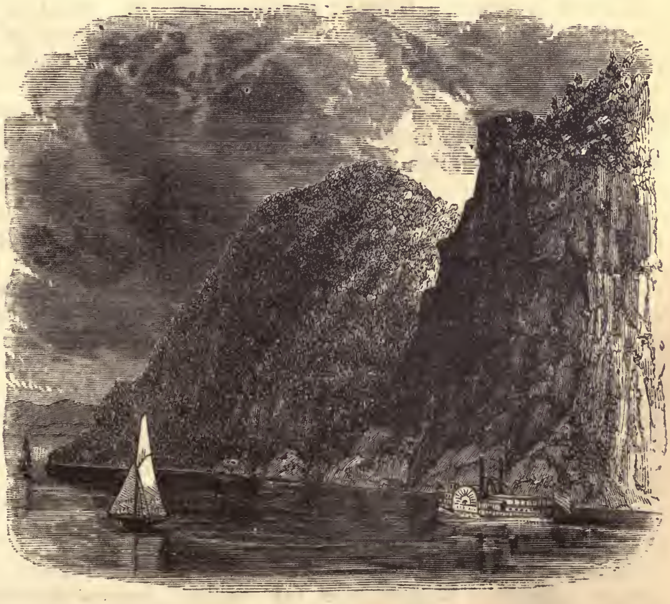
nd he added :—

"So *I* am waiting upon 'Flirtation'
For you to come some summer day.
The river *does* murmur the same sweet tune,
The trees are kissed by the breezes of June,
Will you be less true than they ?"

This walk leads by Battery Knox out upon e plain near a beautiful white marble onument, erected in commemoration of the gallant onduct and sufferings of a etachment of United tates troops under Major rancis L. Dade, in a attle with the Seminole ndians in Florida, in December, 1835. Of the 108 en of that command, all ut three were massacred y the savages. The monment is composed of a uted column surmounted y an eagle, and standing pon a pedestal of temple orm with a cannon at each orner.

A few feet from this monment a narrow path leads own some stone steps hrough a rocky passage to small, secluded terrace on he verge of the steep bank f the river, known as Kosiuszko's Garden. In it is a fountain bubbling up into a marble basin ; and upon the rocks back of it, overhung with trees and shrubbery, the name of Kosciuszko has been broadly carved. Tradition tells us that here that eminent Polander, when performing engineering service at West Point, used to retire for reading and contemplation. That he constructed a pretty little fountain there, is certain ; its remains were found in 1802. From the Garden, the path leads up to the plain on the south, not far from the Observatory.

We have now completed the circuit of our visit to notable places and things within the government domain of West Point ; let us pass out at the southern gate and stroll down to Buttermilk Fall, the *Boter Melck Val* of the Dutch skippers, to whom its broad sheet of milk-white foam spread over the rocks suggested that name. The fall and its cascades formed by the little stream above, as it rushes over and among the embowered rocks and spanned by rustic bridges, presents one of the most picturesque views in the vicinity of West Point. On our way we are attracted by a neat cruciform church built of stone in the early English style, in a secluded spot near the foot of the mountains. Its history is an interesting one. Many years ago the building of a church edifice outside the government tract was contemplated. Professor Weir, moved by the loss of a child, offered to contribute a very liberal sum for the purpose.



CROW NEST, LOOKING SOUTH.

The foundation was soon laid, and the Professor bore a greater part of the expense of building it, that it might be a memorial of the beloved one. It was finished, paid for before it was consecrated, and was named "The Church of the Holy Innocents." So it was that a place of worship, after the order of the Protestant Episcopal Church in America, was established, and has ever since been maintained largely through the liberal piety of its chief founder. He, also, with a little aid from others, built a rectory and school-house near it; and then the whole property was transferred to the care of Trinity Church in New York, with the expectation (never realized) that it would give aid in the support of a ministry there.

Upon the high rocky point above Buttermilk Fall, the late Mr. William B. Cozzens built a notable summer hotel after his first one, further north, had been burned about ten years ago. It is now kept by Sylvanus T. Cozzens; and on the verge of the Fall, below, is the "Parry," a summer boarding-house kept by Charles Hendricks. These, with the hotel on the Point, may afford accommodations for about 600 summer visitors.

At the foot of the Fall we will probably find a water-man, who will take us across the river to the Beverly dock, where, following a swale, we may go up to the Beverly Robinson House, Arnold's headquarters, owned by the Arden family, who have had the good taste to keep it in the condition in which it was when the traitor left it. There we may see the spacious breakfast-room where he was seated at table when news came of the arrest of André, and the broad staircase down which the recreant General descended in haste on the morning of his flight, after kissing his wife and infant child at parting.

If you are nimble of foot, and not too weary, you may go northward from "Beverly" to Indian Brook, a clear mountain stream that makes its way in rapids and cascades through a wild ravine into the deep marshy bay between Garrison's and Cold Spring. It is a most romantic spot, and has been the theme of many productions of art and song. A score of other equally picturesque and romantic places in this vicinity, clustered with stirring historic associations, might be visited in the course of a long summer day's ramble.

It is not in the education of military leaders alone that the usefulness of West Point training is seen. The education received there, it may be said without fear of sustained contradiction, is more thorough than in any other college in our land, and t
graduated Cadets go out from that instituti
thoroughly trained engineers, to engage
after life in the important duties pertaini
to the internal improvements of the count
the development of its resources, and
laborers in the higher educational insti
tions. In this view of the matter, who c
estimate by figures or parallels the value
that national Academy?

Has it been very expensive? Accordi
to official reports, the entire expense of
Military Academy, including the cost
buildings, since its inception in 1802 u
the present time—a period of seventy ye
—has been less than $8,000,000; while
number of thoroughly educated young m
who have been graduated there is more th
2,000, and the whole number who have be
admitted to the institution is nearly 5,0
The largest annual appropriation ever ma
has been by Congress for this year—$350,0

Is it a nursery of aristocrats and promo
of a warlike spirit? In the higher sense
the term it does produce aristocrats,—
better men of society. We may confiden
turn to the records of the army in supp
of this assertion as a general truth. Has
army ever been the scene of personal r
contres, brawls, and riotings? Has it
nished criminals for the prisons, or nota
examples of defalcations in the managem
of the public funds? Has it not alw
borne the aspect of a well-ordered, qu
and most respectable community?
very nature of the system of education
ployed at West Point is impressed upon
deportment of the graduates, by four ye
of rigid discipline at the formative perio
character, and naturally promotes the e
cise of gentlemanly courtesy, morality, k
ness, forbearance, and the better characte
tics of the Christian gentleman. Of co
in this, as in all other phases of hu
society, there are exceptions. The educa
at the Academy does not tend to the c
vation of aristocracy in the lower sense
haughty pride.

But I apprehend there is little neces
now for advocating the maintenance of
Military Academy at West Point, admi
to be one of the best, if not the very b
institution of the kind in the world.
value is so apparent, that we are not lil
to hear propositions for its abolition, c
diminution of a fostering care for it by
Government, during this generation, for
have seen how absolutely wise it is to act u
the maxim, "In time of peace prepare for w

# "WILL YOU WALK INTO MY PARLOR?"

CIBBER makes Richard say:—

> 've lately had two spiders
> Crawling upon my startled hopes;
> Now, tho' thy friendly hand has brushed 'em from
> me,
> Yet still they crawl offensive to my eyes;
> would have some kind friend to tread upon them."

It is the old story. The world goes on ading upon spiders, never thinking what llful architects, geometricians, aëronauts, ers, swimmers, spinners, weavers, hunters, d trappers they are ruthlessly destroying.

Then, too, the spider's maternal instincts d affection are so strong as to lead her to ard her nest of eggs or of young, even to sacrifice of her own life. The nest a little globular silken bag—contains from ty to several hundred of her progeny, ich, after they have left it in some cases, carried about by the mother on her dy until they are old enough to provide their own safety—about fifteen days m the time they are hatched. There is nerally one brood in a year. The embryos developed after the deposition of the gs, which are spheroidal, and are hatched metimes in a few weeks, and at others not til the following spring.

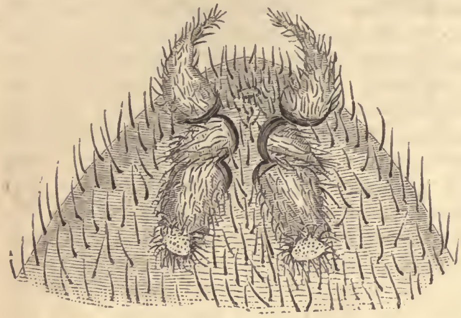
"How," you ask, "is the little sac filled its utmost capacity and at the same time aled?" In this wise: the spider weaves m silk one-half of her nest, fashioning it th her body, as a hen forms hers; she then s her eggs in this cup, not until it is l only but until it is twice full, or heaped high above the rim as the depth of the p; finally she weaves a web over this accuulation and seals it up. When the brood is tched she pierces a single hole in the top the nest, and the spider-chicks take shelr upon her body, as they emerge, and are rried about by her until large enough to ovide for themselves.

The spider was an earlier student in pneuatics than Galileo, and actually demonrated the principles of the barometer long efore Torricelli. And while men were boring to work out the barometer from orricelli's discovery of an almost perfect acuum our little philosopher was quietly d confidently practicing the same princile in the construction of her web—making e threads which support the net invariably ort when the weather was about to be wet nd stormy, and invariably long if fine days ere coming. Hence the name, Barometrial Spiders.

The males and females live separately, the latter being the larger and the most frequently seen. They are generally ready to attack and feed upon the males, even in the reproducing season. Both sexes are fond of fighting, the vanquished always being devoured by the conqueror. They are all predaceous in their nature and cannibals in their practice, as the structure of their jaws (Fig. 4) would indicate. In the mortal and historic combat between the spider and the fly, the spider pierces her antagonist with these large fangs, which are movable at the base. Giving a final, firmer grip, she at the same time shuts down the fangs into the grooves (where they are lodged when at rest), pressing the fly against the teeth situated on the eminences at each side of the grooves, and thus causing the fluids of the fly to flow into her mouth.

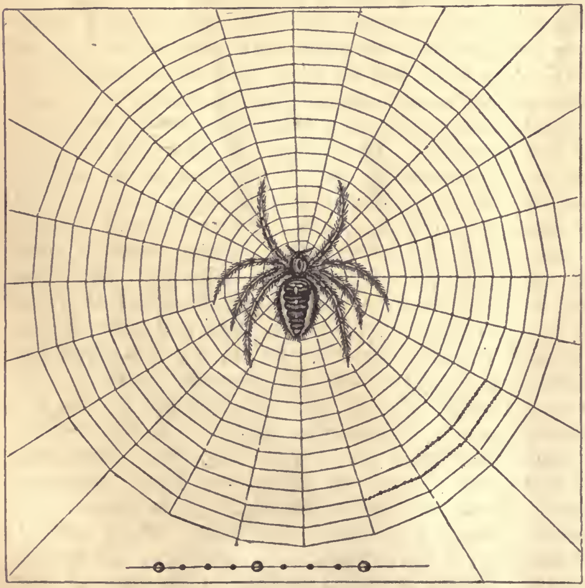
After draining her prey in this manner, she leaves its carcass and goes in quest of a fresh subject, or bears it off in the fangs for an after-purpose. Each fang is hollow, and generates at its base a subtile, venomous fluid, which is injected into the puncture when made by the fang, and is invariably fatal in its effects. There are few spiders, however, that are poisonous to man; and, in fact, they seldom attack him.

Ever since those "mythic times when Arachne contended with Minerva for supremacy in needle-work, and was changed for her pains into a spider," spiders have been famous for their matchless achievements in thread. Their tiny factories are set up everywhere,—in our windows, in our cellars, on our walls, in our gardens, in waste and desert places, even under water. Spiders have been classified in reference to their different methods of spinning. But the classification based upon their habits alone arranges them in *five* principal groups: the Hunting, the Wandering, the Prowling, the Sedentary, and the Aquatic Spiders. All water spiders are amphibious, having the same pulmonary organization as their terrestrial brethren. One of the most interesting inmates of an aquarium is the common water spider of Britain. It is brown, and densely covered with hairs, which are of great importance in its economy. Its unique abode, constructed at the bottom of the water, is made by first spinning loose threads in various directions, attached to leaves and stems of aquatic plants (to which her eggs are also fixed), as a framework. Over this is spread a transparent varnish resembling liquid glass, which issues from the middle of the spinners, and which is capable of



SPINNERS (FIG. 1).

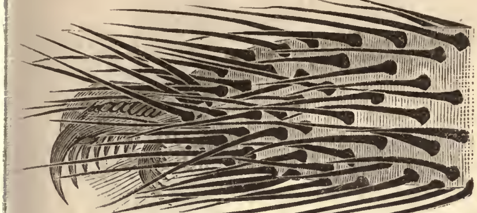
so great expansion and contraction that if a hole be made in it, it immediately closes again. She next spreads over her belly a pellicle of the same material, and ascends to the surface. By some muscular action she draws the air into this artificial sac, the hairs of her body assisting to keep it distended; then clothed with this aërial mantle, which to the observer seems sparkling quicksilver, she plunges to the bottom, and, with as much dexterity as a chemist, introduces her bubble of air beneath the dome prepared for its reception. This is repeated ten or twelve



WEB OF GARDEN SPIDER (FIG. 2).

times, and in the space of fifteen minutes she has transported air enough to expand her apartment to its intended limit. In this tiny submarine palace, the entrance to wh
is on the under side, she devours her pre
and here, also, she rears her young.

The silken secretion of spiders is used
only in the construction of a dwelling, anc
a trap for prey, but as a means of defense
warfare with an opposing enemy. They b
the limbs of their enemies with it; it for
a ladder by which they climb aloft to a
heights or descend into deep places; it
comes the tackle of the aquatic spider by wh
to relieve itself from the sloughing exuviu
and it makes the nest for the eggs and
young brood. The silk is a thick, visc
transparent liquid, resembling a solution
gum arabic, which hardens quickly on
posure to the air, but can meanwhile
drawn into thread. The apparatus wh
secretes it and that by which it is spun
far more complex than those of the silkwo
or any other spinning insect. The sec
ting glands are in the midst of the abdo
inal visceræ, and in those spiders t
make large webs—as the female *Epe*
(one of the Garden spiders)—they occu
about one-fourth of the whole abdom
The external organs consist of two or th
pairs of spinnerets (Fig. 1), through which
threads are produced, and which are alw
situated at the posterior extremity of
body. They vary somewhat in number
position in the different species,
well as in the kind and quality of
threads. In *Clubiona* there are th
pairs clustered close together. T
anterior pair are flat at the free e
like the head of a barrel, and j
within the margin, or rim, is a ci
of very close-set, stiff bristles, wh
arch inward. The whole flat surf
of the "head" inside this circle
bristles is beset with very minu
horny tubes, standing erect, the o
lets of the silk-ducts that belong
this pair. The middle pair, nea
concealed from their shortness,
minate in a minute wart, which is p
longed into a horny tube. The wh
tract is set with similar small tul
a little longer and larger than th
of the first pair. The third pair c
tain but few tubes. The surface
all is covered with stiff black ha
These minute tubes are perfora
with orifices of excessive tenu
through which the liquid exudes
the will of the insect, and from ea
tube proceeds a thread of inconceiva
fineness, which, immediately after issui

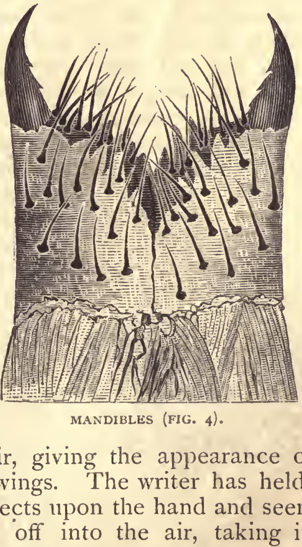


HIND FOOT OF GARDEN SPIDER. (FIG. 3).

united with all the other threads into ne. Hence from each spinner proceeds compound thread, of four or six strands, hich, at the distance of about one-tenth f an inch from the apex of the spinners, nite and form the line which we are accusomed to see the spider use in constructing er web. Thus a spider's thread, even when un by the smallest species and so fine as be almost imperceptible to our senses, is ot a single strand, but a cable composed f at least 4,000 strands. The whole numer of tubes in *Clubiona* is about 300, but in e Garden spider they exceed 1,000. The ider is gifted with the power of closing the rifices of the spinners at pleasure, and can us, in dropping from a height by her line, top her progress at any point of her decent. The geometric webs of the Garden ider (formed by radii and circles, and by ables which stretch from object to object form the scaffolding, and are lax or taut ccording to the condition of the atmoshere) are composed of two distinct sorts of ilk. The cables and radii are perfectly indhesive, while the concentric circles are exremely viscid. *a* (Fig. 2) represents a simle radiating thread, and *b* one of the conentric circles studded with viscid globules, hich give to these threads their peculiar adesive character. These viscid threads are f uniform thickness when first spun, but oon undulations appear in them, and the iscid matter then accumulates in globules t regular intervals, which may be made aparent by throwing dust upon a new or ecently repaired net. This difference in he threads is traced to the spinnerets, and it ndoubtedly exists in the secreting organs, o that each pair of spinnerets produces its wn peculiar thread. The diversity is greatst in those spiders that spin geometric ets.

To understand how this "little architect" raverses her rope, whether vertical, inclined, r horizontal, with facility, rapidity, and afety beyond those of the sailor or rope-lancer, we must study the mechanism of the spider's foot. The foot of *Epeira* (Fig. 3) is conical in shape. Every part of its surface is studded with stiff, horny bristles, which, springing from the side, arch inward toward the point. This array of spines effectually prevents a false step: for if any part of the leg merely strikes the thread, the latter is certain to slip in between the bristles, and thus catch hold. But the delicacy of touch with which the hinder feet are often made to guide the thread as it issues from the spinnerets, and the lightning-like rapidity with which the larger net-weavers will, with the assistance of these feet, roll a dense web around a buzzing fly, swaddling it up in a moment like a mummy in its many folds of cloth, show that other organs are necessary to meet the varied wants of the insect: so we find at the extreme tip of this foot two stout hooked claws, of dark, horny texture, proceeding from it side by side, having their under surface set with teeth very regularly cut, like those of a comb. These combed claws are supposed to be sensitive organs of touch, feeling and catching the thread, while they also act as combs to clean her legs and webs from particles of dust and other extraneous matter. In ascending the line by which she drops herself from an eminence, she winds up the superfluous cord into a ball. In performing this the combed claws would not have been suitable, and she is furnished with a third claw between the other two and on a lower level.

Another interesting phenomenon is the ascension of certain spiders to great heights in the air, giving the appearance of flying without wings. The writer has held one of these insects upon the hand and seen it dart suddenly off into the air, taking its flight rapidly upward for some distance; and then

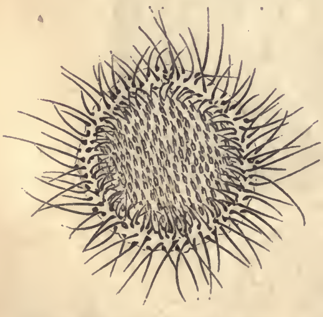


MANDIBLES (FIG. 4).

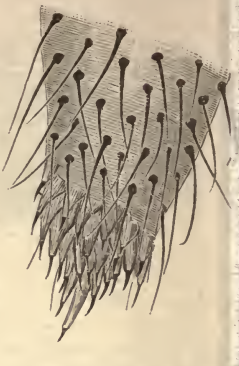
as suddenly veer to the right or left, and with the same ease and velocity advance until it landed upon some adjacent object, or was lost to view in the distance. Dr. Lister states that "one day in autumn, when the air was full of webs, he mounted to the top of York *Minster*, from whence he could discern the floating webs still very high above." This faculty is common to several species, though only in their half-grown state;—probably when full grown their bodies are too heavy to be thus conveyed. At one time they will eject a single thread, at another dart out several, like the jet of a fountain or the brush of a comet.

The usual manner of spinning and mounting appears to be this: "The spider first extends its thighs, shanks, and feet in a right line, and then, elevating its abdomen until it becomes vertical, shoots its thread into the air and flies off from its station." A Geometric spider was observed to rise upon its cable in this wise: having dropped by its thread about six inches from the object on which it was running, it immediately emitted a pretty long line at a right angle with that by which it was suspended. This thread quickly changed from the horizontal to the vertical, carrying the spider along with it. When she had ascended as far above the object as she had dropped below it, she let out the thread by which she had been attached to it, and continued flying smoothly upward until she alighted upon the wall of the room.

The rapidity with which spiders rise and vanish from sight upon these occasions has suggested the following queries: Can the length of the web which they dart forth counterpoise the weight of their bodies? Or have they an organ analogous to the swimming bladders of fishes, which contribute at their will to render them buoyant in the air? Or do they ascend their threads rapidly, as described above, and gather them up, until, having collected them into a mass of sufficient magnitude, they give themselves to the air to be carried here and there in these chariots or balloons? The latter theory would seem to be supported by the fact that in early autumn flocks of gossamer fall in showers in some parts of the country to such an extent as to be noticeable; and in Germany these flights of gossamer



TIP OF ANTERIOR SPINNERET (FIG. 5).



TIP OF POSTERIOR SPINNERE
(FIG. 6).

appear so constantly in autumn as to be the
metaphorically called "Der fliegender So
mer" (the flying or departing summer); a
writers speak of the web as often hangi
in flakes like wool on every hedge a
bush throughout extensive districts. T
cause of this singular phenomenon is probab
this: that immense numbers of spiders ri
to great heights in the air, and taking
their webs until their accumulated ma
becomes too heavy to be sustained, eith
descend with them, or, releasing themselv
from the mass, leave it to fall by its o
weight. The ancients had the strange n
tion that these webs were composed of de
burned by the sun; and Robert Hooke, o
of the first Fellows of the Royal Societ
writes: "Catching several of these flock
or cobwebs, and examining them with micr
scope, I found them to be much of the san
form, looking most like to a flake of worst
prepared to be spun; though by what mea
they should be generated or produced is n
easily imagined, but *'tis not unlikely but th*
*those great white clouds that appear all t*
*summer time may be of the same substance*
What shall we say of the absurd notions
the ignorant and superstitious when a lead
in science believes that the clouds are ide
tical with spiders' webs! "What occasio
the spiders to course their chariots to t
clouds?" Probably to seek for food, sin
fragments of gnats and flies are often fou
in the falling webs.

The difference in the construction
spiders' webs is also remarkable. Tho
which we commonly see in houses are of
woven gauze-like texture, and may be term
*webs*, and the spiders that fabricate the
*weavers;* while those most frequently m
with in the fields, constructed as they a
upon thoroughly geometrical principles, m
with equal propriety be termed *nets*, and t

tle artificers *geometricians*. The weaving ider, having selected some corner or nar-w space between two adjacent walls, esses her spinners against one of the walls, d thus glues to it one end of the thread. e then walks along the wall to the op-site side, if it be a corner, and fastens the her end in like manner. As this thread, ich is to form the margin, or selvage, of r web, requires strength she triples or adruples it by the operation just descri-d, and from it draws other threads in va-us directions. The interstices she fills by running from one thread to anoth-, connecting them by new threads, until e whole presents the gauze-like texture ich it has when completed. These webs ve only a simple horizontal surface; but hers, more frequently seen in outhouses d amongst bushes, are furnished with a rpendicular attachment, which is con-ucted of a number of single threads car-d up from the surface of the main web, en to the height of several feet, and cross- and joined in various places. Against ese lines flies often strike in their flight, and come slightly entangled; and in their en-avors to extricate themselves they are ecipitated into the net spread beneath, ence their escape is impossible.

In addition to these, the little trapper nstructs a small silken apartment below the t where she may be completely hidden m view.

The *Clubiona atrox* resides in a funnel-aped tube of slight texture, in the corners windows or crevices of old walls, from ich she extends lines intersecting each ier irregularly at various angles. To ese she attaches bundles of very fine zig- threads of a pale blue tint when recent; ese are much more complicated in struc-e than the former, and adhere strongly any flies coming in contact with them—t from any viscidity which they possess, t on account of the extreme tenuity of eir filaments.

These pale blue skeins have been found proceed from two additional spinners culiar to this species. This spider is also narkable for having the last joint of the sterior legs furnished with a curious comb- instrument, composed of two parallel ws of curved spines, with which they comb t the silky material, as it issues from the innerets, into that flocculent texture which es the skeins the power of retaining the ects that touch them.

The geometric spider follows a very different process in forming her concentric-circled net. As it is usually fixed, vertically or obliquely, in an opening between leaves or bushes, lines are necessary around the whole extent to support the outer ends of the radial lines. "Accordingly," says Mr. Blackwell, "the construction of these exterior lines is the spider's first operation. She seems careless about the shape of the area which they inclose, but spares no pains to strengthen and keep them in a proper degree of tension. With the former view she composes each line of five or six or even more threads glued together; and with the latter she fixes to them, from different points, a numerous and intricate apparatus of smaller threads.

"Having thus completed the foundation, she proceeds to fill up the outline. Attaching a thread to one of the main lines, she walks along it, guiding the carrying thread with one of her hind feet, that it may not become permanently glued, and crosses over to the opposite side, where, by applying her spinners, she firmly fixes it. To the middle of this diagonal thread, which is to form the center of her net, she fixes a second, which in like manner she conveys and fastens to another part of the lines inscribing the area."

"During this preliminary operation," says Mr. B., "she sometimes rests, as though her plan required meditation; but no sooner are the marginal lines of her net firmly stretched, and two or three radii spun from its center, than she continues her labor so quickly and unremittingly that the eye can scarcely follow her progress. The radii, to the number of about twenty, giving the net the appearance of a wheel, are speedily finished. She then proceeds to the center, quickly turns herself round, and pulls each thread with her feet, to ascertain its strength, breaking any one that seems defective and replacing it by another. Next, she glues immediately around the center five or six small concentric circles, distant about half a line from each other, and then four or five larger ones, each separated by a space of half an inch or more. These last serve as a sort of temporary scaffolding to walk over, and to keep the radii properly stretched while she glues to them the concentric circles that are to remain, and which she now proceeds to construct. Placing herself at the circumference, and fastening her thread to the end of one of the radii, she walks up that one towards the center, to such a distance as to draw the thread from her body of a sufficient length to reach to the next; then stepping across and conducting the thread with one of her hind feet, she glues it with her spinners to the point in the adjoining radius to which it is to be fixed. This process she repeats until she has filled up nearly the whole space, from the circumference to the center, with concentric circles, distant from each other about two lines. She always leaves a vacant interval around the center, but for what purpose it is difficult to conjecture. Lastly, she runs to the center and bites the small cotton-like tuft that united all the radii, which, being now held together by the circular threads, have thus, probably, their elasticity increased, and in the circular opening resulting from this procedure she takes her station and watches for prey."

Frequently, however, as has been observed by another naturalist, the spider does not bite away the cotton-like tuft that unites the radii at the center, nor place herself there to watch for prey, but retires under a leaf or other shelter, and there constructs a cell in which she remains concealed until the vibrations of a strong line of communication from the center of the net to her cell inform her of a capture, when she rushes upon her victim.

This beautiful structure, with its wonderful precision, our little architect completes in about forty minutes.

With occasional repairs, the nets of the house spiders, or weavers, will serve for a considerable time; but the geometric webs are (in favorable weather) repaired by renewing the concentric circles every twenty-four hours, since they lose their viscid property by the action of the air.

The eyes of spiders are four, six, or eight in number, very simple in their structure (*i. e.*, they are not composite eyes like those of the fly), and are placed in pairs or lines on the front of the head. Spiders moult and cast their slough nearly whole, like snakes; and around a forsaken web may found numerous *exuviæ*, which show the e to have been covered with the skin perfe transparent.

Spiders also hibernate, and may be fou packed away in obscure corners through winter, or until the atmosphere around th becomes of such a temperature as to inv them out, when they make their prese known in our dwellings,—letting themsel down from the ceiling by their unfail cordage near or upon some person object that chances to be sighted by th keen vision. These little creatures seem have a "Signal Service Department" of th own, as they emerge from their hiding-pla only when the weather gives promise of spring.

The spider's web has been frequently u in painting and in fable to represent absence of care and thrift, as well as n lected charity. Hogarth veiled the p box with a spider's web when he wished signify that the "Priest and the Levite passed by on the other side;" and the J have availed themselves of the same i in legend,—representing that Saul sou David and his men at the cave of Adull and the reason they were not discove was "that God had sent a spider which quickly woven a web across the entranc the cave where they were concealed, w being observed by Saul, he thought it use to investigate a spot bearing such evi proof of the absence of any human bei Mussulmans believe that a spider saved life of Mohammed by weaving a web ac the mouth of the cave where he was cealed. Instances of escapes simila kind are found in the early history of country, either written or traditional, where some settler has been saved detection and capture by a recently web when hiding from Indians.

## DRAXY MILLER'S DOWRY.

(Continued from page 214.)

The Elder's uneasiness grew great, but he talked on and on till poor Ike was beside himself with delight. At last the distant creak of the wheels was heard. "There he is," exclaimed Ike. "I'm thinking, sir, that it's a kind o' providential dispensation thet's hendered him all this time; it's done me such a sight o' good to hear you talk."

The Elder smiled tenderly on poor Ike.

"Everything is a dispensation, Ike cordin' to my way o' thinkin;" and he thought involuntarily of "little Drax

Ganew assented with a half-surly ci to Elder Kinney's proposition to ride with him.

"I've got a matter of business to talk over with you, Mr. Ganew," said the Elder, "and I came up here on purpose to find you."

The man turned his stolid black eyes full on the Elder, but made no reply. It was indeed an evil face. The Elder was conscious of impulses which he feared were unchristian rising rapidly in his breast. He had wished a few times before in his life that he were not a minister. He wished it now. He would have liked to open his conversation with Ganew after the manner of the world's people when they deal with thieves. And again he thought involuntarily of "little Draxy," and her touching "we are very poor."

But when he spoke again, he spoke gently and slowly.

"I have some news for you which will be very disagreeable, Mr. Ganew." Here the Frenchman started, with such a terriied, guilty, malignant look on his face that the Elder said to himself: "Good God, I beieve the man knows he's in danger of his ife. Stealin's the least of his crimes, I'll venture."

And he proceeded still more gently. "The owners of the land which you've been using as your own in this town, have written to inquire about it, and have put the business in my hands."

Ganew was silent for a moment. Then trying to speak in an indignant tone, he aid :—

"Using as my own! I don't know what you mean, Mr. Parson. I have paid my taxes all regular, and I've got the title-deeds of the land, every acre of it. I can't help whoever's been writing to you about it; it's all my land."

But his face twitched with nervous excitement, and the fright and anger in his serpentlike black eyes were ugly to see.

"No, Mr. Ganew, it is not," said the Elder; "and you know it. Now you jest sten to me; I know the whole truth about he matter, an' all the time you spend fightin' ff the truth 'll be wasted, besides addin' vin' to havin' been a thief. The owners of he land 'll be here, I expect, before long; ut they've put it all in my hands, an' I can et you off if I choose."

"Let me off! What the devil do you mean?" said Ganew.

"Why you don't suppose there's goin' to e nothin' said about all the thousands o' dolars' wuth of sugar you've carried off here, o——"

The next thing Elder Kinney knew he was struggling up to his feet in the middle of the road; he was nearly blinded by blood trickling down from a cut on his forehead, and only saw dimly that Ganew was aiming another blow at him with his heavy-handled ox-goad.

But the Frenchman had reckoned without his host. Elder Kinney, even half stunned, was more than a match for him. In a very few minutes Ganew was lying in the bottom of his own ox-cart, with his hands securely tied behind him with a bit of his own rope, and the Elder was sitting calmly down on a big boulder, wiping his forehead and recovering his breath; it had been an ugly tussle: and the Elder was out of practice.

Presently he rose, walked up to the cart, and, leaning both his arms on the wheel, looked down on his enemy.

The Frenchman's murderous little black eyes rolled wildly, but he did not struggle. He had felt in the first instant that he was but an infant in the Elder's hands.

"Ye poor, miserable, cowardly French, —— —— —— sinner ye," said the Elder, struggling for an epithet not unbecoming his cloth. "Did you think you was goin' to get me out o' yer way 's easy 's that, 's I dare say ye have better folks than me, before now!"

Ganew muttered something in a tongue the Elder did not understand, but the sound of it kindled his wrath anew.

"Wall, call on your Master, if that's what you're doin', 's much 's you like. He don't generally look out for anybody much who's so big a fool 's you must be, to think you was goin' to leave the minister o' this parish dead in a ditch within stone's throw o' houses and nobody find you out," and the Elder sat down again on the boulder. He felt very dizzy and faint; and the blood still trickled steadily from his forehead. Ganew's face was horrible at this moment. Rage at his own folly, hate of the Elder, and terror which was uncontrollable, all contended on his livid features.

At last he spoke. He begged abjectly to be set free. He offered to leave the town at once and never return if the Elder would only let him go.

"What, an' give up all your land ye've got such a fine clear title to?" said the Elder, sarcastically. "No; we'll *give* ye a title there won't be no disputin' about to a good berth in Mill Creek jail for a spell!"

At this the terror mastered every other emotion in the Frenchman's face. What secret reason he had for it all, no one could know but himself; what iniquitous schemes already waiting him in other places, what complications of dangers attendant on his identification and detention. But he begged, he besought, in words so wildly imploring, so full of utter unconditional surrender, that there could be no shadow of question as to their sincerity. The Elder began, in spite of himself, to pity the wretch; he began also to ask whether after all it would not be the part of policy to let him go. After some minutes he said, "I can't say I put much confidence in ye yet, Mr. Ganew; but I'm inclined to think it's the Lord's way o' smoothin' things for some o' his children, to let you kind o' slink off," and somehow Elder Kinney fancied he heard little Draxy say, "Oh, sir, let the poor man go." There was something marvelous in his under-current of constant consciousness of "little Draxy."

He rose to his feet, picked up the heavy ox-goad, struck the nigh ox sharply on the side, and walking on a little ahead of the team, said: "I'll just take ye down a piece, Mr. Ganew, till we're in sight of Jim Blair's, before I undo ye. I reckon the presence o' a few folks 'll strengthen your good resolutions." "An' I mistrust I ain't quite equal to another handlin," thought the Elder to himself, as he noted how the sunny road seemed to go up and down under his feet. He was really far more hurt than he knew.

When they were in sight of the house, he stopped the oxen, and leaning again on the wheel, and looking down on Ganew, had one more talk with him, at the end of which he began cautiously to untie the rope. He held the ox-goad, however, firmly grasped in his right hand, and it was not without a little tremor that he loosed the last knots. "Suppose the desperate critter sh'd have a knife," thought the Elder.

But he need not have feared. A more crestfallen, subdued, wretched being than Paul Ganew, as he crawled out of that cart, was never seen. He had his own secret terror, and it had conquered him. "It's more'n me he's afraid of," said the Elder to himself. "This is the Lord's doin', I reckon. Now, Mr. Ganew, if you'll jest walk to the heads o' them oxen I'll thank ye," said he; "an' 's I feel some tired, I'll jump into the cart; an' I'll save ye carryin' the ox-goad," he added, as he climbed slowly in, still holding the murderous weapon in his hand. Nothing could extinguish Seth Kinney's sense of humor.

"If we meet any folks," he proceeded, "we've only to say that I've had a bad hurt, and that you're very kindly takin' me home."

Ganew walked on like a man in a dream. He was nearly paralyzed with terror. They met no human being, and very few words passed between them. When the cart stopped at the Elder's door, Ganew stood still without turning his head. The Elder went up to him and said, with real kindness of tone,

"Mr. Ganew, I expect you can't believe it, but I don't bear ye the least ill-will."

A faint flicker of something like gratefu surprise passed over the hard face, but no words came.

"I hope the Lord 'll bring ye to himsel yet," persisted the good man, "and forgiv me for havin' had anything but pity for y from the fust on't. Ye won't forget to sen me a writing for Bill Sims that the rest of th buckets in the camp belong to me?"

Ganew nodded sullenly and went on, an the Elder walked slowly into his house.

After dark, a package was left at th Elder's door. It contained the order o Bill Sims, and a letter. Some of the info mation in the letter proved useful in clearin up the mystery of Ganew's having know about the existence of this lot of land. H had been in Potter's employ, it seemed, ar had had access to his papers. What else th letter told no one ever knew; but the E der's face always had a horror-stricken loo when the Frenchman's name was mentione and when people sometimes wondered if h would ever be seen again in Clairvend, th emphasis of the Elder's "Never! ye may re on that! Never!" had something solen in it.

In less than forty-eight hours the who village knew the story. "The sooner th know the whole on't the better, and th sooner they'll be through talkin'," said t Elder, and nobody could have accused hi of being "close-mouthed" now. He ev showed "the little gal's letter," as the town people called it, to anybody who asked see it. It hurt him to do this, more th he could see reason for, but he felt a stro desire to have the village heart all ready welcome "little Draxy" and her fath when they should come. And the villa heart was ready! Hardly a man, woman, child but knew her name and rejoiced her good fortune. "Don't yer rememb my tellin' yer that night," said Josiah Bail to Eben Hill, "that she'd come to the rig place for help when she come to Eld Kinney?"

When Draxy took Elder Kinney's let out of the post-office her hands trembl he walked rapidly away, and opened the tter as soon as she reached a quiet street. he Elder had not made it so clear as he ought he had, in his letter to the "child," hich way matters had gone. Draxy feared. resently she thought, "He says 'your father's nd.' That must mean that we shall have ." But still she had sad misgivings. She lmost decided to read the inclosed letter hich was unsealed; she could not have er father disappointed again; but her keen ense of honor restrained her.

Reuben had grown really feeble. There ere many days now when he could not ork, but sat listlessly on a ledge of rocks ear the house, and watched the restless aves with a sense of misery as restless as ey. When Draxy reached home this ight and found that her father was not in e house, she ran over to the "Black edge." There she found him. She sat own by his side, not knowing how to begin. resently he said: "I wish I loved this ater, daughter,—it is very beautiful to look t; but I'm thinkin' it's somethin' like uman beings; they may be ever so handome to look on, but if you don't love 'em ou don't, and that's the end on't, an' it on't do ye no sort o' good to be where ey are."

"The woods and fields used to do you ood, father," said Draxy.

Reuben was astonished. Draxy was not ont to allude to the lost and irrecoverable oys. But he only sighed.

"Read this letter, father dear," said raxy, hurriedly pushing it into his hand; I wrote up to a good old minister to nd out, and here's his answer."

Reuben looked bewildered. Draxy's ords did not make themselves clear. But e first words of Elder Kinney's letter did. he paper fell from his hands.

"Oh, daughter! daughter! it can't be rue! It can't!" and Reuben Miller covred his eyes and cried. But Draxy did not ry. One of the finest traits in her nature as her instantaneous calmness of exterior nder sudden and intense excitement.

"Yes, father, it is true. It must be. I ave believed it from the first! Oh do, do ead the letter," said Draxy, and she forced he letter into his hands again.

"No, no, daughter. Read it to me. I an't see the words," replied Reuben, still eeping. He was utterly unmanned. Then raxy read the letter aloud, slowly, distincty, calmly. Her voice did not tremble. he accepted it all, absolutely, unconditionally, as she had accepted everything which had ever happened to her. In Draxy's soul the past never confused the present; her life went on from moment to moment, from step to step as naturally, as clearly, as irrevocably as plants grow and flower, without hindrance, without delay. This it was which had kept her serene, strong: this is true health of nature.

After a time Reuben grew calmer; Draxy's presence always helped him. They sat on the rocks until twilight fell, and the great red lamp in the light-house was lit.

"Father, dear," said Draxy, "I think there are light-houses all along our lives, and God knows when it is time to light the lamps."

Reuben clasped Draxy's hand tighter and turned his eyes upon her with a look whose love was almost reverent.

Lights shone until morning from the windows of Captain Melville's house. The little family had sat together until long after midnight discussing this new and wonderful turn in their affairs: Jane and Reuben were bewildered and hardly happy yet; Draxy was alert, enthusiastic, ready, as usual; poor Captain Melville and his wife were in sore straits between their joy in the Millers' good fortune, and their pain at the prospect of the breaking up of the family. Their life together had been so beautiful, so harmonious.

"Oh, Draxy," said the Captain, "how shall we ever live without you?"

"Oh! but you will come up there, uncle," said Draxy; "and we shall keep you after we once get you."

Captain Melville shook his head. He could never leave the sea. But full well he knew that the very salt of it would have lost its best savor to him when this sweet, fair girl had gone out from his house.

The "good-nights" were sadly and solemnly said. "Oh!" thought Draxy, "does joy always bring pain in this world?" and she fell asleep with tears on her cheeks.

Reuben sat up until near dawn, writing to Elder Kinney. He felt strangely strong. He was half cured already by the upland air of the fields he had never seen. The next morning Draxy said, "Do you not think, father, I ought to write a note too, to thank the kind minister, or will you tell him how grateful I am?"

"Put a postscript to my letter, daughter. That will be better," said Reuben.

So Draxy wrote at the bottom of the last page:

"DEAR MR. KINNEY:—I do not know any words to thank you in; and I think you will like it better if I do not try. My father seems almost well already. I am sure it *was* the Lord that helped you to find out about our land. I hope we can come very soon.

"Your grateful friend,
"DRAXY MILLER."

When the Elder read this second note of Draxy's, he said aloud, "God bless her! she's one o' HIS chosen ones, that child is," and he fell to wondering how she looked. He found himself picturing her as slight and fair, with blue eyes and hair of a pale yellow. "I don't believe she's more than fourteen, at most;" thought he, "she speaks so simple, jest like a child; an' yet, she goes right to the pint, 's straight 's any woman; though I don't know, come to think on't, 's ever I knew a woman that could go straight to a pint," reflected the Elder, whose patience was often sorely tried by the wandering and garrulous female tongues in his parish. But the picture of "Little Draxy" grew strangely distinct in his mind; and his heart yearned towards her with a yearning akin to that which years back he had felt over the little silent form of the daughter whose eyes had never looked into his.

There was no trouble with the town in regard to the question of the land. If there had been any doubts, Elder Kinney's vigorous championship of the new claimant would have put them down. But the sympathy of the entire community was enlisted on Reuben's side. The whole story from first to last appealed to the generous side of every man's heart; and there was not a father's hand in town that did not rest more lovingly on his little girl's head at night, when he sat in his door-way talking over "them Millers," and telling about Draxy's "writin' to th' Elder."

Before the first of May all was settled. Elder Kinney had urged Mr. Miller to come at once to his house, and make it their home until he could look about and decide where he would establish himself.

"I am a lonely man," he wrote; "I buried my wife and only child many years ago, and have lived here ever since, with only an old Indian woman to take care of me. I don't want to press you against your will; and there's a house in the village that you can hire; but it will go against me sorely not to have you in my house at the first. I want to see you, and to see your litt daughter; I can't help feeling as if the Lor had laid out for us to be friends more tha common."

Reuben hesitated. The shyness of h nature made him shrink from other men houses. But Draxy inclined strongly to th Elder's proposition. "Oh, think, fathe how lonely he must be. Suppose you hadn mother nor me, father dear!" and Drax kissed her father's cheek; "and think ho glad you have been that you came to liv with uncle," she added.

Reuben looked lovingly at Captain Me ville, but said nothing.

"I'll tell ye what I think, Reuben;" sa the Captain. "It's my belief that you ' that parson 'll take to each other. H letters sound like your talk. Someho I've got an uncommon respect for that ma considerin' he's a parson; it's my advic to ye, to take up with his offer."

"And it seems no more than polit father," persisted Draxy; "after he h done so much for us. We need not sa how long we will stay in his house, yo know."

"Supposin' you go up first, Draxy," sa Reuben, hesitatingly, "an' see how 'tis. always did hate Injuns."

"Oh!" said Draxy; she had hardly o served the mention of that feature in th Elder's household, and she laughed o right. Her ideas of the ancestral savag were too vague to be very alarming. " she has lived all these years with this goo old minister, she must be civilized and kind said Draxy. "I'm not afraid of her."

"But I think it would be a great de better for me to go first," she continue more and more impressed with the ne idea. "Then I can be sure beforeha about everything, and get things all in ord for you; and there 'll be Mr. Kinney to tal care of me; I feel as if he was a kind father to everybody." And Draxy in h turn began to wonder about the Elder's a pearance as he had wondered about he Her mental picture was quite as unlike th truth as was his. She fancied him not u like her father, but much older, with gentle face and floating white hair. Di purposes of how she might make his lone old age more cheerful floated in her min "It must be awful," thought she, "to li years and years all alone with an Indian!"

When Elder Kinney read Reuben's lette saying that they would send their daught up first to decide what would be best f em to do, he brought his hand down hard the table and said "Whew!" again.

"Well, I do declare," thought he to him-lf, "I'm afraid they're dreadful shiftless ks, to send that girl way up here, all one by herself; and how 's such a child 's at goin' to decide anything, I should like know?"

He read again the letter Reuben had writ-n. "My daughter is very young, but we an upon her as if she was older. She has lped us bear all our misfortunes, and we ve more confidence in her opinions than our own about everything." The Elder as displeased.

"'Lean on her;'—I should think you did! oor little gal. Well, I can look out for r; that's one comfort." And the Elder rote a short note to the effect that he ould meet their "child" at the railway ation, which was six miles from their wn; that he would do all he could to help r; and that he hoped soon to see Mr. and rs. Miller under his roof.

The words of the note were most friend-, but there was an indefinable difference tween it and all the others, which Draxy lt without knowing that she felt it, and her st words to her father as she bade him ood-bye from the car window were: "I don't el so sure as I did about our staying with r. Kinney, father. You leave it all to me, you, dear, even if I decide to buy a ouse?"

"Yes, daughter," said Reuben, heartily; all! Nothing but good 's ever come yet your way o' doin' things."

"An' I don't in the least hanker after that njun," he called out as the cars began to ove. Draxy laughed merrily. Reuben as a new man already. They were very ay together, and felt wonderfully little fear r people to whom life had been thus far so ard.

There was not a misgiving in Draxy's eart as she set out again on a two days' ourney to an unknown place. "Oh how ifferent from the day when I started before," he thought as she looked out on the water parkling under the bright May sun. She pent the first night, as before, at the house f Captain Melville's brother, and set out at ight the following morning, to ride for ten ours steadily northward. The day was like day of June. The spring was opening arly; already fruit-trees were white and ink; banks were green, and birds were oisy.

By noon mountains came in sight. Draxy was spell-bound. "They are grander than the sea," said she, "and I never dreamed it; and they are loving too. I should like to rest my cheek on them."

As she drew nearer and nearer, and saw some tops still white with snow, her heart beat faster, and with a sudden pang almost of conscience-stricken remorse, she exclaimed, "Oh, I shall never, never once miss the sea!"

Elder Kinney had borrowed Eben Hill's horse and wagon to drive over to ——— after Draxy. He was at the station half an hour before the train was due. It had been years since the steady currents of his life had been so disturbed and hurried as they were by expecting this little girl.

"Looks like rain, Elder; I 'spect she'll have to go over with me arter all," said George Thayer, the handsomest, best-natured stage-driver in the whole State of New Hampshire. The Elder glanced anxiously at the sky.

"No, I guess not, George," he replied. "'T won't be anything more'n a shower, an' I've got an umbrella and a buffalo-robe. I can keep her dry."

Everybody at the station knew Draxy's story, and knew that the Elder had come to meet her. When the train stopped, all eyes eagerly scanned the passengers who stepped out on the platform. Two men, a boy, and three women, one after the other; it was but a moment, and the train was off again.

"She hain't come," exclaimed voice after voice. The Elder said nothing; he had stood a little apart from the crowd, watching for his ideal Draxy; as soon as he saw that she was not there, he had fallen into a perplexed reverie as to the possible causes of her detention. He was sorely anxious about the child. "Jest 's like 's not, she never changed cars down at the Junction," thought he, "an' 's half way to Montreal by this time," and the Elder felt hot with resentment against Reuben Miller.

Meantime, beautiful, dignified, and unconscious, Draxy stood on the platform, quietly looking at face after face, seeking for the white hair and gentle eyes of her trusted friend, the old minister.

George Thayer, with the quick instinct of a stage-driver, was the first to see that she was a stranger.

"Where d' ye wish to go, Ma'am?" said he, stepping towards her.

"Thank you," said Draxy, "I expected some one to meet me," and she looked uneasy; but reassured by the pleasant face, she went on: "the minister from Clairvend village was to meet me here."

George Thayer said, two hours afterward, in recounting his share of the adventure, "I tell ye, boys, when she said that ye might ha' knocked me down with a feather. I hain't never heard no other woman's voice that's got jest the sound to 't hern has; an' what with that, an' thinkin' how beat the Elder 'd be, an' wonderin' who in thunder she was anyhow, I don't believe I opened my dum lips for a full minute; but she kind o' smiled, and sez she, 'Do you know Mr. Kinney?' and that brought me to, and jest then the Elder he come along, and so I introduced 'em."

It was not exactly an introduction, however. The Elder, entirely absorbed in conjecture as to poor little Draxy's probable whereabouts, stumbled on the platform steps and nearly fell at her very feet, and was recalled to himself only to be plunged into still greater confusion by George Thayer's loud "Hallo! here he is. Here's Elder Kinney. Here's a lady askin' for you, Elder!"

Even yet it did not dawn upon Elder Kinney who this could be; his little golden-haired girl was too vividly stamped on his brain; he looked gravely into the face of this tall and fine-looking young woman and said kindly, "Did you wish to see me, ma'am?"

Draxy smiled. She began to understand. "I am afraid you did not expect to see me so tall, sir," she said. "I am Reuben Miller's daughter,—Draxy," she added, smiling again, but beginning in *her* turn to look confused. Could this erect, vigorous man, with a half-stern look on his dark-bearded face, be the right Mr. Kinney? her minister? It was a moment which neither Elder Kinney nor Draxy ever forgot. The unsentimental but kindly George gave the best description of it which could be given.

"I vow, boys, I jest wish ye could ha' seen our Elder; an' yet, I dunno 's I do wish so, nuther. He stood a twistin' his hat, jest like any o' us, an' he kind o' stammered, an' I don't believe neither on 'em knew a word he said; an' her cheeks kep' gittin' redder 'n redder, an' she looked 's ef she was ready to cry, and yet she couldn't keep from larfin, no how. Ye see she thought he was an old man and he thought she was a little gal, an' somehow 't first they didn't either of 'em feel like nobody; but when I passed 'em in the road, jest out to Four Corners, they was talkin' as easy and nateral as could be; an' the Elder he looked sor like himself, and she—wall, boys, you j wait till you see her; that's all I've got say. Ef she ain't a picter!"

The drive to the village seemed lor however, to both Draxy and the Eld Their previous conceptions of each oth had been too firmly rooted to be thus ov thrown without a great jar. The Elder f Draxy's simplicity and childlike truthfulne more and more with each word she spok but her quiet dignity of manner was son thing to which he was unused; to his ine perience she seemed almost a fine lady, spite of her sweet and guileless speec Draxy, on the other hand, was a little pelled by the Elder's whole appearan He was a rougher man than she had know his pronunciation grated on her ear; a he looked so strong and dark she felt a s of fear of him. But the next mornir when Draxy came down in her neat cali gown and white apron, the Elder's fa brightened.

"Good morning, my child," he said. "Y look as fresh as a pink." The tears car into Draxy's eyes at the word "child," sa as her father said it.

"I don't look so old then, this mornir do I, sir?" she asked in a pleading to which made the Elder laugh. He was mo himself this morning. All was well. Dra sat down to breakfast with a lighter heart.

When Draxy was sitting she looked ve young. Her face was as childlike as it w beautiful; and her attitudes were all sing larly unconscious and free. It was wh she rose that her womanhood revealed itse to the perpetual surprise of every one. breakfast went on the Elder gradually gained his old feeling about her; his natu was as simple, as spontaneous as hers; called her "child" again several times in th course of the meal. But when at the er of it Draxy rose, tall, erect, almost majest in her fullness of stature, he felt again sing larly removed from her.

"'Ud puzzle any man to say whether she a child or a woman," said the Elder to hi self. But his face shone with pleasure as walked by her side out into the little fro yard. Draxy was speechless with deligh In the golden east stretched a long range mountains, purple to the top; down in th valley, a mile below the Elder's house, la the village; a little shining river ran side side with its main street. To the north we high hills, some dark green and woode some of brown pasture land.

"Oh, sir," said Draxy, "is there any other ot in your mountain land so beautiful as is?"

"No, not one," said the Elder, "not e;" and he too looked out silently on the ene.

Presently Draxy exclaimed, with a sigh, Oh, it makes me feel like crying to think my father's seeing this!"

"Shall I tell you now about my father, ?" she continued; "you ought to know about us, you have been so good."

Then sitting on the low step of the door, ile the Elder sat in an arm-chair in the rch, Draxy told the story of her father's e, and, unconsciously, of her own. More an once the Elder wiped his eyes; more an once he rose and walked up and down fore the door, gazing with undefined but controllable emotion at this woman telling r pathetic story with the simple-hearted mility of a child. Draxy looked younger an ever curled up in the doorway, with her nds lying idle on her white apron. The der was on the point of stroking her hair. ddenly she rose, and said, "But I am cing too much of your time, sir; will you ce me now to see the house you spoke of, ich we could hire?" She was again the ijestic young woman. The Elder was ain thrown back, and puzzled.

He endeavored to persuade her to give up idea of hiring the house; to make his use their home for the present. But she plied steadfastly, "I must look at the use, sir, before I decide." So they walked wn into the village together. Draxy was erly unconscious of observation, but the der knew only too well that every eye of airvend was at some window-pane study- his companion's face and figure. All iom they met stared so undisguisedly that, iring Draxy would be annoyed, he said:

"You mustn't mind the folks staring so you. You see they've been talkin' the itter all over about the land, an' your min', for a month, an' it's no more than tural they should want to know how you ok;" and he, too, looked admiringly at raxy's face.

"Oh," said Draxy (it was a new idea to r mind), "I never thought of that."

"I hope they are all glad we are coming, ," added she, a moment after.

"Oh yes, yes; they're glad enough. aint often anything happens up here, you ow, and they've all thought everything of u since your first letter came."

Draxy colored. She had not dreamed of taking a whole village into her confidence. But she was glad of the friendliness; and she met every inquisitive gaze after this with an open, responsive look of such beaming good-will that she made friends of all whom she saw. One or two stopped and spoke; but most were afraid to do so, unconsciously repelled, as the Elder had been at first, by something in Draxy's dress and bearing which suggested to their extreme inexperience the fine lady. Nothing could have been plainer than Draxy's cheap gray gown; but her dresses always had character: the tiniest knot of ribbon at her throat assumed the look of a decoration; and many a lady for whom she worked had envied her the expression of her simple clothes.

The house would not answer. Draxy shook her head as soon as she saw it, and when the Elder told her that in the spring freshets the river washed into the lower story, she turned instantly away, and said, "Let us go home, sir; I must think of something else."

At dinner Draxy was preoccupied, and anxious. The expression of perplexity made her look older, but no less beautiful. Elder Kinney gazed at her more steadily than he knew; and he did not call her "child" again.

After dinner he took her over the house, explaining to her, at every turn, how useless most of the rooms were to him. In truth, the house was admirably adapted for two families, with the exception that there was but one kitchen. "But that could be built on in a very few days, and would cost very little," said the Elder eagerly. Already all the energies of his strong nature were kindled by the resolve to keep Draxy under his roof.

"I suppose it might be so built that it could be easily moved off and added to our own house when we build for ourselves," said Draxy, reflectively.

"Oh, yes," said the Elder, "no sort o' trouble about that," and he glowed with delight. He felt sure that his cause was gained.

But he found Draxy very inflexible upon all points. There was but one arrangement of which she would think for a moment. It was, that the Elder should let to them one-half of his house, and that the two families should be entirely distinct. Until the new kitchen and out-houses were finished, if the Elder would consent to take them as boarders, they would live with him; "otherwise, sir, I must find some one in the village who will take us," said Draxy in a quiet tone, which Elder Kinney knew instinctively was not to be argued with. It was a novel experience for the Elder in more ways than one. He was used to having his parishioners, especially the women, yield implicitly to his advice. This gentle-voiced girl, who said to him, "Don't you think, sir?" in an appealing tone which made his blood quicken, but who afterward, when she disagreed with him, stood her ground immovably against even entreaties, was a phenomenon in his life. He began to stand in awe of her. When some one said to him on the third day after Draxy's arrival: "Well, Elder, I don' know what she'd ha' done without *you*," he replied emphatically, "Done without me! You'll find out that all Reuben Miller's daughter wants of anybody is jest to let her know exactly how things lay. She ain't beholden to anybody for opinions. She's as trustin' as a baby, while you're tellin' her facts, but I'd like to see anybody make her change her mind about what's best to be done; and I reckon she's generally right; what's more, she's one of the Lord's favorites, an' He ain't above guidin' in small things no mor'n in great."

No wonder Elder Kinney was astonished. In forty-eight hours Draxy had rented one-half of his house, made a contract with a carpenter for the building of a kitchen and out-houses on the north side of it, engaged board at his table for her parents and herself for a month, and hired Bill Sims to be her father's head man for one year. All the while she seemed as modestly grateful to the Elder as if he had done it all for her. On the afternoon of the second day she said to him :—

"Now, sir, what is the nearest place for me to buy our furniture?"

"Why, ain't you goin' to use mine—at least 's far 's it goes?" said the poor Elder. "I thought that was in the bargain."

Draxy looked disturbed. "Oh, how careless of me," she said; "I am afraid nothing was said about it. But we cannot do that; my father would dislike it; and as we must have furniture for our new house, we might as well have it now. I have seven hundred dollars with me, sir; father thought I might decide to buy a house, and have to pay something down."

"Please don't be angry with me," she added pleadingly, for the Elder looked vexed. "You know if I am sure my father would prefer a thing, I *must* do it."

The Elder was disarmed.

"Well, if you are set on buyin' furniture he said, "I shouldn't wonder if you'd have chance to buy all you'd want cheap down Squire Williams's sale in Mill Creek. H wife died the very night your first lett came, an' I heard somebody say he w goin' to sell all out; an' they're always be well-to-do, the Williams's, an' I reck you'd fancy some o' their things bette anything you'd get at the stores."

Already the Elder began to divine Drax tastes; to feel that she had finer needs th the women he had known. In less than hour he was at the door with Eben Hil horse and wagon to take Draxy to Squ Williams's house.

"Jest more o' the same Providence th follows that girl," thought he when he s Draxy's eyes fairly dilate with pleasure he led her into the old-fashioned parl where the furniture was piled and crowd ready for the auction.

"Oh, will they not cost too much for n dear Mr. Kinney?" whispered Draxy.

"No, I guess not," he said, "there ai much biddin' at these sort of sales up her and he mentally resolved that nothi Draxy wanted should should cost too mu for her.

The sale was to be the very next d Draxy made a careful memorandum of t things she would like to buy. The El was to come over and bid them off for he

"Now you just go over 'em again," s the Elder, "and mark off what you'd like have if they didn't cost anything, beca sometimes things go for 's good 's nothi if nobody happens to want 'em." So Dra made a second list, and laughing a little g ish laugh as she handed the papers to Elder, pointed to the words "must have at the head of the first list, and "would-li to-have's" at the head of the second. T Elder put them both in his breast-pock and he and Draxy drove home.

The next night two great loads of Squ Williams's furniture were carried into El Kinney's house. As article after article taken in, Draxy clapped her hands and most screamed with delight; all her "wou like-to-haves" were there. "Oh, the clo the clock! Have I really got that to she exclaimed, and she turned to the El half crying, and said, "How shall I e thank you, sir?"

The Elder was uncomfortable. He in a dilemma. He had not been able to sist buying the clock for Draxy. He da not tell her what he had paid for it. "Sh ver let me give her a cent's worth, I know t well enough. It would be just like her make me take it back," thought he. But kily Draxy was too absorbed in her new hes, all the next day, to ask for her ac- nts, and by the next night the Elder had iberately resolved to make false returns his papers as to the price of several icles. "I'll tell her all about it one o' se days when she knows me better," he nforted himself by thinking; "I never think Ananias was an out an' out liar. couldn't be denied that all he did say was e!" and the Elder resolutely and success- y tried to banish the subject from his nd by thinking about Draxy.

The furniture was, much of it, really valu- e old mahogany, dark in color and quaint shape. Draxy could hardly contain her- f with delight, as she saw the expression gave to the rooms; it had cost so little t she ventured to spend a small sum for slin curtains, new papers, bright chintz, l shelves here and there. When all was ished she herself was astonished at the re- t. The little home was truly lovely.

Oh, sir, my father has never had a pretty ne like this in all his life," said she to the ler, who stood in the doorway of the sit- g-room looking with half-pained wonder the transformation. He felt, rather than v, how lovely the rooms looked; he could help being glad to see Draxy so glad; he felt removed farther from her by this acity of her's to create what he could but nly comprehend. Already he uncon- ously weighed all things in new balances; eady he began to have a strange sense of nility in the presence of this woman.

Ten days from the day that Draxy arrived Clairvend she drove over with the Elder meet her father and mother at the railway tion. She had arranged that the Elder uld carry her father back in the wagon; and her mother would go in the stage. counted much on the long pleasant drive ough the woods as an opening to the ac- intance between her father and the El- . She had been too busy to write any the briefest letters home, and had said y little about him. To her last note she l added a postscript.

'I am sure you will like Mr. Kinney, ner. He is very kind and very good. t he is not old as we thought."

To the Elder she said, as they drove over, think you will love my father, sir, and I ow you will do him good. But he will say much at first; you will have to talk," and Draxy smiled. The Elder and she understood each other very well.

"I don't think there's much danger o' my not lovin' him," replied the Elder; "by all you tell he must be uncommon lovable." Draxy turned on him such a beaming smile that he could not help adding, "an' I should think his bein' your father was enough."

Draxy looked seriously in his face, and said, "Oh, Mr. Kinney, I'm not anything by side of father."

The Elder's eyes twinkled, but he did not look displeased.

It was a silent but joyful group which gathered around the Elder's tea-table that night.

Reuben and Jane were tired, bewildered, but their eyes rested on Draxy with perpetual smiles. Draxy also smiled more than she spoke. The Elder felt himself half out of place and wished to go away, but Draxy looked grieved at his proposal to do so, and he stayed. But nobody could eat, and old Nancy, who had spent her utmost resources on the supper, was cruelly disappointed. She bustled in and out on various pretences, but at last could keep silence no longer. "Seems to me ye've dreadful slim appetites for folks that's been travelin' all day. Perhaps ye don't like yer victuals," she said, glancing sharply at Reuben.

"Oh yes, madam, yes," said poor Reuben, nervously, "everything is very nice; much nicer than I am used to."

Draxy laughed out loud. "My father never eats when he is tired, Nancy. You'll see how he'll eat to-morrow."

After Nancy had left the room, Reuben wiped his forehead, and Draxy laughed out again in spite of herself. Old Nancy had been so kind and willing in helping her. She had grown fond of her; and had quite forgotten her father's dread. When Reuben bade Draxy good-night, he said under his breath, "I like your Elder very much, daughter; but I don't know how I'm ever goin' to stand livin' with that Injun."

"My Elder," said Draxy to herself as she went up-stairs, "he's everybody's Elder—and the Lord's most of all I think," and she went to sleep thinking of the solemn words which she had heard him preach on the last Sunday.

It was marvelous how soon the life of the new household adjusted itself; how full the days were, and how swift. The summer was close upon them; Reuben's old farmer's instincts and habits revived in full force. Bill Sims proved a most efficient helper; he had been Draxy's sworn knight, from the moment of her first interview with him. There would be work on Reuben's farm for many hands, but Reuben was in no haste. The sugar camp assured him of an income which was wealth to their simple needs; and he wished to act advisedly and cautiously in undertaking new enterprises. All the land was wild land—much of it deep swamps. The maple orchard was the only part immediately profitable. The village people came at once to see them. Everybody was touched by Jane's worn face and gentle ways; her silence did not repel them; everybody liked Draxy too, and admired her, but many were a little afraid of her. The village men had said that she was "the smartest woman that had ever set foot in Clairvend village," and human nature is human nature. It would take a great deal of Draxy's kindly good-will to make her sister women forgive her for being cleverer than they. Draxy and Reuben were inseparable. They drove; they walked; even into the swamps courageous Draxy penetrated with her father and Bill Sims, as they went about surveying the land; and it was Draxy's keen instinct which in many cases suggested where improvements could be made.

In the mean time Elder Kinney's existence had become transformed. He dared not admit to himself how much it meant; this new delight in simply being alive, for back of his delight lurked a desperate fear; he dared not move. Day after day he spent more and more time in the company of Draxy and her father. Reuben and he were fast becoming close friends. Reuben's gentle, trustful nature found repose in the Elder's firm, sturdy downrightness, much as it had in Captain Melville's; and the Elder would have loved Reuben if he had not been Draxy's father. But to Draxy he seemed to draw no nearer. She was the same frank, affectionate, merry, puzzling woman-child that she had been at first; but as he saw more and more how much she knew of books which he did not know, of people and affairs of which he had never heard—how fluently, graciously, and even wisely she could talk, he felt himself cut off from her. Her sweet, low tones and distinct articulation tortured him while they fascinated him; they seemed so to set her apart. In fact, every separate charm she possessed produced in the poor Elder's humble heart a mixture of delight and pain which could not be analyzed and could not long be borne.

He exaggerated all his own defects of manner, and speech, and education; he felt
comfortable in Draxy's presence, in spit
all the affectionate reverence with which
treated him; he said to himself fifty time
day, "It's only my bein' a minister
makes her think anythin' o' *me.*" The E
was fast growing wretched.

But Draxy was happy. She was stil
some ways more child than woman.
peculiar training had left her imagina
singularly free from fancies concerning l
and marriage. The Elder was a cer
interest in her life; she would have
instantly and cordially that she loved
dearly. She saw him many times ev
day; she knew all his outgoings and inc
ings; she knew the first step of his foo
the threshold; she felt that he belonge
them, and they to him. But as a wo
thinks of the man whose wife she long
be, Draxy had never once thought of E
Kinney.

But when the new kitchen was finished,
the Millers entered on their separate ho
keeping, a change came. As Reuben
Jane and Draxy sat down for the first t
alone together at their tea-table, Reu
said cheerily:—

"Now this seems like old times. Th
nice."

"Yes," replied Jane. Draxy did
speak. Reuben looked at her. She col
suddenly, violently, and said with despe
honesty:

"Yes, father; but I can't help thin
how lonely Mr. Kinney must be."

"Well, I declare," said Reuben,
science-stricken; "I suppose he must
I hate to think on't. But we'll have
in here 's often 's he'll come."

Just the other side of the narrow e
sat the Elder, leaning both his elbows on
table, and looking over at the vacant p
where the night before, and for thirty ni
before, Draxy had sat. It was more tha
could bear. He sprang up, and, leaving
supper untasted, walked out of the house

Draxy heard him go. Draxy had pa
within that moment into a new world.
divined all.

"He hasn't eaten any supper," tho
she; and she listened intently to hear
come in again. The clock struck ten, he
not returned! Draxy went to bed, but
could not sleep. The little house was s
the warm white moonlight lay like sum
snow all over it; Draxy looked out of
window; the Elder was slowly coming
the hill; Draxy knelt down like a l

ld and said, "God bless him," and crept
:k to bed. When she heard him shut his
lroom door she went to sleep.
The next day, Draxy's eyes did not look
they had looked the day before. When
ler Kinney first saw her, she was coming
vn stairs. He was standing at the foot,
l waited to say "Good morning." As he
ked up at her, he started back and ex-
imed: "Why, Draxy, what's the matter?"
'Nothing is the matter, sir," said Draxy,
she stepped from the last stair, and stand-
close in front of him, lifted the new,
eet, softened eyes up to his. Draxy was
simple and sincere in this as in all other
otions and acts of her life. She had no
quetry in her nature. She had no distinct
ught either of a new relation between
self and the Elder. She simply felt a new
eness with him; and she could not have
derstood what any one meant who should
ve suggested to her the idea of conceal-
nt. If Elder Kinney had been a man of
world, he would have folded Draxy to
heart in that instant. If he had been
en a shade less humble and self-distrust-
, he would have done it, as it was. But
never dreamed that he might. He folded
empty arms very tight over his faithful,
ning, foolish heart, and tried to say calmly
l naturally, "Are you sure? Seems to me
u don't look quite well."
But after this morning he never felt quite
hout hope. He could not tell precisely
y. Draxy did not seek him, did not avoid
n. She was perhaps a little less merry;
d fewer words; but she looked glad, and
re than glad. "I think it's the eyes," he
d to himself again and again, as he tried
analyze the new look on Draxy's face
ich gave him hope. These were sweet
ys. There are subtle joys for lovers who
ell side by side in one house, together
d yet apart. The very air is loaded with
nificance to them—the door, the window,
stairway. Always there is hope of
eting; always there is consciousness of
esence; everywhere a mysterious sense
the loved one's having passed by. More
an once Seth Kinney knelt and laid his
eek on the stairs which Draxy's feet had
st ascended! Often sweet, guileless Draxy
ought, as she went up and down, "Ah,
e dear feet that go over these stairs." One
y the Elder, as he passed by the wall of
e room where he knew Draxy was sitting,
ushed his great hand and arm against it
heavily that she started, thinking he had
mbled. But as the firm step went on without pausing, she smiled, she hardly knew why. The next time he did it she laid down her work, locked and unlocked her hands, and looking toward the door, whispered under her breath, "Dear hands!" Finally this became almost a habit of his; he never supposed Draxy would hear it; but he felt, as he afterwards told her, "like a great affectionate dog going by her door, and that was all he could do. He would have liked to lie down on the rug."

These were very sweet days; spite of his misgivings, Elder Kinney was happy; and Draxy, in spite of her unconsciousness, seemed to herself to be living in a blissful dream. But a sweeter day came.

One Saturday evening, Reuben said to Draxy:

"Daughter, I've done somethin' I'm afraid 'll trouble you. I've told th' Elder about your verses, an' showed him the hymn you wrote when you was tryin' to give it all up about the land."

"Oh, father, how could you," gasped Draxy; and she looked as if she would cry.

Reuben could not tell just how it happened. It seemed to have come out before he knew it, and after it had, he could not help showing the hymn.

Draxy was very seriously disturbed; but she tried to conceal it from her father, and the subject dropped.

The next morning Elder Kinney preached—it seemed to his people—as he never preached before. His subject was self-renunciation, and he spoke as one who saw the palms of the martyrs waving and heard their shouts of joy. There were few dry eyes in the little meeting-house. Tears rolled down Draxy's face. But she looked up suddenly, on hearing Elder Kinney say, in an unsteady voice,

"My bretherin, I'm goin' to read to you now a hymn, which comes nigher to expressin' my idea of the kind of resignation God likes than any hymn that's ever been written or printed in any hymn-book;" and then he began:

"I cannot think but God must know," etc.

Draxy's first feeling was one of resentment; but it was a very short-lived one. The earnest tone, the solemn stillness of the wondering people, the peaceful summer air floating in at the open windows,—all lifted her out of herself, and made her glad to hear her own hymn read by the man she loved, for the worship of God. But her surprise was still greater when the choir began to sing the lines to a quaint old Methodist tune. They had been provided with written copies of the hymn, and had practiced it so faithfully that they sung it well. Draxy broke down and sobbed for a few moments, so that Elder Kinney was almost on the point of forgetting everything, and springing to her side. He had not supposed that anything in the world could so overthrow Draxy's composure. But he did not know how much less strong her nerves were now than they had been two months before.

After church, Draxy walked home alone very rapidly. She did not wish to see any one. She was glad that her father and mother had not been there. She could not understand the tumult of her feelings.

At twilight, she stole out of the back door of the house, and walked down to a little brook which ran near by. As she stood leaning against a young maple tree she heard steps, and, without looking up, knew that the Elder was coming. She did not move nor speak. He waited some minutes in silence. Then he said: "Oh, Draxy! I never once thought o' painin' you! I thought you'd like it. Hymns are made to be sung, dear; and that one o' yours is so beautiful!" He spoke as gently as her father might, and in a voice she hardly knew. Draxy made no reply. The Elder had never seen her like this. Her lips quivered, and he saw tears in her eyes.

"Oh, Draxy, do look up at me—just once! You don't know how hard it is for a man to think he's hurt anybody—like you!" stammered the poor Elder, ending his sentence quite differently from what he had intended.

Draxy smiled through her tears, and looking up, said: "But I am *not* hurt, Mr. Kinney; I don't know what I am crying sir;" and her eyes fell again.

The Elder looked down upon he silence. Moments passed. "Oh, if I c make her look up at me again!" he thou His unspoken wish stirred her veins; sl she lifted her eyes; they were calm now, unutterably loving. They were more t the Elder could bear."

"Oh, Draxy, Draxy!" exclaimed stretching out both his arms towards her.

> "My heart grows weaker and more weak
> With looking on the thing so dear
> Which lies so far, and yet so near!"

Slowly, very slowly, like a little c learning to walk, with her eyes full of te but her mouth smiling, Draxy moved wards the Elder. He did not stir, pa because he could not, but partly because could not lose one instant of the delici ness of seeing her, feeling her come.

When they went back to the house, ben was sitting in the porch. The E took his hand and said:

"Mr. Miller, I meant to have asked first; but God didn't give me time."

Reuben smiled.

"You've 's good 's asked me a good w back, Elder; an' I take it you haint had much doubt what my answer 'd Then, as Draxy knelt down by his chair laid her head on his shoulder, he added m solemnly:

"But I'd jest like once to say to ye, El that if ever I get to Heaven, I wouldn't anythin' more o' the Lord than to let me Draxy 'n' you a comin' in together, lookin' as you looked jest now when come in 't that gate!"

THE END.

## HARKER AND BLIND.

HENRY HARKER was living in the front room on the second floor when I went to board in the hall room on the fourth, at Blatchford's, 99 Clay street. He had been there longer than any one then in the house, and he was in the same room when Blind came, two years later. He was a tall, well-made fellow, with a good address, and by long odds the cleverest head in the house. No one in the house knew more of him than what they saw; I thought Blatchford knew as much of him as anybody. He had an office in North street, where he was ne seen to do much but read and smoke; he never seemed to want for money, tho he did not appear to spend a great deal to care to.

He was exceedingly pleasant comp by reason of a certain quiet, humor satirical flow of talk that was endle amusing. With the appearance of en frankness and carelessness, Harker was most thoroughly reserved person I ever s He would answer any question asked m, though I noticed that nobody seemed put many questions to him, and you ight talk with him a whole evening without nagining that all the frankness was on your de. But when you came to think it over bed the next morning, you found you new no more of Harker than before, though ou suspected that he knew considerably ore of you.

There was one point upon which we all ok offense, and made common cause gainst him; that was his intolerance of all entiment, and his scornful incredulity as to perior honor and purity of women over en. Now the majority of the young men ho made the floating population of the ouse had pictures of girls which they carelly kept out of sight, and which generally appened to be seen by some of us before ey had been long in the house. We were omehow made aware that the fair ones repesented in various graceful and languishing ttitudes were sweet upon the owners of the ards. One or two, I remember thinking, ad the superior advantage of having been hosen from a caseful; but however that as, the two or three unfortunates of us ere secretly more or less envious of those vorites of fortune, which may account for e ungenerous opinion just advanced. However, we all belonged to one class or the ther except Harker, and he was quite conent to form a third class by himself, and was ore than a match, with his coolness and een perception of weak and ridiculous hases, for all of us together. Any bit f sentiment or sentimentality that fell out his presence met with such sharp and erisive handling as brought most of us to words'-points with him sooner or later, hough we soon learned prudence by expeience. His temper was marvelously cool nd well controlled, and he was never the ne who came out of the battle second best, nd hot and red in the face. He offended ne or two of the fellows so deeply by goodumored derision and mockery of some soft peech, that they would not speak to him, nd passed by him with their heads in the ir and blind on one side. But he enjoyed his performance so evidently, took off to heir faces their airs of indignation and ffended dignity, and was so easily superior o their favor or scorn, that they found it nprofitable, and soon came over.

Harker seemed to have a sort of liking or me; preferred to sit and walk with me f I was at hand, and that was about all. He kept me at arm's length, as he did everybody, and without showing his hand; and I, in my more bungling way, kept him outside certain bounds. I would as soon have put my arm in a bear's embrace as have trusted my love or faith, or anything I valued much, to Harker's clever handling; so I walked and talked and laughed with him when I and he were so minded, and I kept my treasures under lock and key beside him. I liked him, and relished exceedingly the acidity and sharpness of flavor in him, and I studied him as a curious human puzzle. I knew him two years, as I said, before Blind came, and I knew him no more then than at the end of the first week.

Several of us were sitting together in Pickering's room one night when Blatchford came up and told us about a young fellow who was going to take Scrimzer's room when he left for the West next week. Blatchford had known young Blind's father, now dead, and his mother wanted to put him in there to board. But he didn't know how to manage for him till Scrimzer left, unless somebody would take him in.

I told Blatchford I could take him as well as not if he was one of the patent kind that shut up like an umbrella or pushed in like a telescope. Harker looked round over his shoulder, and said:

"I'll take him, Blatchford!"

The landlord hesitated and appeared to be a little surprised; it did not seem to have occurred to him that Harker might take the fellow. And certainly Harker was hardly the kind of person a fond mother would choose to form an ingenuous youth. He was uncommonly rough in his talk, and usually went straight at what he meant, with very little regard to what he trod on or in. I don't say that we found fault with him, for, indeed, I suppose we had little right to throw stones at him. However, I think we were all a little surprised as well as the host when Harker spoke:

"Don't bite, eh?" Harker said. "Think I'd spoil him?"

"Well, you see, he's only a youngster, and his mother kind of expects me to keep an eye on him, you know," answered the landlord. "Now if you'd——"

"Well, fetch the chap along," Harker broke in. "We'll play light on him. I'll talk out of the *Pilgrim's Progress* when he's round, and Broomy can come in mornings and nights and hear him his catechism."

Blind came the next day, and lodged with Harker that week. He was a slight young fellow, with a clear complexion and a merry face, a quick step and a ringing laugh. He was shy at first, but very soon was on easy terms with every one in the house, and every one with him. He was the frankest little fellow, that Ary, as we all came to call him before long. He had a clerkship in a tea-house in Smith street, Taylor, Leake & Company, and he sent something regularly home to his mother and sister, Annie, in Jay county. We all knew that within two weeks, and a great deal more. A framed photograph of a nice-looking girl appeared on surly old Scrimzer's wall soon after that gentleman went West. Ary used to be singing a catch a good deal on the stairs and about, in those early days.

"Rosy, rosy, rosy red,
Rosy on the heather,"

and perhaps it was from this that we found out before long that the nice-looking girl was Miss Rosa Redfield, of Sedley, Jay county, and that she was the writer of certain white little letters that lay on Ary's table at pretty regular intervals.

I was curious to see how Harker would act toward the chattering little fellow, and I must own that I was surprised. Ary naturally made his acquaintance first, rooming with him the first week or two, and he conceived an immense liking and admiration for Harker, and talked with him in a confidential way that none of the rest of us would have dared upon or thought possible. The first time I saw them together after the first strangeness had rubbed off, Ary was rattling away to some of us in Harker's room, and appealed to Harker in a simply surprising manner. And when I expected that Harker would have taken his cigar out of his mouth and burst out laughing immoderately and scoffed at the foolish fellow, he only nodded and smiled in a quizzical, somewhat puzzled way, and let him chatter on. He seemed to regard Ary as he might a pet kitten, watching with amusement its present antics, and wondering what it will be at next. He kept his promise to Blatchford, and was quite guarded in his talk before the boy.

By tacit agreement, he took Ary more or less under his care, and undertook to introduce him to the sights and wonders of the town; and before a great while Ary came to regard and talk of the gaslight gayeties of the city with a knowing, behind-the-scenes air, that was a very comical burlesque of his cynical friend's habit of looking through the best designed glare and padding to the dingy sham often enough behind them. Perha that was not the best way of looking things, but one does not find it diffic to imagine worse ones that a fellow Ary's make might have taken up. Hark was no angel, and he did not pretend th he was even to Ary, but somehow Ary we uncommonly straight that summer and fa and without any special native stiffness spine or bias toward straight paths.

I was out with Harker one night,—it w just before the holidays, and the first time had been out with him in a long while. T shop-windows were brilliant with their Chri mas display, and we looked in at some them and walked along slowly, Harker e tertaining himself and me with a runni commentary, sharp, witty, unsparing a very amusing, upon the people we met. had my own opinion of what he said, esp cially of the women, but there was reas enough in his satire, and I knew better th to cross him: so I made my own reserv said little and laughed a good deal.

We had stopped on a corner to let a ca riage go rushing by through the slush of la night's snow, when, happening to look acro the street, I saw two persons walking t other way.

"Come on, Broom," said Harker, a stepped out over the gutter. I pulled h back and pointed across.

"Hark," I said, "who's that?"

He looked over, and then bent down get a better view. "It's Ary," he sai "that's too condemned bad." He follow them with his eyes, then threw away l cigar. "Broom," he said, "let's take h home."

We walked up a block and crossed ov and came up behind him. Ary looked rou and recognized us; flushing up, he demand where we were going.

"We're going for you," answered Hark I took him by one arm and Harker by t other, and we turned him round and start down the street. He showed some resi ance at first, but soon yielded and walk quietly with us. Arriving at the house, all three went straight up to Ary's roo Harker sat down by the table and took up paper lying there, and I threw myself on t bed. This position soon became rath awkward, and, to set things going, I ask Ary to bring out the cards—I wanted to t that trick again. He threw down the pac and I was just going to get up, when Hark looked up and saw the girl's picture oppos on the wall. He got up, then stepped ov d turned the picture with its face to the ll. I declare it made me jump. Ary od up and put his hands on the back of chair and shook from head to foot. He ened on Harker then, and fairly raved at n.

"Oh, he was a saint, he was! Didn't the t think the kettle black? and wasn't Satan wn upon sin? Oh, it made him sick. He s a sweet one to turn mentor and parson, sn't he? He was no saint and he didn't tend to be, but he wasn't a sneak and a pocrite, and he'd be consigned to perdition if d have us two in his place. We had better ve on, we had; we weren't wanted there, l if we didn't move, we'd get some help," l he faced up to Harker and blustered and eatened to strike him. Harker leaned k against the wall imperturbably, and ird him through; and when Ary bristled and menaced him with his fists, he put his ids on the fellow's shoulders and pushed n back into his chair and threw himself o another opposite:

"Look here, Ary," he said; "because e been a condemned fool, ain't that rather queer reason for your going to the devil ?" And he got up and went out, and I nt with him. He came into my room l lighted a cigar, and smoked a while, ning on the window, and went away with- a word.

I went into Ary's room the next night as nothing had happened. He had evident- thought better of it by daylight and with ool head, and was glad to have me come A new white envelope, I noticed, lay his table, and doubtless this had some- ng to do with the change. We heard a p coming, and Ary looked up and said to : "It's Hark, Broom; call him in."

I called him and he came in, and we tted and had a game of something and ted good friends again. Harker went of town the next day and was away till out the middle of January. I was in 's room when Harker came in on his re- n. The picture was still hanging as he l turned it—with its face to the wall. He it the first thing, and went straight over l turned it back before he came to shake ids. Ary went very straight after that, l took, I thought, a firmer and more erved and manly tone.

It was in June again, I think, that Ary ught down to dinner one evening a cou- of his country friends. They were loud, tish fellows, brassy and slangy, and any- ng but like Ary, who indeed seemed rather ashamed of them. They had been clerking since Ary knew them in a provincial town, and had apparently got no good there. They were in the city for a day or two, and Ary was showing them around. The second evening after that, I came in about ten, and found that Harry Furness could not find his new silk hat. He had come home to dress to go out with some company, and hunted high and low for his hat until he was too late to keep his appointment, and so had stayed in rather out of humor. He thought that the hat must be stolen. I went down to his room and found Harry and Pickering there, and we sat talking till quite late. They said Harker had been in asking for Ary, and had gone out again. Ary had gone out with his friends right away after dinner. We sat a good while talking, and I was about going up when we heard the hall door shut and a step on the stairs. Then Ary came in, looked round at us, and folded his arms. His face was flushed, and his eyes wild and bright, and Harry's new silk hat was on his head. He evidently thought he was in his own room, which was directly overhead; and he must have made the same mistake once before since he first went out that night.

"Look here, you fellows, get out of this," he began; "kite now. This is my place, and I don't want you. Come now, travel!" and he squared off and wanted to fight us, blustered and danced around us; then he dashed down Harry's shining hat on the floor and put his boot square through the crown. I thought he was shamming till then; his gait and talk were as straight and steady as any man's. But he was not shamming; he was raving crazy. Three of us tried to carry him off to his own room, but could not; he broke from us and knocked us about in the most reckless way. Afterward he became quieter and we put him to bed with Harry. He lay still a minute or two at first, and then rolled over and pulled the clothes off Harry, and when Harry tried to get them back he turned over suddenly and gave him such a slap as made him scream.

In the night I woke with a start and jumped out of bed. Going to the door of my room, I asked: "Who's there?"

"It's me—Harry. Open the door," was the low answer.

Harry was there in the dim hallway, in his shirt and pantaloons.

"Come down, Broom," he said; "Ary's

been rolling and talking and grinding his teeth all night, and now he's sleeping so I can't wake him."

I could not see any reason to want to till I went down. Then I tried to wake him, too, and could not. I put my ear to his mouth and breast. Harry was very pale when I looked up.

"Is he dead?" he asked.

"I don't know," I said; "rub him."

I ran down and out into the street, and down two blocks for Dr. Marsh. I remember hearing the clocks strike four as I waited. I told the doctor about it as we went along, and he asked one or two questions. Coming near the house, I saw some one going up the steps, and he came down when he saw us, and then I saw it was Harker.

"Is that you, Broom? What's the matter now?" he said. "Have you seen Ary?"

"Yes, yes; come up and see," and I ran past him and up the stairs. Ary was lying there perfectly still: exactly as if he was dead. The doctor examined him a minute and went out; Harker threw off his coat and began rubbing him like mad. Presently the doctor came running up again with some articles, and Squibbs, the druggist's clerk, from the corner. They took no notice of us, but went straight at their fight with death. It was a close fight, but they won. By-and-by Ary opened his eyes, and looked out of them sane and alive. But he was taken down fearfully by the experience of that night, and he sank into a low fever after it, his mind wandering weakly in the fog of delirium for a long time. He talked a great deal, the name of the girl, Miss Redfield, mixing in an odd jumble with all sorts of irrelevant things, and constantly recurring. It seemed to fret him a good deal, and it was quite pitiful to sit by and hear him maundering about the girl by the hour in that low, weak way. They were all very good to him in the house, though some of the ladies asked rather troublesome questions at first, but we put them off with the first thing that came, which was perhaps as near the truth as we knew. After a while I began to feel doubtful about Ary, and though I had every confidence in Dr. Marsh, I thought he began to doubt too. Ary's sister was sick at home at the time, and we did not like to give his mother a new anxiety if it could be helped. So we put off writing to her about him.

One night I was watching by Ary when the doctor came in. He counted Ary's pulse, and examined his medicines and t rest. He seemed out of humor and imp tient, and said nothing to me. Taking slip, he wrote a new prescription, left lying on the table, and stood up. Ary w in one of his talking moods, restless a wandering, blundering in all directions thought, and arriving nowhere, but alwa coming back to maunder about Miss Re field in a hundred grotesque connectio The doctor stood looking down at him good while with stern, intent face. Sudde he turned to me and asked:

"Who is this Rosy?"

I pointed to the picture on the wall behi him. He went over and looked at it sha ly; then he turned back and took up t prescription he had written, and tore across and across.

"Do you know her?" he asked.

"No; she lives in the country."

"Can you bring her here?"

"I don't know. I can see."

"What is her name?"

"Rosa Redfield."

He took another slip and sat down write. He wrote and pushed over the s and I read it:

"It is my opinion that the young m Ary Blind, lying sick in my care at 99 C Street, will die, unless Miss Rosa Redf can be brought to see him and can quiet l by her presence.

JAMES L. MARSH, M.D

June 17, 18—."

I hunted up Blatchford and got a n from him inclosing the doctor's slip. I in Sedley, Jay County, a little after sun the next morning, and found the hous wanted. Miss Redfield looked scared w she read the message, but she made no a She was a quiet little person, erect, quick in her motions, and trim in her p morning dress; self-constrained and served, and I thought I saw a good dea decision in the way she glanced and sp though she said very little. She went and told the family, and her father cam and talked to me; and then Miss F came and said she would be glad to ac my offer to accompany her to the city. came away directly and arrived in tow two. I left the young lady at a friend' Blair Street and ran down to the of When I looked in at Ary's room that n he was sleeping like an infant, and Redfield sitting by the bed holding his h

She came in every day and took care of him, and he fretted no more while she was with him, and presently lost his restlessness altogether. Harker had been with Ary more than any of us from the first, having more leisure, and I was curious to see how he would act toward the little lady. He never went voluntarily into the society of ladies, but took frequent occasion to amuse himself at the expense of their foibles and follies, and ridicule such of the young fellows as professed to find pleasure in their parties and sociables.

In Miss Redfield's company now he seemed to take his cue from her; did any little service she required with a quick eye and light hand, was merely polite and respectful and entirely simple and well-bred. For her part the little lady bore herself in the most modest, yet thoroughly self-reliant, manner. Her coming and going and presence in the house were equally quiet; her touch was light and her voice low, and she said very little indeed. She pleased all by her address when our paths crossed hers, but never went out of her way to meet or avoid us, and was no more than polite to any one of us. She took it for granted that we were gentlemen and treated us as such; we had one link with her in our common friendship for Ary, she seemed to say, and so far were friends, but beyond that we were strangers and had no right to presume upon our forced association at that one point. And we all admired her immensely, and were jealous of Harker's greater acquaintance with her, though she certainly showed him no special favor.

"Harker's met his match," said Harry one night. "He don't laugh at her; she's as up and down as he is, and he's sharp enough to know it. There's no mincing about her; she hangs out no flag. She don't walk on her toes and perk herself up. She stands up straight and says what she means, and a girl ain't worth much that can't do that."

Harker scarcely spoke of her at all, and she was the first woman who ever came to that house whose manners and morals escaped more or less sharp handling from him. Ary was out of danger, and Miss Redfield came in every afternoon now, and Harker was often there when she came, or would drop in afterward, just as he had from the first before she came. Two or three times she was caught in the dusk, and once or twice it came on to rain, and Harker could not help seeing her to Blair Street safe and dry.

She went back home presently, and some days after Blatchford told me he had a letter from her with a note for Ary, which she wished him to get when he was quite strong again. Ary picked up rapidly and got about the house, and then went down one day to his counter in Smith Street. A day or two later I was going up stairs a while after dinner and stepped into Ary's room. Harker was sitting there with his hat on, smoking, and an open letter was lying on the table. Ary lay stretched on his face on the bed, his arms crossed above his head, and perfectly still. Harker put his finger to his lips and motioned me to go out, and I went away. Harker came up presently and sat on the edge of my bed, still smoking.

"Well," I said, "what now?"

"She's gone back on him, Broomy; somebody's blabbed. She knows all we do, and thinks she knows a good deal more."

Ary was very still for a day or two after that, and not pleasant. Then he took another humor, talked and laughed loudly, and knocked things about, caring little whether he broke them or not. He became pretty wild in those weeks and saw most that was going on. He was coming up from breakfast one morning as I went down, and he came and hugged me, and said I was a brick, and that I was drunk and I knew I was. I tried to keep him from going to the store in that state, but could do nothing with him. Some time after that he came into our firm's office about noon one day and told me he had been turned off. He was sober enough then, and looked bad. When he went out, I ran over to Harker's place and told him. "You had better go and speak to Lake, Broomy," he said. "They are good men, and you can't expect them to want a fellow coming there like that. But if you show them how it is they may give him another try, and maybe this 'll scare him into keeping straight. I'd go myself, but I don't make up very smooth, you know, and like enough I'd spoil it."

So I went and put the case to Mr. Lake. He was an old Quaker, and easily persuaded. I promised him that Ary should not repeat the offense, and got him another chance. Harker and I carried him off after dinner that night and told him what I had done and promised. He was very thankful and penitent, and vowed he would not go back on me, and I must give him the credit to say that no more complaints came from that quarter.

Harker kept pretty close by him and tried to keep him in hand, but not in the old way, and not with the old success. Since Ary's scrape, Harker was not just the fellow he had been. His temper became brittle, and the unfailing coolness and good spirits that had been his strong points were not to be taken for granted now. He was as indifferent to us and our opinion as ever; he would fall to thinking by himself, sitting among us, and sit sucking or gnawing the butt of a cigar by the hour, and pay no more regard to us than if he had been in his own room alone,—and then go off without speaking. He would turn suddenly savage out of the merriest humor, and answer the simplest question with a curse and "how should he know?" But he showed his fractious humor most of all to Ary, was domineering, reasonable, and even gentle with him by turns, tried to drive him, and lead him, and coax him turn about, or all together. And Ary, of course, resented his harshness and bitterness, and gave as good as he got. They had some pretty hot scenes, enough to have made kindness impossible forever between any other two. But Harker always went back as if nothing had happened, and insisted on ignoring any quarrel; and Ary was quick hot and quick over it. However, Harker did exercise a certain restraint upon Ary, and I used to think that the girl's face was always before the little fellow's eyes (though since the night he got that last letter it had disappeared from his wall), and scared him into keeping within certain bounds. Still there was a wild spirit in him in those days that led him a pretty mad dance of it.

Harker himself was a puzzle we could none of us make out. He was as easily superior to the rest of us as ever, and he made it felt now in many little ways not pleasant. He kept apart more, or with Ary only, and his waspish temper and sharp, ironical tongue made some of the fellows keep out of his way. Harry came in one night and sat awhile with me before going to bed.

"Broom," he said, "I wonder who Harker knows in Turner street?"

"Brodhead, the iron man," I answered, "over by Thoroughfare. Why?"

"Knows somebody else besides Brodhead," said Harry. "I saw him go into 273, near Bell, to-night. Brody has seen him going that way two or three times lately. He never used to, I'm certain."

I was out one evening after that, and turned into Thoroughfare just as Harker came up from below. We walked along together talking, and by-and-by came to tl crossing at Turner street.

"Good-night, Broomy," he says, "th is my way;" and he turned off toward Be street.

It was in September, I think, that Ary mac the acquaintance of the young Cuban, Loze He was a large, swarthy, hot-tempered fe low, flush of money and fond of play. F took a great fancy for Ary, and Ary unde took to show him the town and teach hi the game of billiards, which part of h education had been neglected upon tl family plantation. Ary had no money hir self, but he was quite willing to play as lor as some one else paid, and he and the Cuba arranged it on those terms. They we together every night almost, and for the fir time Ary did actually draw away fro Harker. I thought no good would come it, though there was no special vice crookedness in the Cuban, as far as I cou see.

One night in November I was readi pretty late, alone in my airy room, whe Harker came up and looked in. He ha on his hat and overcoat, and there was som thing unusual about him, I could not sa just what.

"Broomy," he said, "come out and he me look for Ary?"

I asked no questions, but put on my co and went with him.

I asked him if he had seen Ary that nigh and he said "No," he had been looking f him. He seemed to be rather blue, and have come for me from feeling lonely low-spirited. It was the first time I ev knew him to want anything to lean on. W looked in first at the "Albion" billiar rooms in French street, but found no o we knew there.

"Harry saw him in Flaxman's abo nine," he said. "I suppose he is with th black Creole.—I don't know what's tl matter with me to-night, Broomy; I' stumped about Ary."

We looked into half-a-dozen places, a walked a good way; we finally conclud he was probably at home in bed, and w turned that way ourselves. We had be pretty silent; Harker was moody, and went with him and let him have his own wa He took my arm as we turned back, a presently began to talk.

"I don't know what's come over me lat ly, Broom. I didn't use to mind about an thing. But this boy and one or two thin have shook me up."

I was thinking whether I knew what the
e or two things were, and whether his new
ll street acquaintance was one of them,
en he went on, as much to himself as me :
t's too bad about Ary, Broom. But I'm
nged if I see any way out of this snarl of
; and I ain't quite sure it ought to be un-
veled. She's got three times his head,
d he ain't half good enough for her; I
ver saw a man who was. But she thinks
s gone to the bad. She don't know any-
ng about it. If he's black, I'd like to
ow where you'll look for white, and what
lor we are. They're fenced round so, girls
; half of them don't know what tempta-
n means, and there's no virtue without
it, I guess. If they did there'd be more
d and good and a sight less shilly-shally.
don't say anything against Miss Redfield,
d I wouldn't have her less stern in her
de. No, no ! we've seen enough of that.
d yet she could make a good little man of
y with a turn of her hand, and here he is
ing to pieces with this condemned Creole,
d no way out of it that I can see. This
the hangdest muddle of a world."

I wondered at his heat and impatience.

We walked down Thoroughfare. When
came to Turner street, Harker turned off
the left, two or three blocks out of our
y. I noticed that he looked up at a house
ar the corner of Bell, and that the win-
ws were all dark. We turned down Bell
vard home again, and Harker began talk-
about Miss Redfield once more, praising
r cleverness, her simplicity, her gentle-
ss and sternness alike to Ary, her goodness
d grace. It was strange enough to hear
n and think of him as I had known him
now.

"Broom," he said, "if I had known a girl
e that when I was Ary's age, I think I'd
ve been some good. I thought I knew
e once, but that's a long while ago. I
ver told any one about that before,
oomy. I'm a regular spoon to-night. I
ought they were all like her since then, and
e seen a good many no better. I used
laugh at all kinds and didn't mind a great
al. I knew there were ten men in ten
ousand who wouldn't lie or steal or go back
a mate, and if I hadn't known that I don't
what there would have been to hold on to."

He said no more, and we walked on in
etty sober thought. Turning a corner we
most stumbled over a woman who came
our way. The incident jarred on my
mor, and I cursed her and pushed her
de. Harker pulled me by the arm.

"Let her alone, Broom," he said quickly, and turned and spoke to her.

"Go home now, will you? and for God's sake get out of this."

He came on and I looked round at him, wondering.

"Do you know her?" I asked.

"Know her?" he cried out. "No: I never saw her before. —— it, Broom; she's a woman, ain't she? You and I have no right to curse her."

I was going to whistle, but did not. We went on in silence and apart. We did not speak again till we came to the corner of French street.

"Wait a minute," I said. "I'll just run over and look in at the 'Albion' again."

I left him on the corner and ran across. It was very late and the bar was closed. From the street door and through the inner one, I could see the long billiard-room behind. There were only two men in the place, playing at the farther end. The gaslight fell on them broadly; one was a big fellow in his shirt sleeves, with a dark skin, and the other was smaller, with his coat on and his back turned toward me. They were quarreling. I saw them brandishing their arms and pointing with their cues, and their raised voices came to me through the rooms and the glass of the door. Then they were silent, bending toward the table, and the big one took careful aim with his cue and shot. The slight fellow threw up his head, and I heard his high, derisive laugh ring out. The dark man bent forward, took up one of the ivory balls and flung it at Blind's head. Ary dropped, and the ball struck a pillar behind him with a sharp sound and shivered on the floor. Quick as light he sprang up and clubbed his cue and struck the Cuban across the face. Lozer reeled back and his right hand leaped straight to his hip. I saw it and shuddered, but Ary saw it too, and sprang upon him and pinned his arms to his side.

"Good God!" said a voice at my ear, and Harker pressed me aside and went in. He went straight through the two long rooms. The farthest table lay in his way; he put out his hands upon the green cloth and vaulted clean over, and sent the two men staggering apart by the sheer momentum of his body. Blind reeled and went down out of sight, and Lozer turned with a curse upon Harker, and they closed. Both were large, strong men. There was a fierce, silent, desperate struggle, the quick, heavy tramping the only sound. Lozer tripped somehow and went down on his knees, and Harker threw his weight upon him and bent him back with all his might. Then there came a sudden report, and Harker let go his hold and stood up straight, his eyes looking out over our heads and a revolver held by the barrel in his hand, the muzzle toward his breast. Lozer staid still on his knees, looking up at him; and Ary, just groping up blindly from under their feet, looked in his face too, and, with a cry caught the pistol from his hand and pointed it at the Cuban. But Harker struck it aside just in time and flung it across the room.

"Let's have no more of this," he said, "one's enough for to-night."

It had all been a minute's work. I had hardly got round to where they stood. I caught Harker as he reeled and grew dizzy and blind, and laid him on the floor. I cut away the clothing where the ball had been before me. He looked up at me and said, "Take me home, Broomy."

Then he shut his eyes and lay still. I looked round and ordered Ary to fetch a carriage. There was scarcely any bleeding outside, only a clean bullet-hole through the firm flesh, and pitiful enough to see. Quite a crowd gathered in and pressed upon us, and I turned and spoke to them angrily: "Get back out of this now, can't you? and let the man breathe."

I heard hurrying feet, and a voice calling, "This way, and be quick, will you?" It was Lozer with the doctor. He came and threw himself down by us, and fairly boohooed when he saw the wound. Harker opened his eyes slowly and looked at him. "Come now," he said, "you had better skip. You've done the business for me."

"Oh, my God," he cried out, "why didn't you keep away? I didn't want to hurt you. I'm —— if I did. Oh, ho, ho—" and he got up, swearing and crying together, and went away.

The doctor examined the wound; Ary came running in, and a carriage clattered to the door. A dozen hands lifted Harker and carried him out and laid him in. I gave the number and street to the driver.

"Get up," added the doctor. "Never mind the door. Get over on the wooden pavement, and be quick; do you hear?"

He came in and shut the door after him. We held Harker as easily as we could, jolting slowly over the stones two blocks to the east, till we struck the wood, and then we went rolling rapidly southwards. The horses' feet clattered startlingly in the deserted streets, and the wheels moved with
hard, steady jar that was trying to ever
nerve; but he never gave a sound sav
once, a quick, fierce groan, as we struck
cobble crossing, and I saw, as the lam
flashed on his face, that his teeth we
ground together. It was the longest twen
blocks I ever passed, but we turned off
last, and drew up at 99. We carried him u
and laid him on his bed. He asked f
water, and Ary went out. Harker turne
to me and said—I was close by him and
spoke low—"Ask Miss Redfield to come."

I thought the pain must have set hi
wandering then.

"Oh, Harker!" I answered close to h
face, "she can't come from so far. Do
send me away now; it's no use."

"Oh, I forgot," he said; "you do
know. She's at her uncle's in Turn
Street—John W. Sloat, 273, near Bell.
and fetch her, Broom."

I met Blatchford on the stairs, ha
dressed, and told him what it was and g
him to go for Miss Redfield. I went back a
Doctor Marsh came in; and he and t
other examined and probed the wound, a
talked together in low tones. Then th
came to some understanding and said a
did no more. Dr. Marsh stood up a
looked down upon the bed, with his ste
face, exactly as I had seen him once befo
Harker looked at him and spoke.

"You can do nothing for me?" and t
doctor answered, "Nothing."

"How long can I live?"

"You may live till morning."

"What time is it now?"

The doctor looked at his watch.

"About half-past two."

Harker nodded. He shut his eyes a
lay still, and we all sat in an awed silen
and waited an interminable while. But
last there were feet and hurried voices
the stairs, and then the rustle of a lad
dress; and Miss Redfield came gliding
cloaked and veiled. Harker's eyes were
the door as she came in, and a pleased lo
settled in his face when he saw it was s
She came straight to the bedside, put ba
her veil, and stood looking at the white fa
with a timid, startled gaze.

"Thank you for coming," he said; "I
sorry to have to trouble you. I won't af
to-night." Then he turned toward
"Now I want all of you to go out," he sa

Ary was half-lying on the bed, his f
buried in his arms, deaf and blind with gri
I lifted him and drew him away, and we s

e door. We heard Harker's voice talking w and steadily for a good while. Then we ard him coughing distressingly and the dy moving about. Then all was still, and could wait no longer. I opened the door id went in.

There was a basin and towels on a chair the bed, all red. The girl's hat and oak were lying on the floor, and she, with ne arm about his head and her hair falling ose about such a scared, awed face, was iping red drops from his lips. He lay ack then with a wan, exhausted expreson pitiful to see, and drew a long sigh. ut he revived a little presently and looked ound at us all without resting anywhere, nd said one word: "Ary."

He had not come in. He was lying on is face on the table in the outer room. efore any of us could move to go for him, liss Redfield laid Harker back upon the illow, and went out. She stood an instant eside Blind, folding her hands irresolutely. hen she put her two hands under his face, nd lifted it till he looked wildly into her own.

"Ary," she said, very low, but so clear nd penetrating that we all heard her, come in. He wants you."

He rose up and came in with her. She it down on a chair that stood in the shadow y the door, and Ary came over to the bed. larker smiled when he saw him, and spoke uite strong again.

"Come and shake hands on it, old boy," e said, "and say good-night! Our little ame's about played, Ary. The Creole's poiled my hand."

"Oh, Hark, Hark!" Blind cried out, i despair, "it's all my fault! Why didn't ou keep away? Why didn't you let him ill me? Oh, I wish it was me,—I wish to od it was me!"

And he fell on his knees and hid his face gain, holding Harker's hand, sobbing and ressing his cheek upon it. Harker looked urt then, and turned his head aside.

"Where's the use, Ary?" he said. "It asn't your fault, and it don't much matter ow. Look here, Ary: I've been thirty ears in this business, and it's taken me all at time to find out that there's only one oad to travel, and I got switched off that at e start. It's a little late in the day for me to start new now, but you have a better show than I had, and a square look-out, if you only walk straight; and I guess you've had enough of walking wild. I'm sorry to go and leave you, Ary. Somehow you've made a spooney of me; but I don't see how I could have kept on here, and I guess it's better as it is. There, shake hands. Good-bye, old boy!"

He lay still then, exhausted with speaking, and there was an awful silence for a little while. Then his eyes wandered with a lonely, yearning expression that was very pitiful in the great, strong, self-reliant fellow, and they rested on Miss Redfield in the shadow by the door. She saw and understood the pathetic motion, and instantly answered with her quick, womanly sympathy. She came and sat upon the edge of the low bed, took the prostrate head deftly and tenderly, and laid it on her breast. He looked up in her face with a quick, glad gratitude, as frank and touching as a child's.

"Oh, thank you," he said, "you are very good to me." He lay quiet a minute before he spoke again. "God forgive me! I used to think there were no good women in the world. I'm glad I found out I was wrong."

He did not speak again—he was fast growing faint. He looked down at Ary and smiled slightly, and moved one finger slowly over his cheek. Then his eyes turned with a fond, regretful look upon the pure face bending above him with heavenly tenderness and pity; his eyelids fell, and he looked no more.

Beyond the girl, I saw through the window the gray dawn stealing into the eastern sky, and we all sat in silence, and watched with awe for the coming that was not far away. And it came so peacefully that none of us knew till it had come and gone.

The girl sat still and held him so a little while; then she arose and laid him gently down upon the pillow. And she turned her face aside, struck with a sudden pallor, clasped her hands before her and slid down on the floor, as white and still as the dead face on the bed. Then Blind stood up and laid the hand he held upon the breast wounded for him, turned away, and bent down and gathered the girl up into his arms and carried her out of our sight.

◆

## THE POSTMAN'S RING.

Of all the parables, day by day,
That thrill the heart of this life of mine,—
Making strange and beautiful sign
Of gracious meaning in common way,—
The very blithest and dearest thing
Is the sound in the house of the postman's ring.

It tells a story. Though deep and far
Stretch the want and the wish of man,
Hid in the bud of an infinite plan,
All blessed and sure providings are.
God's love rings the bell at the door
That the postman stands and waits before.

For He knew when He made it—earth and sea—
The world so wide, and His child so small,
Something must reach across it all
From heart to heart that would listening be.
And so from the first He laid away
Seed of purpose that fruits to-day.

And because no service of man to man,—
No thought or method that matches need,—
With outward emblem, can halfway read
The depth divine of the heavenly plan,
Almost the dearest and hopefullest thing
In the livelong day, is the postman's ring.

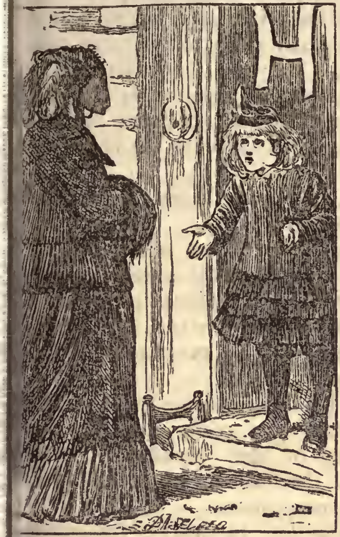
It minds me well if so sure a hand,
So glad a summons, may tell and send
Our earthly tidings from friend to friend,
There cannot be less in the Perfect Land.
Soul-messages may not be stayed or crossed:
Out of God's mails no letter is lost!

Dear heart! that dwellest I know not where,—
So near—so distant—I may not see,—
While I sit below with thoughts of thee
Is some such usage of gladness there?
Do the angels come to thy door and say,
"We have brought thee a word from *her* to-day?"

# AT HIS GATES.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

## CHAPTER XVIII.



HELEN had still another incident before her, however, ere she left St. Mary's Road. It was late in the afternoon when she went back. To go back at all, to enter the dismantled place, and have that new dreary picture thrust into er mind instead of the old image of home, as painful enough, and Norah's cheeks ere pale, and even to Helen, the air and e movement conveyed a certain relief. They went into the quieter part of the park and alked for an hour or two saying little. Now nd then poor Norah would be beguiled into little monologue, to which her mother ent a half attention—but that was all. It as easier to be in motion than to keep still, nd it was less miserable to look at the trees, e turf, the blue sky, than at the walls of a oom which was full of associations of hapiness. They did not get home until the arriages were beginning to roll into the ark for the final round before dinner. And hen they reached their own house, there tood a smart cabriolet before it, the horse eld by a little tiger. Within the gate two entleman met them coming down the steps. One of them was a youth of eighteen or ineteen, who looked at Helen with a wonering awe-stricken glance. The other was –Mr. Golden. Norah had closed the garen door heedlessly after her. They were us shut in, the four together confronting ach other, unable to escape. Helen could ot believe her eyes. Her heart began to eat, her pale cheeks to flush, a kind of mist f excitement came before her vision. Mr. olden, too, was not without a certain perurbation. He had not expected to see any one. He took off his hat, and cleared his voice, and made an effort to seem at his ease.

"I had just called," he said, "to express —to inquire—I did not know things had been so far advanced. I would not intrude —for the world."

"Oh!" cried Helen, facing him, standing between him and the door, "how dare you come here?"

"Dare, Mrs. Drummond? I—I don't understand——"

"You do understand," she said, "better —far better than any one else does. And how dare you come to look at your handiwork? A man may be what you are, and yet have a little shame. Oh, you robber of the dead! if I had been anything but a woman, you would not have ventured to look me in the face."

He did not venture to look her in the face then; he looked at his companion instead, opening his eyes, and nodding his head slightly, as if to imply that she was crazed. "It is only a woman who can insult a man with impunity," he said, "but I hope I am able to make allowance for your excited feelings. It is natural for a lady to blame some one, I suppose. Rivers, let us go."

"Not till I have spoken," she cried in her excitement. "This is but a boy, and he ought to know whom he is with. Oh, how is it that I cannot strike you down and trample upon you? If I were to call that policeman he would not take you, I suppose. You liar and thief! don't dare to answer me. What, at my own door; at the door of the man whose good name you have stolen, whom you have slandered in his grave— oh my God! who has not even a grave because you drove him mad!—" she cried, her eyes blazing, her cheeks glowing, all the silent beauty of her face growing splendid in her passion.

The young man gazed at her as at an apparition, his lips falling apart, his face paling. He had never heard such a voice, never seen such an outburst of outraged human feeling before.

"Mrs. Drummond, this is madness. I —I can make allowance for—for excitement——"

"Be silent, sir," cried Helen, in her fury. "Who do you suppose cares what you think? And how dare you open your mouth before me? It is I who have a right to speak.

And I wish there were a hundred to hear instead of one. This man had absconded till he heard my husband was dead. Then he came back and assumed innocence, and laid the blame on him who—could not reply. I don't know who you are; but you are young, and you should have a heart. There is not a liar in England—not a thing so vile as this man. He has plundered the dead of his good name. Now go, sir. I have said what I had to say."

"Mrs. Drummond, sometime you will have to answer—sometime you will repent of this," cried Golden, losing his presence of mind.

"I shall never repent it, not if you could kill me for it," cried Helen. "Go; you make the place you stand on vile. Take him away from my sight. I have said what I had to say."

Mr. Golden made an effort to recover himself. He struck his young companion on the shoulder with an attempt at jocularity.

"Come, Rivers," he said, "come along, we are dismissed. Don't you see we are no longer wanted here?"

But the lad did not answer the appeal. He stayed behind with his eyes still fixed upon Helen.

"Please, don't blame me," he said. "Tell me if I can do anything. I—did not know——"

"Thank you," she said faintly. Her excitement had failed her all at once. She had put her arms round Norah, and was leaning upon her, haggard and pale as if she were dying. "Thank you," she repeated, with a motion of her hand towards the door.

The youth stole out with a sore heart. He stood for a moment irresolute on the pavement. The cab was his and not Golden's; but that personage had got into it, and was calling to him to follow.

"Thanks," said young Rivers, with the impetuosity of his years. "I shall not trouble you. Go on pray. I prefer to walk."

And he turned upon his heel, and went rapidly away. He was gone before the other could realise it; and it was with feelings that it would be impossible to describe, with a consciousness that seemed both bodily and mental of having been beaten and wounded all over, with a singing in his ears, and a bewildered sense of punishment, that Golden picked up the reins and drove away. It was only a few sharp words from a woman's tongue, a thing which a man must steel himself to bear when his operations are of a kind which involve the ruin of families.

But Helen had given her blow far more ski fully, far more effectively than she wa aware of. She had clutched at her firs chance of striking, without any calculatio of results; and the youth she had appeale to in her excitement might have been an nameless lad for what she knew. It wa Mr. Golden's hard fate that he was not nameless lad. He was Cyril Rivers, Lor Rivers' eldest son. The manager drove o a little way, slowly, and in great perturba tion. And then he drew up the horse, an sprang to the ground.

"You had better go home," he said t the little groom.

And then, still with that sense of bodil suffering as well as mental, he made his wa through Kensington Gardens to the driv He was a man of fashion too, as well as man of business—if he ever could hold u his head again.

Of course he did hold up his head, an in an hour after was ready to have mad very good fun of the "scolding" he ha received, and the impression it had mad on his young companion.

"I don't wonder," he said; "though h rage was all against me, I could not help a miring her. You never can tell what woman is till you see her in a passion. Sh was splendid. Her friends ought to advis her to go on the stage."

"Why should she go on the stage?" sa some one standing by.

"Because she is left a beggar. She ha not a penny, I suppose."

"It is lucky that you have suffered so litt when so many people are beggared, Golden said one of his fine friends.

This little winged shaft went right into t wound made by Helen's fiery lance, and far as sensation went (which was nothing) M Golden had not a happy time that night.

As for Helen, she went in, prostrated her own vehemence, and threw herself dow on her bed, and hid her face from the ligh After the first excitement was over sham seized upon her. She had descended fro her proper place. She had flown into th outburst of passion and rage before her chil She had lowered herself in Norah's eyes, she thought—though the child would n take her arm from her neck, nor her li from her cheek, but clung to her sobbin "Oh, poor mamma! poor mamma!" wi sympathetic passion. All this fiery stor through which she had passed had develop Norah. She had gained three or four yea in a day. At one bound, from the child wl s a piece of still life in the family, deeply loved, but not needed, by the two who ere each other's companions, she had be- me, all at once, her mother's only stay, r partizan, her supporter, her comrade-in- ms. It is impossible to over-estimate the fference this makes in a child's, and espe- ally in a girl's, life. It made of her an in- pendent, thinking, acting creature all in a oment. For years everything had been id before her under the supposition that orah, absorbed in her book, heard nothing. ut she had heard a thousand things. She new all now without any need of explana- on, as well as so young a mind could under- and. And she began to grope in her mind wards further knowledge, to put things gether which even her mother had not ought of.

"Do you know who the boy was, mamma?" e whispered, after she had sat a long time n the bed, silently consoling the sufferer. Oh, I am so glad you spoke, he will never rget it. Now one more knows it besides ou and me."

"There are others who know, dear," said elen, who had still poor Stephen's maga- ne in her hand.

"Yes," said Norah. "Dr. Maurice and the eople who wrote to the papers; but, mamma, obody like you and me. Whatever they y we know. I am little, and I suppose I hall always be little; but that does not atter. I shall soon be grown up, and able help. And, mamma, this shall be my ork as well as yours—I shall never stop till is done—never, all my life!"

"Oh, my darling!" cried Helen, clasping er child in her arms. It was not that she eceived the vow as the child meant it, or ven desired that in Norah's opening life here should be nothing of more importance han this early self-devotion; but the sym- athy was sweet to her beyond describing, the ore that the little creature, who had played nd chattered by her side, had suddenly be- ome her friend. In the midst of her sorrow nd pain, and even of the prostration, and ensitive visionary shame with which this ncounter had filled her, she had one sudden hrob of pleasure. She was not alone any more.

It was Helen who fell asleep that evening orn out with emotion, and weariness, and uffering. And then Norah rose up softly, nd made a pilgrimage by herself all over the eserted house. She went through the con- ervatory, where, of all the beautiful things oor Robert had loved to see, there re- ained nothing but the moonlight which filled its emptiness; and into the studio, where she sat down on the floor beside the easel, and clasped her arms round it and cried. She was beginning to weary of the atmosphere of grief, beginning to long for life and sunshine, but yet she clung to the easel and indulged in one childish passion of sobs and tears. "Oh, papa!" That was all Norah said to herself. But the recollection of all he had been, and of all that had been done to him, surged over the child, and filled her with that sense of the intolerable which afflicts the weak. She could not bear it, yet she had to bear it; just as her mother, just as poor Haldane had to bear—struggling vainly against a power greater than theirs, acquiescing when life and strength ran low, sometimes for a moment divinely consenting, accepting the will of God. But it is seldom that even the experienced soul gets so far as that.

Next morning Mrs. Drummond and her daughter went to Dura. Their arrival at the station was very different from that of Mr. Burton. No eager porters rushed at them as they stepped out of the railway carriage; the station-master moved to the other side; they landed, and were left on the platform by themselves to count their boxes while the train swept on. It was the first time it had ever happened so to Helen. Her husband had always either been with her, or waiting for her, wherever she travelled. And she was weary with yesterday's agitation, and with all that had so lately happened. Norah came forward and took everything in hand. It was she who spoke to the porter, and set the procession in order.

"Cab? Bless you, miss! there ain't but one in the place, and it's gone on a 'xcursion," he said, "but I'll get a wheelbarrow and take 'em down. It ain't more than ten minutes' walk."

"I know the way," said Helen; and she took her child's hand and walked on into the familiar place. She had not been there since her marriage; but oh! how well she knew it! She put her crape veil over her face to hide her from curious eyes; and it threw a black mist at the same time over the cheerful village. It seemed to Helen as if she was walking in a dream. She knew everything, every stone on the road, the names above the shops, the forms of the trees. There was one great elm, lopsided, which had lost a huge branch (how well she remembered!) by a thunderstorm when she was a child; was it all a dream? Everything looked like a dream except Norah; but Norah was real. As for the child, there was in her heart a lively easure at sight of all this novelty e could not quite subdue. She had of crape over her eyes, and the red all lichened over, the glimpses of fields ees, the rural aspect of the road, the vision of the common in the distance, all filled her with a suppressed delight. It was wrong, Norah knew; she called herself back now and then and sighed, and asked herself how she could be so devoid of feeling; but yet the reaction would come. She began to talk in spite of herself.

"I think some one might have come to meet us at the station," she said. "Ned might have come. He is a boy, and can go anywhere. I am sure, mamma, *we* would have gone to make them feel a little at home. Where is the Gatehouse? What is that place over there? Why there are shops—a draper's and a confectioner's—and a library! I am very glad there is a library. Mamma, I think I shall like it; is that the common far away yonder? Do you remember any of the people? I should like to know some girls if you will let me. There is little Clara, of course, who is my cousin. Do you think we shall live here always, mamma?"

Norah did not ask nor, indeed, look for any answer to this string of questions. She made a momentary pause of courtesy to leave room for a reply, should any come; but Helen's thoughts were full of the past, and as she made no answer Norah resumed the strain.

"It looks very cheerful here, mamma; though it is a village, it does not look dull. I like the red tiles on the cottages and all this red-brick; perhaps it is a little hot-looking now, but in winter it will be so comfortable. Shall we be able to get our things here without going to town? That seems quite a good shop. I wonder what Mrs. Burton and Clara do? But then they are so rich, and we are—poor. Shall I be able to have any lessons, mamma? Can I go on with my music? I wonder if Clara has a governess. She will think it very strange that you should teach me. But I am very glad; I like you better than twenty governesses. Mamma, will it make any difference between Clara and me, them being so rich and us so poor?"

"Oh, Norah, I cannot tell you. Don't ask so many questions," said Helen.

Norah was wounded; she did not give up her mother's hand, but she loosed her hold of it to show her feelings. She had been very sympathetic, very quiet, and respectful of the grief which in its intensity was beyond her; and now she seemed to herself to have a right to a little sympathy in return. Sl could understand but dimly what was in h mother's mind; she did not know the ass ciations of which Dura was full; and it w hard to be thus stopped short in that sprii of renovating life. As she resigned hers to silence, a feeling of injury came over he and here, just before her eyes, sudden appeared a picture of life so different fro hers. She saw a band of children gather about the gate of a house, which stood at short distance from the road, surrounded l shrubberies and distinguished by one gre splendid cedar which stretched its glorio branches over the high garden wall behin and made a point in the landscape. A la was driving a little pony-carriage through tl open gate, while the children stood watchi and waving their hands to her. "Good-by mamma," "Don't be long," "And mind y bring back Clara with you," they were calli to her. With a wistful sense of envy Nor gazed and wondered who they were, and she should ever know them. "Why a people so different?" she asked herse She had nobody in the world but h mother, lost behind that crape veil, lost her own thoughts, who told her not to a questions, while those other little girls had smiling mamma in a pretty pony-carriag who was taking one to drive with her, an was to bring Clara back to see them. Whic Clara? Was it the Clara who belonged t Norah, her own cousin, to whom she had better right than any one? Norah's hea sank as she realised this. No doubt Cla must have many friends; she could not stan in need of Norah as Norah did of her. Sh would be a stranger, an interloper, a ne little girl whom nobody knew, whom nobod perhaps would care to know. Tears came t the child's eyes. She had been a woma last night rising to the height of the traged in which her little life was involved; bu now Nature had regained its sway, and sh was only twelve years old. It was while he mind was occupied with these thoughts tha her mother interrupted them, suddenly press ing her hand.

"Norah, this is our house, where we ar to live," said Helen. Her voice faltered she held the child's hand as if for support And now they were at their own door.

Norah gazed at it with a certain dismay She, too, like Mr. Haldane, had her theor about a house in the country. It must b like Southlees, she thought, though withou the river; or perhaps as they had grow poor, it might be something a little bette in the lodge at Southlees, a little cottage; t she had never dreamed of anything like s tall red-brick house which twinkled at r with all its windows. She was awed and illed, and a little frightened, as she crossed e road. Susan was standing at the open or parleying with the porter about their xes, which she declined to admit till "the nily" came. The one fear which pos- ssed Susan's life, the fear of being "put on," was strong in her at this moment. ut she set the balance straight for Norah, making a sudden curtsey, which tempted e child so sorely to laughter, that her eyes gan to shine and her heart to rise once ore. She ran up the white steps eagerly fore her mother. "Oh, mamma, I am st. I can say welcome to you," she said.

But the sight of the drawing-room, into ich Susan ushered them, solemnly closing e door after them, struck a moment's chill Norah's heart. It seemed so strange to thus shut in, as if it was not their own ouse but a prison. It was afternoon, and e sunshine had all gone from that side of e road, and the graceful, old-fashioned om looked dim and ghostly to eyes which d just come out of the light. The windows draped with brown and grey, the old- shioned slim grand piano in the corner ("I all have my music," said Norah), the black panned screen with its funny little pictures, e high carved mantelpiece with that square irror which nobody could see into, puzzled e child, at once attracting and repelling r. There was another round, convex irror like a shield, on the side wall, but even at did not enable Norah to see herself, only made a little twinkling picture of her a vast perspective of drawing-room. Helen d seated herself as soon as the door s shut, and there was she, too, in the cture like a lady come to call. What strange, dim, ghostly place it was! The mping of the boxes as they went up- airs was a comfort to Norah. It was a und of life breaking the terrible silence. e asked herself what would happen when was over. Should they fall under some arm and sleep there, like the enchanted incess, for a hundred years? And to think at all this was within reach of that lady in e pony-carriage, and of her children who aved their hands to her!—so near, yet in different world.

"Mayn't we go and see the house, amma?" Norah whispered, standing close her mother's side. "Shouldn't you like see where we are to sleep? Shouldn't you like to get out of this room? It frightens me so; it feels like a prison. Oh, mamma! perhaps it would not look so strange—and so—dull—and so—funny," cried Norah, feeling disposed to cry, "if you would take your bonnet off."

Just at this moment there was a sound in the road which stirred the whole village into life, and roused Norah. She ran to the window to see what it was. It was an event which happened every evening, which all the children in Dura ran to see, though they were so familiar with it. It was Mr. Burton driving his high-stepping bays home from the station. He had come by the express made on purpose for him and such as him, which arrived half-an-hour later than the train by which the Drummonds had come. Norah climbed up on her knees on a chair to see over the little old-fashioned blinds. There was some one seated by Mr. Burton in the dog-cart, some one who looked at the Gatehouse, as Mr. Burton did, while they dashed past. At the sight of him Norah started, and from a little fantastical child became a woman all at once again. It was the young man who the day before had been with Mr. Golden at St. Mary's Road, he who had heard her father's vindication, and had believed it, and "was on our side," Norah felt, against all the world.

## CHAPTER XIX.

THERE is always a little excitement in a village over a new inhabitant, and the Drummonds were not common strangers to be speculated vaguely about. There were many people in Dura who remembered Helen in her beauty and youth. And next morning, when it became known that she had arrived at the Gatehouse, the whole place burst into gossip on the subject. Even the new people, the City people who lived in the white villas near the station, were moved by it. For poor Drummond's story was known everywhere, and his miserable fate, and the discussion in the newspapers. Even here, in the quietness of the country, people took sides, and public opinion was by no means so unanimous as poor Helen had supposed. The papers had accepted her husband's guilt as certain, but opinion was very much divided on the subject among people who had means of knowing. "Burton ought to have warned that poor fellow," one of the City gentlemen said to another at the station, going up by the early train. "I would not trust a simpleton in the hands of a smart man like Golden."

"Do you think he was a simpleton?" said the other.

"In business, yes——" said the first speaker. "How could he be otherwise? But, by Jove, sir, what a splendid painter! I never saw anything I liked better than that picture of his in the last Exhibition. Poor fellow! And to put him in Golden's hands, a man well known to be up to every dodge. I wonder what Burton could be thinking of. I wonder he can look that poor lady in the face."

"I should just like to find out how much Burton himself knew about it," said the other, nodding his head.

"And so should I," the first speaker said significantly, as they took their place in the train.

Thus it will be seen that the world, which Helen thought of so bitterly as all against her, was by no means so clear on the subject. At the breakfast-table in the Rectory the conversation took a still more friendly tone.

"I hear that poor Mrs. Drummond has come to the Gatehouse," said Mrs. Dalton. "I almost think I saw her yesterday—a tall woman, in a crape veil, with a little girl about Mary's size. I shall make a point of calling the first time I go out. Oh, George, what a sad, sad story! I hope she will let me be of some use to her."

"I don't see that you can be of much use," said her husband. "She has the Burtons, of course, to fall back upon. How strange to think of Helen Burton coming back here! I could not have supposed it possible. So proud a girl! And how that man at Dura could ask her! I suppose he feels the sweetness of revenge in it. Everybody knew she refused him."

"Oh George, hush! the children," cried Mrs. Dalton under her breath.

"Psha! everybody knows. What a difference it would have made to her, though! It is strange she should have chosen to come and live in sight of his splendour."

"Oh, do you think she cares about his splendour? Poor soul!" said kind Mrs. Dalton, with tears in her eyes. "She must have very different thoughts in her mind. Most likely she was glad of any shelter where she could hide her head, after all the newspapers and the publicity. Oh, George! it must be doubly hard upon her if she was proud."

"Probably it was her pride that made her husband such a fool," said the rector. "You women have a great deal to answer for. If she drove him into that thirst for money-making—a thing he could know noth about—— You are all fond of money—

"For money's worth, George," said M Dalton humbly. She could not deny accusation. For her own part she wo have done anything for money—she with eight children, and Charlie's education dreadfully on her mind.

"Oh, I don't say you are miserly," said rector, who was a literary man of supe mind, and hated to be bothered by fa cares, which incapacitated him for thoug "but when a woman wants more than husband can give her, what is the unha man to do? *Ne sutor ultra crepidam.* Wh means, Mary——"

"I have heard it before," said his meekly. "I think I know what it means

"Then you see what comes of it," said Dalton. "I don't believe a word that i the papers. I seldom do. He went got himself involved and bamboozled. H was he to know what he was doing? I d blame poor Drummond, but I am not so it was not her fault."

At the great house the talk was differe there was no discussion of the rights or wro of the question. Mr. Burton, indeed, prefe not to speak of Mr. Drummond; and yo Mr. Rivers, who had come down with him the previous night, had got no opening to re the scene of which he had been a specta They were early people, and though t had entertained a large party the night fore, their breakfast was earlier than at the Rectory. They were all out on lawn, visitors, children, dogs, and all, w Mr. Dalton drank his coffee. Ned busily employed training the Skye to ju over a stick, an exercise which was not m to Shaggy's taste; while the big pointer ( was only in his babyhood, though he wa big, and was imbecile, as puppies are) loo on, and made foolish springs and vaults ab his clever brother. Malta, in his blue bon, kept close by Mrs. Burton's side, looked on at the performance with the temptuous toleration of a superior bei and Clara, also decked with blue ribb hung by her mother too.

"You had better come with me and Helen," said the head of the house. told you she arrived last night."

"Now!" said Mrs. Burton, with some prise. She had her gardening gloves on a basket in her hand for flowers. These would have laid down at once, had it b only a walk to the station which was question; but this was a different affair.

"Yes; why not now?" said her husband ith that roll of wealth and comfort in his oice. "We are relations, we need not and upon ceremony. You mean to call n her some time, I suppose."

"Oh, certainly, I shall call; but not at is hour, Mr. Burton. I have only seen er once. Familiarity would be impertinence n me."

"Pshaw, nonsense! one of your fantastic otions," he said. "I have seen her more an once, and I can't afford to stand on eremony. Come along. I am going there ow."

"Then I think you should go immediately," aid Mrs. Burton, looking at her watch, "or ou will be too late for the train. Clara, apa will not want us this morning; we can o for some flowers. You will be back by he usual train? I will pick you up at the tation, if you like, for I have some calls to nake to-day."

"As you please," said her husband; "but can't understand why you should cross me, lara, about my cousin. You don't mean to ay," he added with a laugh, "that you have ny—feeling on the subject? That you are —ever so little—piqued about poor Helen? shouldn't like to use the other word."

Clara Burton looked at her husband very almly. She was not offended. It was uman nature; men were known to possess his kind of vanity, though it was so strange. I am not at all piqued," she said; "but I ike to be civil. I don't suppose Mrs. Drummond and I will be moved to rush into each other's arms all at once, and I don't wish to ook as if I paid her less respect because she s poor. If you are going there, you ought o go immediately. You will be late for the rain."

"Confound your composure!" Mr. Burton aid to himself, as he went down the avenue. It would have pleased him had his wife een a little discomposed. But, after a while, he took comfort, saying to himself that Clara was a consummate little actress, but that she could not take *him* in. Of course, she was nettled by the presence of his old ove, and by his haste to visit her; but she was proud, and would not show it. He felt a double triumph in the sense that these two women were both affected, and endured, for his sweet sake, a certain amount of pain. He set out his chest more than ever, and held up his head. Now was his moment of triumph over the woman who had once rejected him. Had he been able to induce her to come to Dura while she was still prosperous, the triumph would have been sweeter, for it would have been unmingled with any tinge of regretful or remorseful feeling; but as it was it was sweet. For the first time she would see him in his full importance, in all his state and splendour, she would see him from the depths of her own humiliation, and the force of a contrast greater than he had desired, more complete even than he had dreamed, must already have flashed upon her. Yes, now she would see what she had lost—what a mistake she had made. He meant to be very kind; he would have given her anything she chose to ask for, if she but showed the least sign of penitence, of clearer perception, of being aware of what she had lost. There was nothing which her cousin would not have done for Helen; but he could not resign his own delightful consciousness of triumph. Under this genial influence, he was overflowing with good-nature and kindness.

"What! come out for a little sunshine, old John," he said to the old man at the lodge, who was seated basking in the warmth on the bench at his door. "Good for the rheumatics, ain't it, a day like this? I envy you, old fellow, with nothing to do but sit by your door in the sun and sniff your flowers; you are better off than I am, I can tell you."

"Ay, ay! master, it's fine for me; but you wouldn't think much on't yourself, if you had it," said old John.

Mr. Burton went on laughing and waving his hand, amused with the old man's impudence.

"If I had it myself," he said, with a smile, "I!——" The thought tickled him. It was hard to believe that he himself, a man in the prime of life, growing richer every day, was made of the same clay as old John; and yet of course it was so, he admitted good humouredly. His mind was full of his own benevolence and kind-heartedness as he pursued his way to visit his cousin. What quantities of people were dependent upon his will and pleasure—upon his succour and help! his servants, so many that he could scarcely count them; the clerks in his office; the governess who taught Clara, and who in her turn supported her mother and sisters; and then there was old Stephenson in the village, in his decay, who had once been in Mr. Burton's office; and his old nurse; and the poor Joneses and Robinsons, whose boys he had taken in as errand boys. He ran over this list with such a pleasant sense of his goodness, that his face shone in the morning sunshine. And at the head of all, first of his pensioners, chief of his dependents—Helen! Mr. Burton laughed half aloud, and furtively rubbed his hands. Yes, yes, by this time there could be no doubt she must have found out her mistake.

Helen had got up that morning with the determination to put grief away from the foreground of her life, and resume such occupations as remained to her. Norah's books had been got out, and her music, and some work—small matters which made a difference in the ghostly drawing-room already, and brought it back to life. Helen was standing by the table arranging some flowers when Mr. Burton came in. Norah had gathered them almost before the dew was off them, and stood by her mother watching her as she grouped them together.

"I wish I could arrange flowers as you do, mamma," Norah was saying admiringly. "How nice it must be to be able to do everything one tries! They will not come right when *I* do it. You are like the fairy that touched the feathers with her wand, and they all came together as they ought. I wonder how you do it. And you never break anything or spoil anything; but if I only *look* at a vase it breaks."

Norah was saying this with a rueful look when Mr. Burton's smart summons came to the door; and the next minute he had come in, bringing so much air with him into the room, and motion, and sense of importance. Helen put the flowers aside hastily and gave him her hand.

"So you are making use of the garden," he said, taking note of everything with an eye of proprietorship; "quite right, quite right. I hope you will make yourselves quite at home. It is a funny old house, but it is a good style of a place. You need not be ashamed to receive any one here. And I have no doubt you will find everybody very civil, Helen. I have let the people in Dura know you are my cousin. That, though I say it that shouldn't, is a very good passport here."

"I hope you will not take any trouble about us," said Helen hastily. "All I want is to be quiet. I do not care for civilities."

"But you prefer them to incivilities, I hope," said Mr. Burton. "My wife thinks I am wrong to come in this unceremonious way to call. I wanted her to come with me, but she would not. You ladies have your own ways of acting. But I felt that you would be mortified if you saw me pass the door."

"Oh no. I should not have been mor
fied."

"I will take care you shan't," he said, t
roll in his voice sounding more full of pr
tection and benevolence than ever. "
have not much time now. But, my de
Helen, remember that I am always
your service—always. I have mention
you to all the nicest people. And we ho
very soon to see you at the House. I shou
not have brought you here, I assure yc
without intending to be a friend to you
every way. You may rely upon me."

"You are very kind," was all Helen cou
say.

"I want to be kind. You cannot plea
me better than by asking me for what y
want. Tell me always when your moth
wants anything, Norah. There now, I wor
say any more; you understand me, Hele
I have a few things in my power, and o
of them is to make you comfortable. Wh
you have time to see about you, you w
perceive that things have gone very w
with me: not that I intend to boast; b
Providence, no doubt, has been very kin
My wife will call this afternoon, and shou
you like a drive or anything, I am su
Clara——"

"Please don't trouble. I would rather
quiet. You forget," said Helen, with a m
mentary sharpness in her voice, "that Pr
vidence, which has been so kind to you, h
been hard upon us."

"My dear Helen! You are too good ar
pious, I am sure, not to know that we oug
not to repine."

"I don't think I repine, and I am su
you mean to be kind; but oh! if you wou
take pity on me, and let me alone——"

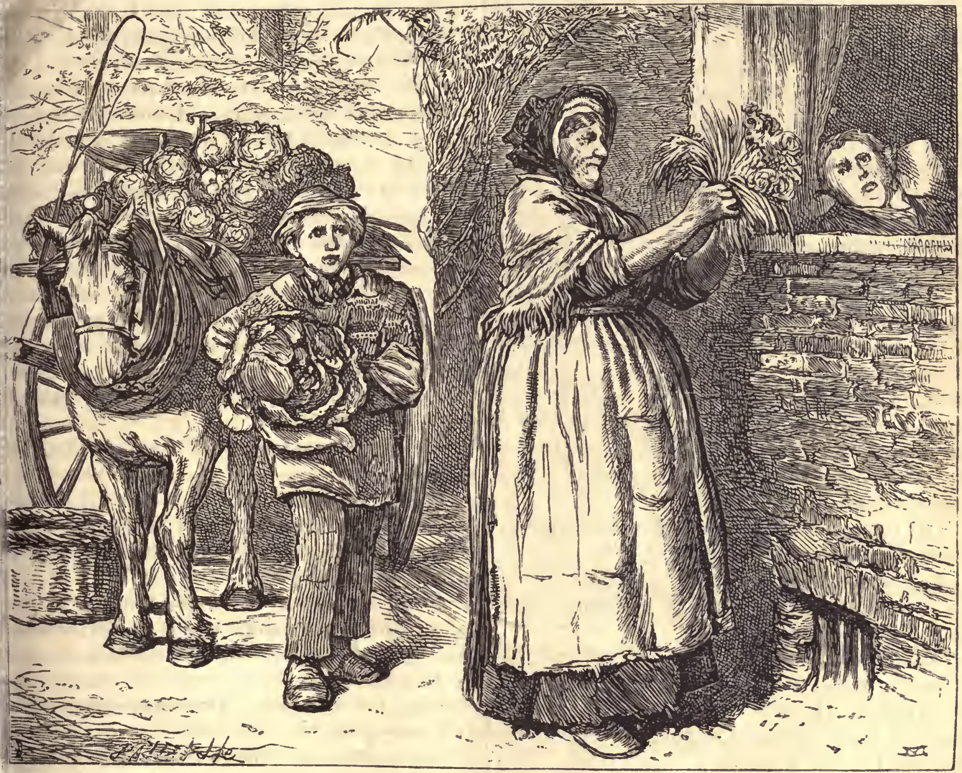
It was all she could do to keep fro
tears. But she would not weep before hir
Her jealousy of him and distrust were
coming back. Instinctively she felt th
triumph in his voice.

"Poor Helen!" said Mr. Burton, "po
girl! I will not trouble you longer just no
You shall not be bothered. Good-bye; tru
to me, and I will take care of you, my po
dear!"

It was ludicrous, it was pitiable; sh
scorned herself for the impression it mac
upon her; but how could she help it? She fe
that she hated Reginald Burton, as he stoc
before her in all his wealth and comfor
patronising and soothing her. When h
was gone, she rushed up to her room, th
Norah might not see her weakness, to wee
a few hot, burning tears, and to overcom

e wild, unreasonable anger that swelled in r heart. It was his moment of triumph. erhaps Helen felt it all the more because, eep down in her heart, she had a consciousess that she too had once triumphed over m, and rejoiced to feel that she could umble him. This was a hard punishment r such an old girlish offence; but still it lt like a punishment, and added a sting to erything he did and said. And whether it as at that moment or at a later period, e herself could not have told, but a sudden eam came across her of some words which she had once read somewhere—"Burton and Golden have done it." Whence came these words? had she dreamt them? had she read them somewhere? They came before her as if they had been written upon the wall. Burton and Golden! Was it true? What could it mean?

Mrs. Burton called in the afternoon. She had Clara with her, and what was still more remarkable, young Mr. Rivers, who was staying in the house, but who up to this time had made no mention of the scene he had witnessed. Perhaps it was for lack of n opportunity, perhaps because he did not now how far it would be safe to mention Ielen—whom he heard spoken of as a relative, et not with the feeling which moved his wn mind when he thought of her. Cyril ivers was but a big boy, though he began to hink himself a man, and Helen had moved m to that sudden fantastic violence of dmiration with which an older woman often omentarily inspires a boy. He was eager go with Mrs. Burton to call. He would alk down with her, he said, and continue s walk after the carriage had picked her p; and in his heart he said to himself that he must see that woman again. He was full of awe and enthusiasm at the thought of her. She was to him like the heroine of a tragedy, of a story more striking, more affecting than any tragedy he had ever heard of; for this was real, and she was a true woman expressing her natural sentiments, forgiving nothing. It seemed to bring the youth, who was all thrilling with natural romance, within that charmed inner circle of emotion and passion which is, though it is seldom visible, the centre and heart of life.



But Helen bore a very different aspect when she waited to receive Mrs. Burton's call from that which she bore at the door of St. Mary's Road, confronting Golden. Her flush of colour and glow of energy and vehemence were gone. She was seated, pale and silent, by the table near the window, with her dead white cap encircling her face, and some needlework in her hand. It was not the same Mrs. Drummond, was young Rivers' first disappointed thought. And when she invited the party to sit down, and began to talk about the weather and the country round, he was so bewildered that he longed to steal away. The two ladies sat opposite to each other, and said the sort of things which all ladies say when they call or are called upon. Helen's tone was low, and her voice fell; but these and her black dress were the only things that made it apparent that anything had happened to her. It was only when this little artificial conversation flagged and a pause occurred that the real state of affairs became even slightly visible. The momentary silence fell heavy upon people who had so much on their minds; and while they all sat motionless, the little mirror on the wall made a picture of them in little, which looked like a caricature, full of humorous perception and significance. Mrs. Burton had been hesitating as to what she should say. Helen was a study to her, of which she had as yet made nothing; and perhaps it was as much from curiosity as any other feeling that she at last introduced a subject more interesting than the weather or the landscape. It was after a second pause still more serious than the first.

"It must be very strange to you coming back to Dura after all that has happened. It must be—hard upon you," she said.

"Yes; it is hard." Helen could not trust herself to many words.

"If there is anything in which I can be of use," Mrs. Burton began, "will you let me know? If there is anything that can make it less painful for you. I should be very glad to be of any use."

Mrs. Drummond made no reply; she gave a little bow, and went on with the needle-work she held in her hands, but not as if she cared for that. She was not like what he had thought, but yet young Rivers got up with a certain tremulous awe and approached her. She had not recognised him. She turned her eyes upon him wondering what he could have to do with her. Her heart was steeled to encounter all those words of routine which she knew would have to be said—but who was this boy?

"I think I will go now," he said hastily to Mrs. Burton; and then he lowered his voice. "May I say just one word? If I can eve do anything to set things right, will you le me know? I shall never forget what yo said—on Tuesday."

"On Tuesday?" Helen repeated, in he great surprise looking at him. She ran ove Tuesday's proceedings in her mind; at fir in vain, and then a little flush came over he face. "Ah," she said, "it was you wh came with—Mr. Golden. I remember now.

"But I shall never be with him again- said the youth with energy, which broug the responsive blood to his cheeks. "C that you may be sure. I am Cyril River I am not much good now, but I might be— afterwards. Will you remember me? Wi you let me serve you if ever I can?"

"Thanks," said Helen, putting out he hand, with a sudden softness in her voice.

The lad was young, romantic, chivalrou She was to him like some majestic dethrone queen in her sorrow and wronged estat He stooped down, and touched her whit fingers with his lips, and then without lool ing round, turned; and went away. H impulsive generous words, his fanciful pledg of eagerness to help her went to Helen's hear She had not expected this, and it surprise and touched her. She was not conscious f a moment of her visitor's steady, investiga ing glance.

"What a romantic boy!" said Mrs. Burto with a smile.

"Yes," said Helen, and she called herse back with an effort. "But romance som times does one good. It is a surprise least."

"At that age it does not matter muc I did not know you knew the Riverses said Mrs. Burton. "This is the eldest so to be sure; but since the late misfortu they are quite poor. They have not muc in their power."

She said this with a charitable motiv It seemed to her as if Helen must mea something by it. Everybody appeared mean something in the eyes of this philos pher. And she was a little moved by t misfortunes of the woman beside her. S thought it was kind to warn her not to was her efforts. Helen, on her side, did n know in the least what Mrs. Burton mean did not suppose she meant anything indee and sat patient, accepting this speech with t others as an effort to make conversation, n ungrateful to Mrs. Burton, but wonderi when she would go away.

Meanwhile Cyril Rivers hastened out f of emotion. He took the wrong turn oing out, and before he knew, found himelf in the garden, where the two girls were making acquaintance," as Mrs. Burton had idden them do. Clara was big and fair, ith her father's full form, and a beautiful omplexion, the greatest possible contrast to ttle Norah, with her light figure, and faint rose nts. But Norah at this moment was flushed nd angry, looking as her mother had done hat memorable evening at St. Mary's Road.

"Oh, do come here, Mr. Rivers," said lara, "Norah is so cross. I only said what apa says so often—that it would be wretched o live in the country without a carriage or a ony or anything. Don't you think so too?"

Norah flushed more deeply than ever. "I m not cross. We did not come to live in the ountry for pleasure, and what does it matter o us about carriages and ponies? We are poor."

"And so am I," said the boy, with that intinctive adoption of "our side" which Norah ad attributed to him. He thought how retty she was as she lifted her brown eyes. Vhat a pretty child! and he was approachng twenty, a man, and his heart yearned ver the helpless and sorrowful. "I shall ave to sell my horses and go afoot; but I on't think I shall be wretched. Everybody annot be rich like Mr. Burton, you know."

"But you are always Lord Rivers's son," aid Clara. "You can have what you like verywhere. I think it is very cross of Norah not to care."

And Mr. Burton's daughter, foiled in her rst attempt to secure her own cousin's envy nd admiration, looked as if she would like o cry. Young Rivers laughed as he went way at her discomfiture. As he turned to nd the right way of exit, he looked back pon them with an unconscious comparison. He did not know or think what was Norah Drummond's descent. He took her unconciously as the type of a higher class impoverished but not fallen, beside that small epresentative of the *nouveaux riches*. And ll his sympathies were on the side of the ormer. He pulled a little white rosebud rom a tree as he passed, and put it in his oat with a meaning which was partly real nd partly fantastic. They were poor, they vere injured, and wronged, and in trouble. He put their colours, as it were, in his elmet. Foolish boy, full of romance and onsense! one day or other in their cause he elt he might couch his lance.

## CHAPTER XX.

The next day after Mrs. Burton's carriage had been seen at Helen's door a great many people called on Mrs. Drummond—all "the nicest people"—some who had known her or known about her in the old days, some who came because she was Mr. Burton's cousin, and some who took that means of showing their sympathy. The door was besieged; and Susan, half flattered by the importance of her position, half-alarmed lest this might be a commencement of the system of putting upon which she dreaded, brought in the cards, gingerly holding them in a hand which she had wrapped up in her apron, and giving a little sketch of the persons represented. There was the doctor's wife, and the major's lady, and Mrs. Ashurst from the Row, and "them London folks," all of whom were sensible enough to make their advances solely in this way. Mrs. Dalton was the only person admitted. Helen was too well brought up, she had too much sense of the proprieties of her position, to shut her door against the clergyman's wife—who brought her husband's card, and explained that he would have come too but for the fear of intruding too early.

"But I hope you will let us see you," the kind woman added. "We are such near neighbours. My eldest little girl is the same age as yours. I think we should understand each other. And I have such a busy life—to be able to run across and talk things over now and then would be such a comfort to me."

"You mean it would be a comfort to me," said Helen, "the sight of a kind face."

"And Norah will come and see my Mary. They can take their walks together, and amuse each other. It is such a pleasure to me," said Mrs. Dalton, "to look across at these windows, and think that you are here." She had said so much with the amiable power of make-believe, not exactly deception, which an affectionate temper and her position as clergy-woman made natural to her—when she caught Helen's eye, and nature suddenly had the mastery. "Oh, Mrs. Drummond, how I babble! I am so sorry, so sorry!" she said, and her eyes ran over with tears, though Helen did not weep. It is not easy to repel such a visitor. They grew friends at that first interview, while Norah stood by and made her observations too.

"May I go and see Mary?" she asked, when Mrs. Dalton had gone. "I think I shall like her better than Clara Burton. How funny it must be to have so many brothers and sisters, mamma; and I who never had either a brother or a sister! I should like to have had just one—a little sister with blue eyes. But, then, if you had been very fond of her, fonder than of me, I should not have liked that. Perhaps, on the whole, a brother would have been the best. A boy is a change—they are useless, and yet they are nice—for a long walk for instance. I wish I had had a big brother, older than me—quite old—almost grown up. How funny it would have been! I wonder what we should have called him. If he had been as big as—Mr. Rivers, for instance—that would have been nice for you too."

Helen smiled, and let the child run on. It was the music to which her life was set. Norah's monologue accompanied everything. Sometimes, indeed, an answer was necessary, which interrupted the strain, but generally a word, a smile, or a monosyllable was enough. She went on weaving her big brother out of her imagination; it was more delightful than speculating about Mary Dalton.

"I am sure it would have been nice for you too," she said. "He would have given you his arm when you were tired, and looked after the luggage, and locked all the doors at nights. The only thing is, it would have been a great expense. When people are poor, I suppose they can't afford to have boys. They want so many things. But yet he would have been nice all the same. I hope he would have had a pretty name; not so short as Ned, and not so common as Charlie. Charlie is the eldest of the Daltons—such a big boy. Oh, I wonder what our boy's name would have been? Do you like Oswald, mamma, or Eustace? Eustace sounds like a priest or something dreadfully wise. I don't like solemn boys. So long as he was big and strong, and not too clever. But oh, dear, dear, what is the use of talking? We never can have a big boy, I suppose? I must be content with other girls' brothers. I shall never have one of my very own."

"The less you have to do with other girls' brothers the better, Norah," said Helen, beguiled into a smile.

"I do not care for them, I am sure," said Norah, with dignity; "though I don't dislike gentlemen, mamma—quite old gentlemen, like Dr. Maurice and Mr. Haldane, are very nice. And I should like to have had—Mr. Rivers, for instance—for a big brother. I rather think, too, I like Ned Burton better than Clara. It is more natural to hear a boy talk of ponies and things. She never thinks of anything else—dogs, and horses, and carriages, and the fine things she has. It is not polite to talk of such things to people who have not got them. I told her I did not care for ponies, nor grapes, nor hot-house flowers; and that I would rather live in London than at the House. And, oh, so many—stories, mamma! Is it wrong to tel a little fib when you don't mean any harm? Just a little one, when people boast and make themselves disagreeable—and when you don' mean any harm?"

"It is always wrong to tell fibs; and I don't know the difference between big ones and little ones," said Helen.

"Oh, mamma, but I do! A big story is—for instance. If I were to say Susan had stolen your watch, that would be a wicked lie. But when I say I don't care for grapes and would not like to have a pony, it isn' quite true, but then it makes Clara be quiet, and does nobody any harm. I am sure there is a great difference. It would be very nice to have a pony, you know. Only think, mamma, to go cantering away across the common and on the turf! But I would no give in to say that I should like to be Clara, or that she was better off than me!"

Norah's casuistry silenced her mother. She shook her head, but she did not say anything. Something of the same feeling was, indeed, in her own mind. She, too, would have liked to be contemptuous of the luxuries which her neighbours dangled before her eyes. And Norah resumed her monologue. The mother only partially heard it, waking up now and then to give the necessary response, but carrying on all the time her own separate thread of cogitation, which would not shape itself into words. The old parlour, with its brown-grey curtains and all its spindle-legged furniture, enclosed and seemed to watch the human creatures who disturbed the silence. A room which has been long unoccupied and which is too large for its new inhabitants has often this spectator look. The pictures looked down from the walls and watched; up in the little round mirror two people in a miniature interior, who were in reality reflections of the two below, but looked quite different, glanced down upon them, and watched also. The sky looked in through the five windows, and the lime-trees in front kep tapping with their branches against the panes to show that they were looking on. All the res were clandestine, but the lime-trees were hones in their scrutiny. And in the midst of it the mother and daughter led their subdued lives. Norah's voice ran through all like a brook or a bird. Helen was mostly silent, saying little. They had a roof to shelter them, enough o daily bread, the kindness of strangers outside, the rude but sympathetic kindness of Susan within. This was more, a great deal more than often falls to the lot of human wrecks after a great shipwreck. Norah after a little while accepted it as the natural rule of life, and forgot every other; and Helen was silent, though she did not forget. The silence of the house, however, by times oppressed the child. She lay awake in the great bedroom up-stairs, afraid to go to sleep till her mother should come; and even in the daylight there were moments when Norah was afraid of the ghostly drawing-room, and could not but feel that weird aged women, the Miss Pagets, whom her mother had known, or some of the old Harcourts were watching her from behind he doors, or from the shade of the curtains. There was a deep china closet beside the fire-place with one particular knot in the wood-work which fascinated Norah, and made her feel that some mysterious eye was gazing at her from within. But all these fancies dispersed he moment Mrs. Drummond appeared. There was protection in the soft rustle of her gown, the distant sound of her voice. And o the routine of life—a new routine, but soon rmly established, supporting them as upon props of use and wont, began again. There were the lessons in the morning, and Norah's music, and a long walk in the afternoon; and they went to bed early, glad to be done with fe and another day. Or at least Helen was lad to be done with it—not Norah, to whom was the opening of the story, and to whom nce more the sunshine began to look as weet as ever, and each new morning was a elight.

A few weeks after their arrival the Hal-anes followed them. Miss Jane had written eforehand begging for information about he house and the journey; and it was only hen that Helen learned, with a mortification he could scarcely overcome, that the Gate-ouse was to be their refuge too. This fact o changed the character of her cousin's ndness to her, that her pride was with fficulty subdued to silence; but she had fficient self-control to say nothing—pride self coming to her aid.

"Perhaps you would be so good as to end me a line with a few particulars," Miss ne wrote. "I should like to know for yself and mother if there is a good minister our denomination, and if you would men- on the price of meat, and how much you e giving for the best butter, I should be ery much obliged. I should like to know there is a good room on the ground-floor at would do for Stephen, and if we could ve a Bath-chair to bring him down from e station, for I am very distrustful of cabs. lso about a charwoman which is very important. I am active myself and always look after the washing, so that one strong handy woman to come from six in the morning till two would do all I should require."

Mrs. Drummond made an effort and answered all these questions, and even walked to the station to see them arrive. It was a mournful sight enough. She stood and looked on with her heart aching, and saw the man whom she had known so different lifted out of the carriage and put into the invalid chair. She saw the look of dumb anguish and humiliation in his eyes which showed how he felt this public exposure of his weakness. He was very patient; he smiled and thanked the people who moved him: yet Helen, with her perceptions quickened by her own suffering, felt the intolerable pain in the other's soul, and went away hurriedly, not to afflict him further by her presence. What had he done? How had this man sinned more than others? All the idlers that lounged about and watched him, were they better or dearer to God than he was? Mrs. Drummond was half a Pagan, though she did not know it. She hurried away with a miserable sense that it was past bearing. But Stephen set his lips tight and bore it. He bore the looks of the village people who came out to their doors to look at him as he passed. As for his mother and sister they scarcely remarked his silence. They were so happy that everything had gone off so well, that he had borne it so easily.

"I don't think he looks a bit the worse," said Miss Jane.

They were the tenderest, the most patient of nurses, but they had accepted his illness long ago as a matter of course. From the moment he was placed in the chair, and so off their mind, as it were, the luggage came into the ascendant and took his place. They had a wonderful amount of parcels, mostly done up in brown paper. Mrs. Haldane herself carried her pet canary in its cage, tied up in a blue-and-white handkerchief. She was more anxious about this for the moment than about her son. The procession was one which caught everybody's eye. First two wheel-barrows with the luggage, the first of which was occupied by Stephen's bed and chair, the other piled up with boxes, among the rest two portmanteaus of his own, on which he could still read, on old labels which he had preserved with pride, the names of Naples, Florence, and Rome. Had he been actually there, he who was now little more than a piece of luggage himself? Miss Jane divided her attentions between her brother and the second wheel-barrow, on which the brown-paper parcels were tumbling and nodding, ready to fall. His mother walked on the other side, holding fast by the parcel in the blue-and-white handkerchief. Mrs. Burton, who was passing in her carriage, stopped to look after them. She, too, had known Stephen in better days. She did not ask passionate questions as Helen was doing; but she felt the shock in her way, and only comforted herself by thinking that the feelings get blunted in such unfortunate cases, and that no doubt other people felt more for him than he felt for himself.

But notwithstanding the callousness which use had brought, there was no indifference to Stephen's comfort in the minds of his attendants. Everything was arranged for him that evening as if he had been surrounded by a crowd of servants. When Helen went to see him he was seated by the window with flowers upon his table and all his papers arranged upon it. The flowers were not very choice; they were of Miss Jane's selection, and marigolds and plumy variegated grass looked beautiful in her eyes. Yet nothing but love could have put everything in its place so soon, and metamorphosed all at once the dining-room of the Gatehouse into Stephen's room, where everything bore a reference to him and was arranged for his special comfort. Perhaps they did not always feel for him, or even see what room there was for feeling. But this they could do—and in it they never failed.

"Does not he look comfortable?" Miss Jane said with triumph. "You would think to see him he had never budged from his chair. And he got through the journey very well. If you but knew how frightened I was when we set out!"

Stephen looked at Mrs. Drummond with a smile. There were some lines about his mouth and a quiver in his upper lip which spoke to her more clearly than to his sister. Helen had not been in the way of going out of herself to sympathise with others; and it seemed to her as if she had suddenly got a new pair of eyes, an additional sense. While they were all talking she saw what the journey had really cost him in his smile.

"It is strange to see the world again after so long," he said, "and to realise that once one walked about it quite carelessly like other people, without thinking what a thing it was."

"But, Stephen, I am sure you don't repine," said his mother, "you know whose will it is, and you would not have it diffe ent? That is such a comfort whatever w may have to suffer."

"You would not have it different!"

Helen looked at him almost with tea in her eyes.

"That is a great deal to say, mother," h answered with a suppressed sigh; while sl still went on asking herself passionately wh had he done? what had he done?

"I think the charwoman will suit ve well," said Miss Jane. "She seems clea and that is the great thing. I am very we satisfied with everything I have seen as ye The kitchen garden is beautiful. I suppo as there is no division, we are to have between us—that and the fruit? I ha been thinking a few fowls would be ve nice if you have no objection. They co little to keep, and to have your own eggs is great luxury. And meat seems reasonabl I am very well satisfied with all I ha seen."

"If we only knew about the chapel," sa Mrs. Haldane. "So much of your comfo depends on your minister. If he is a ni man he will be company for Stephen. Th is what I am most afraid of—that he will dull in the country. There was always so one coming in about the magazine or so society or other when we were in town. am afraid, Stephen, you will feel quite lo here."

"Not for want of the visitors, mothe he said; "especially if Mrs. Drummond w spare me Norah. She is better than a minister—not meaning any slight to m brethren," he added, in a half apologet half-laughing tone. He could laugh st which was a thing Helen found it very di cult to understand.

"Norah is very nice, and I like dearly see her," said his mother; "but, Stephen don't like to hear you talk like that. M Drummond is not to know that it is all yo nonsense. You were always such a one a joke."

"My jokes have not been very brillia lately," he said, with a smile. Mrs. Halda rose at that moment to help her daugh with something she was moving to the ot end of the room, and Stephen, seizing t opportunity, turned quickly round up Helen, who was sitting by him. "You very sorry for me," he said, with a mixture gratitude and impatience. "Don't! it better not!"

"How can I help it?" cried Helen. "A why is it better not?"

"Because I cannot bear it," he said, almost sternly.

This passed in a moment, while the unconscious women at the other end had altered the position of a table. Never man had more tender nurses than these two; but they had ceased to be sorry for him in look or word. They had accepted their own fate and his; his helplessness was to them like the daylight or the dark, a thing inevitable, the course of nature; and the matter-of-fact way in which they had learned to treat it made his life supportable. But it was difficult for a stranger to realise such a fact.

"I never told you that we were disappointed about letting the house," said Miss Jane. "A great many people came, but no one who was satisfactory. It is a great loss. I have left a person in it to try for a few months longer. People are very unprincipled, coming out of mere curiosity, and turning over your blankets and counterpanes without a thought."

Here the conversation came to a pause, and Helen rose. She was standing saying her farewells and making such offers of assistance as she could, when the daily event with which she had grown familiar took place.

"There is some one coming," said Stephen, from the window. "It ought to be the queen by the commotion it makes: but it is only Burton."

And Mrs. Haldane and Miss Jane both rushed forward to see. Helen withdrew out of sight with a secret bitterness which she could not have put into words. Mr. Burton was driving home from the station in all his usual importance. His horses were groomed to perfection, the mountings of his harness sparkled in the sun. He half drew up as he passed, making his bays prance and express their disapprobation, while he took off his hat to the new arrivals. It was such a salutation as a jocund monarch might have tossed at a humble worshipper, mock ceremony and conscious condescension. The women looking out never thought of that. They ran from one window to another to watch him entering the avenue, they talked to each other of his fine horses, the neat groom beside him, and how polite he was. Stephen had been looking on, too, with keen interest. A smile was on his face, but the lines above his eyes were contracted, and the eyes themselves gleamed with a sudden fire which startled Helen.

"I wonder what he thinks of it all," he said to her under his breath, "if he thinks at all. I wonder if he is comfortable when he reflects who are living at his gates?"

The words were said so low that she had to stoop to hear; and with a wondering thrill of half-comprehension she looked at him. What did he mean? From whence came that tone which was almost fierce in its self-restraint? It seemed to kindle a smouldering fire in her, of the nature of which she was not quite aware. "Burton and Golden" suddenly flashed across her thoughts again. Where was it she had seen the names linked together? What did it mean? and what did Stephen mean? She felt as if she had almost found out something, which quickened her pulse and made her heart beat —almost. But the last point of enlightenment was yet to come.

"Now he has turned in at the gate," said Miss Jane. "Well, for my part, I am glad to have seen him; and to think that a man could do all that by his own exertions! If he had been a nobleman I should not have thought half so much of it. I suppose, now, that could not be seen anywhere but in England? You may smile, Stephen, and think me very vulgar-minded; but I do think it is a very wonderful sight."

And thus the second household settled down, and became a part of the landscape which the family at Dura surveyed with complaisant proprietorship, and through which Mr. Burton drove every afternoon, calling admiring spectators to all the windows. The rich man had never enjoyed the commotion he made so much as he did now when he could see at the Gatehouse those faces looking out. There was scarcely an evening but Miss Jane or her mother would stand up to see him, gazing with unconscious worship at this representative of wealth and strength, and that practical power which sways the world; while Norah would clamber up on a chair behind the blinds at the other end, and look out with her big brown eyes full of serious observation. He thought Norah wondered and worshipped too, not being able to understand the language of her eyes. And sometimes he would see, or think he saw, her mother behind her. When he did so he went home in high good-humour, and was more jocular than usual; for nothing gave him such a sense of his own greatness, his prosperity, and superiority to common flesh and blood, as the homage, or supposed homage paid to him by those lookers-on at the windows of the Gatehouse.

Mr. Burton's satisfaction came to a climax when his father-in-law came to pay his next visit, which happened not very long after the arrival of the Haldanes. Mr. Baldwin, as we have said, was a Dissenter, and something like a lay bishop in his denomination. He was very rich, and lived very plainly at Clapham with his two sisters, Mrs. Everett and Miss Louisa. They were all very good people in their way. There was not a man in England who subscribed to more societies or presided at a greater number of meetings. He spent half his income in this way; he "promoted" charities as his son-in-law promoted joint-stock companies; and prided himself on the simplicity of his living and his tastes, notwithstanding his wealth. When he and his sisters came to pay a visit at Dura they walked from the station, leaving their servants and their boxes to follow in a fly. "We have the use of our limbs, I am thankful to Providence," one of the sisters would say; "why should we have a carriage for a little bit of road like that?" They walked in a little procession, the gentleman in advance, like a triumphant cock in front of his harem, the two ladies a little behind. Mr. Baldwin wore his hat on the back of his head, and a white tie, like one of his favourite ministers; he had a round, chubby face, without any whiskers, and a complexion almost as clear as little Clara's. The two ladies were like him, except that Mrs. Everett, who was a widow, was large and stout, and Miss Louisa pale and thin. They walked along with a natural feeling of benevolent supremacy, making their remarks on everybody and everything with distinct voices. When they got to the Gatehouse they paused and inspected it, though the windows were all open.

"I think Reginald was wrong to give such a house as this to those poor people," said the married sister in front of the door. "It is a handsome house. He might have found some little cottage for them, and let this to a family."

"But, Martha, he gave what he had, and it is that that is always accepted," said Miss Louisa.

The brother drowned her plaintive little voice with a more decided reply—

"I am very glad Haldane has such good quarters. As for the lady, I suppose she was not to blame; but when a man flies in the face of Providence I would not reward him by providing for his wife and family. I agree with Martha. It is a waste of the gifts of God to give this house to poor people who cannot enjoy it; but still Burton is right on the whole. If you cannot d better with your property, why should no you use it to make friends of the mammon o unrighteousness? I approve of his charit on the whole."

Inside the recipients of the charity sat an heard all through the open windows. Bu what then? Mr. Baldwin and his sister were not responsible for that. They went o to the avenue making the same candid an audible remarks all along the road. It wa not necessary that they should exercise sel restraint. They were in the dominions o their relation. They were absolute over al foolish sentiment and false pride. They sai it loud out, frankly, whatever they migh have to say. The arrival of these visitor always made a certain commotion at Dura It moved Mr. Burton a great deal more tha it did his wife. Indeed, if there was anythin which vexed him in her exemplary behaviour it was that she would not make temporaril the changes which he thought were "onl respectful" to suit the tastes of her fathe and aunts. "You know your father like only plain roast and boiled," he would sa to her, half-indignantly, adding, with a laugh "and minister sauce." This last was one o his favourite jokes, though it did not strik his wife as particularly brilliant. But th minister sauce was the only thing which Mrs. Burton provided for her father. Sh held fast by her *menu*, though he disap proved of it. She dressed herself tranquill for dinner, though her aunts held up thei hands, and asked her solemnly if she knew what all this extravagance must come to In these matters Clara would not give way but she asked the minister of the chapel in the village to dinner, and it was in presence o this functionary that Mr. Baldwin filled up the measure of his son-in-law's content.

"I see you have been very generous to poor Haldane," he said. "I am very much obliged to you, Burton. He is my own man; I should have been compelled to do something for him if you had not taken him up; and my hands are always so full! You will find I do not forget it. But it was a great waste to put him into such a handsome house."

"I am delighted to have pleased you," said Mr. Burton. "It was an empty house; and I have put my cousin, Mrs. Drummond, in the other end, whom I was obliged to take care of. It was the cheapest way of doing it. I am most happy to think I have relieved you, even of so little as that."

"Oh yes, you have relieved me," said

Ir. Baldwin. "I shan't forget it. It will e an encouragement to Mr. Truston and to any of the brethren to see that a sick friend never abandoned. I don't mean to say at you want any inducement—but, still, hen you can see that even in the case of iling strength——"

"Oh yes. I am sure it is most encouragig," the poor minister faltered.

Encouraging to think of Stephen Haldane, ho was thus provided for! The two rich ien went on with their talk over their wine, hile some confused speculation as to the ays of Providence went through the head of ieir companion. He was young, and he lt ill-at-ease, and he did not like to interre much. Had it been Mr. Dalton he ould have been less easily silenced. Thus Ir. Burton found his benevolence in one articular at least attended with the most erfect success.

## CHAPTER XXI.

AND everything settled down, and Nature esumed her common round. This is what Iature does in all circumstances. There ever was so bad a storm but next morning ie thrifty mother took heart and set to ork again as best she could to make mends for it. It is only when the storm ffects human hearts and lives that this heerful, pathetic effort to get the better of it ecomes terrible; for the mending in such ases is so often but superficial, the cure npossible. Other trees grow up to fill the ap made by the one blown down; but not ther loves or other hopes. Yet gradually ie tempest calms, the wreck is swept away, nd some things that are new are always etter than some things that were old, even iough the old can never be replaced while fe goes on.

Of all the dwellers in the Gatehouse, it as poor Haldane who felt this the most. he reality of this life in the country was ery different from the anticipation. The esh air which his mother had hoped to have r Stephen—the cottage garden which they ad all dreamt of (even he himself by moients), where he could be wheeled in his iair to sit under the apple-tree and smell ie flowers—had vanished from their list of ossibilities. All the fresh air he could ave was from the open window by which is chair was placed. But not even the arden and the apple-tree would have done much for him as the varieties of the ountry road. Instead of the garden walls Victoria Villas, the strip of dusty grass, the chance sight of a neighbour's child at play, or (more likely) of a neighbour's clothes hung out to dry, he had a genuine rural high-road, with all its sights. He saw the carts passing with rural produce, full of big baskets of vegetables for the London market; he saw the great waggons of odorous hay, with a man asleep on the top, half buried in the warm and fragrant mass, or cracking his whip on the path, and shouting drowsy, inarticulate calls to the horses, who took their own way, and did not mind him; he saw the carriages gleam past with the great people, whom by degrees he got to know; and then the Rectory children were always about, and Mrs. Dalton in her pony-chaise, and the people coming and going from the village. There were two of the village folk in particular who brought a positive pleasure into his life—not a pair of lovers, or any pretty group, but only Clippings, the tailor, and Brown, the shoemaker, who strolled down the road in the evening to smoke their pipes and talk politics as far as the Rectory gate. Clippings, who lived "up town," was always decorous in his shabby coat; but Brown, whose shop was "at the corner," came in his shirtsleeves, with his apron turned up obliquely to one side. They would stop just opposite his window when they got hot in their discussion. Sometimes it was the parish they talked of, sometimes the affairs of the state, and it was in Stephen's mind sometimes to invite them to cross the road, and to have his say in the matter. They were not men of education or intelligence perhaps; but they *were* men, living the natural human life from which he had been torn, and it did him good to watch them. After a while they began to look over at him and take off their hats, half with village obsequiousness to a possible customer, half with natural feeling for a soul in prison; and he gave them a nod in return.

But this vulgar fancy of his was not quite approved of within. "If you are so friendly with these men, Stephen, you will have them coming over, and poisoning the whole house with tobacco," Mrs. Haldane said, with an expressive sniff. "I think I smell it even now." But his mother was not aware that the scent of the tobacco was like an air of paradise to poor Stephen, who had loved it well enough when he was his own master, though it had become impossible now.

Mrs. Haldane, however, did not say a word against Mr. Dalton's cigar, which he very often smoked under Stephen's window in those summer mornings, lounging across in his study coat. It must be remembered that Stephen was not a Dissenting minister *pur et simple*, but a man whose name had been heard in the literary world, especially in that literary world which Mr. Dalton, as a "thoughtful" and "liberal" clergyman, chiefly affected. The rector felt that it was kind to go and talk to poor Haldane, but he was not so overwhelmingly superior as he might have been under other circumstances. He did not set him down at once at a distance of a hundred miles, as he did Mr. Truston, the minister of the chapel at Dura, by the mere suavity of his "good morning." On the contrary, they had a great deal of talk. Mr. Dalton was a man who piqued himself on his Radicalism, except when he happened to come in contact with Radicals, and he was very great in education, though he left the parish schools chiefly to his wife. When anything had happened which was more than ordinarily interesting in public affairs, he would stride across with gaiety to the encounter: "I told you your friend Bright was not liberal-minded enough to see that distinction," he would say; or, "Gladstone has gone off on another search after truth;" and then the battle would go on, while Stephen sat inside and his interlocutor paced the white flags in front of the Gatehouse up and down under the windows with that fragrant cigar. Sometimes Mary would come flying over from the Rectory: "Papa, papa, you are wanted. There are some papers to sign, and mamma can't do it, she says." "*Pazienza!*" the rector would answer, for he had travelled too.

And then on the Saturday there were other diversions for Stephen. Old Ann from the farm of Dura Den would whip up her old white pony and stop her cart under his window. She had her grandson with her, a chubby lad of twelve, in a smock-frock, beautifully worked about the shoulders, with cheeks as red as the big poppies in the nosegay which his grandmother made a point of bringing every Saturday to the poor sick gentleman.

"And how do you do, sir, this fine fresh morning?" she would shout to him. "I hope as I sees you better. Sammy, give me the flowers. It's old-fashioned, master, but it's sweet; and I just wish I see you able to come and fetch 'em for yourself."

"Thank you, Ann; but I fear that's past hoping for," Stephen would say with a smile. The same colloquy passed between them every week, but they did not tire of it, and the little cart with its mixture of colours, the red carrots, and white cauliflowers, a many-tinted greens, was a pleasant sight him. He did not object even to the punge odour of the celery, which often commu cated itself to his bouquet. The white por and the red and white and green of the veg tables, and old Ann with a small face, lik russet winter apple, under her deep bonn and her little red shawl, trimly tied in rou her waist by the great, many-pocketed apro and Sammy trudging behind, with boots li buckets, with a basket of crimson cabba for pickles on his arm, and his puffy, peo cheeks, made up a homely picture whi delighted the recluse. It was an event him when the Saturday came round, and began (he said) to be fond of the smell celery, and to think double poppies very har some, showy flowers to put into a noseg Miss Jane took an interest in Ann too, bu was of a different kind. She would go out the door, and have long discussions with h on various subjects, quite as interesting as t rector's battles with Stephen—whether t butter was rising, and what was the cheap for her poultry; for Ann's butter and h poultry were the best in Dura, and when s knew you, and felt that you were to depended upon, she was not dear, Miss Ja always said.

There was also another visitor, who ca once a week, not to Stephen's window, b to make a call in all proper state. This w Mr. Truston, the minister of the chapel, w was like Stephen, a *protégé* of Mr. Baldw but had not either done so much credit given so much trouble to the denominati as Haldane had. Mr. Truston was aw how his new acquaintance was spoken of the community, and his mind was mu divided between veneration for Stephe powers and a desire to be faithful with brother. If he could be the humble inst ment of setting him quite right with the nomination and preserving the efficiency of magazine, he felt that he would not ha lived in vain. But it was a dreadful trial his modesty to assume an admonitory po tion to one whom he respected so much. confided his difficulties to Mrs. Wigginto the wife of the draper at Dura, who was leading member of the congregation, an very thoughtful woman; and she had giv him a great deal of encouragement, and his duty before him in the clearest light.

"The thing is to keep him to fundamen principles," Mrs. Wigginton said. "I wou excuse a great deal if he preserved these. may be superior to distinctions, and kn at there is good both in church and chapel. ıt that will not do for the common mass. ıd we must support the denomination, Mr. ruston. It has its faults—but, whatever its ılts may be, we must stand by our flag."

"Ah, I wish you would take him in hand," ıid the minister with a sigh; but, all the me, such inspiration as this did not go for othing. He began to call on the Haldanes ery week; and when he had screwed up s courage he meant to be very faithful with ephen; but a man cannot begin that process l at once.

Thus the Haldanes settled down in the atehouse; and their settling down affected elen with that unintentional example and ncouragement, which people convey to each ther without meaning it. They were all ery poor, but Miss Jane, who had never een very rich, and who had been trained to ve on the smallest sum imaginable, made o hardship of her poverty, and communicated certain cheerfulness about it even to her eighbour, whose mind and training were so ery different. Miss Jane took it as she had earned to take (though not till after many truggles) her brother's illness, as a matter of ourse. She was aware that there were rich eople in the world. She saw them even, the urtons, for instance, who passed her every ay, and whose life was full of luxury; but this id not move her, any more than the sight of a reat beauty would have moved her to impatience of her own plain and homely face. The ealth, like the beauty, was exceptional. The omeliness and the poverty were the natural ule. And Helen saw that the lines of pain were oftened in Stephen's face, and that he had egun to feel something like pleasure in those lleviations of his loneliness which have been escribed. All this produced a soothing, quieting influence upon her. She was hushed, as a child is who is not satisfied, whose cry s ready to burst forth at any moment, but upon whom the very atmosphere, the stillness of the air has produced a certain calm. The wrong which had burnt her heart like a fire was not extinguished; it burned low, not for want of fuel, but because the air was soft and humid, and kept down the flame. And she herself was subdued. She was weary of suffering, and the routine of the new life acted upon her like an opiate, and the sense that all this was accepted as ordinary and natural by others, kept her down. And then Norah had cast away those bonds which oppress a child—the bonds of conventional quiet, which remain when natural grief has passed away in the order of things. Norah had begun to sing about the house, to dance when she should have walked, to wake up like the flowers, to live like the birds, spending her days in a chatter and flutter of life and gladness. All this calmed down and suppressed the feelings which had swayed Helen after her husband's death. Though her old sense of suspicion in respect to her cousin had succeeded the momentary relenting which his kindness had produced in her, even that was suppressed in the artificial calm. She blamed herself for shrinking from his presence, for disliking his friendliness; she even made an effort to go to his house, to overcome what she said to herself was her mean envy of his prosperity. She made friends with his wife, as far as two women so different could make friends, and tried to believe that Reginald Burton himself had never meant but well. It was in October, when she had first begun fully to realise the strange quietness that had come upon her, that it was suddenly broken up, never in that same fashion to return again.

There were visitors at the time at Dura House, visitors of importance, great county people, potentates whom it was said, Mrs. Burton was specially bent on conciliating in order to open the way into Parliament—a glory upon which her heart was set—to her husband. Mr. Burton had himself taken a holiday from business, and, on this particular day had gone up, after a long interval, "to see," he said, with that cheerful, important laugh of his, "how things were going on." That evening, however, Dura village was disappointed of its usual amusement. The phaeton with the bays went slowly past, driven by the groom, with a certain consternation in every line of the horses, and in every splendid tail and high-stepping hoof.

"Has not your master come?" Mrs. Burton asked, when she met this forlorn equipage in the avenue. Such a thing had been known; sometimes business was so urgent that Mr. Burton had lost his train, or waited for one that went later. But that which had happened this evening had never happened before.

"He is walking, ma'm," said the groom, with gloomy signification. It gave even Mrs. Burton a start, though she was usually so self-possessed; and as for the groom, he spread it about through the house that there had been "a smash" in the City. Nothing else could account for so extraordinary a step.

Mr. Burton walked, and his countenance was clouded. There was a shade on it, which the people about Dura, stupefied in the first instance, by seeing him afoot at that hour, interpreted as the groom did. They thought "something must have happened." The Bank of England must have faltered on its throne; half the merchants, at home and abroad, must have fallen to the dust, like Dagon. Some one of weak mind, who suggested that the ministry might be out, was snubbed by everybody with a contempt proportioned to his foolishness. Would Mr. Burton look like that for any merely political misfortune? But no one ventured even to suggest that Burton & Co. themselves might have sustained some blow. Such treason might be in men's thoughts, but no one dared to hint at an event which more than a revolution or a lost empire would have convulsed Dura. There are some things which it is impious even to speculate about.

Mr. Burton went direct to the Gatehouse. He had not his usual condescending word to Susan, nor did he remember to wave his hand to Stephen as he passed the window. He went straight into the drawing-room, where Helen and Norah were sitting. They had just come in from their walk, and were going to have tea; and such a visit at this hour startled them. There was something more than gloom on his face; there was suppressed anger, and he had the look of a man who had come to speak his mind. He shook hands in the slightest, most hasty way, not caring evidently to waste time in salutations, and he did not take the chair that was offered to him. He kept standing, looking first at Helen and then at Norah, with glances which he seemed to expect would be understood; but as Norah had been present at every discussion in the house all her life, it did not occur to her to go away, nor to her mother to send her. At last he was obliged to speak plainly.

"I am anxious to talk to you by yourself," he said. "I have something very important to say. Norah, perhaps, would run out to the garden, or somewhere—for half an hour, I should not ask for more."

"Norah!" said Helen, with surprise. "But she has heard everything that any one can have to say to me. She knows as much as I do. You may say anything before Norah."

"By ——!" said Mr. Burton. He did not put any word in the vacant place. He swore by Blank, as we do in books, contenting himself with the "By——!" "*I* don't mean to speak of my affairs before Norah," he said, walking to the window and looking out. "Send her away."

He waited there with his back turned to the two, who gazed at each other amazed.

"Go up-stairs till I send for you, Nora said Helen, with a trembling voice. It m be some new pain, some new terror, sor thing about Norah's father. She put hand on her heart to keep it still. This how her calm was broken all in a mome She put her child away with the other ha And Norah, astonished, indignant, choki with sudden rage and mortification, flew of the room and rushed up-stairs. The sou of her hurried, angry retreat seemed to ri through all the house. And it was not her foot was heard overhead that her motl found breath to speak. "What is it?—t me! There can be nothing now so ve hard to bear."

"I don't know what you mean about ha to bear," said Mr. Burton, turning pettisl round and seating himself on a chair in frc of her. "Helen, I have done all I could be kind to you. You will say it has not co me very much, but it has cost me more th you think. I have put myself to a great de of trouble, and——"

"Is this all you have to tell me?" she ask faintly, still holding her hand upon her hea

"All!" he repeated; and then, changi his tone suddenly, "do you know anythi about this new folly Maurice has taken hand? Don't prevaricate, Helen; answ me yes or no."

"I do not know what you mean," she sai and paused for breath. Her fright, and t strange assault that had been made upon he confused her mind. Then gradually wi Maurice's name came a sudden gleam light.

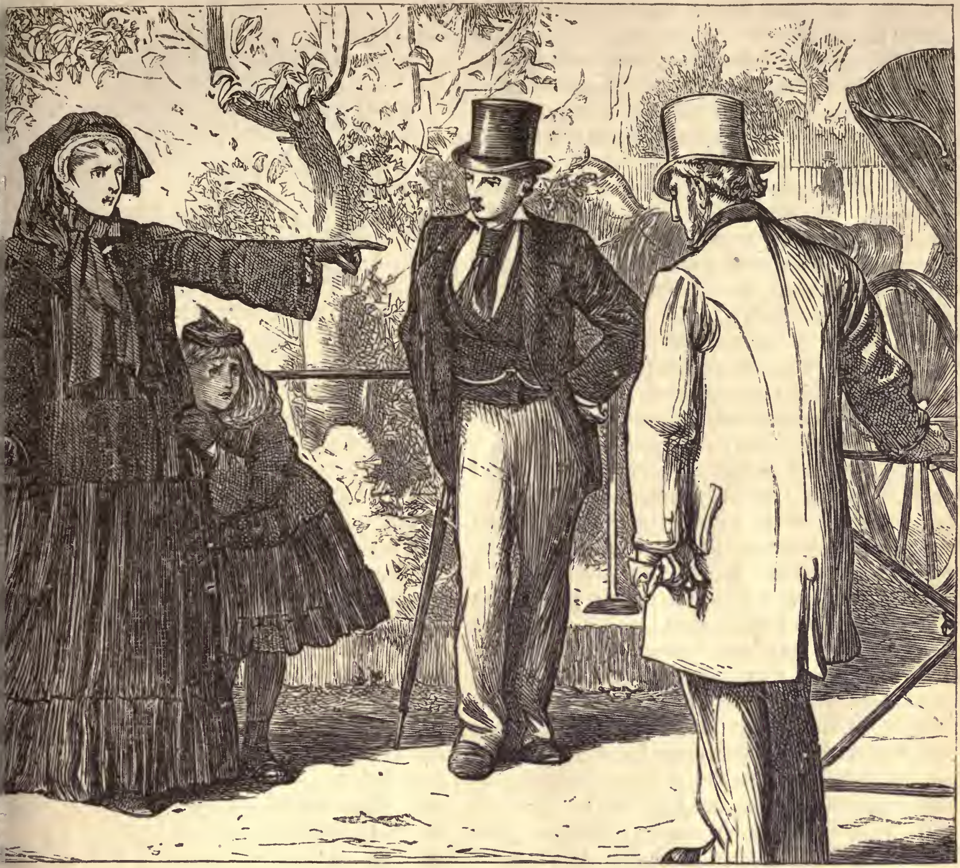
"That is a pretence," he said. "I ca see in your face that you understand. Yo that I have been, so to speak, nourishing my bosom—you—Helen! There is st time to think better of it. Have you give your consent to it? Has he got your name?

"If it is anything Dr. Maurice is doing she said, "yes, he has got my consent, an more than my consent."

"Good heavens, why? Are you in you senses? I thought it was some idioti woman's notion. What good can it possibl do to rake up that business all over again What the deuce do you mean by it? Wha can it ever be to you?"

"What is it to you?" she said.

"To me!" She was looking at him, an his voice fell. He had begun loudly, as with the intention of declaring that to him i was less than nothing; but he was caught b her look, and only grew confused, and stammered out again, "To me!"



Yes," said Helen. "You are not a ector. You have said you were a loser , you had no responsibility. Then what s it matter to you?"

Ir. Burton turned away his head; he ıped his foot slightly on the floor in im- ence. "What is the use?" he said, as if imself, "you might teach an elephant to sooner than make a woman understand ıt business. Without being anything to it might be something to my friends."

Is that man—that—Golden—is he your ıd?"

Of course he is," said Mr. Burton hly, with a certain defiance. "You prejudiced against him unjustly. But is m yfriend, and a very good fellow '

Then it is better not to say any more," Helen rising, trembling in every limb. is best not to say any more. Oh don't ure to name his name to me! If I had been a woman, I should have — not d him. That would have been too good. Innocent men are killed, and you others look on, and never lift a finger. I would have pursued him till his last breath—crushed him—made him feel what he has done. And I will—if I have the power!"

She stood up confronting her cousin, trembling, yet glowing with that passion which the name of her husband's slanderer always roused within her. She was almost as tall as Burton was, and he felt as if she towered over him, and was cowed by the strength of her emotion. He rose too, but he shrank back a step, not knowing how to meet the spirit he had roused.

"These are nice Christian sentiments," he said, with an attempt at a sneer; but in his heart the man was afraid.

"I ask nobody what kind of sentiments they are," she cried. "If he had wronged me only, I would have forgiven him. But no man shall say his name before me—no man! I may not have the power; my friends may not have the power; but it is that, and not the will, which will fail if we fail.

I will never give up trying to punish him, never in my life!”

“Then you will be acting like a fool,” Mr. Burton said; but he changed his tone, and took a great deal of trouble to persuade her to take her seat again, and discuss the matter calmly with him.

Norah stood up-stairs by the window, watching till he should go. The child's heart was bursting with rage and pain. She had never been sent away before; she had heard everything, had been always present whatever was going on. Her father, Dr. Maurice, Mr. Haldane, every one of them had spoken in her presence all that they had to say. And she remembered words that no one else remembered, scraps of talk which she could put together. She did so with a violent exercise of her memory as she stood there drumming on the window, and wondering when he would go. “He thinks I am only a child,” she said to herself, in the fiery commotion of her spirits, and thought of a hundred things she could do to prove the contrary. She would go to Dr. Maurice; she would let “everybody” know. He was no friend; he was a conspirator against them—one of those who killed her father. Every moment that passed inflamed Norah more. She stood at the window and watched, thinking would he never be gone, thinking, oh why could not she make herself grow—make herself a woman! What her mother had done was nothing to what Norah felt herself capable of doing. Every vein in her body, and every nerve had begun to thrill and tremble before she heard the sound down-stairs of door opening, and saw him go hastily aw

This was what he said when he ope
the door of the sitting-room down-stairs-

“You will do what you please, of co
I have found out before now what it i
struggle with an unreasonable woman.
what you like. Drag your husband's n
through the dirt again. Throw all sort
new light on his motives. That is what
will do. People might have forgotten
but after what you are going to do, they
never forget. And that is all you will hav
your pains—you may be sure you car
nothing to *us*.”

“Us?” said Helen. “You told me
were not concerned.”

And then Mr. Burton changed color
lost his temper.

“You drive a man wild,” he cried. “
exasperate me so that I don't know wh
am saying. Of course you know wh
mean, though you pretend you don't.
mean my friends. And you know that;
you know how much you owe to me, an
the answer I get is—this!”

He slammed the door after him lik
angry maid-servant; he strode hastily aw
his own house, with a face which of i
gave a new paralytic seizure to Old Joh
the lodge. He filled everybody with
sternation in his own house. And H
stood still after he had left her, half exul
half stupefied. *Us!* Had she found
cunning manœuvres out?

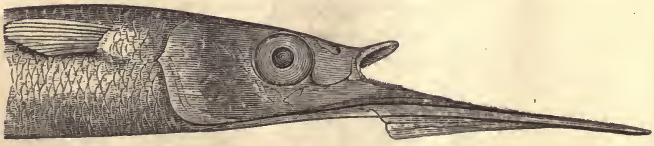
(To be continued.)

## AS OTHERS SEE US.

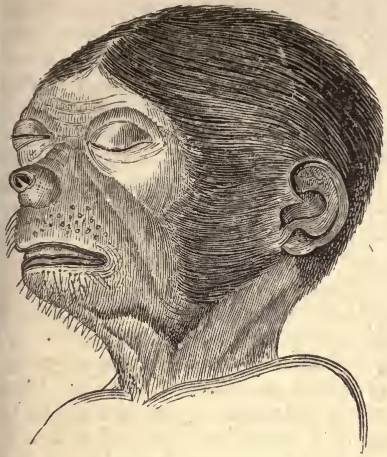
In these days of free thinking, speaking and writing, few of us can escape learning how we appear to others; and many men, and women, too, in public positions, must often be led to hope that they do not quite answer to the current descriptions of them, and to question the efficacy of the poet's suggestion, in the interests of private or public virtue.

But in fact, as other *people* see us, is but one out of four aspects which we pre
To our own consciences we must indee
times appear even blacker than our ene
would paint us; and the All-seeing God v
us just as we really are, His sight pie
even the disguises which hide us from
selves.

But there is a fourth aspect whic
human beings, we present to the anima
which we are surrounded; we seldom t
of them, or, if at all,
unconcern; yet, could
put ourselves in their pl
how strange a creature
would appear to us! by t
a giant and a dwarf, a
ster of cruelty and a te



HEMIRHAMPHUS, BRAZIL (FROM NATURE).



YOUNG SEMNOPITHECUS NASICA.

rdian, a devourer of thousands and a nty morsel, a preacher of morality and racticer of frightful crimes, a tyrant over ers, and the abject slave of fashion, ca- ce and prejudice.

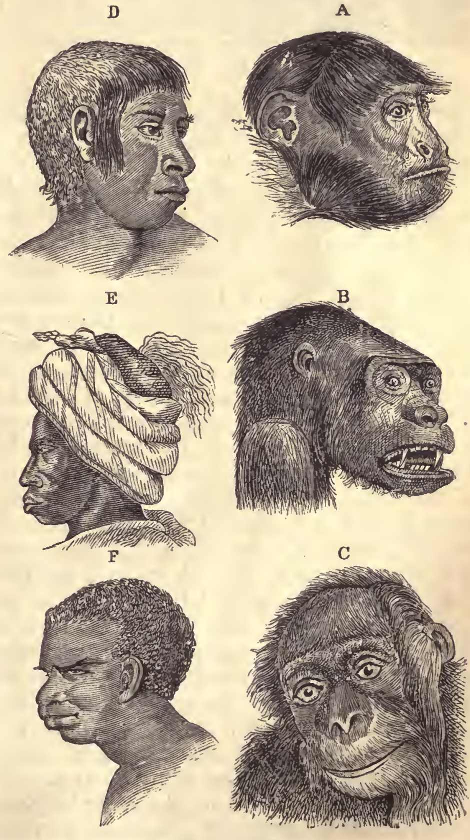
If animals could indulge in abstract ought and could utter their sentiments er the human fashion, what volumes would produced; what observations would be de of the manners and customs of that ange two-legged creature called man; at criticisms upon his morals and his deal- gs with his fellow-creatures; what carica- res of his peculiarities; what sarcasms on his follies and inconsistencies; what ious comparisons between them and the tural habits of the animals themselves! The perience of Gulliver would be as nothing comparison with these memoirs, and we ould acquire some perceptions of the way others see us," which would certainly be vel and interesting and possibly useful.

But, alas! although some would have us lieve that human reason is merely a devel- ped instinct, and that the faculties of a ewton differ from those of a Gorilla only in gree, as they do from those of a Bushman, t the proof is here wanting: and until some arwinian discovers, in the African forest, a ary old ape expounding to attentive qua- umanous listeners the nature and extent of e anatomical and psychological distinctions etween them and the negroes, we must ad- it that the capacity of the latter to appreci- te these distinctions is evidence of an intel- ctual plane a discrete degree above the erely animal mind and reasoning power hich no doubt they and we also possess in ommon with the beasts that perish.

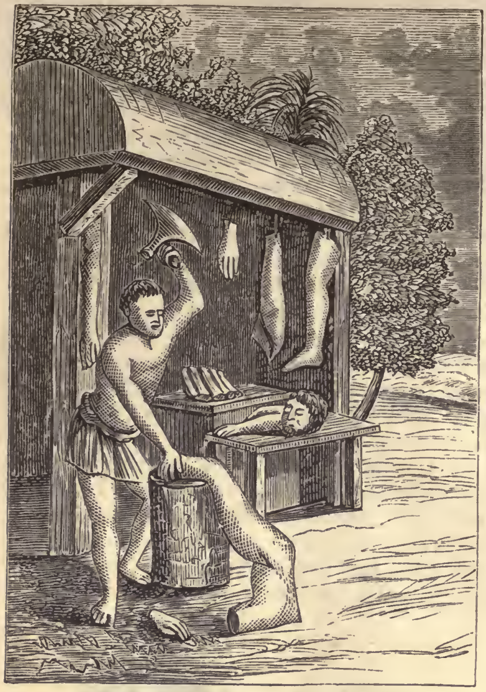
Till then, therefore, we can only imagine what some of them *would* say if they possessed human powers of observation, and yet retained their present mental and physical relation to us.

For instance. What says the sleepy-looking individual whose picture is here given? He is the "boy" of an ancient family of apes which inhabit the island of Borneo; they possess tails of considerable length, but are compensated for this *un*human appendage (the absence of which among their near relatives, the Gibbons, Orangs, and Chimpanzees, has helped to give the latter the title of man-like apes) by the possession of a nasal organ, wonderful in size and form, and very unpleasantly human in its general aspect.

Our "nosey" monkey (for such is the significance of the specific term *nasica* by which this kind of *Semnopithecus* is known) might answer as follows to the anxious naturalists who insist that men and monkeys are as obviously unlike as men and rattlesnakes, who



RESEMBLANCES.

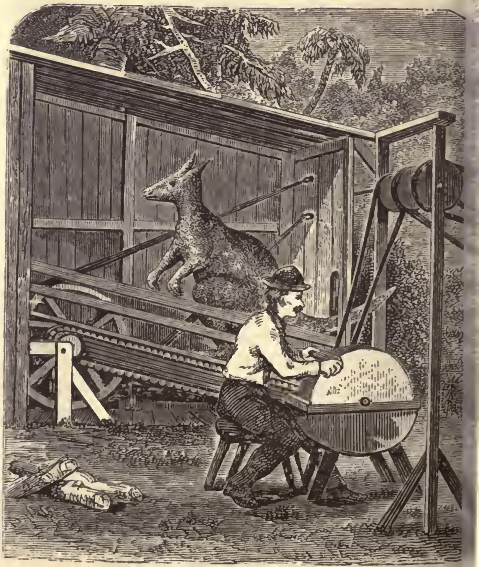


A CANNIBAL BUTCHER SHOP (FROM OLD PRINT).

"seek to base man's dignity upon his great toe, and insinuate that we are lost if an ape has a hippocampus minor:"—

"We apes all have well-formed ears, which are often no more pointed above than those of men, and as for the lobule, about which so much has been said, in the first place many human beings have very small ones, and in the second place it is of no use whatever excepting to bore holes through; and no ape in possession of his wits would ever think of mutilating his features in that way, much less of hanging rings in his ears or even wooden disks, as do the Botocudo Indians in Brazil, from whom doubtless the fashionable wearers of ear-rings are descended. In respect to noses it must be confessed that mankind have the advantage of most of us, but there are exceptions to all rules, and, when I am full grown, my own nose will be so long as to require protection with one hand while climbing among the trees. Our chins, too, are rather deficient, and great comfort is taken by humanity in the prominence of this part of the lower jaw; but in some of the dark races it projects but very little if any more than in us, and one of my nearest relatives, the Hoolock Gibbon, has lately become quite famous by reason of possessing a lower jaw the border of which projects very decidedly as a chin. In my opinion, howev
the matter is of very little consequence, sin
if human dignity is based upon the chin, a
rank is estimated thereby, then the *Her*
*rhamphus* is superior to the whitest man, sin
his chin is longer than the rest of his hea
and forms a striking contrast to the sho
upper jaw, which indeed seems to be only
movable appendage thereto; the very
verse, by the way, of the sword-fish, where t
upper jaw is prolonged and the lower
short.

"Great stress is also laid upon the fact th
men walk erect and apes do not; we gra
the distinction and admit that there may
some profound meaning in the fact beyo
the mere adaptation of our bodies to bo
walking and climbing, and the need
balancing the abnormally heavy human he
upon a slender neck; but we are grea
puzzled to understand a mode of carria
which is much practiced by some fema
human beings, who in other respects appe
to be regarded as the finest of humanit
they assume the exact attitude of a Chi
panzee, only far less gracefully than he, sin
unnaturally, and swing their bodies in a ma
ner which is not thought respectable with
and which really originated among some n
very nice people in Paris! I wonder wh
those fine ladies would say if they knew th
we regard their 'monkey bends' as cle
cases of reversion to the attitude of t
'ancient ape-like progenitor' of which scie
tific men have lately said so much; ar



A YANKEE INVENTION.

oreover, that the ‘chignon’ is an almost xact copy of the stacks of hair which the frican tribes have cultivated from time nmemorial. Perhaps they are ‘reversions,’ o; likewise ‘high heels,’ wherein they re- emble cats and dogs; likewise scanty dresses, herein they imitate all brute animals.

“Now here let me say, since I have made everal allusions to the dark races, that uch as I respect their morals and disposi- on and personal appearance, I do not re- rd them as so nearly related to us as the habitants of a large island west of Eng- nd. The specimens of that race which I ve met not only chatter and get excited ry much like ourselves, but also in their pression, especially about the mouth, bear ry close resemblance to monkeys; the per lip being rounded and straight, just e our own. Perhaps they are not anxious prove the kinship, and it makes little dif- ence to us; but I am tired of hearing out the negroes as connecting links be- een white men and monkeys, and would mind the philosophers that monkeys and ck men live together in Africa, while the tire absence of the former in Ireland can ly be accounted for upon some kind of nsmutation theory.

“There is one human custom the origin of ich I have been unable to learn—that of pectoration. No beast, so far as I know, so foolish as to waste that important diges- e fluid, the saliva, and the most filthy pig s never known to discharge it in the pre- nce of his friends or family. Curiously ough, too, among men this habit seems be confined to a certain class, who talk y loud, and make long speeches, and are to fight upon slight provocation, as if y were very important members of society, d they look down upon the Indians, who ver expectorate. We are therefore some- at anxious to know whether they are also erior beings to the creatures called ‘gen- men,’ who are never known to spit on the or, and seldom anywhere else.

‘Then the general expression of the coun- ance. I absolutely deny that apes are versally demoniac and men universally gelic in this respect; my own countenance urely as calm and placid as a child’s, and e I to choose a protector among the three n and three apes whose faces are given e, I think I would prefer the American nkey (A) to the American man (D), since eyes are brighter and his whole expression re intelligent; I would select the old ng (C) as a far wiser and more experienced instructor than the woman from Van Diemen’s Land (F), and if in need of a valiant defender, would place far more confidence in the long arms and mighty jaws of the gorilla (B) than in the powers of the Timbuctoo negro, who turns his back upon his hairy neighbor and feels so very grand because he can’t climb a tree or twist a leopard’s neck, or roar like a lion, or do anything useful, unless catching and selling his own kindred as slaves to the white traders be worthy of commendation.

“Nor is this all. The most ferocious gorilla never was known to devour other apes; he would recoil in disgust at the mere suggestion, and answer that his great eye-teeth were given him for defense of himself and his family against wild beasts and prowling hunters, not for tearing the flesh of his own kind. Even dogs refuse to touch the flesh of dogs, and horses are struck with terror at the very sight of a dead quadruped; yet ‘anthropophagi’ have been known for centuries in different parts of the world, and even the ancient dwellers in now civilized Europe appear to have consumed human flesh. The accompanying figure exhibits a butcher’s shop where men are cut up for cooking, and I assure you it is a sight to fill every respectable animal with horror.* Indeed among the Feejees the word ‘bakola,’ indicating the human body, also includes the idea of eating it; but the body is also called ‘puarkee balava,’ which means literally “long pig,’ to distinguish it from ‘puarkee nina’ or ‘true pig.’ And it must be remembered that there are many curious analogies between swine and human beings, especially Christians: they eat all sorts of things; their teeth and stomachs are very much alike; and certain worms which begin their career in the flesh of pigs, can complete it only in the human body.

“Among the cannibals nearly all parts of the body are eaten, although a preference is shown for the arms and thighs, especially of women and young persons; but there are individual preferences for certain parts, one king being especially fond of the ends of noses, which he carefully roasts himself, and another old chief of Mowee (one of the Sandwich Islands) has avowed himself to be the living tomb of Capt. Cook’s great toe. Lately, however, public opinion has changed in those islands, and now so great is the desire to avoid the reputation of having eaten Capt. Cook at all, that the old cannibal has been prosecuted by his countrymen for defamation of character.

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* The figure is a copy of an ancient representation of Anthropophagi among the Anziques, a ferocious African tribe described in the 13th century.

"Perhaps some observer of monkeys in the Zoölogical Gardens will say, that to nibble off the end of another monkey's tail is pure cannibalism, and that to perform the same operation upon one's own caudal appendage is something a great deal worse. Well, I admit the fact, so far as concerns monkeys in confinement. They lead a very dull and stupid life, in close air and far from their native woods; they soon tire of climbing over wooden posts and iron bars, and in time they are forced to regard their long and otherwise useless tails as the only means by which to avoid dying of melancholy and inaction. These parts are not very sensitive, and I am told that the nibbling they get is not very painful—which is probable, or the habit would never exist; but even granting the absurdity of the practice and the ill effect it has upon our appearance, I deny that men have any right of self-congratulation upon that score; for many human beings are inveterate nibblers of their own finger-nails; and as there are ten of these, and all have to be attended to, it is evident that a great deal of time must be required in order to accomplish the desired mutilation; and while I am upon this subject I would suggest that mankind and the gorilla and other tailless apes are only the remote descendants of some family of monkeys whose tails wholly disappeared under generations of nibbling, and that the habit merely crops out nowadays in biting the nails, as the only substitute nature allows them. This idea is supported by the fact that the American monkeys all have tails, which have been preserved because they are used as fifth hands for grasping. Moreover, men make queer grimaces and sounds which they call laughing and crying, but which are imitated in nature only by hyenas and tom-cats: they soak their food in water or burn it with fire instead of taking it in its natural state; when ill or aged they rebel against destiny and strive to prolong their lives by means of drugs and ceremonies, which, by the way, some of them also assert are totally useless; yet so great is their fear of death that even these very ones, when sick, are as foolish as the rest, and increase their bodily suffering by nauseous medicaments.

"But all these human peculiarities are of little moment compared with their outrageous treatment of other creatures. They claim some vague permission, emanating from an invisible authority, which also they worshi pretending, at the same time, that we a incapable of any such sentiment. For n part I know nothing of what they call re gion, and from its manifest effects, I am n at all anxious to learn: a just Being cou not ordain that men should literally tramp upon the existence of other creatures. Th slaughter us for sport, and, even when need of our flesh, take pleasure in prolongi our death agonies. They work us early a late, and long after illness and ill-usage ha crippled us. Some few kind people are p testing against such things and organizi for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animal but this very fact speaks volumes for t general disregard of our rights by man. do not mean that it is wicked in them profit by our labor, and can see nothing very horrible in the moderate employm of horses, dogs, sheep, and even kangaroos machines for saving labor. This last instar has excited great attention, especially Australia, where all the kangaroos live, a where indeed all the other quadrupeds nearly related, possessing curious pouches which the young are carried and suckled some time after their birth. The ingeni Yankee, for he can belong to no other spec of the human family, constructed a treadn well-padded inside, and with a vertical through which passes the enormous tail of kangaroo, serving perhaps to keep him in proper position. By springing up and do the animal moves the treadle, which, b curious arrangement of wheels and bar works a grinding-stone, chaff-cutter, be mill, turnip-cutter, and washing-mach besides an apparatus for raising water irrigate the garden.

"Now, as I said, this is not so very dread for kangaroos are very strong in their h legs, and take most prodigious leaps, and kind of work cannot fatigue them mu indeed I am inclined to think they need tention, on account of an absurd way have of looking behind them as they through the woods, and so committing sui by striking against the trees. But I object most emphatically to the barba treatment of omnibus horses, of swil cows in city stables, of cattle in railway c of birds shot for sport and fish caugh mere wantonness; and finally, of mon and bears and other animals cooped u narrow cages or chained to machines w grind out excruciating sounds at the bid of ill-favored bipeds, beside which respect chimpanzees look like princes."

# MR. LOWELL'S PROSE.

(Continued from page 237.)

Here is fine insight well communicated to e reader. He is speaking of the letters at passed between Lessing and his be- othed:

"They show that self-possession which can one ['alone can' (?)] reserve to love the wer of new self-surrender,—of never cloy- g, because never wholly possessed."—*mong my Books*, p. 329. If we fill the ellip- before "of never cloying," the grace of rfect expression will seem to be wanting. us: "They show that self-possession which one can reserve to love the power [?] of nev- cloying because never wholly possessed imparted' (?)]" Attentive analysis will re- gnize here that trick of almost hopeless self- ntortion in the coils of expression to which r. Lowell's thought seems to us to be dicted beyond that of any writer of credit d of worth that we know inliterature.

If the blemishes thus detected disfiguring e finish of sentences that are otherwise so ar to an ideal perfection, were exceptional the general style of the writer, it would be re hypercritical paltriness to have pointed em out. But we have sincerely selected the ry choicest specimens that we found of Mr. well's literary art—perhaps we should be ter to his deliberate preference in theory as ll as to our own conception of the fact that ists, if we said, the very choicest speci- ens of Mr. Lowell's literary luck. The evailing habit of his style is more slovenly far than these specimens would indicate.

In fact the disarray of Mr. Lowell's lite- y manner is so striking, as, in our opinion, iously to affect the decorum of his public pearances in print. We have often, since mmencing these criticisms, been prompted imagine how many degrees of dignity and en of grace due attention on his part to punctilios of grammatical etiquette would ve added to the impression which he kes on his reader. A "noble negli- nce" is sometimes no doubt the trait of oble art. It was a "noble negligence" en Milton wrote his "fit audience find ugh *few*." One is not so sure, but it was rhaps a "noble negligence" when Shake- eare wrote his "take *arms* against a *sea* troubles." But in the former at least of se instances the art is as conspicuous as negligence. Mr. Lowell's carelessness presses us differently. It appears to be in eat part a deliberately humored charac- istic of his manner. A truly "noble negligence" is not an affectation. But even as an artifice, Mr. Lowell's negligence lacks the relief of contrast with a general carefulness to make it fortunately effective. For in still greater part it is, if we mistake not, a habit of mere slackness and indolence.

Gentlemen of birth and fortune in aristocratical societies are fond of employing an order of attendants to stand in the relation of what we, in our democratical inaptitude, may be excused for conceiving of as a kind of personal groom to their masters. These valets take pride in presenting their employers creditably to the social public in the character of animated lay figures that shall attest their own professional proficiency in the fine art of dressing. Now why, pray, might not the customs of literature permit authors of the higher class to be similarly served in those last attentions to literary toilette, which are at the same time so tedious and so necessary? There must, one would say, in the natural economy of literature, be at least as many accomplished men of culture as gifted men of genius. What more fit and more fruitful intellectual alliance could be fancied than one which should bring the two classes together in well-mated pairs? A man of culture—*ad unguem factus homo*—a sort of Admirable Crichton, if he were also a man of sense, should esteem it a privilege to fulfill the office of literary valet to an agreeable man of genius. The idea is of course a whimsical one; but we offer a few exemplifications of the kind of work which no doubt Mr. Lowell himself would gladly have expended upon his style if he could only have done it by the hand of another. The opening sentence of the essay on Thoreau is this:

"*What* contemporary [of whom?], if he was in the fighting period of his life [when?] (since Nature sets limits about her conscription for spiritual fields, as the state does in physical warfare) [shall this parenthesis stand?] will ever forget *what* was some*what* vaguely called the 'Transcendental Movement' of thirty years ago ['that intellectual movement of thirty years ago which was somewhat vaguely called the Transcendental Movement' (?)]" How would this do? viz.: "Who is there of us all, old enough, and not too old, to have been in the fighting period of his intellectual life when it occurred, that will ever forget the 'Transcendental Movement,' somewhat vaguely so-called, of thirty years ago?"

In the very next sentence of the essay, the participle "set" is without any proper construction. Grammatically its subject is of course the subject of the sentence, viz.: "impulse." 'Impulse,' however, 'sets astirring,' is not 'set astirring.' The writer's evident purpose was to apply his participle to 'movement.' The sentence should therefore read as indicated in the brackets to follow: "Apparently set astirring by Carlyle's essays on the 'Signs of the Times,' and on 'History,' the final and more immediate impulse was given by ['it received its final and more immediate impulse from'] 'Sartor Resartus.'" This exemplifies a very frequent grammatical looseness of Mr. Lowell's. Instances might be multiplied to an indefinite number.

What shall we say of such a sentence as this? "While I believe that our language had two periods of culmination in poetic beauty,—one of nature, simplicity, and truth, in the ballads, which deal only with narrative and feeling,—another of Art, (or Nature as it is ideally reproduced through the imagination,) of stately amplitude, of passionate intensity and elevation, in Spenser and the greater dramatists,—and that Shakespeare made use of the latter ['make use' of a 'period'?] as he found *it* ['found' the 'period'?], I by no means intend to say that he did not enrich it, ['enrich' a 'period'?] or that any inferior man could have dipped the same words out of the great poet's inkstand."—*Among my Books*, p. 165. Mr. Lowell's caveat is expressed with unnecessary circumspection. An 'inferior' man certainly cannot write so well as his superior. But no caveat whatever of the sort was called for here. It would be impossible for a reader of Mr. Lowell to suspect that his author 'intended' to intimate anything derogatory to Shakespeare, or to omit anything that could add to Shakespeare's praise.

Again: "So soon *as* ['as soon as' (?)] a language has *become* literary, so soon *as* there is a gap between the speech of books and that of life, the language *becomes*, so far *as* poetry is concerned, almost *as* dead *as* Latin, and (*as* in writing Latin verses) a mind in itself essentially original *becomes* in the use of such a medium of utterance unconsciously reminiscential and reflective, lunar and not solar, in expression and even in thought."—*Among my Books*, p. 155.

Mr. Lowell gives us a neat statement of the "scope of the higher drama": "The scope of the higher drama is to represent life, not *everyday* life, it is true, but life lifted abo the plane of bread-and-butter associations nobler reaches of language, by the influen at once inspiring and modulating of vers by an intenser play of passion condensi that misty mixture of feeling and reflecti which makes the ordinary atmosphere of istence into flashes of thought and phra whose brief but terrible illumination pri the outworn landscape of *everyday* up our brains, with its little motives and me results, in lines of tell-tale fire."—*Among* *Books*, p. 222. Portable and handy—all a single sentence—and for luminosity, t like a bit of phosphorus.

For illustration of the manner in whi the centrifugal prevails over the centripe force' in Mr. Lowell's mental constituti take the following. He begins by alludi as any ordinary critic might, to the state the text of Shakespeare, but he speedily fi a tangential component, as no ordinary cri would, that sets him off freely into spac "However this may be,"—that is, wheth or not Shakespeare had "come at last to t belief that genius and its works were phantasmagoric as the rest, and that fa was as idle as the rumor of the pit,"—"h ever this may be, his works have come do to us in a condition of manifest and adm ted corruption in some portions, while others there is an obscurity which may attributed either to an idiosyncratic use words and condensation of phrase, to a de of intuition for a proper coalescence w which ordinary language is inadequate, t concentration of passion in a focus that c sumes the lighter links which bind toget the clauses of a sentence or of a process reasoning in common parlance, or to a se of music which mingles music and mean without essentially confounding them.' *Among my Books*, p. 172. That is, Sha speare's obscurities are to be ascribed to transcendental and impossible cause, matter what, provided only they someh be admitted to glorify him more and mo Coleridge's Shakespearean infatuation commended itself to critical mercy if not critical respect by the evident sense of covery and revelation which inspired it. T secondary affection, as exhibited in C ridge's followers, it is less easy to reg with sufficient complaisance.

Here is an unequal yoking together predicates, worthy of some transcender justification: "The submission ['submissi ness'(?)] with which the greater number render their natural likings for the acqui ste [' to acquire the taste' (?)] of what for e moment is called the World is a highly rious phenomenon, *and*, however destruc- ve of originality, is the main safeguard of ciety, and nurse of civility" !—*My Study Vindows*, p. 394. One blushes, as, under is breath, he adjures himself to say, if there any ground for his suspecting that Mr. owell as an author may have secretly re- olved with himself upon the experiment of oldly writing down whatever happens into s mind at the time that he writes, and ever blotting afterwards (Shakespeare, they y, never did), just for the sake of seeing hether one man may not turn out to be at ast half as good as another after all.

" *Which*" to be parsed in this sentence : The prologues and those parts *which* in- rnal evidence justifies us in taking them to ve been written after the thread of plan string them on was conceived [' conceive' ' thread of plan' ?] are in every way more ature."—*My Study Windows*, p. 232.

"Seldom wont." If you are "wont" to a thing, you are "wont" to do it—and ere is an end of the matter. A habit that ists, exists. That is to say, it is a habit. habit cannot be said itself to exist either ten or seldom. Although it may, to be re, be a habit of repeating a certain action ore or less frequently. "Seldom wont" therefore, an irreducible solecism.

" Whatever other good things Herr Stahr ay have learned from Lessing, terseness and earness are not among them."—*Among my ooks*, p. 304. That is, if Herr Stahr arned some good things from Lessing, ide from " terseness and clearness," he did t learn " terseness and clearness " aside om " terseness and clearness." Probably t.

"Here, better than anywhere, [' else' (?) ] may cite," etc.—*Among my Books*, p. 3.

"But though we feel it to be our duty to y so much of Herr Stahr's positive faults d negative short-comings, *yet we leave him very good humor.*"—*Among my Books*, p. 4. We have the same feeling of duty with spect to Mr. Lowell that he himself ex- esses with respect to Herr Stahr. We all certainly try to earn a right to the same eerful confidence of leaving him in a dly humor toward his critic, when we have ne. *Mutatis mutandis*, and taking Mr. owell as he means, his generous sentiment ll respectfully be our own.

" His mother was in no wise *superior*, but father," etc.—*Among my Books*, p. 307.

" A young man of more than questionable morals, *and* who," etc.—*Among my Books*, p. 308.

Here is a "fine distraction" of pronouns : " The good old pastor is remembered now *only* as the father of a son who would have shared the benign oblivion of *his own* theological works, if *he* could *only* have had *his* wise way with *him*."—*Among my Books*, p. 314.

" The then condition."—*Ibid.* p. 314.

" Lifelong he was," etc.—*Ibid.* p. 323, *et alibi.*

" Besides *whatever* other reasons Lessing may have *had* for leaving Berlin, we fancy that his having exhausted *whatever* means it *had* of helping his spiritual growth was the chief."—*Among my Books*, p. 324. There were other reasons for Lessing's leaving Berlin than his having exhausted its opportunities, but "besides" those other reasons that was the " chief" !

" Clever, womanly, discreet, with just enough coyness of the will to be charming when it is joined with sweetness and good sense, she was the true helpmate of such a man."—*Among my Books*, p. 329. The " to be charming" here belongs properly to the subject of the sentence—as if it were written, " with just enough coyness of the will to be thereby rendered charming, when it is joined with sweetness and good sense" —which sufficiently betrays the inconsequent character of the syntax. If now, contrary to grammatical propriety, we give the " to be charming" to the " just enough coyness of the will"—as if it were written " with just so much coyness of the will as is charming when it is joined with sweetness and good sense,"—we have more defensible syntax for the clauses connected by " when," but it is then left unpredicated that the woman spoken of possessed the " sweetness and good sense"—nothing, except a certain amount of " coyness of the will," being predicated of her. The sentence is a fine study in what the grammarians call the *constructio prægnans.* The contorted syntax here, as in the introductory paragraph of " Shakespeare Once More," results from the apparently unconscious attempt of the writer to blend a general with a specific statement in one impossible sentence. The same attempt, with the same result, occurs in this sentence : " Lessing's life, if it is a noble example, so far as it concerned himself alone, is also a warning when another is to be asked to share it."—*Among my Books*, p. 317.

"This was not the last time that he was to have experience of the fact that the critic's pen, *the more it* has of truth's celestial temper, the more it is apt to reverse the miracle of the archangel's spear, and to bring out whatever is toad like in the nature of him it touches."—*Among my Books*, p. 322. Ithuriel, by the way, according to Milton, was not an archangel, but a spirit of subordinate rank.

A literary academy, such as that for which Mr. Matthew Arnold pathetically sighs in his England, would probably find the "note of provinciality" in extravagances like the following. Mr. Lowell is speaking his "Good Word for Winter:" "Charles II., who never said a foolish thing, gave the English climate the highest praise when he said that it allowed you more hours out of doors than any other, and I think our winter may fairly make the same boast as compared with the rest of the year."—*My Study Windows*, p. 47. Charles II. was a witty man, they say, as monarchs go. He may never have said anything else that was foolish (though even in the absence of the instance before us we should still have been forced to admire rather than believe when told that he quite absolutely 'never' did say a foolish thing—witty men are not apt to be so self-controlled), but it was surely a foolish thing that he said, if he said it, of the English climate. Mr. Lowell has, however, we think, fairly matched his royal original in saying what he does of the American winter.

What one influence, let our readers guess, wrought more powerfully than all other influences combined, to inspire the young heroes of our civil war? But our readers will never guess. It was Mr. Emerson. Mr. Lowell says: "To him more than to all other causes together did the young martyrs of our civil war owe the sustaining strength of thoughtful heroism that is so touching in every record of their lives."—*My Study Windows*, p. 382. The author of such a statement as that involuntarily betrays therein how narrow and provincial is the audience to which, by the instinct of habit, he unconsciously appeals. Perhaps one young martyr in fifty of our civil war had heard of Mr. Emerson; one in five hundred may have read his books; one in five thousand possibly was braced by them, directly or indirectly, to "suffer and be strong." Mr. Emerson's influence is no doubt sometimes intensively very great. The reach of his influence, extensively, it is easy to overrate.

We might fairly have added to our heads of indictment against Mr. Lowell's style
trick of repetition, the natural result of l
want of the analytic faculty. In almost
of these essays the reader is bewildered
recurrences of the same thought, often
the same language, until he despairs of l
progress toward any goal. He learns soc
er or later that movement and not progre
is his author's aim. The essay on Emers
is one pure gyration, almost from beginni
to end. We shall not deny that a nice art
tic fitness of treatment to subject might
pleaded in justification of Mr. Lowell he

"Velleity" (a favorite use), "perdurabl
"aliened," "dis-saturate," "oppugnanc
"deboshed," (for "debauched") "speec
fying," "cold-waterish," "tother," "bothe
"grub," (for 'food'), "souse," "bread-a
butter," "liver-complaint," "avant-couri
ed," "link-boy," "stews," (in a bad se
now rare), "huckster-wench," "blabbe
"primitive-forest-cure," "otherwise-mind
ness," "all-out-of-doors," (a literary) "r
and-bone-picker," "what-d'ye-call-'em
"biggest-river-and-tallest-mountain" (rec
for an American poet), "to-do," (for 'ado
"touchy," "transmogrify," "crankines
are specimens of such words and uses
we think, tend greatly to deform the asp
of Mr. Lowell's pages. Moreover,
pages bristle with foreign words and phra
that seem to cry *procul*, *procul* to the ge
ral reader.

We rest, as the lawyers say. In doing
we may be permitted, however, to suffer
Lowell's own example to justify us, as
himself, in the minuteness to which we h
descended in some few of our strictu
We cite, for this purpose, several consecu
criticisms which Mr. Lowell makes in
essay on Pope. It will, we think, in v
of these, be agreed that, however mic
copic at times has been our attention to
Lowell's style, we have not dealt to him
this respect a measure of compliment
fidelity beyond that which he himself
been before us in dealing to others.
the comparative justness of the fidelity
the two cases, we of course leave to
reader to judge. Quoting the familiar o
ing of Pope's Essay on Man, Mr. Lo
says: "To expatiate *o'er* a mighty maz
rather loose writing."—*My Study Windo*
p. 417. Pope's lines are:

> "Expatiate free o'er all this scene of man,
> A mighty maze,—yet not without a plan."

Mr. Lowell, it will thus be seen, goes to
trouble of linking the preposition 'o

ith its remote and appositive, instead of ith its near and immediate object, for the ke of finding 'loose' syntax in Pope. ut even thus is the charge sustained? A maze' is best studied from a point overoking it. And since the invitation is to expatiate' figuratively over a figurative maze,' why not suppose that the excursion on wing instead of on foot? The writing ill not then appear to be very 'loose.'

Again, in immediate connection Mr. Lowll discovers (of all things in the world for Ir. Lowell) a logical fault in Pope's wellnown passage commencing—

Heaven from all creatures hides the book of fate."

he stricture is too long to quote at this late tage in our criticism. We refer our readers the volume. But it well displays that urious scholastic propensity in Mr. Lowell's ind to over-refinement which, being served ather by a faculty of wit than by a faculty f logic in its possessor, exposes him to miskes at times in his serious writing almost s painful as, on the other hand, the lively rns to which it inclines him in his humoous, are amusing. Mr. Lowell, if we undertand him, thinks it illogical for Pope to uppose that a lamb endowed with human eason would be able to foresee its own ture any better than the same lamb is able do without human reason. Most readers, e suspect, will decide that it is not Pope's gic that limps.

Mr. Lowell proceeds: "There is also inccuracy as well as inelegance in saying,

> 'Heaven
> *Who* sees, with equal eye, as God of all,
> A hero perish, or a sparrow fall.'

To the last verse Warburton, desirous of econciling his author with Scripture, apends a note referring to Matthew x., 29: Are not two sparrows sold for one farthing? nd one of them shall not fall to the ground ithout your Father.' It would not have een safe to have referred ['to refer'?] to he thirty-first verse: 'Fear ye not thereore, *ye are of more value* than many sparows.'"

Did anybody ever, we wonder, before Mr. owell, seriously take Pope to mean by his hrase, 'with equal eye,' that Divine Provdence put the same value on a sparrow as n a hero? It seems to us unnecessary ven to revert to the Latin idiom in which ope probably used the word 'equal' here, n order to understand him as simply meanng that Providence neglects neither the ero nor the sparrow, but regards them both with just discrimination. Precisely what inaccuracy, or what inelegance, Mr. Lowell designed to point out in italicising the relative '*Who*,' is to us profoundly mysterious. It is certainly a very frequent usage of writers, perhaps especially of the deistic writers with whom Pope associated, to write 'Heaven' by metonymy for 'God.' The substituted word then receives the relative 'who' as of course. If 'that' had been employed, 'that' would replace 'who,' and not 'which.' 'Who' is every way preferable. But 'which,' in any case, is here inadmissible. We may be stultifying ourselves, however. For we admit that we cannot guess what good reason Mr. Lowell had for implying a mistake in Pope's 'who' here. The *ad hominem* argument, at least, of justification for the minute attention which, in the interest of good literature, we have paid to Mr. Lowell's faults of style will now, we presume, appear to be sufficient.

But we do injustice alike to Mr. Lowell and to ourselves when we thus apply the *argumentum ad hominem* to a case like his. The author's own chivalrous spirit, manifested everywhere throughout his work, can but itself be constantly felt by the appreciative critic as a friendly spur to frank, no less than to respectful, treatment of his subject. And we must claim to have written besides on the prompting of a vital first principle in what may be called the hygiene of literature. Mr. Lowell himself has given the principle a form of expression. The form of expression which he has given it may be liable to criticism, but the principle itself is one that cannot be gainsaid. "Without earnest convictions," is his language, "no great or sound literature is conceivable."—*Among my Books*, p. 7. We believe this profoundly, and we have long been in the habit, with the jealous instincts of an ardent intellectual patriotism, of applying it to the state of our own national literature. With vivid æsthetic convictions of our own, that we do not affect to dissemble, we seek, by the proffer of a criticism sincerely intended to be loyal alike to the general and to the individual interests involved, to contribute our proportion, however small, toward rescuing American literature from the atrophy that threatens it as a result of the growing slackness of such convictions on the part of our authors, and of the consequent far too easy admiration exchanged among them of each other's productions.

But æsthetic convictions alone, however

vivid and however just, entertained by the authors that produce it, are yet far off from being sufficient to continue the life of a literature. In truth, the soundest æsthetic convictions, we believe, possess small vigor for even surviving, themselves, apart from the vivific contact and virtue of supreme moral convictions. The health, the bloom, the splendor of Greek letters, in their long and beautiful youth, is no instance of deviation from the rule. The poets, both epic and tragic, the historians, the philosophers, the orators, of Greece—those masters among them, we mean, whose works remain the æsthetic despair of after-coming literary artists in every race and every age—were perhaps without an exception exemplars, not indeed of a Christian morality, but still of whatever was purest and best in the Greek moral and religious aspiration. Attic taste, whether in art or in literature, was kept to its exquisite tone, through all its undegenerate prime, by the severities of Attic morals and the solemnities of Attic religion.

We, of course, understand that Mr. Lowell himself attributed to the moral element as much literary importance as this, when he declared that earnest convictions were an indispensable condition of a great or even of a sound literature. There is, after all, and Mr. Lowell knows it, no other such inspiration yet found, to any generous human purpose under the sun, as high moral conviction. Of this inspiration Mr. Lowell seems to us to have been born to be the subject. His earlier poetry is full to its bound, sometimes (in the "Present Crisis," for example) almost to overflowing its bound, with the ample breath of it. His later poetry, more capacious to have received the inspiration, is somehow differently inspired. And his prose, while containing, it must gratefully be acknowledged, little obvious implication of which the moral censor can justly complain, is still generally too vacant of that noble afflatus of tense moral conviction which we cannot help feeling was in a high degree natural to his genius, and which alone was able to make the fruit of his genius either great or enduring. Some sinister influence wrought to render that genius no longer continent of the grand inspiration of which it was fitted by nature to be so capacious. Perhaps he listened too long to that great son of Circe, the literary sorcerer, Goethe. We will not say that Goethe has prevailed to change him from the godlike image in which he was created. The upright sky-fronting moral man that God made Mr. Lowell has not fallen prone confounde with the groveling herd of modern idolate of art that graze and ruminate about the smiling German Comus. It is far fro being so abject as this. But remote a proach to the degenerate shape—the sugge tion even of malignant transformation, v note in a man like Mr. Lowell with exqu site pain. It is true that he mingles honest moral revolt with his yielded æsthet adhesion. But we wish that the moral r volt had quite prevented the æsthetic adh sion. The cordial drop of disgust hard flavors the fulsome sea of adulation in passage like the following: "Goethe's poe ic sense was the Minotaur to which he sac ficed everything. To make a study, would soil the maiden petals of a woma soul; to get the delicious sensation of a r flex sorrow, he would wring a heart. *A that saves his egoism from being hateful that, with its immense reaches, it cheats t sense into a feeling of something like sub mity.*"—*Among my Books*, p. 318. So clo on the instinctive moral disdain follows t half-ashamed, overpersuaded, idolatrous, æ thetic submission. It seems strange th Mr. Lowell should not have imputed a vi ation to the principles of taste themselv that found their root in such a monstro morality as Goethe's. And he was just the point too of writing that tonic sentime of his, "character—the only soil in whi real mental power can root itself and fi sustenance." The sentiment was suggest to Mr. Lowell in speaking of Lessing. It w the original and native New England eleme in the American critic that recognized a saluted the manliness of his German autho But it was the subsequent transfused Goeth an element in him that induced his stra of ill-befitting raillery at the elder Lessing pious concern over their son in his youth— concern nevertheless which plainly enou indicates how that son's character, so laud by Mr. Lowell, was born and was bred. F our own part, we feel it as a kind of cruel to be forced to read, in the pages of a ma who was but nobly true to his truer self wh he said that earnest convictions were nece sary to the greatness and the soundness literature, such a sentence as this: 'In es mating Shakespeare, it should never be fo gotten, that, like Goethe, he was essential observer and artist, and *incapable of partisa ship.*"—*Among my Books*, p. 152. We ita cise the last three words, that their true i plication may not escape the reader. Th mean that Shakespeare, in Mr. Lowell

inion, was incapable of taking sides be-
een virtue and vice. This is not said of
akespeare as if it were a ghastly defect in
s character. It is rather said as entirely
mogeneous with the unmixed and unquali-
d eulogy of Shakespeare, which is the
otive and material of the essay. On the
xt page Mr. Lowell holds this language :
* * "the equilibrium of his judgment,
sential to him as an artist, but equally re-
oved from propagandism, whether as en-
usiast or logician, would have unfitted him
the pulpit." That is, Shakespeare's
dgment was so perfect that he had no
arnest convictions'! That is, the rights
good and the rights of evil in the
rld are so nicely balanced that equilib-
m of judgment, when it becomes Shake-
earean, can find no difference in favor of
one or of the other! That is, it was
ne defect of 'judgment' that made Jesus a
ropagandist' of virtue! That is, Paul could
ver have been the apostle that he was, if
had been equal to Shakespeare in 'judg-
nt'! And such superhuman, with no hyper-
le we may say, such supradivine, 'equili-
um of judgment' in Shakespeare, 'es-
ntial to him as an artist,' is no bar to Mr.
well's rating the character above the genius
the man that possessed it!

We have not the heart to insist here upon
prodigious inconsistency between the
ove-quoted expressions of Mr. Lowell and
t nobler sentiment of his respecting the
cessity to good literature of earnest convic-
ns. We are too much occupied with in-
nant literary chagrin and shame, that a
n, native to everything severe and high in
ral inspiration to intellectual achievement,
uld have been so enchanted out of his
thright by the evil charm of the charmer.
speak, in speaking thus, not on behalf of
rals, but on behalf of literature. It is
eed the fact that inconsistencies and self-
tradictions like those which abound in
. Lowell's work are probably traceable at
t to some defective reverence in the author
the sacred rights of truth. Still it is not
be said that Mr. Lowell is immoral, or
t he teaches immorality, in his writings.
t he escapes being immoral, and he es-
es teaching immorality, in his writings, if
paradox will be allowed, by the happy
incerity with which he holds and applies
his own adopted canons of taste. By a fine revenge of the violated truth he does not however thus escape vital harm to the artistic value of his literary work from the infection of false principles in literary art. Nor does he —we must be so far true to ourselves— nor does he, we think, escape exerting such an influence in favor of the Goethean principles of æsthetics as is sure, however remotely, to have also its sequel of moral bale to those younger writers among his countrymen, who look to him as to their master. Alas, alas, say we, that no literary Luther was found betimes, to grapple the beautiful and climbing, yet leaning, spirit of the youthful Lowell as a literary Melancthon, strongly and safely to himself. How much might there not then have been saved to American literature—how much not to a fair, but half-defeated, personal fame! In default of an original and independent endowment of impelling and steadying force in himself, such as a high conscious and determinate moral purpose would have supplied, the friendly attraction of some dominant intellect and conscience near, different from Emerson's, and better suited to Mr. Lowell's individual needs, seems the one thing wanting to have reduced the graceful eccentricities of his movement to an orderly orbit, and to have set him permanently in a sphere of his own, exalted, if not the most exalted, among the stars of the "clear upper sky."

Not prose, however, but verse is Mr. Lowell's true literary vernacular. He writes, as Milton wrote, with his left hand, in writing prose. But whether in prose or in verse, it is still almost solely by genius and acquirement quite apart from the long labor of art, and of course, therefore, apart from the exercised strength and skill of that discipline to art, which is the wages of long labor alone, that he produces his final results. He thus chooses his place in the Valhalla of letters among the many "inheritors of unfulfilled renown." It seems likely at least (but he is yet in his just mellowing prime, and Apollo avert the omen!) that his name is destined to be treasured in the history of American literature chiefly as a gracious tradition of personal character universally dear, of culture only second to the genius which it adorned, of fame constantly greater than the achievements to which it appealed.

## BEFORE THE SHRINE.

'Tis many a year—my poor Marie !—
  The vines were budding on the hill,
Half-builded nests were in the tree,
When, darkling by the darkling sea,
  I found the cottage lone and still.

And memory's sudden-scathing flame
  Lit up, across the length of years,
A bent gray head, a trembling frame,
White lips that cursed the daughter's shame,
  And chid the mother's stolen tears.

No mother's tears were here to chide ;—
  They fell no more for anything :
And she, for whom the mother died—
I had no heart, whate'er betide,
  A curse upon that head to bring.

I left the grapes to grow and fall ;
  The birds to build and fly again.
How could I, 'neath our cottage wall,
Sit safe, and seem to hear her call,
  Unhoused, amid the wind and rain ?

No beggar I : my bread to win
  Along my way from door to door,
I took the sweet old violin,
And played the strains whose merry din
  Would lead her flying feet no more :

But often, when my hand would wake
  A lightsome dance beneath the moon,
Some stranger's look or laugh would make
My heart with sudden memories ache,
  My fingers falter in the tune.

So wandering kindly ways among
  Till Summer's latest breeze had blown,
I reached the hills that overhung
Another land, another tongue
  Than those my quiet life had known.

The melancholy Autumn night
  Crept with me as I journeyed down ;
And feebly, in the failing light,
I strained my hunger-wasted sight
  For glimpse of any neighboring town.

A long, low country, bleak and bare :
  No mark between the sky and ground
Save stunted willows here and there,
And one black mill, that through the air
  Kept turning, turning, without sound.

So silent all, so desolate,
  Death's border-land it seemed to be.
What use—I said—to strive with Fate?
Nay, here will I the end await,
  That still too slowly steals on me.

In mute farewell I cast my eyes
  Along the low horizon-line,
And, glimmering on the twilight skies,
Beheld the slender shaft arise
  That marked the Holy Virgin's shrine.

I staggered to my feet once more:
  For, ever since that day of shame,
Each wayside cross I knelt before,
A mother's mercy to implore
  On one who bore her blessed name.

Oh Virgin-Mother! had the prayer
  That rent my bosom touched thine own?
Prone at thy feet I found her there,
Her fingers locked, her fallen hair
  A shadow black upon the stone.

Within her stiff, unconscious hold,
  Half-hidden, lay a little child:—
*My* child, my own, was still and cold,
But when I raised the mantle's fold
  The helpless babe looked up and smiled.

The darkness dropped about us three,—
  But only two beheld the dawn:
A withered leaf left on the tree,
A bud but in the germ—and she,
  Our link of living Summer, gone!

'Twas long ago, that parting pain:
  And, gazing on her child, I seem
To see my own lost lamb again:
While momently, from heart and brain,
  Remembrance fades as fades a dream.

But in the sick, unquiet night,
  When dying winds cry at the door,
The long gray plain, the leaden light,
Swim dizzily upon my sight,
  And the dead past returns once more.

◆

# BACK-LOG STUDIES.—VII.

## I.

Can you have a back-log in July? That depends upon circumstances. In northern New England it is considered a sign of summer when the housewives fill the fireplaces with branches of mountain laurel and, later, with the feathery stalks of the asparagus. This is often, too, the timid expression of a tender feeling, under Puritanic repression, which has not sufficient vent in the sweet-william and hollyhock at the front door. This is a yearning after beauty and ornamentation which has no other means of gratifying itself.

In the most rigid circumstances, the graceful nature of woman thus discloses itself in these mute expressions of an undeveloped taste. You may never doubt what the common flowers growing along the pathway to the front door mean to the maiden of many summers who tends them:—love and religion, and the weariness of an uneventful life. The sacredness of the Sabbath, the hidden memory of an unrevealed and unrequited affection, the slow years of gathering and wasting sweetness are in the smell of the pink and the sweet-clover. These sentimental plants breathe something of the longing of the maiden who sits in the Sunday evenings of summer on the lonesome front door-stone, singing the hymns of the saints, and perennial as the myrtle that grows thereby.

Yet not always in summer, even with the aid of unrequited love and devotional feeling, is it safe to let the fire go out on the hearth, in our latitude. I remember when the last almost total eclipse of the sun happened in August, what a bone-piercing chill came over the world. Perhaps the imagination had something to do with causing the chill from that temporary hiding of the sun to feel so much more penetrating than that from the coming on of night, which shortly followed. It was impossible not to experience a shudder as of the approach of the judgment day, when the shadows were flung upon the green lawn, and we all stood in the wan light looking unfamiliar to each other. The birds in the trees felt the spell. We could in fancy see those spectral camp-fires which men would build on the earth, if the sun should slow its fires down to about the brilliancy of the moon. It was a great relief to all of us to go into the house, and, before a blazing wood-fire, talk of the end of the world.

In New England it is scarcely ever safe to let the fire go out; it is best to bank it, for it needs but the turn of a weather-vane any hour to sweep the Atlantic rains over u or to bring down the chill of Hudson's Ba There are days when the steamship on t Atlantic glides calmly along under a full ca vas, but its central fires must always be rea to make steam against head-winds and ant gonistic waves. Even in our most smili summer days one needs to have the materia of a cheerful fire at hand. It is only by th readiness for a change that one can preser an equal mind. We are made provide and sagacious by the fickleness of our c mate. We should be another sort of peop if we could have that serene, unclouded tru in nature which the Egyptian has. Th gravity and repose of the Eastern peoples due to the unchanging aspect of the sky an the deliberation and regularity of the gre climatic processes. Our literature, politic religion, show the effect of unsettled weathe But they compare favorably with the Egy tian, for all that.

## II.

You cannot know, the Young Lady wrot with what longing I look back to those wi ter days by the fire; though all the window are open to this May morning, and the brow thrush is singing in the chestnut-tree, and see everywhere that first, delicate flush c spring, which seems too evanescent to b color even, and amounts to little more tha a suffusion of the atmosphere. I doubt, in deed, if the spring is exactly what it used t be, or if, as we get on in years [no one eve speaks of "getting on in years" till she i virtually settled in life], its promises an suggestions do not seem empty in compar ison with the sympathies and responses o human friendship, and the stimulation o society. Sometimes nothing is so tiresom as a perfect day in a perfect season.

I only imperfectly understand this. Th Parson says that woman is always most rest less under the most favorable conditions, an that there is no state in which she is reall happy except that of change. I suppose thi is the truth taught in what has been calle the "Myth of the Garden." Woman is per petual revolution, and is that element in th world which continually destroys and re-cre ates. She is the experimenter and the sug gester of new combinations. She has no be lief in any law of eternal fitness of things She is never even content with any arrange

ent of her own house. The only reason
e Mistress could give, when she re-arranged
r apartment, for hanging a picture in what
emed the most inappropriate place, was
at it never had been there before. Woman
s no respect for tradition, and because a
ing is as it is, is sufficient reason for chang-
g it. When she gets into law, as she has
me into literature, we shall gain some-
ing in the destruction of all our vast and
usty libraries of precedents, which now fet-
r our administration of individual justice.
is Mandeville's opinion that women are
t so sentimental as men, and are not so
sily touched with the unspoken poetry of
ture; being less poetical and having less
agination, they are more fitted for practical
fairs, and would make less failures in busi-
ss. I have noticed the almost selfish pas-
on for their flowers which old gardeners
ve, and their reluctance to part with a leaf
a blossom from their family. They love
e flowers for themselves. A woman raises
wers for their use. She is destruction in a
nservatory. She wants the flowers for her
ver, for the sick, for the poor, for the Lord
Easter day, for the ornamentation of her
use. She delights in the costly pleasure of
crificing them. She never sees a flower
t she has an intense but probably sinless
sire to pick it.

It has been so from the first, though from
e first she has been thwarted by the acci-
ntal superior strength of man. Whatever
e has obtained has been by craft and by
e same coaxing which the sun uses to draw
e blossoms out of the apple-trees. I am
t surprised to learn that she has become
ed of indulgences, and wants some of the
iginal rights. We are just beginning to find
t the extent to which she has been denied
d subjected, and especially her condition
nong the primitive and barbarous races. I
ve never seen it in a platform of grievances,
t it is true that among the Fijians she is
t, unless a better civilization has wrought
change in her behalf, permitted to eat peo-
e, even her own sex, at the feasts of the
en; the dainty enjoyed by the men being
nsidered too good to be wasted on women.
anything wanting to this picture of the de-
adation of woman? By a refinement of
uelty, she receives no benefit whatever from
e missionaries who are sent out by, what to
r must seem a new name for Tantalus, the
merican Board.

I suppose the Young Lady expressed a
arly universal feeling in her regret at the
eaking up of the winter-fireside company.
Society needs a certain seclusion and the sense of security. Spring opens the doors and the windows, and the noise and unrest of the world are let in. Even a winter thaw begets a desire to travel, and summer brings longings innumerable and disturbs the most tranquil souls. Nature is in fact a suggester of uneasiness, a promoter of pilgrimages, and of excursions of the fancy which never come to any satisfactory haven. The summer, in these latitudes, is a campaign of sentiment, and a season for the most part of restlessness and discontent. We grow now in hot-houses roses which in form and color are magnificent, and appear to be full of passion; yet one simple June rose of the open air has for the Young Lady, I doubt not, more sentiment and suggestion of love than a conservatory full of them in January. And this suggestion, leavened as it is with the inconstancy of nature, stimulated by the promises which are so often like the peach-bloom of the Judas tree, unsatisfying by reason of its vague possibilities, differs so essentially from the more limited and attainable and home-like emotion born of quiet intercourse by the winter fireside, that I do not wonder the Young Lady feels as if some spell had been broken by the transition of her life from in-doors to out-doors. Her secret, if secret she has, which I do not at all know, is shared by the birds and the new leaves and the blossoms on the fruit-trees. If we lived elsewhere, in that zone where the poets pretend always to dwell, we might be content, perhaps I should say drugged, by the sweet influences of an unchanging summer; but not living elsewhere, we can understand why the Young Lady probably now looks forward to the hearth-stone as the most assured center of enduring attachment.

If it should ever become the sad duty of this biographer to write of disappointed love, I am sure he would not have any sensational story to tell of the Young Lady. She is one of those women whose unostentatious lives are the chief blessing of humanity; who, with a sigh heard only by herself and no change in her sunny face, would put behind her all the memories of winter evenings and the promises of May mornings, and give her life to some ministration of human kindness, with an assiduity that would make her occupation appear like an election and a first choice. The disappointed man scowls and hates his race and threatens self-destruction, choosing oftener the flowing-bowl than the dagger, and becoming a reeling nuisance in the world. It would be much more manly in him to become the secretary of a Dorcas society.

I suppose it is true that women work for others with less expectation of reward than men, and give themselves to labors of self-sacrifice with much less thought of self. At least this is true unless woman goes into some public performance, where notoriety has its attractions, and mounts some cause to ride it man-fashion, when I think she becomes just as eager for applause and just as willing that self-sacrifice should result in self-elevation as man. For her, usually, are not those unbought "presentations," which are forced upon firemen, philanthropists, legislators, railroad-men, and the superintendents of the moral instruction of the young. These are almost always pleasing and unexpected tributes to worth and modesty, and must be received with satisfaction when the public service rendered has not been with a view to procuring them. We should say that one ought to be most liable to receive a "testimonial," who, being a superintendent of any sort, did not superintend with a view to getting it. But "testimonials" have become so common that a modest man ought really to be afraid to do his simple duty, for fear his motives will be misconstrued. Yet there are instances of very worthy men who have had things publicly presented to them. It is the blessed age of gifts and the reward of private virtue. And the presentations have become so frequent that we wish there were a little more variety in them. There never was much sense in giving a gallant fellow a big speaking-trumpet to carry home to aid him in his intercourse with his family; and the festive ice-pitcher has become a too universal sign of absolute devotion to the public interest. The lack of one will soon be proof that a man is a knave. The legislative cane with the gold head, also, is getting to be recognized as the sign of the immaculate public servant, as the inscription on it testifies, and the steps of suspicion must ere long dog him who does not carry one. The "testimonial" business is in truth a little demoralizing, almost as much so as the "donation;" and the demoralization has extended even to our language, so that a perfectly respectable man is often obliged to see himself "made the recipient of" this and that. It would be much better, if testimonials must be, to give a man a barrel of flour or a keg of oysters, and let him eat himself at once back into the ranks of ordinary men.

III.

We may have a testimonial class in ti
a sort of nobility here in America, made
by popular gift, the members of which
all be able to show some stick or piece
plated ware or massive chain, "of which th
have been the recipients." In time it m
be a distinction not to belong to it, an
may come to be thought more blessed
give than to receive. For it must have be
remarked that it is not always to the clev
est and the most amiable and modest m
that the deputation comes with the inevita
ice-pitcher (and "salver to match"), wh
has in it the magic and subtle quality
making the hour in which it is received
proudest of one's life. There has not be
discovered any method of rewarding all
deserving people and bringing their virt
into the prominence of notoriety. A
indeed, it would be an unreasonable wo
if there had, for its chief charm and swe
ness lie in the excellences in it which
reluctantly disclosed; one of the chief ple
ures of living is in the daily discovery
good traits, nobilities, and kindliness both
those we have long known and in the char
passenger whose way happens for a day
lie with ours. The longer I live the mor
am impressed with the excess of hum
kindness over human hatred, and the grea
willingness to oblige than to disoblige t
one meets at every turn. The selfishness
politics, the jealousy in letters, the bick
ing in art, the bitterness in theology, are
as nothing compared to the sweet chariti
sacrifices, and deferences of private life. T
people are few whom to know intimatel
to dislike. Of course you want to h
somebody, if you can, just to keep y
powers of discrimination bright, and to s
yourself from becoming a mere mush of g
nature; but perhaps it is well to hate so
historical person, who has been dead so l
as to be indifferent to it. It is more c
fortable to hate people we have never se
I cannot but think that Judas Iscariot
been of great service to the world as a s
of buffer for moral indignation, which mi
have made a collision nearer home but
his utilized treachery. I used to know
venerable and most amiable gentleman a
scholar, whose hospitable house was alw
overrun with way-side ministers, agents, a
philanthropists, who loved their fellow-m
better than they loved to work for th
living; and he, I suspect, kept his mo
balance even by indulgence in violent

ost distant dislikes. When I met him asually in the street, his first salutation was kely to be such as this :—"What a liar that lison was! Don't you hate him?" And en would follow specifications of historical veracity enough to make one's blood run old. When he was thus discharged of his atred by such a conductor, I presume he ad not a spark left for those whose mission as partly to live upon him and other generus souls.

Mandeville and I were talking of the unnown people, one rainy night by the fire, hile the Mistress was fitfully and interjeconally playing with the piano keys in an nprovising mood. Mandeville has a good eal of sentiment about him, and without any ffort talks so beautifully sometimes that I onstantly regret I cannot report his lanuage. He has besides that sympathy of resence—I believe it is called magnetism by hose who regard the brain as only a sort of alvanic battery—which makes it a greater leasure to see him think, if I may say so, han to hear some people talk.

It makes one homesick in this world to hink that there are so many rare people he an never know; and so many excellent eople that scarcely any one will know in act. One discovers a friend by chance, nd cannot but feel regret that twenty, or hirty years of life maybe, have been spent ithout the least knowledge of him. When e is once known, through him opening is ade into another little world, into a circle f culture and loving hearts and enthusiasm n a dozen congenial pursuits, and prejudices erhaps. How instantly and easily the bachelor doubles his world when he marries, and nters into the unknown fellowship of the to im continually increasing company which is nown in popular language as "all his wife's elations."

Near at hand daily, no doubt, are those orth knowing intimately, if one had the ime and the opportunity. And when one ravels he sees what a vast material there is or society and friendship, of which he can ever avail himself. Car-load after car-load f summer travel goes by one at any railway tation, out of which he is sure he could hoose a score of life-long friends, if the conductor would introduce him. There are aces of refinement, of quick wit, of sympathetic kindness, interesting people, traveled people, entertaining people, as you would say in Boston "nice people you would admire to know," whom you constantly meet and pass without a sign of recognition, many of whom are no doubt your long-lost brothers and sisters. You can see that they also have their worlds and their interests, and they probably know a great many "nice" people. The matter of personal liking and attachment is a good deal due to the mere fortune of association. More fast friendships and pleasant acquaintanceships are formed on the Atlantic steamships, between those who would have been only indifferent acquaintances elsewhere, than one would think possible on a voyage which naturally makes one as selfish as he is indifferent to his personal appearance. The Atlantic is the only power on earth I know that can make a woman indifferent to her personal appearance.

Mandeville remembers, and I think without detriment to himself, the glimpses he had in the White Mountains once of a young lady of whom his utmost efforts could only give him no further information than her name. Chance sight of her on a passing stage or amid a group on some mountain look-out was all he ever had, and he did not even know certainly whether she was the perfect beauty and the lovely character he thought her. He said he would have known her, however, at a great distance; there was in her form that ravishing mingling of grace and command of which we hear so much, and which turns out to be nearly all command after the "ceremony;" or perhaps it was something in the glance of her eye or the turn of her head, or very likely it was a sweet inherited reserve or hauteur that captivated him, that filled his days with the expectation of seeing her, and made him hasten to the hotel registers in the hope that her name was there recorded. Whatever it was, she interested him as one of the people he would like to know; and it piqued him that there was a life, rich in friendships no doubt, in tastes, in many noblenesses,—one of thousands of such—that must be absolutely nothing to him—nothing but a window into heaven momentarily opened and then closed. I have myself no idea that she was a countess *incognito*, or that she had descended from any greater heights than those where Mandeville saw her, but I have always regretted that she went her way so mysteriously and left no clew, and that we shall wear out the remainder of our days without her society. I have looked for her name, but always in vain, among the attendants at the rights' conventions, in the list of those good Americans presented at court, among those skeleton names that appear as the remains of beauty in the morning journals after a ball to the wandering prince, in the reports of railway collisions and steamboat explosions. No news comes of her. And so imperfect are our means of communication in this world that for anything we know she may have left it long ago, by some private way.

### IV.

The lasting regret that we cannot know more of the bright, sincere and genuine people of the world is increased by the fact that they are all different from each other. Was it not Madame de Sévigné who said she had loved several different women for several different qualities? Every real person—for there are persons as there are fruits that have no distinguishing flavor, mere gooseberries—has a distinct quality, and the finding it is always like the discovery of a new island to the voyager. The physical world we shall exhaust some day, having a written description of every foot of it to which we can turn; but we shall never get the different qualities of people into a biographical dictionary, and the making acquaintance with a human being will never cease to be an exciting experiment. We cannot even classify men so as to aid us much in our estimate of them. The efforts in this direction are ingenious but unsatisfactory. If I hear that a man is lymphatic or nervous-sanguine, I cannot tell therefrom whether I shall like and trust him. He may produce a phrenological chart showing that his knobby head is the home of all the virtues, and that the vicious tendencies are represented by holes in his cranium, and yet I cannot be sure that he will not be as disagreeable as if phrenology had not been invented. I feel sometimes that phrenology is the refuge of mediocrity. Its charts are almost as misleading concerning character as photographs. And photography may be described as the art which enables common-place mediocrity to look like genius. The heavy-jowled man with shallow cerebrum has only to incline his head so that the lying instrument can select a favorable focus, to appear in the picture with the brow of a sage and the chin of a poet. Of all the arts for ministering to human vanity the photographic is the most useful, but it is a poor aid in the revelation of character. You shall learn more of a man's real nature by seeing him walk once up the broad aisle of his church to his pew on Sunday, than by studying his photograph for a month.

No, we do not get any certain standard of men by a chart of their temperaments; it will hardly answer to select a wife by t
color of her hair—though it be by nature
red as a cardinal's hat, she may be no mo
constant than if it were dyed. The farm
who shuns all the lymphatic beauties in
neighborhood and selects to wife the mo
nervous-sanguine, may find that she is u
willing to get up in the winter mornings a
make the kitchen fire. Many a man, ev
in this scientific age which professes to lab
us all, has been cruelly deceived in this wa
Neither the blondes nor the brunettes a
according to the advertisement of their te
peraments. The truth is that men refuse
come under the classifications of the pseud
scientists, and all our new nomenclatures
not add much to our knowledge. You kno
what to expect—if the comparison will
pardoned—of a horse with certain point
but you wouldn't dare go on a journey wi
a man merely upon the strength of knowi
that his temperament was the proper mixtu
of the sanguine and the phlegmatic. Scien
is not able to teach us concerning men as
teaches us of horses, though I am very far fro
saying that there are not traits of noblene
and of meanness, that run through famili
and can be calculated to appear in individua
with absolute certainty; one family will
trusty and another tricky all through
members for generations; noble strains an
ignoble strains are perpetuated. When w
hear that she has eloped with the stable-bo
and married him, we are apt to remark—
"Well, she was a Bogardus." And whe
we read that she has gone on a mission an
has died, distinguishing herself by son
extraordinary devotion to the heathen
Ujiji, we think it sufficient to say, "Yes, h
mother married into the Smiths." But th
knowledge comes of our experience
special families, and stands us in stead n
further.

If we cannot classify men scientifically an
reduce them under a kind of botanical orde
as if they had a calculable vegetable deve
opment, neither can we gain much know
edge of them by comparison. It does n
help me at all in my estimate of their cha
acters to compare Mandeville with th
Young Lady, or Our Next Door with th
Parson. The wise man does not perm
himself to set up even in his own mind ar
comparison of his friends. His friendship
capable of going to extremes with mar
people, evoked as it is by many qualitie
When Mandeville goes into my garden i
June I can usually find him in a particula
bed of strawberries, but he does not speak di

spectfully of the others. When nature, says andeville, consents to put herself into any rt of strawberry, I have no criticisms to make, am only glad that I have been created into e same world with such a delicious manistation of the divine favor. If I left Maneville alone in the garden long enough, I ave no doubt he would impartially make an d of the fruit of all the beds, for his capaty in this direction is as all-embracing as it in the matter of friendships. The Young ady has also her favorite patch of berries. nd the Parson, I am sorry to say, prefers have them picked for him—the elect of e garden—and served in an orthodox anner. The strawberry has a sort of oetical precedence, and I presume that no uit is jealous of it any more than any ower is jealous of the rose; but I remark e facility with which liking for it is transrred to the raspberry, and from the rasperry (not to make a tedious enumeration) the melon, and from the melon to the rape, and the grape to the pear, and the ear to the apple. And we do not mar our njoyment of each by comparisons.

Of course it would be a dull world if we ould not criticise our friends, but the most nprofitable and unsatisfactory criticism is at by comparison. Criticism is not ecessarily uncharitableness, but a wholeme exercise of our powers of analysis and scrimination. It is, however, a very idle ercise, leading to no results when we set e qualities of one over against the qualities another, and disparage by contrast and ot by independent judgment. And this ethod of procedure creates jealousies and eart-burnings innumerable.

Criticism by comparison is the refuge of capables, and especially is this true in erature. It is a lazy way of disposing of young poet to bluntly declare, without any rt of discrimination of his defects or exllencies, that he equals Tennyson, and at Scott never wrote anything finer. What the justice of damning a meritorious velist by comparing him with Dickens, d smothering him with thoughtless and od-natured eulogy? The poet and the velist may be well enough, and probably ve qualities and gifts of their own, which e worth the critic's attention if he has any ne to bestow on them; and it is certainly just to subject them to a comparison with mebody else, merely because the critic will t take the trouble to ascertain what they e. If indeed the poet and novelist are ere imitators of a model and copyists of a style, they may be dismissed with such commendation as we bestow upon the machines who pass their lives in making bad copies of the pictures of the great painters. But the critics of whom we speak do not intend depreciation but eulogy, when they say that the author they have in hand has the wit of Sidney Smith and the brilliancy of Macaulay. Probably he is not like either of them, and may have a genuine though modest virtue of his own; but these names will certainly kill him, and he will never be anybody in the popular estimation. The public finds out speedily that he is not Sidney Smith, and it resents the extravagant claim for him as if he were an impudent pretender. How many authors of fair ability to interest the world have we known in our own day who have been thus sky-rocketed into notoriety by the lazy indiscrimination of the critic-by-comparison, and then have sunk into a popular contempt as undeserved! I never see a young aspirant injudiciously compared to a great and resplendent name in literature, but I feel like saying, My poor fellow, your days are few and full of trouble, you begin life handicapped and you cannot possibly run a creditable race.

I think this sort of critical eulogy is more damaging even than that which kills by a different assumption, and one which is equally common, namely, that the author has not done what he probably never intended to do. It is well known that most of the trouble in life comes from our inability to compel other people to do what we think they ought, and it is true in criticism that we are unwilling to take a book for what it is, and credit the author with that. When the solemn critic, like a mastiff with a ladies' bonnet in his mouth, gets hold of a light piece of verse, or a graceful sketch which catches the humor of an hour for the entertainment of an hour, he tears it into a thousand shreds. It adds nothing to human knowledge, it solves none of the problems of life, it touches none of the questions of social science, it is not a philosophical treatise, and it is not a dozen things that it might have been. The critic cannot forgive the author for this disrespect to him. This isn't a rose, says the critic, taking up a pansy and rending it, it is not at all like a rose, and the author is either a pretentious idiot or an idiotic pretender. What business, indeed, has the author to send the critic a bunch of sweet-peas, when he knows that a cabbage would be preferred, something not showy but useful?

A good deal of this is what Mandeville said, and I am not sure that it is devoid of personal feeling. He published some years ago a little volume giving an account of a trip through the Great West, and a very entertaining book it was. But one of the heavy critics got hold of it and made Mandeville appear, even to himself, he confessed, like an ass, because there was nothing in the volume about geology or mining prospects, and very little to instruct the student of physical geography. With alternate sarcasm and ridicule he literally basted the author, till Mandeville said that he felt almost like a depraved scoundrel, and thought he should be held up to less execration if he had committed a neat and scientific murder.

But I confess that I have a good deal sympathy with the critics. Consider wh these public tasters have to endure! No of us, I fancy, would like to be compelled read all that they read, or to take into o mouths, even with the privilege of speedi ejecting it with a grimace, all that they si The critics of the vintage, who pursue the calling in the dark vaults and amid moul casks, give their opinion for the most pa only upon wine, upon juice that has mature and ripened into the development of qualit But what crude, unstrained, unfermente even raw and drugged liquor must the lite ary taster put to his unwilling lips day aft day!

## WOMAN AS A SMUGGLER, AND WOMAN AS A DETECTIVE.

As a love of bargains is supposed to be characteristic of woman, it is not to be wondered at that she, more than her traveling *confrère*, man, is fretted by the high tariff which is so serious a drawback to her foreign economies; or that, owing to the shrewdness of the sex, their natural aversion to being outwitted, and the convenience of their dress, smuggling among women has become one of the accomplishments of travel.

To follow the fashions of a people so utterly unlike ourselves as the French seems weak indeed; nevertheless, such is the perfection of Parisian manufactures that the American woman who has money will have Parisian goods.

Bridal *trousseaux* are now brought from Paris at a less cost, even when the duties are paid, than what they can possibly be provided for here; while the money saved in supplies for one family, in the gay season of the watering-place or city, amply covers all expenses, even if the purchases are fairly "returned" and valued.

What a triumph, then, to a shrewd woman, when by preferment, influence, or stratagem a complete Parisian outfit finds its way from Paris to Fifth Avenue without a single tax or levy!

As it is, nearly every *modiste* conducting business on the parlor floor of her hired house either goes or sends abroad every summer; and one can easily conjecture that, with private buyers, small dealers, fashionable *modistes*, and steerage travelers, "searching passengers" is a work of no little importance and delicacy.

The generous deference always yielded women gave them a sort of tacit protecti long after the government knew that ma valuables came into the country concealed the drapery of feminine attire.

Nothing official, however, was suggest as a plan of defeat, until, in the month June, 1861, after great deliberation betwe the Department at Washington and the C lector of the Port, four lady-examiners we appointed and designated as "Special Ai to the Revenue Service," with a remune tion of five hundred dollars a year. T plan was at once found efficacious, and, t duties having become more or less absorbi and important, the pay was soon increas to a *per diem* salary of two dollars and fi cents; and on the first of January, 1867, t more "special aids" were appointed, maki six in all, and the official name was th changed to that of "Inspectress."

As a further stimulant to a vigilance whi the government acknowledged to be of t highest importance, it was arranged that t Inspectress should receive, in addition to h *per-diem* pay, one quarter of the apprais value of every seizure she made.

At present, two of these female offici are stationed at Jersey City and Hobok for the Cunard, Bremen, Hamburg, a White Star lines. Two remain at pi forty-five and fifty, for the convenience of t French and Inman lines; one at piers for six and forty-seven, for the Williams a Guion and the National Steamers; and one the Barge Office for independent steamers a the very frequent service of Castle Garde

There are seven lines of steamers besides e French and those of the Cunard line, pon which duties are required of the lady xaminers. Of these, the French and Cuard steamers, generally speaking, fetch and arry the *élite* of the traveling world. Invads, however, often choose the steamers of e Williams and Guion line, as the family ccommodations are excellent, and the stateooms, which are off from the upper dining loon, are light and commodious.

The National, the Glasgow, the German, e White Star, the Williams and Guion, and l of the Cunard steamers, except the cotia and the Russia, accommodate steerge travelers. During the press of summer avel, however, from July to September, ere are certain steamers of several lines at carry only cabin passengers; and at ese times extra steamers are run every eek by the Cunard line, as long as travel arrants.

It may be interesting here to state, that e steamers of the Inman line bring from six eleven hundred passengers at a trip; the lasgow less, the Williams and Guion less, e German from three to seven hundred, hile the National often numbers on her ssenger list as many as fourteen hundred rsons.

Since the war in France, very respectable ople of the upper classes in that country e found among the steerage passengers. ey prefer their money to the extra comrt procured by state-room accommodans. It often happens, too, that, once *en yage*, they are able to obtain the room of e of the lower officers, and having their tle stock of coffee, tea, potted meats, and scuit, they maintain themselves comfortly, and enjoy tolerable seclusion.

As soon as a steamer is telegraphed from ndy Hook the Inspectresses concerned e notified, and officers are detailed by the perintendent of the Inspector's force at the rge office, to examine the baggage of the ssengers. The steamer, having stopped a fficient time at quarantine to receive a it from the doctor, proceeds up the bay; e Cunard steamers, and those of the White r and the Bremen and Hamburg lines, ing to their docks at Jersey City, while arly all the others drop anchor just abreast the Battery in the North river. The bagge of the cabin passengers is removed fore anything else, and placed in rows on e dock belonging to the vessel in quesn.

The passengers, being subsequently landed by a small steamer, form in line, and present their "declarations," which in blank form have been provided previously by the purser of the steamer.

In these declarations they specify the contents of their trunks and boxes, generally designating it as "wearing apparel, etc."

Appended to this printed "Passengers' baggage declaration" is a notice specifying what is and what is not dutiable, with the condition on which baggage will be detained or confiscated; and this paper, being rendered into French, English, and Spanish, is intended to leave no loop-hole of escape. The declaration, proper, is prepared in the form of an oath, it being left discretionary with the revenue officer to strictly administer it.

The baggage declaration having been presented to the deputy surveyor in charge, he details an officer to examine the trunks, and if he finds anything dutiable, such as silks, or any fabrics in the piece, these are carried to the office on the dock, which, for the time being, becomes a Custom House. If a passenger denies having anything dutiable, the goods, if discovered, are confiscated. If, however, the traveler does not deny having taxable property, and the examiner can discover the secret, duties can be exacted, but under no circumstances can the goods be seized. This rule applies, also, to personal examination by the Inspectress.

The Custom House proper includes the Collector's office, the Naval office, the Surveyor's, and the Appraiser's office; and therefore to legalize a Custom House *pro tem.* upon the dock, an entry clerk from the Collector's office, a Naval office clerk, and an Appraiser from head-quarters are with the Deputy surveyor on the dock.

The Appraiser's duty is to determine the specific quality and value of all dutiable articles found in the trunks; the Collector's entry clerk makes up the duties, and the Naval officer certifies the entry clerk's figures —a proceeding that reminds the uninitiated of the three boys who ran away on Sunday to go fishing, and only "Jim" got whipped, because the rest "helped Jim."

The entry clerk is the only official who is allowed to receive duties on the dock. On his return to the Custom House proper he makes up a regular entry, in the same form as the business importer, and pays the duties received thereon into the office of the cashier.

The steerage passengers on some of the lines are landed on the dock, their baggage deposited there also, and officers detailed for the examination, in the same manner as that of the cabin passengers. After their "trunks," which are generally nondescript affairs of domestic make, have been "passed," these passengers are transferred, with their luggage, to a large barge in the service of the steamer, and taken to Castle Garden. For them, as also for the cabin passengers, an Inspectress remains on the dock, and near by has a room provided for the convenience of searching female passengers, as not a steamer arrives but that in her office, as well as in that on the other end of the dock, provided for the examination of men, it is found necessary to subject many to this sharp surveillance.

That the government is none too severe, is amply shown by the often amusing, but frequently very disagreeable experience of the official Inspectress. Her business demands keenness of sight, a certain intuitive knowledge of human nature, and a quiet courage underlying great civility of speech. It is a well-attested fact in the mental history of woman, that she who carries a dangerous secret steps with greatest consciousness; and hence it often happens that the studied caution of the female smuggler leads to her sure betrayal.

As for the nationality of female smugglers, German women are the most frequent breakers of the law. They even smuggle articles and fabrics that are worthless, and in the most ludicrous ways try to evade their tariff duties. Nevertheless, when discovered, they stolidly resign their confiscated treasures, and are by no means as mortified at having been caught smuggling as they are hurt by their financial losses.

Frenchwomen, on the contrary, are often overwhelmed with shame, and if they ever beg for their forfeited riches, pledge them all as *gages d'amour.* The Swedish woman cannot be made to see why her articles are *never* to be restored, but as she is no adept at smuggling, her experience is scarcely worth recounting. The Irish, however, quarrel bitterly in giving up their smugglings, and think the act of confiscation is nothing short of robbery. They neither yield their persons nor their hidden treasures until actually forced to do so.

But all these plain-spoken people are easy to get along with, compared to the American or English woman, who, by counterfeiting ill-health, excessive obesity, or a dashing extreme of *tournure*, *chignon*, etc., and by a haughty mien, attempts to deceive and overwhelm the modest Inspectress.

Not long since, from off one of the Inma
steamers, there came a magnificent gra
haired Cuban lady. Her patrician air wa
charming, her dress was faultless, and, if sh
had been a trifle less unnaturally rotund, sh
might have passed without suspicion. Sh
was invited into the office of the Inspectres
and an official diagnosis made of her cond
tion. She was found suffering from four *poi*
*Aguille* shawls, two *point appliqué* sacque
and a *rotonde*, or round mantle of Chantil
lace of great value. Nor was this all. Fe
tooned upon her hoop-skirts were seven hu
dred yards of narrow lace which careful han
passed days in untangling. In the plaits
her dress were pinned collars of an exceptio
al quality of point lace, which took no mo
room, when rolled, and pinned against t
seams, than a cocoon does against a leaf.

One will see that the success of the la
examiner is obtained only by the quicken
senses that come from cultivation; and in
department of our civil government co
more harm result from the rotary system
our service.

Women are frequently smugglers of fi
laces, but rarely of jewels. On the *Ita*
however, some valuable jewels were recen
seized, having been found quilted into
underskirt. A quiet-looking *frau*, recen
landed from Bremen, had a double-quil
petticoat filled with Shetland shawls, caps, a
stockings. Another on the *Westphalia* ha
quantity of the finest silk bindings, two va
able watches, two silk dress patterns, t
dozen silver spoons, a dozen silver forks, a
eight pieces of silk galloon quilted int
skirt of serge. A companion on the sa
steamer had seventy-three bundles of s
ing-silk and twenty-nine pairs of kid glo
secreted on her person;—scarcely conceal
however, as the foolish *Fräulein* had t
strong cords about her hips, and the sm
gled articles were suspended in such a w
that she was scarcely able to reach the do

The muff is a very ordinary cover
smuggled laces. An Englishwoman, rec
ly landing from one of the Inman steam
had the cotton removed from her muff,
its place filled with valuable laces.
muff was strapped to her person, wher
stood for *embonpoint.*

In one petticoat of this lady were fo
gloves in quantity; in the facings of
dress, cigars; and in the voluminous gat
of a second petticoat were Meerschaum pi
in sections.

A Frenchwoman, extravagantly dres
and moving about suspiciously, was inv

nto the room of the Inspectress recently. Ier. petticoat proved to be nine yards of su- erior black velvet, one selvedge being athered into a waist-band, which also held a ress pattern of Ponson silk. The facing of e velvet petticoat, which was put on with the icest care, was well padded with Chantilly ces, cunningly run together ; and the ruffle n the bottom of this imperial under-gar- ent consisted of five rows of rich Chantilly ouncing, caught together, quite likely, in e hope that it would be taken for one piece. n immense seizure of English open-faced atches has recently been made, upon the erson of a well-appearing American woman, ho had them neatly incased in the tucks of heavy flannel petticoat.

Sometimes the German women seek to ade the tariff dues in the most awkward anner ; as, witness the stupidity of hanging ne watch-chains about one's neck, with a luable watch at the end of each chain. rau Stumpf said she had been told that atches were worn by the passengers, and e officers did not take them.

A desperate-looking woman, coming on e of the English steamers lately, on being amined exhibited an amusing spectacle, th a silver cake-basket lashed to each hip, d two huge dress patterns festooned as filling," there and thereabouts. On being amined, this woman, in terrible rage, drew knife on the Inspectress.

Some of the smuggling expedients are, of urse, extremely amusing. A *spirituelle* tle Frenchwoman had on her husband's red nnel drawers, and these were tied in puffs, re and there.

On being "unpacked," there came forth a hemian glass toilet set, two dozen salt- llars, three dozen silver spoons, three zen silver forks, several little articles of *outerie* in bronze and crystal, and some e Swiss wood-carvings ; all of which were t up in the softest tissue-paper and paper- avings, that they might not strike against ch other. When the little body was un- ded, no one laughed more heartily than e.

Neither good looks, gray hairs, nor natu- complexions form criterions by which to lge of the honesty of steamer travelers, wadays. Not long since a lady, arriving one of the favorite French steamers, was served to bring a small box from the amer to the dock. From this she took a vet sacque, putting in its place an ordi- ry-looking Paisley shawl, which was evident- worn, and which she had at first thrown about her shoulders. Her trunks were examined, but nothing dutiable was discovered. After the officers had finished their duties, the lady traveler returned her sacque to the box, and again put on her shawl. She was then requested to show the sacque, which proved to be a costly and elegant Paris-made garment, having the "ticket" still appended to the lining. The lady was then invited into the office of the Inspectress, and on her person were found laces of great value sewed into the artificial rotundities of her figure, not to mention a silk dress pattern as drapery *en panier*. Inside of the very ordinary Paisley shawl, so carelessly thrown about her shoulders, was found an India shawl of a quality so uncommonly fine that it would have escaped the vigilance of anybody but one woman put upon the track of another.

Since the great demand for false hair, not a few attempts have been made by German women to smuggle the precious commodity into this land of braids and frizzes—quilting lengthwise among the paddings of their Bohemian stuff petticoats switches and curls in quantities. In addition to a valuable smuggle of these, a ponderous *Frau*, on the *Allemania* one day, exhibited to the Inspectress, after much skirmishing, four dozen silver forks and as many spoons, a quantity of zephyr wool, and five silk dress patterns stowed away in the voluminous breadths of a Bohemian petticoat.

Indeed, the petticoat is the German woman's favorite depository. It is at all times a thick, unwieldy stuff garment ; patch after patch is added to it, till it becomes a piece of ugly mosaic-work. The cunning *Fraus* know how to utilize its peculiarities, and many a time, in ripping up the corner of a most irregular, practical-looking patch, it is found to be a cover for sewing-silks, gloves, laces, and even silver ware.

That the work of examining women smugglers and defeating their purposes by confiscation is successfully carried on, nobody doubts. Of those who, by means of favor at court, receive their Parisian novelties with no acknowledgment to the tariff, nothing being known, nothing can be said. That it is done is, perhaps, probable ; yet that there are those who do their duty, unconstrained, may be inferred from the fact that forty-one thousand and thirteen dollars and ninety-one cents were collected, during 1871, upon passengers' baggage duly examined.

There was a time in the history of female smuggling when not one, but many of the lady passengers would be found too ill to leave the steamer when she first touched dock. By this subterfuge, many a treasure found its way to shore without a levied duty, as the time selected for making little *sorties* was when the Inspectors had finished examining baggage, and there were no keen-eyed "Special Aids" about.

By the help of a trifling *douceur* here and there the gentle invalid would find her way to the gates, and little or no notice would be taken of her departure, "be the same more or less."

Nowadays, however, the Government never leaves a steamer unguarded. On her first arrival in port, the two officers who are to discharge her cargo are placed aboard; these remain until sundown, when the Night Inspectors, formerly called Night Watchmen, take charge of the steamer, one being placed on the vessel, and the other on the dock near by.

These are relieved at midnight by two others, and they, in turn, are relieved at sunrise by the two discharging Inspectors. This surveillance is maintained until the steamer casts off her lines and swings out into the stream.

Upon the slightest suspicion of irregularity the government searches a steamer, when the Deputy Surveyor and as many Inspectors as he chooses to have detailed for the service faithfully explore every nook and crevice of the suspected vessel. Smuggling upon the person, however, is the kind that requires the greatest vigilance; and if the dress of woman becomes much more intricate, or if her desires for foreign finery increase, the Government will have to open a school for the regular training of detectives.

The keenest senses are not a bit too keen for this service, nor is the most unflinching courage too severe; and these, even, are sometimes put to the test, as in a late instance where a man, disguised as a woman, caused the Inspectress to shrink from her duty, and dared the appealed-to officer to do his. But courage conquered bravado and exposed the crime. The individual in question was a heavy smuggler of diamonds, pearls, and emeralds, and under various disguises had successfully defied the government for a long time.

Such cases are, of course, exceptional and for ordinary female smuggling the present system of examination by Inspectresses seems to be sufficient. The details ru smoothly; the position is filled with faithfulness and good-nature; and the plan ha been the means of saving large sums o money to the country. Great credit, meantime, is due to the Government officers o 1861, who assumed the responsibility of establishing this, now one of the most important branches of the Revenue Service.

## THE LAW OF THE HEART AND THE LAW OF THE STREET.

We hear a great deal nowadays about "laws." Not so much about the laws of Congress, for those everybody understands that cares to, except the men that make them; but rather about a different kind of law, that no one seems to understand exactly, and that every one seems, therefore, at liberty to talk about at all times and on all occasions. Subjects that are not generally understood are always excellent topics of conversation; they give the speaker a fine opportunity to retain the lead, they almost always insure him against contradiction, and they enable him, on a very small stock of knowledge, if his self-reliance be only sufficient, to acquire a great reputation for learning, brilliancy, and above all, profundity. Profundity is a great thing nowadays. "Our age is *so* shallow!"

The fact that so little is known about "laws," is, no doubt, the principal reason why so much is said about them. But there is another reason, which may after all be quite a weighty. And that is, that "laws" explai everything. Our age—or should we say ou youth?—is essentially an age of inquiry, and it inquiry is most commonly directed to cause Like Trevellyn's thirty thousand Cornishme we are forever wanting "to know the reaso why?" And here it is that the "laws" com so conveniently to the aid of all learned or cles, when they are appealed to with vulga persistency. "It is a law of nature, sir! Who would dare to press an inquiry after that Every other address or lecture begins: "It one of the immutable laws of science, that— etc. The laws of speech are in everybody mouth; the laws of compensation in ever body's pocket; the laws of political econon cut down your wages and take the bread o of your mouth; the laws of trade explain yo paying double prices, and the laws of deve opment are rudely thrust in the face of eve man of more than ordinary homeliness. In fact, politely speaking, laws have grown to be a bore.

Yet it would be foolish to deny that the age is right in asking "the reason why." It is only wrong in allowing itself to be satisfied with a vague reference to "laws" as an answer to its inquiry; to be silenced with an explanation that does not really explain anything. Laws are, no doubt, excellent things; but they explain absolutely nothing. Indeed, if there is any one thing that needs explanation more than another, it is just precisely the "laws" themselves. You ask, for example, why people meeting in Broadway or the Avenue always pass to the right. Some sententious fellow quickly answers: It is the law of the street. You feel that you would make yourself ridiculous if you asked: Why is that the law? and of course you remain silent. But you nevertheless know that your question has not been answered; that you will have to ask again at the earliest opportunity. You remember a great many people that have asked you the same question, but you don't remember any one that could tell. Let *us* try.

Man is the only animal that walks erect. His upright posture tends to flatten and widen his chest, and compels him to carry his heart less near to the center of his trunk than other animals do; compels him to carry his heart emphatically on one side of his body. Moralists tell us that man is the only animal capable of distinguishing right from wrong. Physiologists tell us that he is the only animal that can distinguish right from left. Both faculties are frequently attributed to his heart. The moral faculty we will not discuss. But that the physical faculty of distinguishing between right and left is due to the position of the heart, does not admit of a moment's doubt.

The heart of man is not only emphatically more on one side of the body than the heart of any other animal, but it is also larger in proportion to his size and nearer to the surface. The size gives to the heart increased importance, while its position so near the surface renders it peculiarly liable to injury by violence, and to suffering from exposure. Hence the instinctive consciousness of the necessity to protect the heart. Against cold as against violence, the best, nay, in a state of absolute savagery, the *only* protection of the heart is the left arm, pressed against it for warmth, or held before it for protection. Hence among savages, or men in a state of barbarism, where clothing is deficient, and fighting abundant, the left arm of the men will be used passively, for protection; the right arm actively, for offense or defence. Here is evidently a difference, due to the position of the heart.

In the lungs of a man a great fire is constantly burning, and at that fire man's blood is constantly warming itself. It goes from there in a great warm stream to the heart, which becomes consequently the warmest part of the body near to the surface. Thence follows that the warmest part of the surface of the body is that near to the region of the heart, and to this again is due the mother's instinctive impulse to protect her young from the cold by pressing it to the heart, and holding it there. Thus among females in a savage state the left arm is used principally, or largely, in pressing the young to their heart, or, as we should say of matrons in a more civilized condition of society, in holding the baby, while the right arm is used for all other purposes.

It is thus evident that in a savage state man inherits from both father and mother the tendency to employ the left arm more passively, the right arm more actively; and this inherited tendency is further developed by the same habits, until gradually unequal, or at least different use, leads to unequal or different development of the two arms and hands, the more active use of the right arm especially giving it greater strength and making it more obedient to control.

Man in a savage state lives in constant warfare. Every stranger is an enemy—to be attacked, if necessary; to be guarded against under all circumstances. When two strangers meet near enough to be obliged to pass one another, instinct teaches them to expose to one another's attack the side best suited to defence, and to keep free for untrammeled use the side, the arm, best suited for offense. The left side, though originally least suited to defence, owing to the exposed position of the heart, has, through that original weakness, acquired the faculty for defence most strongly. In utter savagery the bare left arm will be instinctively relied on for defence; in the first steps of progress in civilization the bare arm will be artificially protected; it will carry a shield, first for its own protection, and next, by gradual improvement and enlargement, for the protection of the entire body. It is evident that hostile or unknown savages, on passing one another, will each seek to present his left side, the side of defence, to his opponent—in other words, *will pass to the right.* And in this way has arisen, and has existed for untold thousands of years, what we to-day call the "law of the street," but which, as we have shown, could with equal justice be called the "law of the heart," to wit: the practice of passing to the right.

When, therefore, our *jeunesse dorée*, in walking up Broadway near noon, in all the glory of glossy hats and *Jouvin* kids, with cane in hand and bud in button-hole, pass to the right as they lift their beavers and smile their *devoirs* to their fair lady friends, they may think, if they think at all, that it is a law of our highly advanced refinement and civilization which dictates to them what side to take. Whereas, alas! they are only unconsciously aping the warlike tricks of their grinning forefathers of the Kjoekkenmoedding, or the Mississippi mounds, in whose hands the cane was a club, who for a rose-bud wore a bunch of his enemies' teeth, whose smiled "good-afternoon" was a terrific war-whoop, and who passed to the right ten thousands of years ago, simply because he knew his left arm was best to parry with, and his right arm strongest to slay.

So deeply are what we think the refinements of our civilization rooted in the depths of barbarism! So thoroughly are the habits and practices of our daily life, in their most trivial-seeming details, the inevitable outgrowths of our physical structure! Yet are we forever seeking to rule and regulate, by law and statute, a thousand practices and habits, the meaning, the origin of which we do not even take the trouble to investigate!

We leave to our lady-readers the task of following out in detail the effect of the position of the heart upon our social laws and habits. To them we abandon the inquiry into the special curative virtues of what old Dr. Bock calls the "*left* sock of matron or maid." They may suggest "the reason why" "to wives and brides *left* arm is given," together with many other similar mysteries, concerning which we have no knowledge. We, for our part, will only pursue the law of the street into one of its seeming contradictions, which has perhaps already occurred to some of our readers.

In his progress from the Kjoekkenmoedding to Fifth Avenue, man, at some period of his career, annexed the horse to his domain. This noble animal at once became an inestimable auxiliary in progressive man's chief occupation: fighting. But as all men find, when they take to themselves auxiliaries, so savage man found that he had to change his style of fighting. Fighting on horseback was impossible without weapons of considerable size and reach. To strike or pierce an enemy by means of a long club or spear was impossible on horseback, unless the enemy was at the horseman's right. To strike an opponent who was at the left of the horse, involved the necessity of striking across the horse and across one's own body, materially diminishing the force of the blow and the reach of the weapon. For the horseman to use his horse and his weapons to advantage, it was necessary that his antagonist should be on his right; in other words, that he, the rider, should pass to the left. Out of this circumstance grew the practice of mounted warriors always passing to the left of one another. The mounted warrior was in ancient times the only rider, horses never being ridden for any other purpose. But, as gradually men of peace, wealthy priests, clerks, and other civilians learned the use of horseback riding as a convenient mode of traveling, they, of course, took the practice of the road as they found it made by the men of war, and invariably passed to the left. And when, at last, here and there a carriage was substituted for the saddle-horse, the horses in the vehicle naturally followed the rule of horses out of vehicles, and likewise passed to the left; and thus grew up the seeming anomaly in the law of the road, that pedestrians pass to the right, and mounted men and vehicles pass to the left.

In most countries of Europe the latter practice still prevails, horsemen and carriages invariably passing to the left; and although we have changed the practice, as we shall see, yet we retain a reminiscence of it in the elementary rule of horsemanship: to hold the reins in the left, even if you have no use for your right. We see it, too, in the side-saddle, which, leaving the right side of the lady's palfrey free, enabled it to press close against the warrior's charger, and thus keep the lady covered by her protector's shield and his own mailed body.

The process by which the law of the road, as distinguished from the law of the street, underwent the change in this country, and reverted to the habit and practice of pedestrians: to pass to the right, is interesting, both in itself, and as an illustration of the nature of the changes that laws are constantly undergoing of themselves, as it were, by changed habits in the people that practice them.

It is well-known, though often forgotten, that the horse is not indigenous to America. Although the Spanish settlers in Central and South America found the horse, as often happens with auxiliaries, to be "the better half of man," so far as conquest was concerned, and therefore attached great value to it, and brought large numbers into the country; yet the original settlers in our part of the contint, not being mainly of the warrior class, d indeed occupied with other and far dif-ent kinds of conquest, brought but few rses here, and employed these almost ex-isively in tilling their fields. Hence it was t until many years after the arrival of iginal settlers, that the use of horses for y other purpose but that of plowing be-me possible; and by that time the sense the old English road-law had become lost, d, indeed, its very existence almost forgotten. When, therefore, horses came to be more frequently seen upon the highways and in the streets of towns and villages, they naturally were made to follow the same rule as that applying to men, the latter never having changed or been forgotten, owing to its being a simple, inevitable outgrowth of our physical structure, and owing to the further fact, that, though *animam mutant*, we yet, in "running across the sea," have not changed the position of our hearts.

## TOPICS OF THE TIME.

### The Christian Sabbath in Great Cities.

OF the importance of the observance of the Sabbath, the vital economy of the American people, there is longer any doubt. With all the periodical rest it ings us, we still find ourselves overworked; and the ecks of paralysis are strewn around us on every hand. ithout it, we should find ourselves despoiled of our ost efficient and reliable safeguard in the dangers iich beset the paths of business enterprise. As a itter of economy, therefore—as a conservative of alth and life and the power to work—the Sabbath, served strictly as a day of rest from secular labor, of the utmost importance. We cannot afford to-y, and we shall never be able to afford, to give it up labor, either in city or country. Experience has ttled this point, and yielded upon every hand its stimonies to the wisdom of the divine institution. s a measure of social, moral, and physical health—as measure of industrial economy—the ordination of a y of periodical rest like that which the Sabbath ings us would come legitimately within the scope of gislation. If we had no Sabbath, it would be the ity of the State to ordain one; and as we have it, is equally the duty of the State to protect it, and nfirm to the people the material and vital benefits hich it is so well calculated to secure.

There are certain other facts connected with the ob-rvance of the Sabbath in America which are quite well established as the one to which we have alluded, e most prominent of which is, that the high mo-lity and spirituality of any community depends uni-rmly on its observance of the Sabbath. We do not elieve there is a deeply religious community in merica, of any name, that does not observe one day seven as a day specially devoted to religion. The rnest Christian or Jewish workers everywhere are abbath-keepers, in their separate ways and days. It very well to talk about an "every-day Christian-y," and better to possess and practice it; but there ertainly is precious little of it where the Sabbath is ot observed. The religious faculties, sentiments, and isceptibilities, under all schemes and systems of re-gion, are the subjects of culture, and imperatively need the periodical food and stimulus which come with Sabbath institutions and ministries. The prevalence and permanence of a pure Christianity in this country depend mainly on what can be done for them on Sunday. If the enemies of Christianity could wipe out the Sabbath, they would do more to destroy the power of the religion they contemn than all the Renans and Strausses have ever done or can do. They understand this, and their efforts will be directed to this end, through every specious protest, plea, and plan.

The most religious and earnest of the Catholic clergy of Europe lament the fact that the Sunday of their church and their several countries is a day of amusement. They see, and they publicly acknowledge, that without the English and American Sabbath they work for the spiritual benefit of their people at a sad disadvantage. It is this European Sabbath, or Sunday, which we are told is to come to America at last through her foreign population. We hope not. We would like to ask those who would rejoice in its advent, how much it has done for the countries where it exists. Go to Italy, France, Spain, Ireland—to any part of Germany, Catholic or Infidel, and find if possible any people so temperate, pure, chaste, truthful and benevolent as the Sabbath-keeping communities of America. It cannot be done. The theater, the horse-race, the ball, the cricket-ground, the lager-beer saloon, have nothing in them that can take the place of the institutions of religion. They are established and practiced in the interest of the animal, and not at all in the interest of the moral and intellectual side of humanity. They can neither build up nor purify. They minister only to thoughtlessness and brutality. So much, then, seems obvious: 1st. That we cannot do without Sunday as a day of physical and mental rest; 2d. That either as a consequence or a concomitant, moral and spiritual improvement goes always with the observance of Sunday as a religious day; and, 3d. That Sunday, as a day of amusement simply, is profitless to the better and nobler side of human nature and human life.

Now the questions relating to the opening of parks, libraries, reading-rooms, etc., in great cities on Sunday, are not moral or religious questions at all,—they are prudential, and are to be settled by experiment. It is to be remembered that there are large numbers of the young in all great cities who have no home. They sleep in little rooms, in which in winter they have no fire, and can never sit with comfort. They are without congenial society. They have not the *entrée* of other homes; and they must go somewhere, and really need to go somewhere. Christian courtesy does much to bring them into Christian association, and ought to do a thousand times more. The least it can do is to open all those doors which lead to pure influences and to the entertainment of the better side of human nature. A man who seeks the society of good books, or the society of those who love good books, or chooses to wander out for the one look at nature and the one feast of pure air which the week can give him, is not to be met by bar or ban. Whatever feeds the man and ignores or starves the brute is to be fostered as a Christian agency. The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath. That is not religion, but pagan slavery, which makes of Sunday a penance and a sacrifice. It is better that a man be in a library than alone all the time. It is better that he wander in the park than even feel the temptation to enter a drinking-saloon or a brothel. The Sunday horse-car is justified in that it takes thousands to church who could hardly go otherwise. The open library is justified in that it is a road which leads in a good direction. The roads devoted to Sunday amusement lead directly away from the Christian church. All pure ways are ways that tend upward, toward God and heaven.

### The Literary Bureaus Again.

SINCE our article last year upon this subject, there has come, with further experience upon the part of lecture committees and the public, a more thorough concurrence in the views therein expressed. The evils of the system are patent, viz.: that with the facilities which it affords to inferior talent, the average performances before the lyceums have been degraded, while the price to the public has been increased. Men and women have found employment who, but for the bureaus, could never have secured engagements on their own merits, while the better class of lecturers have simply added to their fees a sufficient sum to cover the increased expense. That which we declared to be inevitable in the nature of things, is a fact established. The bureaus themselves, or, at least, some of them, are as painfully conscious of this fact as the public, and would gladly change their system of operations. One of them, indeed, is undertaking to do so; and the quicker all of them do so the more certain will they be to save their business from wreck.

The radical defect of their system of operations exists in the fact that it is instituted and carried on in their own interest, exclusively. If lecturers or lecture committees had called it into existence to meet emergency, and it had been operated in their intere there would have been no trouble; but it was est lished to serve the private ends of the brokers the selves, who have sought to monopolize the mark and to win a commission from every fee paid. Th lists of speakers, singers, readers, etc., have b multitudinous in numbers, and have embraced ev grade of public performer whom it has been possi to place before a lyceum audience. There have b personal, mercenary motives at the bottom of it and the results have been natural and inevitable.

Yet there is still a field for the lecture bureau, a as it is the only one in which it can have perman success, we ought not to be accounted its enemy pointing it out. There are at this time in Engl several literary gentlemen of eminence who prop to visit America at an early day as lecturers. have had pleasure in referring some of these men the lecture bureaus, as perhaps the only availa agents for making their engagements for th They are three thousand miles distant. They kn nothing of the country or its ways. The lect committees do not even know their address. It better for all concerned that they commit th selves to accustomed agencies, and find their ro all prepared for them on their arrival. These turers can well afford to pay for a service which t cannot perform for themselves. Again, the be class of lecturers at home are often exceedingly b men, who are willing to pay for the relief wl comes to them from a similar service. Some of tl are not business men at all,—are men who m very bungling work of their engagements, and thrive better under guardianship. All work d for these men is perfectly legitimate. It is not any work like this that we find fault. To run lecture bureaus for the benefit of the lecture sys is one thing; to run the system for the benefit of bureaus is quite another. What we protest aga is the attempt on the part of the bureaus to mo polize the whole business, to hold upon their every person who seeks audience with the pub whether worthy or unworthy, and to make so thing out of each. If they would consent to t none upon their lists whom they cannot recomm with entire good faith to the public patronage, if t would cease pertinaciously to thrust themse between lecturers and lecture committees, if t would even do their business well when they un take it, we should let them entirely alone; but in past they have certainly sought to get all the busi into their hands for their own benefit, and the c plaints are many that their business has not been done.

Already there is a reaction against their system their operations. Many lecture committees wo have nothing to do with a bureau if they could l it. They would very decidedly prefer to deal the lecturers directly; and they do so always w y can. This fact carries its own comment with it, l it is a comment which does not flatter the eaus. We say all this without a particle of per- al feeling or personal interest. We believe in the ure proper as one of the most powerful civilizing uences of our time—one of the most powerful and eficent which has been in operation during the last nty years—and we protest against any agency t tends to degrade it to a mere entertainment, and bring before the people those men and women who e no high purpose to serve and no inspiring or ructive word to say. We protest, too, against system which tends to increase the price of the ure to the people. We would like to see the lic halls all over the country filled week after week, winter season through, with earnest seekers for th, and to see them worthily fed by men and men of their own choosing—not by those who er the walls of the lecture bureaus with photo- phs of their personal charms, and beg for an oppor- ity at any price to display those charms in public. n and women who cannot live without the agency a bureau have no right to live by such an agency. ey are a fraud upon the public, and a disgrace and nage to the institution on whose funds they live. t it become a matter of pride and boast among the eaus that they hold the name of no man or woman on their lists whose voice is not an honor to them l to the lyceum—that no mountebank, no trifler, no rd-rate artist of any sort, can by their influence or ncy find access to the public—and the attitude of turers and lecture committees toward them would once be changed; and we should be the first to bid m "God-speed," and to wish them a long and sperous life.

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### Our President.

In the good time coming—the golden age—the ssed thousand years—which all Christian people y for and expect, we are to have, among the ltitude of excellent things, our particular President. hen will it be? And what will be his name? The e when can hardly be foretold; and it matters very le by what name we may call him; but we can l even now what sort of a person he will be, and it a comfort to think of the dignities and gracious enities that will accompany his manly sway.

In the first place, he will be a gentleman, and will ve the manners of a gentleman. No vulgar pecu- rities will commend him to vulgar people. He l humiliate himself by no appeals to low taste for uring the popular approval and support. The ty brood of office-seekers and contractors and bbing mercenaries will stand abashed in his pure sence. Nay, he will be hedged about by a dignity t will protect him from the approach of those upon om he can only look with loathing and contempt. tty politicians will find in him no congenial society, d his councils will be those of statesmanship. The resentatives of foreign governments will come with all the high and gentle courtesies of which they may be masters, to pay him court, as the first gentleman in a nation of many millions. The people who have placed him in power will look up to him with affectionate pride as their model man; and as the highest product of American civilization.

Again, he will be a wise man, and wise particularly in statecraft, through a life of conscientious study and careful and familiar practice in positions that have naturally led to his final elevation. He will live in an age when the present low ideas of availability will have passed away, and when personal fitness will be the essential qualification for place. He will have been brought into competition with none but those of his own kind. No warrior burdened with laurels for great achievements in his awful profession, no literary chieftain though crowned King in his own peculiar realm, no demagogue fingering the strings of a thousand intrigues, no boor dazzling the populace with the shows of wealth and polluting the ballot-box with its gifts, will have degraded the contest which resulted in his election. He will have reached his seat because a wise nation believed him to be its wisest man.

He will be a man of honor too, a man who will sooner die than permit any good reason to exist for the suspicion that he will use the privileges of his place for the perpetuation of his power. He will be a "one term" man, who will never for an instant permit his personal prospects to influence him in the performance of public duty; and when that term shall expire, he will retire to a still higher elevation in the popular esteem and reverence, and will not sink into the humble and almost disgraceful obscurity to which so many of his unworthy predecessors have been condemned. He will represent in his faith and practice the religion on which his country's purity and prosperity rest; for in that grand day the cavils and questions and infidelities that disgrace our shallow age will have passed away, aud the brain and heart of Christendom will be christianized. There will be reverence for worth in the popular heart, and a Christian nation will have none but a Christian ruler.

After St. Paul returned from his vision of those heavenly things which it was not lawful for him to speak about, the small affairs of the men around him, and the mean and vulgar ways of those with whom he associated and to whom he preached, must have been somewhat disgusting. So, after looking at the ideal president in "the good time coming," we confess to a spasm of pain as we contemplate the political conflict so closely impending. Is it to be a conflict of great principles of government, earnestly held by men equally wise? Is it to be a conflict between men equally pure and equally patriotic? Is it to be a conflict between statesmen who are brought forward because of wisdom acquired by long service of the State in other capacities? Is it to be a conflict between gentlemen mutually respecting one another? Is it to be a conflict in which the dominant desire shall be that the best man, the most honorable man, the truest Christian, the wisest man, the purest and highest statesman, may win? Or, are considerations of personal and party advantage to be dominant? Is slander to be let loose? Is dirt to be thrown? Are the proprieties of society to be so outraged by personalities, that all decent men will learn to shun politics as they would shun exposure to a foul disease? There certainly is a better way than the one we walk in, and there are some at least who would be glad to find it. Let us try to find it.

### Indirect Damages.

WE are none of us over-learned in the law, or overcharged with common-sense; but whatever of the latter we may possess we may practice without a license, and ask no favors of High Commissions or Boards of Arbitration. Tom Jones gets into a little dispute with his neighbor, John Brown, which is settled at last by his being unceremoniously knocked down and beaten. He is carried home to Mrs. Jones in a bruised and bloody condition; and Mrs. Jones, being a sensitive person, and in a situation that makes her peculiarly susceptible to untoward impressions, brings prematurely into the world a pair of twins. After this, she falls naturally into a weak and nervous state, that unfits her for doing the work of her family. Consequently upon this, Tom Jones becomes embarrassed in his affairs, and takes to drink and to idleness. The consequences of the mishap go on multiplying in various directions, until we can no longer follow the threads of second, third, and fourth causes; and the indirect or consequential damages widen like the waves from a dropping pebble, until the whole ocean of life responds to the original disturbance.

Meanwhile the law comes in and takes cognizance of Mr. Brown's violence. He is arrested by the police, and brought before a justice. The justice becomes convinced of the facts of the assault, and, with the statute in such case made and provided before him, sentences Mr. Brown to pay a fine of ten dollars, in default of which payment he is to be imprisoned—we will say—for thirty days. He pays the fine with a triumphal air, and walks out of court. Mr. Jones simply says: "This is all very well now, but I have still a claim for indirect or consequential damages, and these are not to be determined to-day, or this year, or this decade." Subsequently he prosecutes Mr. Brown for consequential damages, chargi him:—

*First*, With the ruin of his wife's health, and t loss of her housewifely services.

*Second*, With the loss of the labor of two boys fo given period of years.

*Third*, With the cost of the liquor which domestic trials have induced him to drink.

*Fourth*, With the value of the labor which drinking habits have induced him to squander.

*Fifth*, With the loss of the satisfactions that co from the possession of a healthy and happy wife, a a pair of affectionate and industrious children.

*Sixth*, With the loss of his self-respect and respect of the community.

*Seventh*—But there is no end of the list, and possible footing-up of the figures in the column. may amount to five thousand, or ten thousand, twenty thousand dollars. Whatever the sum may Mr. Jones, in his scarred and silly old age, is told the justice that he has no case, that no such thing an estimate and statement of consequential dama are possible to a finite mind, and that he can recognize his claims. Perhaps it is not impertin to state that Mr. Brown, who becomes very angry learning what Mr. Jones is trying to do, would s his dignity by simply laughing at a claim which in nature of the case can never be reduced to figures a never satisfied.

Now if Mr. Jones has sense enough left to comp hend the situation, and candor enough to acknowle his error, there is no reason why he and Mr. Bro may not sit down and smoke many a pipe togethe their old age, and be very good neighbors. And any of Jones's friends should accuse him of back down and surrendering, etc., they would simply sh themselves the enemies of good neighborhood a common-sense. Jones undoubtedly had bad advise who ought to have known better than to put him to so foolish a business; and the quicker he gets rid them the better.

There is a principle underlying this homely illust tive case which governs large things as well as lit No diplomacy can change it, no pettifogging special pleading can subvert it. Consequential da ages in all wrong-doing are simply incalculable, beyond the cognizance of human tribunals of ev sort.

## THE OLD CABINET.

I SUPPOSE it will come to this:—attached to cards of invitation sent out a week or two in advance:

"Guests living on the East Side will order their carriages at 11 P.M. on account of rain at 11.30 P.M. As there will be only a slight shower on the West Side, carriages from that Side at convenience of guests."

And this to advertisements of concerts and like:

"Performances will conclude at 10 P.M., allow ample time for audience to reach home before storm."

No more anxious watchings at windows, in th days — no more surprises, scamperings, huddli ther as at picnics, in the sweet old shrieking on. Nobody who reads the newspaper will ever caught in the rain.

hen, of course, when Mr. Leakin succeeds in ring general recognition for his Law of Perio- y, nothing will ever ‘happen’ at all. The word ident’ will be marked obsolete in the dictionary, o many other good words have been already ked. Things will take place, I suppose, in their lar sequence, as foreordained and foretold. Life be a Morphy-Paulsen game of chess; except that hall keep on pushing the men around, in a night- eish sort of way, after ‘checkmate in seventeen es’ has been announced.

t's all of a piece—weather probabilities; Leakin's v; composition back-logs; cast-iron tree stumps: ng-fastenings to keep children from kicking off -clothes; canned vegetables; steam yachts on the of Galilee; parlor skates; protoplasm.

omatoes in winter are as much out of place as light in a theater. (If you were at the Nilsson *inée* at Wallack's the other Saturday, when the tters *would* fly open, every now and then, you w how ghastly that is!) Things must be in keep- . Tomatoes must be flanked by radishes, and h peas, and lettuce—with a scent of summer in air. And besides tomatoes must *be* tomatoes, not antalizing semblance—a mixture of carpet rags, egar and bullets, just racy enough of the genuine n to take off the keen edge of one's delight when, due time, the first toothsome taste of the vege- le comes to you with the twitter of birds, and the ch of the cool-warm air upon your brow.

. . . Well, there is another side to all this.

The beauty of it is that spring is spring, no matter v it comes at last, or where—in the city, heralded small boys calling "fans" between the acts of the era; in the country by birds and flowers and flavor garlic in the butter. Spring is spring, and will e its way.

And as to parlor skates, when I come to think of —The Professor made me go with him to the Rink e night last winter. He went down, he said, every ening, after Greek, for a half-hour's "fun." And Professor's pretty daughter, she was going for the un," too,—seemed to be really excited about it. e might have thought, to look at her cheeks, it was be a moonlight frolic on a frozen mill-pond. I ln't want to go at all; it seemed to me sacrilege, ding around on rollers over pine boards, and calling skating! It's bad enough to skate with real ates, under a corrugated roof and by gas-light; but is mockery!—No, I protested, I shall be true to the nners and bonfires of my boyhood!

But I went. I didn't go so far as to put the rollers ; I merely stood and looked.

Shade of Winthrop! Instead of the ring and scrape steel upon the ice, there was a hollow rumble as machinery; and over in one corner the Champion tting chalk eagles on the floor!

If they had gone about it sadly and solemnly, like mourners at a funeral, it would not have been half so bad. It was their cheerfulness that was so pathetic. It seemed as if this great procession of youths and middle-aged that swayed and swung past me where I stood, were under the influence of a horrible enchantment.

In a moment, I said to myself, the little man in black, leaning over the balcony railing yonder, will drop his cane upon the floor below: the music will cease, the lights will go down, and, suddenly awaking from their dream, the skaters will shrink into the street and back to their homes in terror.

But even parlor skates do sometimes get loose, and one must kneel to fasten them while the other gently rests her hand on his shoulder for support. And here, too, the girls have to be taught; and rollers, like runners, are treacherous, and will slip—if he does not hold so tight—so tight!

O this great-hearted blessed humanity of ours, how it takes to itself, at last, every artificial custom and contrivance brought within its domain—just as nature resumes, with ivy and lichen and rust, every piece of human handiwork planted in her deep woods!

. . . I shouldn't wonder if there were times when Old Probabilities himself forgets his umbrella. And maybe he isn't so very old after all. Maybe to somebody—far off—the summer rain is dearer because Old Probabilities, in that formal scientific way of his, said that it was coming.

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THE poet awoke the other morning and found himself famous.

That can occur literally to a man nowadays. His fame, carefully wrapped in the damp sheets of the newspaper, is carried around town and left at people's houses before breakfast. It is taken in with the morning milk. When the man himself puts on his hat and goes down the street, he sees eyes peering through his neighbor's blinds, the air thrills with whispers, he is conscious of side-glances and fingers pointed at him. He is famous.

It was just so with the poet. His book happened to be reviewed simultaneously by all the leading Dailies. Evidently the critics had been taken by surprise. The poet had not spoken till he was ready, and to very few of them was his name known at all. But their recognition of genius was for once prompt, hearty, and unanimous.

I smile while I confess that even to me the poet—my friend and crony—seems to-day something different from the same fellow of last week. To be sure I have said, all along, "The world will yet acknowledge him." But, now that the world has done precisel what I said it would do, a thin yet palpable barri has sprung up between us. He is lifted away fr me. It is like looking at him through the wrong of an opera-glass—except that he is made larger, smaller. He is within arm's reach, yet he see great way off.

I suppose the world's acknowledgment has made him no greater than he was. But there is a peculiar light in his large gray eyes that I believe I never noticed before. And his forehead—yes, that is a remarkable forehead certainly.

At the same time that I am sensible of this queer change in his presence, I find it difficult to realize what an infinite difference there is between us in worldly importance. There he sits now, in the old familiar way—this 'suddenly risen star in the literary heavens,' this 'extraordinary man' concerning whom the papers have been so eloquent. We hob-nob together as of yore. From our little discussions on art and other matters sometimes one and sometimes the other comes out victorious.

And as to the matter of that—we fought over this very poem, from beginning to end. A dozen times I carried my point against the poet. I can show you whole lines—and the critics have chosen some of them to illustrate the poet's most fortunate art—of which I may almost call myself the author. At least they would not have taken just that shape, had it not been for my doughty championship.

And yet I know that between my friend and me there is a deep gulf fixed. The world counts me no more even to him than if I had been born in the thirteenth century, or had never been born at all. We journey together in the horse-cars. The passengers poke each other in the ribs, and put heads together; but I am sure I have not the slightest part in causing the sensation. I think people have rather a contempt for me in a general way, as a hanger-on, and a go-between and a nobody. I fancy I hear it said, "How can this great soul find anything sympathetic in that exceedingly commonplace friend of his!" Nobody wants my autograph. The hairs of my head are in no special request. I do not receive invitations to address Philomathic Associations in neighboring villages. No letters come to me bearing the spontaneous outpourings of tender and emotional natures. And as for future generations—to which my friend's name and fame have already been confidently committed—I shudder when I think of their serene and icy indifference.

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Along came Poor Pillicoddy in a paroxysm of delight. His eyes danced and twinkled, his round, dimpled cheeks were all aglow. Even his ears were red with excitement.

"Have you heard the news!" he shouted, clapping his hands in ecstasy.

"Not a word," I said, wondering whether at last fortune had really smiled upon Poor Pillicoddy.

"Why, what do you suppose! Little Pimpton's wife's uncle has died in Jamaica, and left all the Pimptons rich!"—and two big tears, starting from the corner of Poor Pillicoddy's eyes, carried the twinkle all the way down his round, red cheeks.

"Oh there goes Little Pimpton himself," he cried; and running up to the shoemaker, he gripped him by
the shoulder, and me by the arm,, and dragged
both across the street to "Pillicoddy's Apothecar
"It's my treat," said Poor Pillicoddy. "Shall it
ginger-pop or lemon-soda? Better say soda—w
cream, on such a day"—smacking his lips unctuousl
once over the lemon-soda *with* cream, and the gol
happiness that had fallen upon his friend Lit
Pimpton.

The little shoemaker took it all very calml
windfall, soda-water, and Pillicoddy. The West
dian legacy had been altogether unexpected. I
his joy seemed tempered by a sense of his hav
deserved a fortune from somebody—and why sho
it not come as well from his wife's long-since-forg
ten old uncle as from any other quarter. He
very glad to get it—but it was quite in the natu
order of things, you know. It was Poor Pillicod
who flung up his hat, and shed tears, and stood tr
—lemon-soda *with* cream.

And that is always the way with Poor Pillicod
I might have known that the good news had nothi
to do with *him*. Poor he has always been, and p
he will always remain. His best clothes are thre
bare, and shiny at the angles. His best dinner wo
be very far from a 'square meal' for most fol
He is always running around with subscription pap
for other people, no worse off in this world's go
than himself. He walks his pegged boots down to
welt to win a pair of patent-leathers for his neighb
He makes a joke of what he calls his own bad f
tune, and is beside himself with joy when anyb
else is in luck.

The only thing that grieves Poor Pillicoddy is
suggestion, from one who is aware of his ways, t
charity begins at home; that even an old bachelor o
something to himself; that he really ought to devot
little more time to his own interests. Then, inde
he is wounded and cast down.

"Oh, oh!" the poor fellow sobs, and the twin
goes out of his eyes altogether and follows the
wet path down his cheeks, till tear and twinkle
alike lost in his frayed, white shirt collar. "Oh, o
would you have me throw away my only happine
I am too selfish—I can't do it, I can't do it,"—mo
Poor Pillicoddy.

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Two or three of these *Pansies* * of Mrs. Whitne
have been cherished for so many years in the inm
treasure closet of the Old Cabinet, that someho
have come to think of them as part and parcel of t
Old Cabinet itself. Perhaps that is why I shrink n
from talking about them and their fellows, althoug
know that no narrow proprietorship may bind the
any more than the ancient monks could bind the tr
by clasp and chain.

And indeed I wish that all men might be aware
the charity, the faith, and the hope that is in the

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* *Pansies:* " . . *for Thoughts.*" By Adeline D. T. Whitn
James R. Osgood & Co.

not the poetry of common things, for to this
nothing that He has made is common or un-
; but it is the interpretation, the Gospel of things
iar.

Let us thank the Master that he has given these to us with those other Thoughts of his—uttered now and of old in word and flower and all blessed forms of beauty.

## NATURE AND SCIENCE.

### Origin of Lowest Organisms.

r. BASTIAN'S monograph on this subject is an
esting addition to the literature of spontaneous
ration, as opposed to the doctrine of *omne vivum*
*vo.* The great advances in chemistry, especially
e synthesis of organic substance and the discovery
e equivalence and transformation of forces, have
rt bridged over the gulf that formerly existed be-
n inorganic and organic chemistry. The dis-
ry by the microscope of organisms more simple
eir organization, and lower in the scale than those
erly known, has in its turn destroyed to a certain
nt the line of demarcation between merely organic
organized bodies. And finally the investigations
)arwin and others of the doctrine of the deriva-
of complex organic forms from those that were
complex has directed attention anew to the sub-
of the origin of life in the lowest organisms.

he monads of Dr. Bastian belong to this group,
are microscopic structureless specks of albuminoid
tance, differing from inorganic motes only in that
possess the power of multiplication. When
luced in certain organic solutions they can in addi-
coalesce together, and form amœba-like cells.
le the appearance of these cells is on all sides
itted, two theories are advanced regarding their
in. The first is that they have been produced
other similar cells, floating in the air. The
nd, which is supported by Dr. Bastian, is that
have been formed from the unorganized matter of
solution in a manner similar to that in which
tals are produced from their solutions. In the
riments made by Schwann and Pasteur, it was
d that when the solution of organic matter was
at a temperature of 212° for fifteen minutes and
upper part of the flask filled with air that had
passed through a red-hot tube, no living thing
made its appearance in the vessel. This ap-
ntly conclusive experiment Dr. Bastian objects
because in a number of instances the flasks burst,
showing that the solutions had undergone change
were in addition submitted to abnormal pressures.
avoid these conditions, he placed the solutions with
ch he was experimenting in flasks, from which the
had been completely removed, and a vacuum sub-
ited. Subjecting the flask and its contents to a
perature of 300° F. for four hours, he found that
n the solutions were rich in organic matter multi-
es of organized bodies appeared. Realizing the
ections that might be urged against these experi-
nts on the score of the use of organic substances, Dr. Bastian substituted inorganic solutions, containing phosphate of soda with tartrate, phosphate, acetate and oxalate of ammonia. From these he obtained monads and other organic forms.

This at present is the condition of the controversy, and admitting that there is no error in the experiments of Dr. Bastian, it is evident that he presents the panspermists a pretty hard nut to crack. Meanwhile all who take an interest in the discussion must look forward with increased interest to the manner in which these results of Dr. Bastian are to be explained.

### The Roman Campagna.

AN attempt is to be made to restore its salubrity to the Campagna. In answer to the question, Why has it relapsed from the position it once held of being the district whence Ancient Rome drew her best soldiers to its present desolate and pest-stricken state? M. Colin replies, that marshy vapor has nothing whatever to do with it, for a fever of exactly the same type exists in Algeria, where there is neither water to exhale, nor vegetation to putrefy. In healthy countries, also, whenever extensive tracts of land are turned up, in making excavations for railways or other public works, miasmatic poison at once appears in its worst and most dangerous form. In conclusion, M. Colin expresses his belief that the "telluric poison" proceeds from the vegetative energy of the soil, and, when this is not taken up by plants, it is exhaled, and, passing into the air, becomes the malarial poison. The exhalation of this "*intoxication tellurique*" he proposes to prevent by the systematic scientific cultivation of the Campagna, and the *Lancet* expresses the hope that not only may the Ancient City become as healthy in July and August as in November and December, but that the unutilized energy of the inhabitants, which has so often expended itself in disaffection and revolution, may also be taken up and absorbed by appropriate means, and cease, like the "*intoxication tellurique*," to exercise any longer its noxious influence.

### The Unity of the Human Species.

IN the *Popular Science Monthly* Miss Youmans gives a translation of a lecture by M. Quatrefages on this subject. Viewing the question solely as a naturalist, and setting aside entirely the theological aspect of the matter, he concludes that all men belong to a single species. The data on which this opinion is founded may be briefly stated as follows:—

Man is separated from animals by the power of articulate speech, by the expression of ideas, both by writing and by the fine arts. He also has a sentiment of good and evil, and a belief in a future life.

Having drawn the line of distinction between men and animals, M. Quatrefages proceeds to the question of difference of species and race. In discussing this he first directs attention to the great differences existing between the Newfoundland dog and the King Charles spaniel, and shows that though the differences are so great, nevertheless the animals interbreed and the offspring is fertile. To this class of differences permitting the production of fertile offspring the term race is applied. The difference indicated by species, on the contrary, generally will not permit the production of offspring, and, if it does, the offspring is not fertile. Of this latter condition an example is furnished by the mule, which is barren, never producing any offspring, since it is the result of the union of the horse and the ass, which, though they closely resemble each other, are still separated to such an extent as to belong to different species.

Having thus explained the signification of the terms race and species, the author then shows that the different races have in certain instances arisen from one race of a given species; and first he quotes the case of coffee, the history of which is well known, and all the varieties of which, whether Mocha, Java, Rio, or La Guyra, have originally come from the plant that grows on the shores of the Red Sea. Next he cites the instance of the turkey, originally carried to Europe from America, and now presenting many different races in both hemispheres. Rabbits, hares, horses, and dogs are likewise cited, all of which present many races which interbreed and produce fertile offspring.

Applying these facts to man, M. Quartrefages argues that since the different races from any part of the world interbreed and produce a fertile offspring they must of necessity all belong to the same species. He also concludes that the different races, as we know them, have all originated from the same race, which has been modified by its residence in different parts of the earth, and that the different races of men have arisen in the same manner as the different races of horses, dogs, and turkeys.

### Paradoxes.

WATER thrown into a red-hot metallic vessel does not boil, as we should expect, but quietly gathers itself together, forming a more or less perfect sphere, and in that condition floats about gracefully on the hot surface as it slowly evaporates away. If at the same time a very vaporizable substance, as liquid sulphurous acid, is thrown in, the water may actually be frozen in the red-hot vessel.

Water boiled in a glass flask until the upper part of the vessel is entirely filled with steam, and then dexterously corked before air can gain admission and placed in cold water, recommences to boil. The boiling is produced by cold instead of heat, and the experiment is known as the culinary paradox.

If steam from water boiling at 212° is passed into a solution of a salt in water, the temperature of solution steadily rises, passing 212°, reaches the boili point of the solution, and finally the latter also bo at a temperature as high and even higher than 25 according to its nature. There we have the extra dinary result of obtaining a higher temperature, 250°, from a lower one, viz., 212°.

If there is anything in nature that possesses a po tive character it is light. Yet the physicist may reflect the light from a given source as to cause it destroy itself and produce darkness. In like man two sounds may be made to interfere with each ot and either produce silence or increased intensity sound, at the will of the operator.

### Inhabitants of Mammoth Cave.

IN addition to its eyeless fish, the Mammoth C furnishes a beetle which is totally blind; two varie of eyeless spiders, one brown and the other white blind centipede with very long hairs, by which creature guides itself, and a blind crawfish. Rega ing the last of these Dr. Tellkampf remarks that " eyes are rudimentary in the adults, but are larger the young." Prof. Hazen caught a specimen "w the eyes well developed."

In reviewing these facts Mr. A. S. Packard sa "It seems difficult for one to imagine that our bl crawfish was created suddenly without the interv tion of secondary laws, for there are the eyes *m perfect in the young than in the adult*, thus point back to ancestors unlike the species now existi We can now understand why embryologists anxiously studying the embryology of animals to what organs or characteristics are inherited, and w originate *de novo*, thus building up genealogies, forming almost a new department of science,—c parative embryology in its truest and widest sense.

### The Birth of a Star.

ON the night of the 12th of May, 1866, a sta between the first and second magnitude sudde made its appearance in the constellation Cor Borealis. On the same and the succeeding night it seen by many observers, all of whom noticed tha began almost from its first appearance to diminis brightness, so that on the 16th of May, or four afterwards, it was only of the fourth magnitude, at the end of the month it had become a star of ninth magnitude.

The spectrum of this newly-born star was exami by Mr. Higgins on the 14th and afterwards, found to show the lines of hydrogen. This fact, ta in connection with the sudden appearance and ra decline of the brightness of the star, led to the adva of the hypothesis that it had previously existed in place where it was first seen, and that it became vis in consequence of some internal convulsion by w enormous quantities of hydrogen were evolved, wh in combining with some other elements, ignited on surface of the star, and thus enveloped the whole b ldenly in a sheet of flame. As the liberated hydro- n gas became exhausted, the flame gradually abated, d with the consequent cooling the photosphere came less vivid and the star returned to its original ndition.

In opposition to this it is said that the spectrum ven by the star was not that of burning but of ninous hydrogen. Robert Meyer and H. J. Klein ve therefore expressed the opinion that the sudden zing out of a star might be occasioned by the lent precipitation of some great mass, perhaps of a net upon a fixed star, by which the momentum of falling mass would be changed into molecular tion, or, in other words, into heat and light.

Though the fact of which we have been speaking is y wonderful in itself, the most extraordinary part ll remains to be told. Light, it is true, moves with elocity of 185,000 miles in a second; but since the arest fixed star is about sixteen billions of miles tant from the earth, it takes three years for its light reach us. The great physical convulsion which s observed in Corona in the year 1866 was there- e an event which had really taken place long fore that period, at a time no doubt when spec- m analysis, to which we are indebted for the ormation we obtained on the subject, was yet al- st unknown. (Schellen's *Spectrum Analysis.*)

### Soap a Cause of Skin Disease.

"PRIME old Brown Windsor Soap" is said to be w manufactured almost entirely from "bone ease." In the preparation of this material bones every description and in every stage of putrefactive composition are ground into a fine powder and omitted to the action of water boiling under pres- e in a digester. The resulting mixture is then led, when the undissolved bone earth settles to the tom, while fats or oils rise to the top, and between se rests a solution of the bone gelatine in water. t of this gelatine solution by suitable processes a ent isinglass is manufactured for the preparation the soups and jellies of the pastry-cook, while the or grease is saponified and converted into "Fine Brown Windsor."

n the soap thus produced there remain fine ticles of bone earth which, when the soap is rubbed the face, as in shaving, lacerate or scratch the skin, l the wounds thus produced are, according to some, soned by noxious matters originally existing in the nes, and which all the processes of putrefaction, raction at high temperature, and even saponifica- n, have failed to destroy.

### Education in Alsace.

THE ladies of Alsace have been making energetic rts to give the rising generation of Alsatians a nch education, and have established a system of ching children gratuitously in private families. is form of patriotism has now drawn forth a docu- nt from the German authorities at Mulchausen, protesting against the practice as being a violation of the new German regulations; moreover, the ladies are accused of the heinous crime of giving the children sweetmeats! So that when they afterwards attend the German communal schools, where a "stronger and more solid education awaits them," they arrive there "with confused heads and disordered stomachs, unable to learn or even to listen."

### Strength of Building Materials.

*The Engineer* calls attention to the necessity for the experimental examination of this subject, and cites in illustration the case of the links of the chains of a suspension bridge which were recently tested by Mr. Kirkaldy. "These had large flat eyes, and in every case the iron tore asunder through the eye; and a very simple calculation proves that these links, which were designed by an eminent engineer, if strong enough in the eye, have no less than 18 per cent. too much iron in the body. When we consider the important part played by the chains of a suspension bridge, it will be seen that this error is one of enormous proportion, entailing great additional cost in the structure, and absolutely introducing an element in the shape of 18 per cent. extra weight, which it is highly desirable to avoid.

Not only should specimens intended to illustrate principles of construction be tested, as in the instance related above, but in the case of iron every bar should be also examined, for in the experiment of Mr. Kirkaldy it was found that many of the links made for the construction of the bridge in question were no better than common puddled bars, and the strength of the structure made of such material would be no greater than that of the weakest link.

The difficulty attending any attempt to obtain accurate results in all such measurements of absolute and relative strength of materials is illustrated by an incident which Mr. Kirkaldy relates, in which he was requested to test the tensile strength of a certain cast-iron bar, in which it was claimed that this strength had been increased 20 per cent. by a new process.

Two bars of equal dimensions were furnished, the one ordinary cast-iron, the other a bar made according to the new process; the ordinary bar was first put into the machine and broken; the force requisite to do this having been registered, the second bar was introduced. It stood the test which had broken the first, and when it had exceeded this by 20 per cent. the owners requested that the trial should cease; but Mr. Kirkaldy persisted, and the bar finally broke, when it was found that instead of its being a cast-iron bar it was made up of a wrought iron core with cast iron bars arranged around it. The discovery of the fraud of course defeated the plot, which was to obtain government aid.

### Scientific Societies.

THE first scientific society was founded by Baptista Porta in 1560. It was called the "Academy of the

Secrets of Nature." The privacy of the meetings, and the general belief that its members employed the black art, led almost at once to its dissolution by order of the Pope.

In 1658 a scientific society was founded in Oxford, and was afterwards incorporated by the king as the "Royal Society for promoting Natural Knowledge." Its book of records for 1660 furnishes the following extracts:—

"June 5th. His Grace the Duke of Buckingham promised to bring into the Society a piece of an Unicorn's horn.

"June 14th. A circle was made with powder of unicorn's horn, and a spider set in the middle of it, but it immediately ran out several times repeated. The spider once made some stay upon the powder.

"June 26th. Dr. Ent, Dr. Clark, Dr. Goddard, and Dr. Whistler were appointed curators of the proposition to torment a man presently with the sympathetic powder.

"June 10th. The fresh hazell sticks were produced wherewith the divining experiment was tried and found wanting."

### Dynamite.

THE basis of this modern explosive is nitro-glycerine, which is prepared by adding successive small quantities of glycerine to a mixture of one part of nitric to two of sulphuric acid. The mixture is kept cool during the operation, and when the process is finished, the mixture is poured into water, when an amber-colored fluid separates, to which the name of nitro-glycerine has been given.

The explosive properties of the fluid thus prepared are well known, and the fearful results it has produced at Aspinwall, San Francisco, Sydney and elsewhere, have been the subject of general comment. M. Nobel, in consequence of these accidents, began a series of experiments which led finally to the discovery of Dynamite, in which the dangers attending the use of nitro-glycerine are greatly reduced or entirely removed. In the improvement of M. Nobel, the nitro-glycerine is mingled with fine clean silica or sand in such proportion, as to form a substance having the appearance of moist coarse brown sugar. In this state it can only be exploded by a percussion or detonating fuse; but M. Guyot, a French chemist, has shown that the nitro-glycerine may soak out from the mixture with sand, and, saturating the paper of the cartridges and boxes, re-assume the state in which it is readily exploded by a blow.

### Memoranda.

In a recent lecture before the American Institute, Professor Chandler remarked that "when the Croton water was first introduced into New York, it contained a considerable quantity of lime, derived from the mortar of the newly-constructed aqueduct. This prevented to a great extent the action of the water on the lead pipes, and it was stated at that time that no lead was taken up by the Croton water, but, as th lime of the mortar became carbonated, the wate ceased to dissolve it, and began to act on the lea pipes."

In the examination of the bones collected in th cave at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, Professor Baird foun that all the species represented have degenerated i size, and this modern degeneracy ranges from ten t twenty-five per cent.

The magneto-electric exploder of Breguet, fror the simplicity of its construction and avoidance of th use of a voltaic battery, will probably soon displac all other methods now employed for dischargin explosives in blasting and mining operations. Th electric current is obtained by the sudden removal o the keeper of a permanent magnet, and is of sufficier power to have produced an explosion at Bordeau from an instrument stationed at Paris.

The condition of the eye known as color blindnes in which a person loses the power of seeing certa colors, is explained by Professor Helmholtz on tl hypothesis that in the retina or sensitive nervous co of the eye there are nerve filaments possessed of tl special duty of determining each color respectivel Such specialization of function is not extraordinar and is similar to that found in the auditory nerv which on entering the cochlea divides into a va number of filaments, each of which is attuned to given note.

Mr. Henry Fox Talbot has investigated the Ass-rian tablets in the British Museum, and finds on o the following account of the birth and infancy Sargina, who was a legislator, conqueror, and King Babylon fourteen or fifteen centuries B. C.: "In secret place my mother had brought me forth. S placed me in an ark of bulrushes; with bitumen s closed up the door. She threw me into the riv which did not enter into the ark. The river bore up and brought me to the dwelling of a kind-hear fisherman. He saved my life and brought me up his own son." The similarity to the account of infancy of Moses is very curious and suggestive.

Mr. Green, who has charge of the shad-breed operations on the Hudson, expects to turn about th hundred millions of shad fry into the river t season.

One of the most marked of organic differen between the sexes is that of muscular action. one who carefully watches the muscular acts of wor will fail to perceive a tendency to do them with a s of rush, with a superabundance and sudden exert of force, rather than by the gradual application the precise amount by which the end in view car secured. (Dr. R. B. Carter.)

The Journal of the Quekett Microscopical C announces fifteen Saturday afternoon excursions the members; in addition to one whole day excurs which is to close with the annual dinner. Such nouncement shows us how the cause of science is vanced in England by the association of persons of nilar tastes. At the last annual *soirée* of the club elve hundred persons were present.

Coleridge, on being asked what was the use of a rtain scientific discovery, replied, "What is the use a new-born child?"

Convalescence from typhoid fever is long and tedi- s, and requires the utmost care in diet both as re- rds quantity and quality. A typhus convalescent, on e contrary, may be left almost entirely to the cook. have suffered from both forms of fever since I tered the profession, and can bear personal testi- ony to the difference. The convalescence from phus was one of the most enjoyable periods of my e; that from typhoid was bereft of a great part of e enjoyment which would otherwise have attended by the discomfort caused by any indiscretion, and e constant feeling that care was needed to prevent a urrence of such discomforts and possibly greater ls. (Dr. T. J. Maclagan.)

The successful treatment of a case of hydrophobia chloral is reported in *The Lancet*.

The loss suffered by coal from exposure to the ather has been recently investigated by Dr. Varren- p. A slow combustion takes place, with a loss of e volatile constituents, which varies with the charac- of the coal. Anthracite changes the least, cannel l next, and bituminous coal the most. In one ecimen the loss was 45 per cent. of gas-yielding ality, and 47 per cent. of heating power. Kept der cover the same coal lost in the same time only per cent. of the first, and 12 per cent. of the second ality.

An electric probe for the discovery of foreign bodies wounds was exhibited by M. Trouvé, at the last neral assembly of the Scientific Association of ance. The probe is hollow, and when brought in ntact with the foreign substance the indicating ap- atus is passed through it. As soon as the latter uches the object to be examined, the vibrator of electro-magnet is set in operation, and by the aracter of its vibrations the surgeon may determine ether the foreign body is lead, iron, or copper.

Xylol, one of the coal-tar products, is now employed a remedy in small-pox. It is given in the early ges in doses of ten or fifteen drops for adults. It upposed to destroy the poison in the blood, and e is recommended in its use until its properties are re thoroughly understood.

By boiling wood-shavings under pressure with phuric acid and water, the cellulose of the wood is nverted into sugar. This has been fermented and used to yield a very pure brandy, free from all flavor smell of turpentine. The proportions employed re twelve of shavings, one of sulphuric acid, and ty of water. The boiling continued for about elve hours.—*C. G. Zelterlund.*

A fungus which grows on the calcareous rocks of Florida is said to possess narcotic properties, and to be used by the natives to some extent as a substitute for tobacco. (Dr. Isidor Wells.)

Woman's milk, when the food is insufficient, shows a diminution in the butter, casein, sugar and salts, while the albumen is increased. The change occurs in four or five days. (E. Decaisne.)

The decay of wood is generally supposed to be caused by the decomposition of the albumen contained in the sap, and from this decomposition results a poison which, being in juxtaposition with the heart, speedily induces decay in it. Another cause is a slow oxidation which attacks both the sap and the heart, but particularly the latter. By impregnating the wood with creosote both of these causes of decay are avoided, and the iron bolts and spikes employed in joining parts together are likewise preserved.

Professor Wanklyn states that filtration of water through beds or layers of porous material suffices to destroy any albuminoid dissolved in the water, converting it into ammonia.

Phosphuret of calcium has been recently employed in the construction of a signal light. The phosphuret is enclosed in a tin vessel having a gas jet attached. When it is thrown on the water it floats with the jet upwards. The water entering the bottom of the cylinder decomposes the phosphuret of calcium, and the phosphide of hydrogen gas, escaping from the jet, ignites spontaneously and burns in the air.

Paper pulp may be prepared by boiling clean wood-shavings or sawdust in solution of borax or potassa and an alkaline phosphate; benzole or naphtha being added as a solvent for the resin of the wood. After boiling for six hours the wood is treated with sulphide of calcium, and then bleached with chloride of lime or sulphurous acid.

Turner's vision, now the subject of so much discussion, and concerning which Dr. Liebreich has recently lectured, I explain in part as follows:—He often placed the sun in the center of the picture. If any one looks at the sun in this manner the eyes become suffused with moisture, the same vertical streakiness and yellow glare will be produced. (W. Mattieu Williams.)

Sunflowers are said to exhale an ozonized oxygen, and are therefore recommended for cultivation in malarious districts to destroy the malarial poison. They are, in addition, very useful plants, yielding about 40 per cent. of good oil from their seeds, and their leaves serve as fodder. A diet of sunflower seeds is said to increase the laying power of fowls.

The Oructor Amphibolis, or amphibious digger, constructed by Evans in 1804, was probably the first instance in which steam was employed for propulsion on land. The machine in question was constructed by the order of the Board of Health of Philadelphia, for the purpose of dredging, and Evans took the opportunity of practically carrying out his ideas of the application of steam as a means of locomotion, by constructing it in such a manner as to move itself by wheels on land and by a stern paddle on water.

In Flat Fishes, or Pleuronectidæ, the eyes are on opposite sides of the head in the young, and on the same side afterwards. M. Mirart thinks the change is accomplished suddenly. M. Malm declares that it is slow.

The rattle of the rattlesnake is for the purpose of imitating the sound of the Cicala and other insects that form the food of many birds, and so attract the latter within the reach of the serpent. (Professor Shaler.)

Ants belonging to the species Aphenogaster, in storing seeds for food, bite off the radicle to prevent the germination of the seed. (Mr. J. T. Moggridge.)

Potash salts are essential to the assimilation of plants; without them starch is not formed in the chlorophyll granules, and the weight of the plant remains constant as in pure water. (Prof. Nobbe.)

The adoption of Savings-banks by the government in Great Britain is eminently successful. Under this system the depositors have in ten years increased from 639,000 to 2,000,000, and the amount of money deposited from £2,000,000 to £6,000,000.

Pulverized cod-liver oil is prepared by mixing th oil with white gelatine dissolved in water and syru to which enough powdered sugar is added to make stiff paste, which is then granulated and preserved i closely-stoppered bottles.

Salt is so scarce a substance in some countries th it is used as money. In others it is so dear that on the rich can afford to use it. Hence the expressio "He eats salt," signifies that the person in questi is wealthy.

Very high temperatures, as those of furnaces, m be determined by submitting some infusible substan as platinum, graphite, or fire-brick to their actio and then transferring the heated mass as quickly possible to the ice calorimeter of Lavoisier. T average quantity of ice melted in two or three exp riments, with the weight of the substance and t knowledge of its specific heat, furnish data fr which the temperature may be calculated.

The use of compressed air for driving the bori and other machinery in mines is becoming very ge ral in Germany. In addition to the other advanta gained by this device is the all-important one of i proved ventilation.

Fibrin may be formed by suspending ropes of al men of the egg in pure cold water; after some li time the change takes place spontaneously. (I John Goodman.)

## HOME AND SOCIETY.

### Croquet.—II.

It has been said by an experienced croquet player that "one season on a croquet ground is more valuable for the study of the dispositions of the players than ten years of ordinary social intercourse;" and there is much truth in the remark. Nothing else will bring out in the same length of time so much of the ill-natured, selfish, grasping, fretful disposition as the losing position in a game of croquet. Some most estimable people in other respects cannot be unsuccessful in a game of croquet without exhibiting considerable temper. A person who can maintain good-nature through a half-dozen exciting games of croquet in which he is defeated, ought to command the respect of all croquet players at least.

Some persons think it very brilliant and cunning to cheat in croquet, and, if no one detects them, will frequently jump one or more bridges, or, in the case of ladies, accidentally drag their dresses over balls, thereby displacing them to their own advantage, or, while standing over a ball, hit it a sly rap with the mallet. The detection of such petty tricks, of course, lowers the perpetrators in the estimation of every chivalrous player.

Although there are many disputed points in the game of croquet that cannot be settled to the satisfaction of all, and regarding which each player is ju entitled to a personal preference, one unnecess cause of many blunders should be corrected at once a little thought on the part of the players. On c mencing a game, some pass to the left from the sec bridge, and others to the right. It is evident tha all adopt the same course it is immaterial which may be; but so long as players generally cons that there is no authority on the subject, there never be a uniformity in playing. It is not true there is no authorized course: every recogn authority decides that the playing shall be to the

As croquet each year becomes more univers popular, it is more important that there shall greater uniformity in the playing in various par the country, and hence it is the duty of every pl to accommodate his playing, as far as possible either the established rules or the most popular tom.

The question of retaining or abolising the "boo is another bone of contention, for the decisio which there is no authority, although it seems t person giving the matter a little thought canno favor the abolition of this custom, which appea have no good reason for existing. Why should a failing to make the first bridge, be treated othe

n if it had failed to make any other bridge in the
rse? and if there is no very decided advantage in
s not the unnecessary complication of the game
ainly a serious objection?

wo methods of play have been common in regard
he booby: one allowing the booby to be immedi-
y taken up and played from the starting-spot at
next turn; the other requiring it to remain on the
und, but forbidding its use by the other players in
uet or Roquet croquet.

he first method gives a player the opportunity to
hange the first play for the last by intentionally
sing the first bridge, which is often of great advan-
e to a good player.

n the second the booby is at a disadvantage,
ause, if out of position, he must take two turns to
e the first bridge—being deprived of the use of the
quet; then, too, he can, if he chooses, play the
og in the manger" by lying directly in the path of
other players, thus breaking up the regular begin-
g of the game;—in either case should all the players
the trick of playing booby, the game could not
ceed. In view of all the objections, without any
responding advantages, why not at once and for-
r ignore the whole idea of a booby, and consider
first bridge exactly like any other, and the ball,
n once struck from the starting spot, as en-
ly in the game as it is after making one or more
lges?

n many sections this practice has been universally
pted, and it will extend rapidly wherever attention
alled to it.

### Some New Games.

HE wonderful popularity of croquet, and the fear
t it would soon "play out," have induced many to
ve to invent something new and equally salable to
e its place. The game of Martell was the first
t attracted any notice. Since that we have heard
musical croquet, autographic croquet, and numer-
other variations of the old game; and more re-
tly *Le Circle* has received considerable attention on
ount of its merits and persistent advertising.
ne of these, however, differ radically from croquet,
excel it in any way, so that croquet, having the
antage of age and popularity, will undoubtedly
d its own against them all. Social games are
re interesting when all the players are expert, and
entimes one or two learners detract very much
m the general interest; therefore of two games the
more generally understood is the more interesting,
merits being equal.

ne of the oldest amusements is "pitching quoits,"
ich originally consisted in throwing heavy flat stones
a stake driven firmly into the ground, and the rela-
e nearness of the stones to the stake decided the
ne.

This was improved by substituting flat disks of iron
the stones, and again by making a hole in each
k, thereby forming a ring, and the pitching of a ring
over the stake was a new and valuable point in the game. In all of these the quoits were heavy and the exercise too laborious for ladies.

Hence we have the game of Parlor Bowls for the house, in which the stake is represented by a white ball, and other differently colored balls are rolled at this as the quoits are pitched at the stake or hub—the movableness of the "hub" adding an interesting point to the game. Next came Ring Toss, in which there are several short stakes driven into the ground, and wire rings of a uniform size pitched at them. All rings that are thrown over any stake count in the score, but some stakes are much more valuable than others. The latest game in this line, and the one most popular at present, is Magic Hoops, in which wooden hoops, of various sizes and colors, are pitched at a post or stake some thirty inches high.

The box that contains the hoops is so constructed that when reversed the post can be secured into the bottom of it, thus forming a base for the support of the post either on the lawn or in the parlor. The various sizes of the hoops are designated by different colors, and the height of the post renders throwing the hoops successfully more difficult than it at first seems.

### Lilies.

MANY new varieties of lilies have been introduced into the United States, or produced by our own florists, during the past few years.

With but few exceptions, they will flourish in any good garden soil under the simplest culture; but crude manure should not be allowed to come in contact with the bulbs, as it causes them to canker and rot. Mineral fertilizers are, however, very beneficial to them, and, under their influence, the stalks and flowers will double in height and size. Thoroughly decayed animal manure will benefit certain varieties. Some need a very rich soil to enable them to become fully developed; and it is well to mulch the ground lightly with a forkful of coarse manure. During the winter, leaves and straw should be spread over them, although most of the species are perfectly hardy.

These bulbs should not be taken up oftener than once in three or four years, as they do not thrive well if transplanted; while those whose roots shoot from the base of the bulb are bettered by yearly transplanting, and frequently will die out if suffered to remain long in one place.

Nearly thirty years ago the Japan Lily (*Lilium speciosum*) was a very rare and costly plant; now there are few gardens that do not possess several varieties of this very beautiful flower. They are raised by florists in great quantities, and are as hardy as our orange and scarlet lilies of the field. Every season brings new kinds, and the florists have produced double lilies which are very curious and form brilliant additions to our *parterres* and window gardens; but as yet the bulbs are scarce and high-priced.

Mr. Fortune, to whom we are indebted for many rare plants imported from China and Japan, has introduced a lily called *Lilium tigrinum Fortuneii*, which is of a vigorous habit and bears very large clusters of flowers branching out in three successive series from the main stem, thus prolonging its season of flowering.

*Lilium tigrinum splendens* is a novelty introduced by Mr. Van Houtte, which is a gorgeous addition to the varieties of summer flowering bulbs.

Another novelty is called *Lilium præcox*, signifying early flowering. Its flowers are of the most perfect shape, with petals strongly recurved and prettily fringed, making it very conspicuous. It is snowy white in color, and is perfectly hardy, and easily propagated. It has not been offered for sale until this season, and is still very rare.

*Lilium auratum*, or Gold-banded Lily, caused a great excitement in floral circles when it made its *début*. It was the belle of the parterre and was styled the Queen of Lilies, and large sums were paid for small bulbs. It is very fragrant. Its petals are white, spotted with deep purplish chocolate dots, and through the center of each petal there is a plainly-defined yellow stripe. It is very common now, but none the less admirable.

A remarkable hybrid named *Lilium purite* has been obtained from a cross between *L. auratum*, or Gold-banded Lily, and *L. speciosum*. It partakes of the nature of both parents, possessing delicious fragrance, and is a decided acquisition.

*Lilium Leitchlinii* is a novelty of 1871. It has pale yellow petals which are sharply recurved, and deeply spotted with black.

*Lilium giganteum* is a native of Nepaul in the East Indies, and blooms in July. Its flowers are between five and seven inches in length, and grow from ten to thirty on one stem; they are very fragrant, and are of a greenish white on the exterior of the petal, and a pure white, splashed with purple on the inside. It is quite a hardy plant, but, like all bulbs in our northern climate, is much better for being covered with a layer of leaves, or stable litter, to protect it from the effects of alternate freezing and thawing.

All of the Japan Lilies increase very rapidly. They may be propagated by bulblets from the old bulbs, which should be removed every other autumn and planted separately, when they will often bloom by the second summer; they flourish most luxuriantly in a light, friable soil.

The Lily is a true cosmopolitan, and cares not whether it be planted in the gardens of the poor or the rich—everywhere lifting its stately head adorned with brilliant and often fragrant flowers. Under good cultivation many varieties will grow from four to five feet in height, and they can also be increased by seeds and scales.

In the latter process, the outer layer of scales is removed by inserting the point of a knife at the junction with the base of the bulb. The scales should then be planted in light sandy loam, covering them with about two inches of earth. From a very large bul two layers can be taken without material injury to it These scales will not produce leaves until the secon year; but they will form one or more perfect bulbs exactly like the parent, and in the autumn the soil ca be stirred up and the tiny bulbs taken out; or the may remain until another season, when they will sho green stalks and leaves, and increase rapidly in size All of the beautiful and rare lilies can be propagate in this manner, and, for high-priced bulbs, it is th most desirable method.

When desired, the scales can be removed in the au tumn, after the parent bulb has bloomed, and shoul then be packed in layers, in dry moss or sand, and ke in a cool, damp cellar, until the following spring.

### A Few Notes on the Fashions.

THE corselet and the corselet tunic are the pre tiest novelties of the season. Some are made wi shoulder-straps and some have short sleeves, b the most fashionable reach only to the arms, sharp defining the waist and bust. Corselet tunics of si over muslin dresses, or even over silk of a differe color, are very elegant and becoming.

It is a melancholy fact that street dresses are wo very much longer. As a result, rich black silks co home heavy with dust from even the shortest pro enade.

A buff *batiste* trimmed with lace the same color, with white cluny, makes a charming morning dre and can be worn with propriety in the street. A ve pretty suit complete, with parasol to match, can purchased for eight dollars, which is, perhaps, t cheapest costume possible.

For *robes de chambre*, the "Watteau" and "Pr cesse" shapes are most charming. The "Princess is cut to the figure with side pieces at the back a plaits in front, and is left open at the throat;—c made of pink Danish alpaca, and trimmed with bla velvet and lace is quite pretty. The Watteau made with a large plait in the back, which flows i the skirt.

White dresses, richly embroidered and trimmed w Valenciennes, are much in vogue. They are ma with basques, sacques, polonaises, and round wai A plain white muslin dress with a blue or pink s is thought by some to be the most charming dress summer. But it is not expensive, and that, with so is a terrible fault!

The latest steamers have brought over from Wo some Dolly Vardens made of Black Satin Foulard ornamented with bright figures of roses and lil They are very stylish when trimmed with black vel and lace.

Bodices are worn more open at the neck, and throat is outlined and relieved by a muslin ruffle stead of the trying linen collar. In fact the wl tendency of dress is toward softening and refining fects.

For horseback, the best dressers always prefe dark habit—yet mouse-color is very proper and becoming to the slight. The small low-crowned Englishman's hat is the most appropriate head-gear.

Bonnets are crowned and laden with flowers, long streamers of them falling down the back, and falls of lace and ribbons hide the spot from which the chignon is gracefully retiring. The chignon shrinks from month to month. Let us hope that by Fall a graceful Grecian knot, or a bunch of curls, will entirely replace the monstrous burden.

Silk stockings of beautiful tints to match dresses, with highly ornamental clocks at the ankles, and high-heeled slippers trimmed with immense rosettes are very fashionable. But they are ruinous in price —a single pair costing eight dollars. Ladies' boots cost as high as eighteen dollars a pair very frequently; slippers from three to ten; and rosettes — anything. We pay for boots and shoes exactly what we did during the war, when gold was 2.50.

The fashion of wearing watches, chatelaines, and chains at the belt is growing. Tiffany has pretty smelling bottles, purses, and watches adapted to this fashion. The Nuremburg ladies in the time of Albert Durer wore their scissors, thimbles, and other implements at the side in this way, and the goldsmiths and artisans of the day displayed much ingenuity in these chatelaines. These of modern make are scarcely as ornate and picturesque as were those of olden times. The fashion is a pretty and convenient one, and it seems a pity that it is not followed more generally.

For note-paper, the prettiest shade is a sort of sage green with the monogram in colors. The street and number, or, if residing in the country, the name of your place, and the town and State, should be neatly printed in the right-hand corner of the first page.

### Summer Drinks.

ICE-WATER should be drank but sparingly. A most excellent substitute for it is pounded ice taken in small lumps into the mouth and allowed to dissolve upon the tongue. This will prove very refreshing and much more enduring in its effects.

Lemonade is a simple and grateful beverage. To make it: Roll the lemons on something hard till they become soft; grate off the rinds, cut the lemons in slices and squeeze them in a pitcher (a new clothes-pin will answer for a squeezer in lieu of something better); pour on the required quantity of water, and sweeten according to taste. The grated rinds, for the sake of their aroma, should be added too. After mixing thoroughly, set the pitcher aside for half an hour; then strain the liquor through a jelly strainer, and put in the ice.

Travelers who find it inconvenient to use lemons can carry a box of lemon sugar prepared from citric acid and sugar, a little of which in a glass of ice-water will furnish quite a refreshing drink, and one that will help oftentimes to avert sick-headache and biliousness. Citric acid is obtained from the juice of lemons and limes.

Perry is a delicious beverage made from cherries, and will keep a year or more. Take six pounds of cherries and bruise them; pour on a pint and a half of hot water, and boil for fifteen minutes; strain through a flannel bag, and add three pounds of sugar. Boil for half an hour more, or until the liquid will sink to the bottom of a cup of water (try it with a teaspoonful of the liquid); then turn into jelly cups and cover with paper dipped in the white of an egg.

To prepare the drink: Put a spoonful of the jelly into a goblet of water, and let it stand about ten minutes; then stir it up and fill with pounded ice. Currants and raspberries made into "shrub" furnish a pleasant and cooling drink when mixed with ice-water. Pounded ice is also an agreeable addition to a saucer of strawberries, raspberries, or currants. Pound it until it is almost as fine as snow, and spread it over the berries. With fruit it is also an excellent substitute for cream.

Water ices are always acceptable. Those made of lemon, orange, currants, strawberries, raspberries, and pineapple, are much improved by adding the stiff beaten whites of four eggs to every two quarts of the liquid. Put it in just as it is turned into the freezer, and it will freeze in a foam.

### The Poetry of the Table.

IN the first place, a starched and smoothly-ironed table-cloth—which, if neatly folded after every meal, will look well for several days. Then flowers and ferns in flat dishes, baskets, or small vases,—or else a tiny nosegay laid upon every napkin.

The salt must be pure and smooth. The butter should be moulded into criss-crossed diamonds, shells, or globes, with the paddles made for this purpose.

A few pretty dishes will make the plainest table glow;—a small bright-colored platter for pickles, horse-radish, or jelly; and butter-plates representing green leaves are also attractive.

A few pennies' worth of parsley or cress, mingled with small scraps of white paper daintily clipped, will cause a plain dish to assume the air of a French *entrée*. A platter of hash may be ornamented with an edging of toasted or fried bread cut into points; and a dish of mutton chops is much more impressive with the bones stacked as soldiers stack their guns, forming a pyramid in the center,—each bone adorned with a frill of cut paper. A few slices of lemon, mingled with sprigs of parsley and slices of hard-boiled eggs, form a pretty garnish to many dishes; and nothing could be more appetizing than beef, veal, mutton, or lamb made into mince-meat, and pressed into form in a wine-glass, then fried in pork fat, with a sprig of green placed in the top of each little cone. The basket of fruit—peaches, pears, grapes or apples, oranges and grapes—should be tastefully arranged and trimmed with leaves and flowers. The bowl of salad should be ornamented with the scarlet and orange flowers of the tropæolum,—their piquant flavor adding zest to the lettuce, with which they can be eaten.

## CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

### Ward's "Shakespeare."

AFTER six years patient waiting, Ward's statue of Shakespeare has at last been set up in the Central Park; even now, not on the handsome pedestal designed for it by Wrey Mould, which has not yet been sent from Scotland, but, though on a temporary basis, yet in the spot where, for many years to come, it will stand, rousing in the mind of the passer pleasant thoughts of the gentle genius it commemorates, and admiration for the artist who has so nobly fashioned it.

We heartily wish it were higher praise than it is, to say that Ward is the first of American sculptors. Nor will we dwell upon the statement, for, if report of him be true, he is too manly, too modest, and too generous, to take pleasure in being praised at the expense of countrymen. We will make a wider inquest and ask who, among modern sculptors in France, in Germany or in Italy—we do not name England, for England has no sculptors—can be placed above him? In France they can make clever statuettes—the prettiest, most taking ornaments in the world for parlor or boudoir. The Louvre is set round with a small army of these—portrait-statues of all the great men of France—the great and the little-great—but there is no Frenchman living who has proved that he can make a statue. The last fine statue made in France was the Voltaire of Houdon; since then, in spite of patronage public and private, in spite of commissions and competitions, no statue worth looking at twice is forthcoming. In Germany they do better, but they are so tied hand and foot there by classicism and conventionalism and all the nonsense of their stone ideal, that originality is of the rarest; Rauch, however, has done some strong work, and men of less name, such as Kiss and Dannecker, have made statues that are above the average, though in reality neither the Amazon nor the Ariadne can be allowed to have any real principle of life in it. Nothing in art can live or be the cause of life in others that does not grow out of the artist himself, and belong to his time and surroundings. And the works we have just mentioned are only a little above the average of works of their kind, as Thorwaldsen's works, and as the works of that immensely overrated man, Canova, were above the average work of the same kind, so that their performances lifted them above the dead level of their dull unartistic time, and like little wanton boys they swim on bladders these many summers in a sea of glory. But we hope our better feeling for true art, and our worthier conviction of its ends and aims, will stick fatal pins into their bladders before many years.

Italians might perhaps do something: witness Vela's "Napoleon" and Magni's "Reading Girl." But Italy's splendid past weighs her down and clips the wings of her men of genius, and Italians are too poor, too indifferent to art to encourage modern artists; and, if you find fault, have the ready answer that there is more splendid art in Italy now left from the old time than they can take proper care of. So the sculptors there do not work for their countrymen, who never buy or never give remunerative prices—who reads Vasari knows 'tis an old trick, this higgling and beating down—but work for strangers, and "sculp," to use the American word that just suits the work, whatever style of stone doll suits the traveling American and English.

Thus it happens that Ward has not a large number of competitors for the first prize, and indeed we dare say never thought about the first prize at all "To do his level best" he learned in his Western catechism, and he has always done that. He has done i in his "Indian," which is the first true ideal statue that has been produced in America, and much nearer to being a god than the "Young Mohawk" o the Belvedere. And now he has done his level bes again, in the Shakespeare, which is so fine a piece o creative portraiture that it seems inevitable it mus come to be acknowledged the ideal statue of the poet Ward has almost met Jonson's wish and, in this figure for gentle Shakespeare cut, has drawn his wit as wel in brass as he has hit his face.

The statue modeled here in New York, in Ward' workshop, was cast by Messrs. Wood & Co., in Philadelphia, where, as also at Chicopee in Massachusetts there has been for some time as good casting done a can be done anywhere in the world.

It is considerably larger than life, and is in dres an accurate but not pedantic presentation of the manners of Shakespeare's own time. He is not dressing gowned like the Houdon Voltaire, nor looks a clothe line on a windy day, like Roubiliac's posture-maste in Poet's Corner, nor is he draped half-true, hal ideal, like the great lumbering new Dante in Sant Croce Square, in Florence. Ward was taught in good school and learned of his master, Henry K Brown, to seek for truth and to ensue it, and so hi Shakespeare is in his habit as he lived, like Brown' fine "Washington," and Rauch's "Frederic." Th poet stands in a position as free as possible from att tudinizing or self-consciousness, or affectation. Ther is a straightforward, manly simplicity in the way i which the sculptor has trusted to the natural beaut of the human figure crowned with such a head, tha goes at once to the heart. We doubt if any reade and lover of Shakespeare who was at the Park on th day of the unvailing, and saw when, with a touch, th flag that enveloped the statue—our own, the mos beautiful of the flags of the world—vanished an revealed what it had hid, who did not feel his hea stirred, and even the tears, if he would but confess i stirred in their secret places. For it is as it were real presence, and the closer we study the head—th front of Jove himself—the more beauty, and nobilit and expressiveness of all powers and capabilities w shall find in it. It makes all other portraits an usts of Shakespeare look like the tired and castway efforts of students in a master's workshop, while bove them, not disdainful, but strong, and sweet, nd full of encouragement, rises the master's work to vhose resemblance their feebleness had so long asired.

### Labor versus Capital.

In the discussion of this question the *Builder* tates the case as follows. In our large manufactures he tendency of the scale to turn in favor of labor as gainst capital may be most plainly pointed out, and o long as competition is the principle that regulates rade this movement of the scale must go on; for it vill be seen at once that the increased facility of obaining information which modern science is daily ielding is mainly an advantage to the workman. It s his interest to communicate knowledge to his felows, while it is the interest of the employer to keep t to himself. Let us take such an instance as the arival of a large foreign order. Suppose that the Rusian Government wishes to purchase 50,000 tons of ails. Every iron-master who catches scent of the ommission will maintain the utmost possible silence. He will seek to make use of his knowledge in order o obtain the job. The fewer of his competitors who ender, and the less those who do tender know of the ourse of business adopted by the Russian Governnent as to inspection, mode of delivery, payment, nd other details, the better will it be for his chances f securing the order. On the other hand, with the vorkman the case is diametrically opposite. "Here s our master," they will say, "with a heavy contract ound his neck. He is no doubt under penalties as to ime. It is a good opportunity for obtaining an inrease of wages." The more fully knowledge is pread among the producers of labor, the more nited and effective will be their action. And it is vident that, from year to year, it will be more and nore difficult for the masters to obtain exclusive information, and more and more easy for the men to ommunicate intelligence. It is hard to see how the ontinuance of the competitive system among manuacturers can fail to involve them in constantly-increasng difficulties. Unless something in the nature of a end or syndicate be introduced into the great trades, our manufacturing industry contains within its bosom he elements of its own destruction.

### Charles Dudley Warner's "Saunterings." *

This is a delightful book. Racy, graphic, varied, ender, droll, all at once and all in turn, Mr. Warner's sketches of travel are as peculiarly his own as re his chapters on Gardening, or his "Back-Log Studies." Everything he describes is lit, and everyhing he says is kindled, by that subtle, elusive, indescribable sparkle of which only the true humorist knows the secret. Much more goes into the making of genuine humor than the world usually reckons. The thing commonly called humor, and laughed over, is no more like the true article than pin-wheels are like Northern Lights. True humor is quiet, undertoned, and sad. Beneath all its fun is a pathos of great tenderness: supporting and lightening all its burden is the never-failing sense of the grotesque, the unexpected, the laughable; it has poetic sensitiveness side by side with prosaic detail; and hard matter of fact underlying all its dreams.

Many humorists whose claims to be so called have never been disputed, have lacked this essential element of tenderness or pathos. The world is very quick to laugh, despite its sins and aches, and adopts its court jesters quite too easily. This is especially true in America, where a man needs only to hit on some new silliness of spelling, to be heralded far and near as a wit, and to make a fortune out of an almanac. There ought to be another name for this class of amusers; they might be called Ticklers, since all they do is to make men laugh for a minute or two. The true humorist does much more than that. His sayings abide with us: we like him best when we are sad. Who ever saw the day too dark to read beloved Charles Lamb in? Who that has known sorrow will read Warner's story of the sweet Sorrento maiden, Fiametta, without lingering over its last sentences?

"I could not say whether, after all, she was altogether to be pitied in the holy isolation of her grief, which I am sure sanctified her, and in some sort made her life complete. For I take it that life, even in this sunny Sorrento, is not alone a matter of time."

And this is the same man who, in this same book, gives the following definition of Columbus: "Columbus was evidently a person who liked to sail about, and didn't care much for consequences."

Good as the book is, we are not sure that the preface is not the best part of it. It is droll from beginning to end, and it is more than five pages long,—a most audacious boldness for a preface; but the boldness of its length is eclipsed by the boldness of its subject. Herein is illustrated the absoluteness of resource of the true humorist. Let us ask the wittiest man of our acquaintance what he thinks of Christopher Columbus! What should we get? But Warner has written five pages chiefly about that well-known discoverer, and without mentioning a fact of his history, has set him in a new light forever. The Italians in Boston, it seems, had been firing off guns in his honor about the time that this preface was written. "There is something almost heroic," says Mr. Warner, "in the idea of firing off guns for a man who has been stone dead for about four centuries." Then the question comes up naturally, whether we ought, after all, to be so very grateful to Columbus. He was a "well-meaning man," says the quiet preface, "and if he did not discover a perfect continent, he found the only one that was left." But "the Indians never thanked him, for one party. The Africans had small ground to be gratified for the market he opened for them. Here are two continents that had no use for him." Then, by a direct chain of consequences, beginning with the potato in Ireland, and ending in Tweed, we are reminded that Columbus is responsible for New York; and we are left, at last, full of ingratitude and laughter at the very mention of the great voyager's name.

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* J. R. Osgood & Co.

We said that the true humorist must have poetic sensitiveness. It is easy to select phrases and sentences from this book to establish Mr. Warner's claim to this quality. Witness the following, taken at hazard:

"We stood awhile together to see how jocund day ran hither and thither along the mountain-tops, until the light was all abroad; and then silently turned downward as one goes from a mount of devotion."

"The color holds, too, toward sundown, and seems to be poured like something solid into the streets of the city" (Munich).

"I never go down to search for stones on the beach; I like to believe that there are great treasures there which I might find."

"The use of Vesuvius, after all, is to furnish us a background for the violet light at sundown, when the villages at its foot gleam like a silver fringe."

"The sun is flooding them (olive trees in Sorrento) with waves of light, which I think a person delicately enough organized could hear beat."

Mr. Warner has another characteristic which belongs also to the poet rather than to the realist, although the realist believes that he possesses it and that poets do not. It is the faculty of drawing a picture by a single phrase, a concentrated graphicness; one illustration of such a quality as this is worth pages of analysis or assertion. What minutiæ of description of a Paris "Sergent de Ville" could equal this touch—"A Jesuit turned soldier." What essay on French cookery outdoes the sentence—"In time you tire of odds and ends which destroy your hunger without exactly satisfying you!" Or what praise of English beef surpasses this: "The cuts of roast beef, fat and lean, had qualities that indicate to me some moral elevation in the cattle." The women of Bruges, he says, "flit about in black cloaks, as numerous as the rooks at Oxford, and very much like them." And the Dutchman in Holland is so fond of his one enemy, the water, that "when he can afford it he builds him a fantastic summer-house over a stagnant pool or a slimy canal, in one corner of his garden."

Who that has anxiously sought his dinner in a tureen of German soup, will not shout with delight over this *résumé* of its actual and probable ingredients:

"It looked like a terrapin soup, but was not. Every dive of the spoon into its dark liquid brought up a different object—a junk of unmistakable pork, meat of the color of roast hare, what seemed to be the neck of a goose, something in strings that resembled the rags of a silk dress, shreds of cabbage, and what I am quite willing to take my oath was a bit of Astrachan fur."

And why did we none of us ever say before of tha dreadful Klatzen brod, which we all bought and ate that "the color is a faded black, as if it had been lef for some time in a country store, and the weight i just about that of pig-iron."

And let us all who kiss and have to be kissed, meditate well on the subtlety of the following sentences:

"I know there is a prejudice with us against kissin between men; but it is only a question of taste; an the experience of anybody will tell him that the theor that this sort of salutation must *necessarily* be des rable between opposite sexes, is a delusion."

The story of Theodoric's tomb, which the Roma Catholics stripped, and of which Mr. Warner say "I do not know that any dead person has lived it since,"—the tale of the Empress Placidia, who s in her sepulchre, a placid mummy on a cypress-wo chair, for eleven hundred years, until one day son children took in a candle and set her on fire and sl was burned up,—"a warning to all children not play with a dead and dry Empress,"—the pictu of the atmosphere of Sorrento, where one cann tell sea from sky, and sees "white sails climbi up, and fishing-boats at secure anchor, riding app ently like balloons in the hazy air;"—the inim table chapter on "the Price of Oranges," which valueless for purposes of tariff, but has the ring a spell of the garden of the Hesperides;—the sket of Saint Antonino, protector of pigs;—of Capri a the Blue Grotto, whose blueness "depends upon t time of the day, the sun, the clouds, and somethi upon the person who enters it. It is frightfully blue some;"—the sweet Fiametta's story;—and the My of the Sirens;—all these are delightful; and so, ski ming and skipping, and lingering and "sauntering we have come to the end of the book, and lay it do with a laugh which is half sigh, and a sigh which gay rather than sad, and more than all, is tender; a we say as we put the compact little volume into c carpet-bag for the summer's journeying, "A me heart doeth good like a medicine."

### Celia Thaxter.

MRS. CELIA THAXTER has not been much kno outside the circle of readers of the *Atlantic Month* But for many years her name has been the signature some of the very sweetest and most graceful and m spontaneous song which has been printed in Ameri This little volume (*Poems:* By Celia Thaxt Hurd & Houghton) contains most of her contri tions to the *Atlantic*, and a few of her poems for c dren which have appeared in the *Young Folks*.

There is not much opportunity for analysis, speaking of these poems; and there is almost no po bility of description. Is not this also true of all subtle songs of birds in meadow and wood? H flippant and preposterous seem the syllabic attem which some enthusiastic naturalists have made to produce in print the song of the Bob-o-Link, for instance, or of the Lark!

Mrs. Thaxter's early life was passed on a singularly isolated island on the New England coast, and her whole heart is wedded to the sea. Every song she sings has the under-tow in it. Every picture she sees has the horizon line of one who has looked out perpetually over far waters. She is next of kin to all lonely winged things which dwell among waves and rocks: gulls are her boon comrades, and sand-pipers are her brothers. Perhaps no poem in the book is more characteristic than one called "The Sand-piper," of which we give the first and last stanzas.

> "Across the narrow beach we flit,
> One little sand-piper and I,
> And fast I gather, bit by bit,
> The scattered drift-wood bleached and dry.
> The wild waves reach their hands for it,
> The wild wind raves, the tide runs high,
> As up and down the beach we flit,
> One little sand-piper and I.
>
> . . . . . . . . . .
>
> "Comrade, where wilt thou be to-night,
> When the loosed storm breaks furiously?
> My drift-wood fire will burn so bright!
> To what warm shelter canst thou fly?
> I do not fear for thee, though wroth
> The tempest rushes through the sky;
> For are we not God's children both,
> Thou, little sand-piper, and I?"

This poem of "The Sand-piper," although we have selected it as a distinguishingly characteristic one, does not, perhaps, do full justice to Mrs. Thaxter's fineness of descriptive phrase. Witness this stanza, the opening one in the "Wreck of the Pocahontas:"—

> "I lit the lamps in the light-house tower,
> For the sun dropped down and the day was dead;
> They shone like a glorious clustered flower—
> Ten golden and five red."

And this from a description of morning-glories, in the poem called "Before Sunrise:"

> "O bells of triumph! delicate trumpets thrown
> Heavenward and earthward, turned east, west, north, south,
> In lavish beauty,—who through you has blown
> This sweet cheer of the morning, with calm mouth?"

Or these closing stanzas of "A Thanksgiving:"—

> "Into thy calm eyes, O Nature, I look
> And rejoice;
> Prayerful, I add my one note to
> The Infinite voice;
> As shining and singing and sparkling
> Glides on the glad day,
> And eastward the swift-rolling planet
> Wheels into the gray."

We hope that Mrs. Thaxter will hereafter sing songs of a wider range. She has not once yet struck her highest note. The quality of these proves that, and we shall hold this dainty and tiny volume merely as a melodious and graceful hostage.

### "LUCRETIUS." [*]

THIS is an era of classic translation. Example is very contagious in literary undertaking. It seems, however, that the present translator of *Lucretius* was before any one of his American peers in projecting and commencing his task.

The publishers' part in this book is highly prepossessing. They present us a well-favored volume without and within. If we pause, however, to study the portals by which we enter the palace of the translator's work (and Florence of the Middle Ages taught us that doors also may be a true product of art), we are a little damped and disheartened. The dedication reads as follows:

"To H. A. J. Munro, of Trinity College, Cambridge, to whom all admirers of *Lucretius* owe a debt of gratitude for his labors in the emendation of the text and the interpretation of *their* author, this work is respectfully inscribed by the translator."

A lucky throw of the eyes may possibly show at once to one reader in ten that "*their*" has "admirers" for its antecedent, (implying such possessorship as admirers can claim in the author admired,) but to the nine readers remaining, "their" will seem a negligent slip for "its," referring to the "text." Mr. Johnson might have said "to whom all admirers of *Lucretius* owe a debt of gratitude for his labors in the emendation of their author's text and in the interpretation of the poem," and avoided the unfortunate ambiguity.

The introduction is not destitute of value, but it is curiously made up of long quotations from Professor Munro and from Professor Sellar, so inserted as to render it sometimes quite impossible to determine where they severally begin, where they are interrupted by the translator himself, where they end, and to which writer they belong.

We turn over to the Notes, and find the greater part of them credited by the translator to other writers than himself. It is Mr. Johnson himself, however, who quotes Milton's line,

> "The womb of Nature and perhaps her grave,"

so as to make it jingle after this fashion:

> "The womb of Nature and perhaps her *tomb*."

When we commence reading the text of the translator, however, we are bound to admit that the ill auguries thus gathered are to a considerable degree falsified. The famous invocation of Venus with which the poem of *Lucretius* begins, and of which Mr. Lowell has pronounced the characteristically extravagant opinion that it is "the one sunburst of purely poetic inspiration" in the Latin language, is really rendered with remarkable fidelity and even with such felicity, too, as may come to a versifier from fidelity in following a poet. The translator misses the pregnant meaning of the poet, when he renders

> "Whose *presence* fills
> All things beneath the gliding signs of heaven,"

for "Who dost *throng with life*," etc.

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[*] *Lucretius; or, The Nature of Things.* Translated into English verse by Charles Frederic Johnson, with Introduction and Notes. New York: De Witt C. Lent & Co.

The liquid Latin vocable *genitabilis* is rather clumsily represented by the prosaic "fecundating" ("procreative" would have been happier), and "goddess divine," (elsewhere repeated), seems prodigal of divinity; but the whole passage is very conscientiously and not unsatisfactorily translated. We may as well add, that

> "On the true form and nature of all things"

is an extremely unpleasing expansion of the Lucretian phrase of three words, *de rerum natura;* as also is "*and bound*" an awkward verse-filler in

> "O'erpowered *and bound* by Love's eternal wound."

*Calliope*, *Heraclitus*, *Cybele*, *Dicte[æ]an*, *Curetes*, are apparently mispronounced by the translator, though his theory of the mechanism of blank verse renders it a doubtful point to decide.

> "Now, Memmius, as I approach my theme, may you"—

> "Bring forth the shining grain, the herb luxuriant, and"—

are examples of the freedom with which he treats his measure—extreme examples, we acknowledge.

Good's metrical version is highly conventional in execution, but it is perhaps more agreeable reading as well as more scholar-like than Mr. Johnson's work. It is bound in the same volume with Watson's prose version (to which must in candor be given the preference over both its competitors) in Bohn's library of classic translation.

If the reader, however, can forgive mechanical versification that employs devices such as "pov'rty," "I'm," "can't," "they've," "I've," "moreo'er," "directeress," "propriate," etc., and can forgive also the traits of defective finish in scholarship that we have exemplified, we can promise him, on the whole, a fair appreciation of the verse of Lucretius from the study of Mr. Johnson's translation. The book is well worth reading, if only for the better understanding of Tennyson's *Lucretius.*

### New Volume of Lange's Commentary.

THE new volume of Lange's *Commentary*, just issued by Messrs. Scribner, Armstrong & Co., is occupied with the First and Second Books of Kings, and will be welcomed not only by reason of its intrinsic value, but because there is no other commentary on those books, of first-rate merit, accessible to English students. This volume has been translated and edited by the Rev. Dr. E. Harwood, of New Haven, and the Rev. W. G. Sumner, of Morristown, New Jersey. The editors have not hesitated to bring their strong American common sense to bear upon the occasional obscurities and even absurdities into which the best and most learned German scholars will sometimes fall, and which the excellent Dr. Bahr (who is the German editor of the present volume) has not wholly escaped. The second half of the volume, especially, owes much to the diligent and faithful scholarship of Mr. Sumner, who has added not a little to the German text, enlarging, correcting, and sometimes confuting the comment of the original. Certainly the volume is not inferior in merit to any that have preceded it; while the subject with which it is occupied gives it special interest and value. It helps well on towards completion a great literary enterprise, by which the book-shelves of many a ministerial library have been made heavier and richer; and answers the often-repeated question of not a few discouraged students of the Bible—"What can we find to help us in the explanation of the Old Testament?" We hope for the best results from that increased interest in and intelligent appreciation of the books of the Old Testament, which such a work as this of Lange is so well suited to promote.

### Dean Stanley's New Volume.

THE peculiarities of Dean Stanley's style of treating the historical subjects which he discusses, are so well known that it is unnecessary to indicate them. The picturesque vividness of his narrative, the breadth and comprehensiveness of his view, the candor—or, as it has seemed to some, the latitudinarian indifference—of his admiration and sympathy, have made his lectures on the history of the Jewish Church and on the history of the Eastern Church more popularly interesting and attractive than it seemed possible for ecclesiastical history to become. Especially in his treatment of the Jewish history, the vividness with which he brings out the human element, in distinction from the divine, has been to some a surprise and a delight, to others a surprise and an offense. To make sacred history like any other history has seemed sometimes to be a dangerous leveling downwards, until it suggested the necessity for making all history seem sacred. To recognize the human in the divine is surely not less necessary than to recognize the divine in the human. And the students of church history owe much to the genius and the devoutness of a writer who, with no sacrifice of reverence, can make his books as real, and fresh, and full of human nature as the most vivid pages of the ablest of secular historians.

When, therefore, it was understood that Dean Stanley had ventured to give before a Scotch audience a series of lectures on the history of the Scottish Church, the importance and interest of the announcement were immediately appreciated. But it is only after a careful reading of the volume in which Messrs. Scribner, Armstrong & Co. have given the lectures to the American public that one appreciates the difficulty and even the danger of the undertaking. To tell the truth with such unimpassioned candor as Dean Stanley is apt to exhibit, in his treatment of matters of church history, is not easy in a country where almost every listener is a more or less intensely prejudiced theologian, and probably a more or less bitter partisan. To treat of the Church of Scotland in such a loose and vague way that there is room in the lectures for a kind word for David Hume, for instance, and a place among religious teachers, of a certain sort, for Robert Burns, would seem even to some outside of Scotland a little startling. It is not surprising, therefore, that the lectures have already aroused sharp criticism and denunciation. Indeed it is safe to say that lectures on the History of the Church of Scotland which would not be denounced by somebody would have no possible significance or value. And probably Dean Stanley has escaped with the least possible obloquy, and that from those whose obloquy was, on the whole, least to be dreaded.

But whether the book be approved or censured, it must prove fascinating both to friend and foe. Under the genial sunshine of the writer's charity, and his warm appreciation of the good which he discovers at the bottom of so many evil things, we have found our share of anti-Scottish prejudice (which is the misfortune of so many to whom Providence has denied a birthright in the land of the heather and the thistle) insensibly disappearing. It would seem, indeed, that no disinterested reader of this book could fail to have a grateful and affectionate regard for the great people in whose history so much of the presence of the Spirit of Christ has been manifested, in forms sometimes grotesque and awkward, it is true, but often wonderfully simple, tender, and heroic.

### Maurice's "Sermons on the Lord's Prayer."

Messrs. Hurd & Houghton have brought out, in a little volume of great beauty, a new edition of the sermons on the Lord's Prayer, by the late Rev. F. D. Maurice, whose recent death, while still in the vigor of his mental and moral power, has been deeply felt by a large circle of admirers, and we may even say disciples. For, though Mr. Maurice was as far as possible from being a teacher of positive and dogmatic theology or philosophy, he was the most conspicuous master of a school of religious thought in which many devout and earnest souls were thankful to sit at his feet as learners. Perhaps no man in England made such an impression of personal excellence and Christlikeness upon those who were privileged to know him, or breathed through his writings, a spirit so reverent for truth, so tolerant and tender toward error, so earnest for all good, so profoundly and purely hostile to all evil. Many a reader who has not assented to the conclusions of his thought, has owed to him more than could be well expressed of obligation for the purity and holiness of his spirit. It is manifest that what such a man would have to say by way of comment on our Lord's Prayer would be as far as possible from the dry and hackneyed literalism of some of our scholastic commentators, would be fresh and practical, devout and helpful, — a book for the study, indeed, but, hardly less, a book for the closet too.

Perhaps this volume, with which the publishers have chosen to introduce Mr. Maurice anew to American readers, is, on the whole, the best one that they could have taken; although some of his later works,—and especially the noble volume of lectures on "Social Morality," which was almost his latest work,—indicate a more robust and vigorous thought than the writings of his earlier years. But whoever reads with reverent and sympathetic spirit these sermons on the Lord's Prayer will hardly be content to stop without a wider knowledge of their author. Some slight effort is perhaps needed to fall into the almost rhythmic movement of Mr. Maurice's style; but when it is once appreciated there will be found in it a peculiar fascination.

There is prefixed to the sermons the admirable criticism on Mr. Maurice and the affectionate tribute to his worth, which appeared, at the time of his death, in the columns of the London *Spectator*. So good an example of commemorative biography has not appeared, to our knowledge, for a long time.

### "The Fourth Gospel the Heart of Christ."

Another instance of the disintegration of the Unitarian denomination (which is upon all sides so evident) is just now afforded by the appearance of a volume from one who is still counted among Unitarian ministers, but whose doctrinal position, so far as the volume defines it, should entitle him to full and fraternal recognition from his orthodox brethren. The Reverend Edmund H. Sears is already favorably known as a writer on theological and religious questions, whose works have been characterized not so much by controversial intensity as by a reverent and honest spirit of inquiry after truth. And as it is always true that to such a spirit the truth will readiest disclose itself, so it has been true in this instance. There are few intelligent Christian ministers of any denomination (save possibly of one wing of the denomination to which Mr. Sears himself belongs!) who would speak of his little volume on Regeneration, published many years ago, in terms of anything but respect and commendation. And so there are few Christian men, anywhere, who would not be the better for the volume which is now published. (*The Fourth Gospel the Heart of Christ:* Boston; Noyes, Holmes & Co.) Consider, for example, such a sentence as this from a Unitarian writer, and see how little that word *Unitarian* may mean: "The Divine Incarnation in the Lord Jesus Christ, we conclude to be the distinguishing doctrine of the Johannean theology." Or, better still, this paragraph from the close of Chapter VII. (Part III.): "What we want in Christ we always find in him. When we want nothing we find nothing. When we want little we find little. When we want much we find much. But when we want everything, and get reduced to complete nakedness and beggary, we find in him God's complete treasure-house, out of which come gold and jewels and garments to clothe us, wavy in the richness and the glory of the Lord."

### The New Life of John Wesley.

It would seem that we are now sufficiently remote from the lifetime of John Wesley to consider, with temperate fairness and with comprehensive breadth, the extraordinary work of which he is the recognized author. And, no doubt, it is better that the story of his life should be told by one who is his intense and devoted disciple, rather than by one disqualified, by a lack of sympathy, to appreciate the genius and the excellence of the great Methodist. But of course there was danger that discipleship might become partisanship, and intensity narrowness; and that sympathy might bring the writer so close to the subject of the biography that the character of his hero should not always be seen in its proper proportions.

This danger has not been entirely escaped by the author of the latest, and in many important respects the best of the lives of Wesley. (*The Life and Times of the Rev. John Wesley, M.A.*, by the Rev. L. Tyerman. In three volumes. Vols. I. and II. New York: Harper & Brothers.) He begins his introduction with the somewhat startling conundrum, "Is it not a truth that Methodism is the greatest fact in the history of the Church of Christ?" And, lest the reader should give it up hopelessly at the outset, he follows with a dozen pages of statistics by which we may be helped to an affirmative answer. Nor are there wanting other evidences that the author is more Wesleyan than Wesley, and is somewhat less capable of appreciating the occasional reactionary conservatism of the man than his zealous and aggressive radicalism. There is also a defective sense of humor, which is a somewhat serious disqualification for the writer even of a religious biography; and in regard to which the quotation of a single sentence will illustrate the justice of our criticism. On page 336 (Vol. I.) we are informed that "Charles Wesley alternated with his brother, though he preached far more at Bristol than in London. *Ever and anon he composed one of his grand funereal hymns, and not unfrequently met with amusing adventures.*" The non-sequitur of the sentence in italics is extremely delightful.

But, notwithstanding the defects to which we have alluded, and certain other infelicities of style which are sufficiently obvious, the great diligence and research with which the author has gathered his materials, and the honesty and skill with which he has used them, will give the book a great and permanent value. The story of the labors and experiences of the great Methodist is told with a fullness of detail which, though it is minute, is seldom wearisome. And the second volume brings us to the sixty-fourth year of his laborious and useful life. The whole work is deeply interesting; and no one who cares to study the present tendencies of Methodism—tendencies of extraordinary importance and significance—can afford to do without what must always be the standard life of its great founder. We cannot doubt that it will have a wide popularity. The orderly arrangement of the chapters and the promise of a complete index at the close of the third volume are worthy of all commendation.

### Figuier's "To-Morrow of Death."

"But man dieth and wasteth away; yea, man giveth up the ghost *and where is he?*" It is the wail that has been plained in all tongues and by all peoples, since life entered the world and with it death. Pagan Catullus pierced with a sweet cry the space that mocked him with emptiness. And almost two thousand years later the Christian Laureate sang—

> "Oh, Christ! that it were possible
> For one short hour to see
> The souls we loved, that they might tell us
> What and where they be."

Every generation calls on its beloved dead to speak, and still their lips are dumb. There is something so pathetic in this loyalty to a vanished love, something so tragic in the loneliness that *must* have knowledge of the hereafter, that all gentle souls must needs look with tolerance on every reverent effort toward the comprehension of the future life, whether it call itself Spiritualism, Swedenborgianism, or by whatever fantastical title. *The To-morrow of Death** is one more attempt, futile as it seems to us, to penetrate the impenetrable. It is of that large class of books so melodramatic in attitude, so rash in statement, and so self-conscious, that sharp and brilliant criticism upon them is easily written. And yet it is so honest and earnest, the author has so evidently yearned to believe for his soul's peace, and so evidently hopes to bring belief to other baffled souls, that we cannot find it in us to laugh at his vagaries. His theory of the future existence is, that while bad souls are re-incarnated until, by repentance and uprightness, they are fit for the spiritual state, good souls rise at death to the planetary ether, some eighty miles above the earth. There these superhuman essences advance in knowledge and goodness until they are fit to enter the sun, where they become "pure spirit," and dwell in the visible presence of God. They communicate with their friends on earth by means of dreams and impressions. The rays of the sun are fructifying emanations from these perfect existences, to which we owe the germs of all animal life. The many steps by which the author mounts to his conclusions are too involved and too various to be set down here. His data he takes chiefly from astronomy, of which he is a loving student. His deductions he takes wholly from his own very remarkable mental processes.

Always readable and often eloquent, these speculations, which Monsieur Figuier with fond paternal blindness calls demonstrations, fill a dainty volume of four hundred pages. It is a book thoroughly French, yet neither material, infidel, nor irreverent. And if it fall far short of the author's daring hopes at least that aim was noble which sought, in his own words, "to consecrate the idea of God, without neglecting the Universe of Nature."

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* By Louis Figuier, author of *Primitive Man, Earth and Sea*, etc., translated from the French by S. R. Crocker. Roberts Brothers.

### "Dana's Corals and Coral Islands."

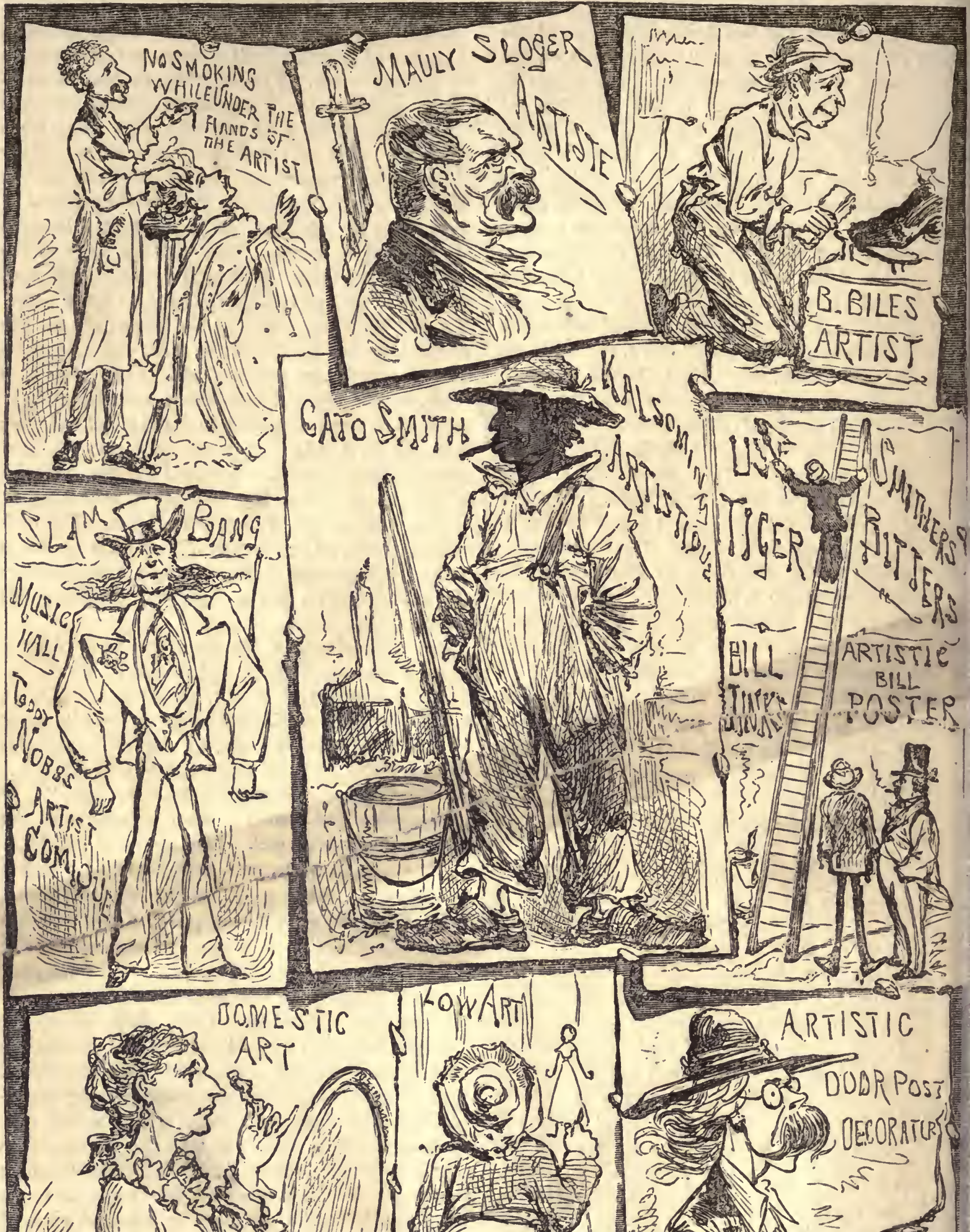
No voyage since the world-revealing cruise of the *anta Maria* has had so great an influence on the evelopment of human knowledge as the voyage of he *Beagle*, forty years ago. It was then that the heory which has given such a stimulus to scientific hought began to shape itself in Mr. Darwin's mind. t was then that he laid the foundation of that wide omprehension of natural phenomena which has given im such an influence over the minds of modern aturalists. One of the first fruits of the cruise was he solution of the vexed problem of the formation nd physical history of coral islands and coral reefs. Soon after the return of the *Beagle*, and before the esults of the voyage were made known, the American Exploring Expedition, under Capt. Wilkes, set sail. A chance newspaper paragraph, containing a statement of Mr. Darwin's theory of reef-formation, fell into the ands of the Scientific Corps of the Expedition while t Sydney, Australia. This paragraph, remarks he naturalist of the party, Prof. Dana, "threw a flood of light over the subject, and called forth feelings of peculiar satisfaction, and of gratefulness to Mr. Darwin, which still come up afresh when the subject of coral islands is mentioned." It gave the right clew for Prof. Dana's subsequent investigations, which, from their wider range, enabled him to speak of Mr. Darwin's theory "as established with more positiveness than he himself in his philosophic carefulness had been ready to adopt." After twenty years of seclusion in the few libraries fortunate enough to possess the Expedition reports, Prof. Dana's original observations and discoveries, supplemented by the results of later laborers in the same field, have been given to the public in a beautiful volume, popular in style without sacrifice of scientific accuracy, and handsomely illustrated without overpassing in price the ordinary student's means. (*Corals and Coral Islands:* Dodd & Mead.)

Describing first the coral-making organisms and their products, taking care to correct the popular error that coral-rock is the result of labor, Prof. Dana describes the characteristics of reef-forming corals, the causes influencing their growth and distribution in latitude and in depth, and their rates of growth. Then he studies the structure of coral reefs and islands, generally and specially; the causes modifying their form and growth; their geographical distribution; the history of coral regions as shown in the evidences of change of level; and closes with sundry geological conclusions in regard to the formation of ancient limestones.

Four very different kinds of organisms are instrumental in coral-making: Polyps, which contribute most to modern reefs; Hydroids, some of which form the very common and often large corals called Millepores; Bryozoans, which produce delicate corals, sometimes branching and moss-like, sometimes in broad plates, thick masses and thin incrustations, and which in former and more abundant ages formed a large part of extensive beds of limestone; and certain kinds of sea-weeds. The first three classes belong to the animal kingdom. The common garden aster gives a good idea of the form and color of a polyp when expanded. Not all polyps are reef-makers. Many of the more beautiful forms—pre-eminently certain Alcyonoids—contribute but little to the material of coral reefs, though they add largely to the beauties of the coral landscape. They embrace some of the gayest and most delicate of coral shrubs. Almost all are flexible, and wave with the motion of the water. Not only are these polyps of handsome tints, but the whole shrubs are usually of a brilliant orange, yellow, scarlet, crimson, or purple shade. Dun colors also occur, as ash-gray, and dark brown, and almost black. Some kinds are too flexible to stand erect, and hang from the coral ledges, or in the coral caves, in gorgeous clusters of scarlet, yellow, and crimson. Species of this order are widely distributed, and occur at various depths down to thousands of feet. The reef-making corals, on the contrary, have a narrow range both in latitude and depth, requiring a temperature of 70° and upward, and a depth not exceeding one hundred feet.

Prof. Dana notices the prevalence of very erroneous ideas respecting the appearance of coral-beds. The submerged reef is not, as often thought, an extended mass of coral, alive uniformly over its upper surface, and gradually enlarging upward through this living growth. "Coral plantation and coral field are far more appropriate appellations," he says, "than coral garden, and convey a juster impression of the surface of a growing reef. Like a spot of wild land, covered in some parts, even over acres, with varied shrubbery, in other parts bearing only occasional tufts of vegetation in barren plains of sand; here a clump of saplings, there a carpet of variously colored flowers in these barren fields—such is the coral plantation." Large areas bear nothing; others are thickly overgrown. Coral *débris* and shells fill up the intervals between the coral patches and the cavities among the living tufts, and in this manner produce the reef deposits. While the quick-growing madrepores add sometimes three inches a year to their slender branches, Prof. Dana estimates that the maximum rate of upward progress for an entire reef cannot exceed five feet in a thousand years; and to secure continuous growth there must be a submergence of the reef at a rate not greater than that, or the corals will be drowned out. As there are many living reefs two thousand feet or more in thickness, the minimum time required for their growth can be easily estimated. The extent of some of these reefs is something marvelous: New Caledonia has one four hundred miles long, while the great barrier reef of Australia has an extent equal to our entire Atlantic coast.

## ETCHINGS.


NO SMOKING WHILE UNDER THE HANDS OF THE ARTIST
MAULY SLOGER ARTISTE
B. BILES ARTIST
CATO SMITH
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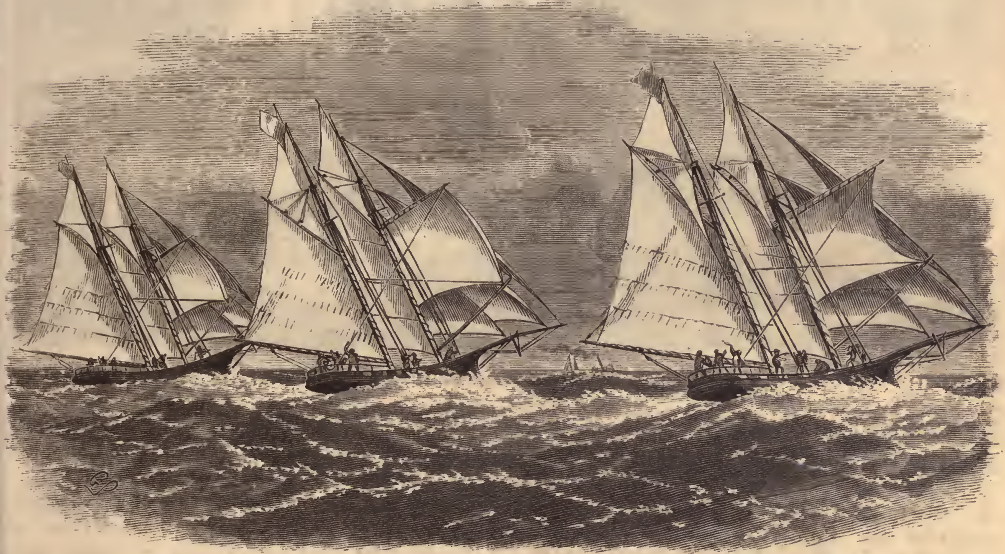
USE TIGER
SMITHERS BITTERS
BILL TINKER
ARTISTIC BILL POSTER
SLAM BANG
MUSIC HALL
TODDY NOBBS
ARTIST COMIQUE
DOMESTIC ART
ROUGE
LOW ART
ARTISTIC DOOR POST DECORATOR

"LIVING AMERICAN ARTISTS."

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

VOL. IV. AUGUST, 1872. NO. 4.

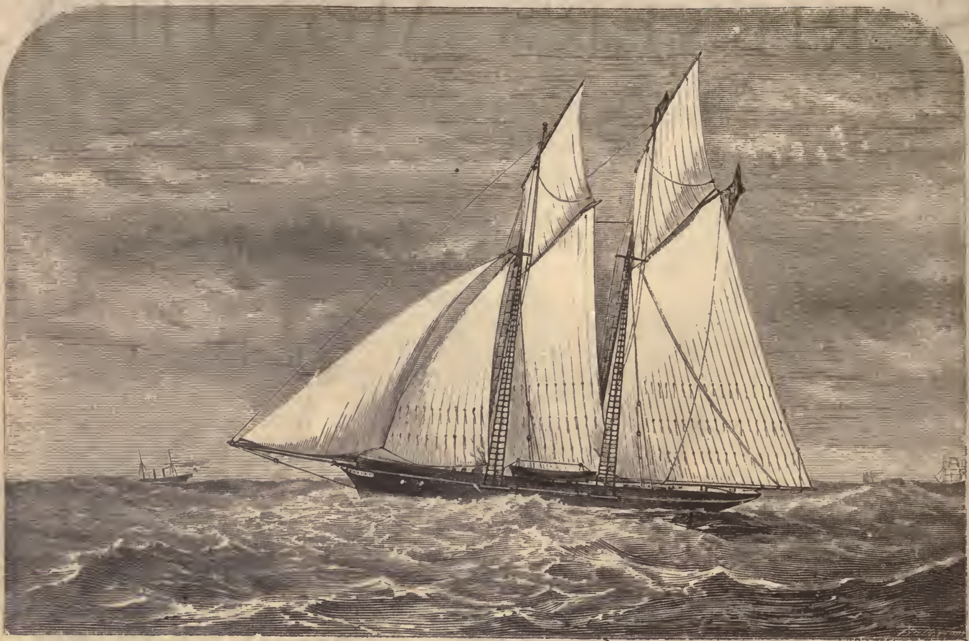
# YACHTS AND YACHTING.



OCEAN RACE BETWEEN THE HENRIETTA, FLEETWING, AND VESTA.—THE START.

THIS chapter is for "land-lubbers" and country folks. It cannot have much interest for yachtsmen, who are recommended to steer entirely clear of it, for it contains little about their favorite sport which they do not know. However, there are comparatively few persons, even of those living on the sea-coast, who have any correct notion of the number or cost of the "Pleasure Navies of the World," and it is for such that these facts are collected.

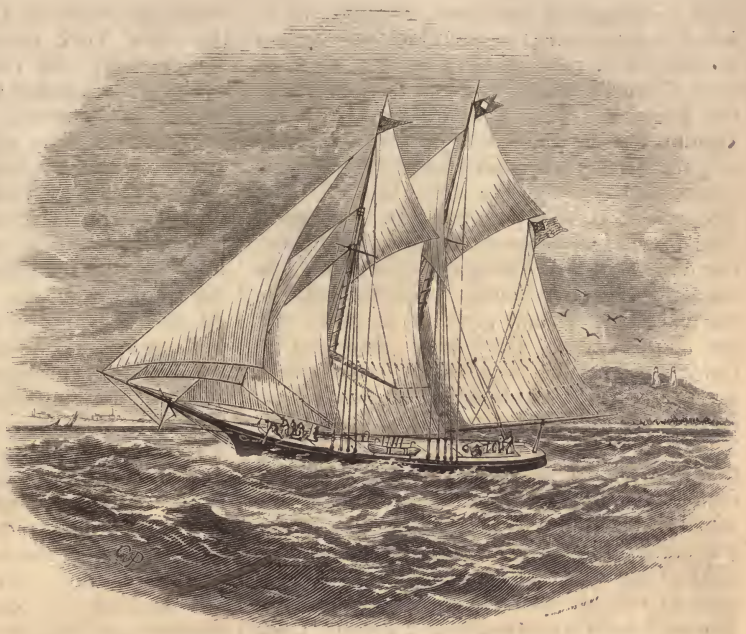
Yachting, whether in cruise or regatta, is an amusement which perhaps no two persons enjoy in precisely the same way or in the same degree. There are few sports in which men take such lively interest, and in which they are at the same time so content to be mere spectators, leaving to others the action and the labor. With many, sailing is the embodiment of all that is enjoyable in fresh air, vigorous exercise, and rapid motion; to a great many others it suggests only general discomfort and innumerable annoyances. Some take to it voluntarily, as a delightful not less than an invigorating exercise; others with wry faces, as so much necessary but nevertheless nauseating medicine. While some look upon the yacht afloat as the perfection of freedom, a great many more agree with Lord Chesterfield's Respectable Hottentot (who was never out of sight of land in his life, notwithstanding his boasts at his London club that he had been on the Atlantic in an open boat) in thinking that "no man will go in a ship who has ingenuity enough to break into jail." The same gentle craft has often borne on the same trip the most delighted and the most dejected of creatures. Even professional yachtsmen enjoy the sport differently. Yachting, and more especially yacht-racing, is not merely exciting but dangerous. It demands not merely nerve and courage, which come by nature, but that patience and coolness which only experience and long training attain. It calls forth in the highest degree the qualities of courage, resolution,



THE CAMBRIA.

decision, and perseverance; the powers of endurance, quickness of eye and delicacy of touch, not less than strength in handling the tiller. To many yachtsmen the excitement of the race is essential. They are sportsmen in precisely the same sense that trainers of fast horses, who seldom enjoy riding, are—not in that truer and finer sense which gentlemen who train animals for the pure love of driving feel with the reins in their hands. The healthful exercise, the bracing air, the intense yet soothing pleasure of the swift gliding motion are in large measure lost to the "sporting yachtsman,"—impaired by a morbid desire to own the fastest boat or to win the greatest number of cups. They sail too often less for their own satisfaction than to destroy by defeat the pleasure of their rivals. There are other yachtsmen whose quieter tastes lead them to long summer cruises—genuine lovers of sailing, who occasionally enlist in regattas, as country gentlemen exhibit their best breeds at agricultural fairs, less for personal gratification and the sake of rivalry than to maintain the ancient reputation and glory of their associations. Both these classes of yachtsmen have their uses. It is the last-named who have built and who maintain our pleasure-fleets, but the former class has done all that has been accomplished toward popularizing yachting, until it has become, as far as a costly pleasure can become, a national sport of America as it is of England.

It is due also to the "sporting yachtsmen" that so many American yacht-owners are practical yachtsmen, capable of sailing their own vessels in any sea, a qualification in which every real aquatic sportsman ought to feel proud to excel. Unfortunately, the amateur yachtsman seldom sails his own craft any more than he drives his own carriage; and a skipper is as necessary to his enjoyment afloat as the coachman is to his pleasures ashore. The first class made yachting a luxury; it is owing to the latter tha yachting has come to be regarded here as i England—"the manliest and most useful o all sports." While, therefore, the luxury o proprietorship remains to the few, the spor is enjoyed by the many, and regattas command the attention of thousands where dozens were concerned in yachting ten year ago. The "sporting yachtsman" in Amer ca is found almost exclusively in New Yor bay; the pleasure-seeker hails from Massachusetts bay. Annually both classes meet i cruise at Newport, which is the great rende vous for American yachts, as Cowes is th anchoring-ground of the English fleets; an to Newport in the summer and fall one mu resort if he wishes to see the beauty ar perfection of American yacht models.



THE SAPPHO.

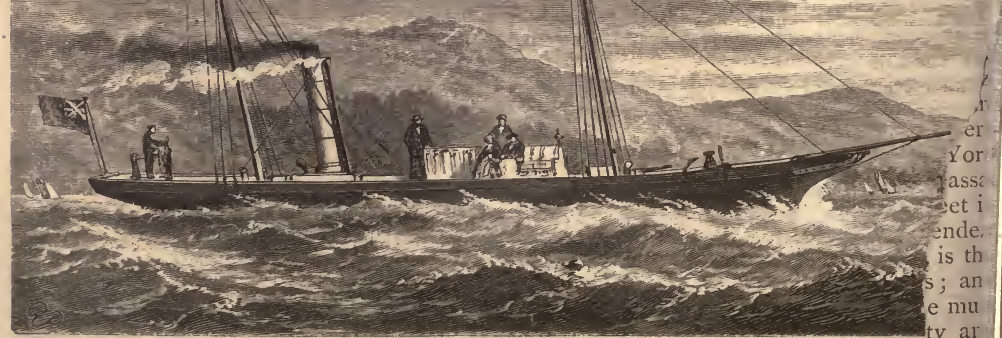
And to see also the most costly yachts in the world. It is something to be a little ashamed of that we build the most costly pleasure-vessels of any country. Many of the American yachts cost each more than some first-class city residences, and are valued at more than the average farms in the Middle and Western States—land, stock, lumber, and crops included. They are maintained at a yearly cost greater than the expenses of thousands of large households, and are often fitted up in a style of luxuriance unknown on shore. Many of them contain under the quarter-deck spacious saloons in which the tallest seaman can stand erect. They are almost invariably paneled in ebony, maple, or like costly woods, and upholstered and carpeted in velvet. Large mirrors, ample sofas, enticing lounges, and inviting easy-chairs form the furniture. State-rooms, several in number, furnished in equal elegance, accommodate ten or twelve guests. Pantries, store-rooms, closets, patented cooking ranges designed especially for yachts by a firm which makes yacht-furnishing a specialty, electric bells communicating between the cabin and forecastle, and latterly even gas (produced by passing a current of air through a small box containing chemicals), are among the modern improvements of the model yachts of the day. And, to complete all, the larders and wine-closets are usually filled with food fit for princes.

It is estimated by yachtsmen of prominence and experience that the pleasure-yachts of the New York Club alone must have cost nearly $2,000,000, while the fleets of the whole country cost about $5,000,000. The yachts of the Brooklyn Club cost $350,000; Atlantic, $400,000, and all others in New York bay about $300,000. The Eastern Club of Boston Harbor is very wealthy, owning yachts valued at $400,000. The best class of these vessels cannot be built and equipped for less than $150 a ton, or about $5,000 for a sloop of 35 tons, the smallest craft which can be constructed with due regard to comfort and convenience in a cruise. Yacht-builders declare that a roomy cabin, large enough to accommodate the average grown person, cannot be attained in vessels of smaller tonnage. A crew of five men is necessary to man such a yacht, and these cost, during the summer cruise of four months, at least $150 a month. It is necessary to employ one of the crew as steward during the whole year, in order that the yacht may be taken care of. The expenses for food are to be added to all this, so that the amusement is dearly bought. But as the yacht at the same original outlay will accommodate say from seven to ten guests, the cost does not compare unfavorably with expenses at a crowded hotel at the Springs or sea-side, and the accommodations of the yacht are immeasurably superior to those of the hotel in the season.

These figures give only an indistinct idea of the cost of larger yachts. The famous *Henrietta* was sold, after her triumph in 1866, when quite an old vessel, having seen rough service in the civil war, for $15,000. Her former owner, James Gordon Bennett, Jr., immediately bought the *Fleetwing*, one of the vessels which he had beaten in the famous dead-of-winter ocean race, for $65,000, and rechristened her the *Dauntless.* It was this magnificent vessel which was beaten in the ocean race of 1870 by the English-built *Cambria*, which was sold the same year for $30,000. The *Resolute* of Mr. A. S. Hatch, the smallest and one of the most elegant of the schooner-yachts of the New York Club, being 110 tons burden, cost $30,000—but she was built in war-times. The largest schooner-yacht in the country, the *Sappho* of Mr. Douglass, cost much less than this, proportionately. Yachts built in the excellent stanch style of these endure for many years. They may grow out of fashion, or may be excelled by new models, for the art of yacht-building improves with each year, but they never rot if cared for. The English yacht *Pearl*, built in 1818 by the Marquis of Anglesea, has outlived her famous master and all his family except one son, Lord Alfred Paget. This young nobleman, inheriting the taste of his father (who, in spite of his great qualities as a cavalryman, was, to use his own expression, "the most thorough-bred yachtsman in England"), has lately abandoned his old love for a new steam-yacht, and the *Pearl* lies rotting in ordinary. There are several very old yachts in the American fleet, the *America* itself having now attained a generation of years without losing any part of the vigor of youth.

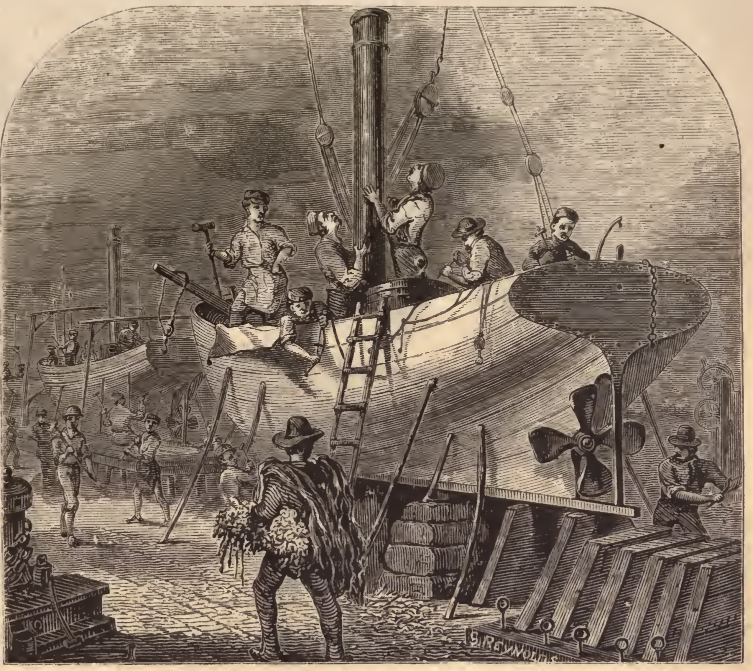
The extravagance of American yacht-owners has led of late years to a degeneracy in yacht-building, and it is a reproach that many of our swiftest and most beautiful yachts are really unseaworthy. During the out-to-sea races in October, 1871, between the New York yachts and the *Livonia* of Mr. Ashbury, the *Columbia* and *Dauntless*, two of the finest and most elegantly-equipped yachts in America, were disabled in the heavy winds they encountered, while their stancher-built English rival came in without a spar broken or a sheet tattered.

There are, of course, smaller yachts in practical use than any named, and persons living in the sea-coast cities with a taste for the sport can engage them for short cruises. At several points on the South Side Railroad of Long Island, and indeed in every bay on its coast and that of New Jersey, there are fleets of these, ranging from ten to twenty tons, owned by fishermen, who let their yachts and themselves much as a coachman lets his hackney-coach for an excursion. And the yacht is the cheaper vehicle of the two. Yachts of twenty tons, as long as the double-parlors of a fashionable residence and twice the width of its halls, not extravagantly decorated, yet not lacking in comfortable cushions and sheltering cabins, can be hired at from seven to ten dollars a day by sailing parties of from two to ten in number. For the real enjoyment of sailing, these small yachts are preferable in short cruises to the larger ones, and just as safe if well handled. Long cruises are frequently undertaken by English and American yachts of the very smallest tonnage. During the Crimean war an English yacht named the *Pet*, of only 8 tons, described by her owner as "about as long as a moderate-sized drawing-room and scarcely so wide as a



STEAM-YACHT FAIRY QUEEN.

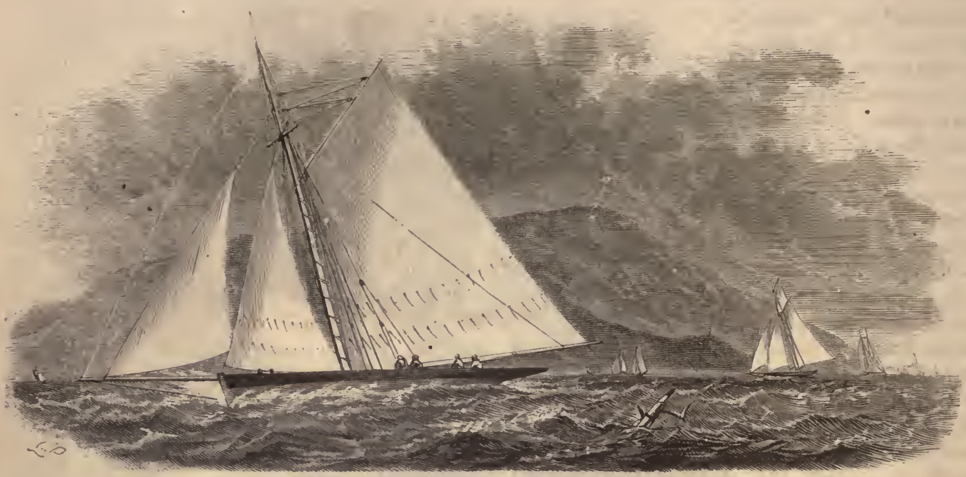
four-post bed," made the cruise of the Baltic Sea safely, meeting with no mishaps other than those resulting from the state of siege then prevailing, and the suspicion under which she labored of being a sort of amphibious spy.



BUILDING STEAM YAWLS AT THE NAVY YARD.

It must not be supposed that no good comes from the heavy expenditure for pleasure-ships which has been noticed. To man them many thousands of seamen are employed at unusually high wages. In England over 6,000, and in this country about 2,500 men are employed during the four yachting months at an expenditure of about $1,250,000. The crews of yachts are generally composed of men engaged for the greater part of the year in fishing and piloting, and usually very familiar with the principal bays and harbors in which they are to cruise. The construction of yacht-models has become, under the encouragement of extravagant yachtsmen, a special branch of ship-building, and has led to changes in naval architecture of greatest importance and benefit. "What does the water like?" is a question which ship-builders will doubtless be forever asking themselves, but it may be safely said that Americans have come nearer answering it by their yacht-models than any other nation by any other designs. Model-makers have devoted more time, ingenuity, skill, and enthusiastic study to the construction of fast yachts than to any other class of vessels. In Great Britain the yacht-clubs have practically proven naval schools, from which, indirectly, the British service has been in times past recruited. Twenty years ago the yacht squadrons of ly England were called "a nursery for bringing cou. our national naval spirit to a respectable of the well-grown maturity." The English lantic, have authority to grant admiralty bay abits to yachtsmen. It should not be forof Bost in enumerating the advantages of this yachts that in the late war our own volunteer of these service was largely recruited from the masters and crews of merchantmen, fishing fleets, and not a little from among those of the yacht squadron. In one or two instances the services of master, crew, and yacht were freely tendered to the government. The *Maria*, *America*, and *Henrietta*, the three most famous of American yachts, saw service during the war, and one, the *America*, fell captive to the enemy and was sunk in Cape Fear river to obstruct its passage, but was subsequently raised. The most natural effect of the declaration of war between this country and any other naval power would be to send half our yachtsmen to sea in command of privateers or men-of-war. Is not this a practical argument for the organization, better discipline, the increase, and recognition and encouragement (not support) by government of yacht clubs and yachtsmen?

Yachting has ever been and must always remain, for the most part, an aristocratic sport. The cost of building and maintaining even the smallest sloop-yachts, places the regular enjoyment of the sea beyond the financial resources of the great multitude. From time immemorial the yacht has been the exclusive toy of the wealthy. The rich merchants of Tyre, of whom the Prophet Ezekiel wrote, maintained their private galleys, with "benches of ivory" and masts of "cedar from Lebanon;" and spread forth



CUTTER TITTAWAKE.

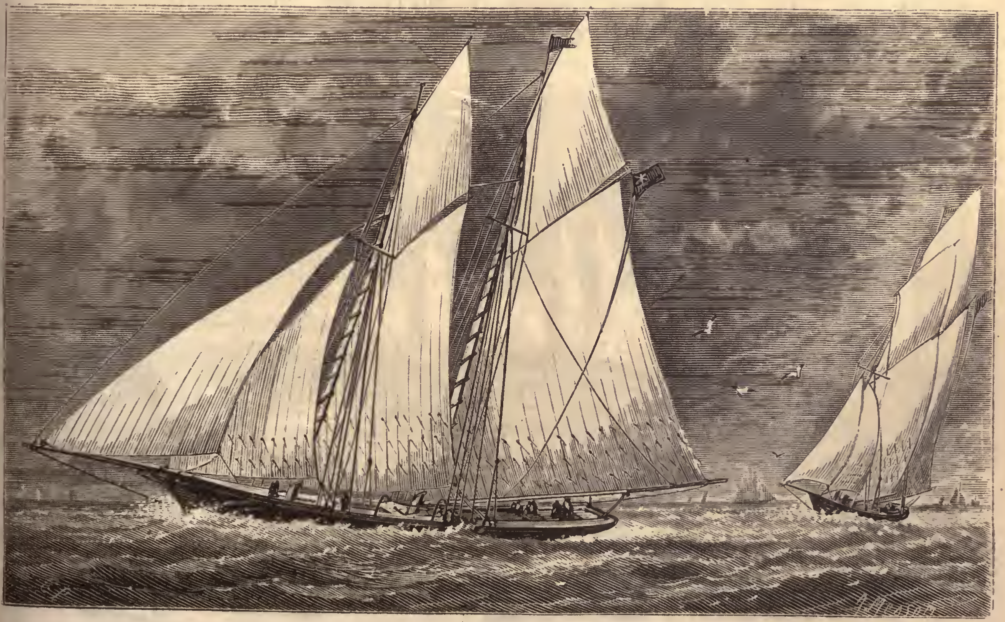
for sails "fine linen with broidered work from Egypt." The yachts of the Roman Emperors were built of costly cedar inlaid, their sterns studded with rare jewels. They were furnished with baths, porticos, and even hot-houses and gardens, from which it is safe to conclude that they never engaged in ocean regattas or made remarkable speed against head winds. But royal yachts, ever since the days of the Roman Empire, have been built with more regard to comfort than speed. It has been common to speak of the royal yachts of England, France, Holland, and Russia as "the perfection of their class," but the compliment was evidently the upholsterer's rather than the naval architect's. Queen Victoria has three steam-yachts, the Prince of Wales two; and Prince Alfred owns one which has as fine sailing qualities as rich appointments. Napoleon III. kept three magnificent steam-yachts which accompanied the French fleet to the German seas and subsequently became the property of the Republic. For thirty years or more the Russian Emperor has maintained at public expense an Imperial Yacht Club at St. Petersburg, to encourage the nautical spirit among the young nobility from which the Russian navy makes its admirals.

Yacht-racing itself has quite a respectable antiquity. The English naval dockyards built royal yachts as far back as 1600, when one Phineas Pett was at the head of naval architecture, although he rejoiced only in the modest title of "Master Shipwright." The English princes were yachtsmen certainly as early as 1671, when dissolute Charles II. owned the *Mary* of 163 tons and the *Queensbrough* of 27 tons, both built by another of the house of Pett, come, after the Restoration, to the dignity of knighthood. Pepys mentions a race or trial of speed in May 1661, at which Charles was present, between the Merry Monarch's Dutch yacht (an old one which seems to have descended to him from his father, in spite of Cromwell and the Commonwealth) and a new one built by Pett. According to the gossipy old chronicler, in this regatta, the first of record on the Thames, "Commissioner Pett's do prove better than the Dutch one and that his brother built." The history of the progress of the sport is less clear than its origin. The nobility soon imitated royalty in the employment of yachts for purposes of pleasure, and these found sincere flatterers to imitate them in the rich merchants of London and the coast cities. Then, naturally enough, yacht clubs came into existence, the first ever organized being the "Cork Water Club," founded in 1720. Of necessity regattas followed. The first of which we have any account occurred in 1812 in the harbor of Cork Regattas on the plan now generally adopte were first established in 1828 by the "Roya Cork Yacht Club," the original Water Clu with its name altered to satisfy the loya humor and yachting dignity of the members

It is to England that yachting really owe its origin and encouragement. In fact th sport has never flourished out of Englan and America. It is no exaggeration to sa that "the manliest and most useful c sports" is exclusively an Anglo-Saxon pa time, and that the Anglo-Saxon is the on race which seeks health and pleasure instead of *in* the water. The Frenchma bathes, but seldom goes yachting; he e plores the deep, but seldom sails it; and he devotes his galleys to his cut-throats for prisons. The French have no genuine yacht-clubs. The wealth of France is in the interior, not on the coast, and French tastes lead Frenchmen to Paris rather than to Cherbourg. The "Paris Sailing Club" and the "Yacht Club de France" of Boulogne, the only really notable aquatic societies of France (always excepting that noble one, "La Société Centrale de Sauvetage des Naufrages," which devotes itself to the saving of human life), own only a few yachts of small tonnage and doubtful speed. The French are entitled to the dubious credit of having introduced steam-yachts, numbers of which, hardly bigger than a ship's gig or a life-boat, are to be seen in English and American waters. They are looked upon by the true yachtsman with something of contempt, as the servants of the fleet, rather than boon companions of their white-winged yachts. Many of them, however, like the *Fairy Queen*, are magnificent and graceful vessels, with elegant and beautiful outlines and usually richly furnished. There are four steam-yachts in the New York Club, and three ply in Massachusetts Bay, but they are all of small tonnage, and, with the exception of the private yacht of William M. Tweed, are not gorgeously furnished. Within four or five years past large numbers of these tiny steam-vessels have been built in the various navy-yards of this country. They are fit only for smooth waters, and to do service in the place of the small-boats of a man-of-war.

The same general remarks as to the non-success of yachting in France apply to the other countries of Europe with equal force. The Royal Netherlands Yacht Club at Rotterdam is the only club in all Holland, and it has only twelve boats. The Imperial Club of St. Petersburg, already mentioned, is the only one in Russia, in spite of the fact that the Emperor is a patron of yachtsmen, and the Grand Duke Alexis a sailor by nature. There is a club of thirty-seven vessels at Gothenburg, Sweden, but it owes its prosperity to the fact that it is under the patronage of his Royal Highness Prince Oscar, who is an ardent sailor. There are two clubs in anglicized Australia, but they are neither large nor thriving, and the yachting fever there is only intermittent.

Yachting flourishes in England more widely than in any other country, for the two good reasons that the English possess great wealth concentrated in the hands of a few persons, and a coast studded with good harbors. There are three great yachting harbors or rendezvous: Erith, Gravesend, and Cowes—the latter, in the Isle of Wight, being at once the best yachting station and most popular watering-place in Europe. The great club-house of the Royal Yacht Club is located at Cowes, and nearly opposite, on the other



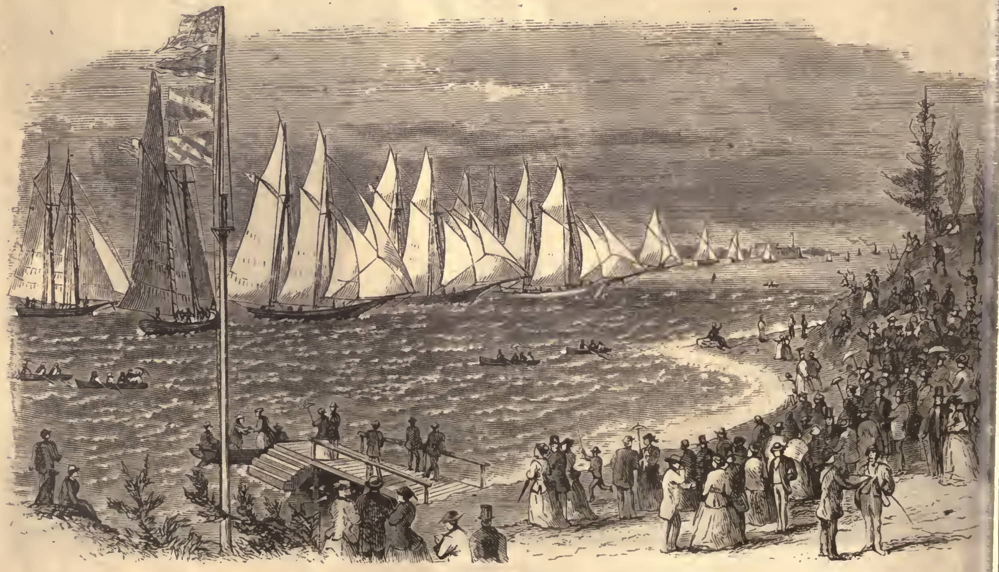
THE LIVONIA.

side of the Medina river, is Osborne House, the marine summer residence of the Queen. Cowes is the great resort, but summer finds the British pleasure-seekers with their small and graceful cutters in every harbor, and those who really enjoy the sport most intensely avoid the great center, and from remote and neglected but safe and quiet harbors launch out in quest of fine breezes and pleasant cruises along the coast. The parent club of Great Britain (the "Cork Water Club") established the rule that every yachtsman flying a flag of any club anchoring in the Cove of Cork should be entitled to the freedom of the club-house, and this practice, now adopted by all English clubs, encourages long summer cruises among English yachtsmen. In the winter, in every harbor of Great Britain and Ireland, yachts are to be seen laid up for the season, the masts coated with white lead and tallow, and their hulls and decks carefully protected from rain and frost. In this country the majority of yachts lay up for the season (at a cost of about $100 a month) at Mystic, New London, Newport, Port Chester, and Nyack, but nothing like the same care is given them as in England.

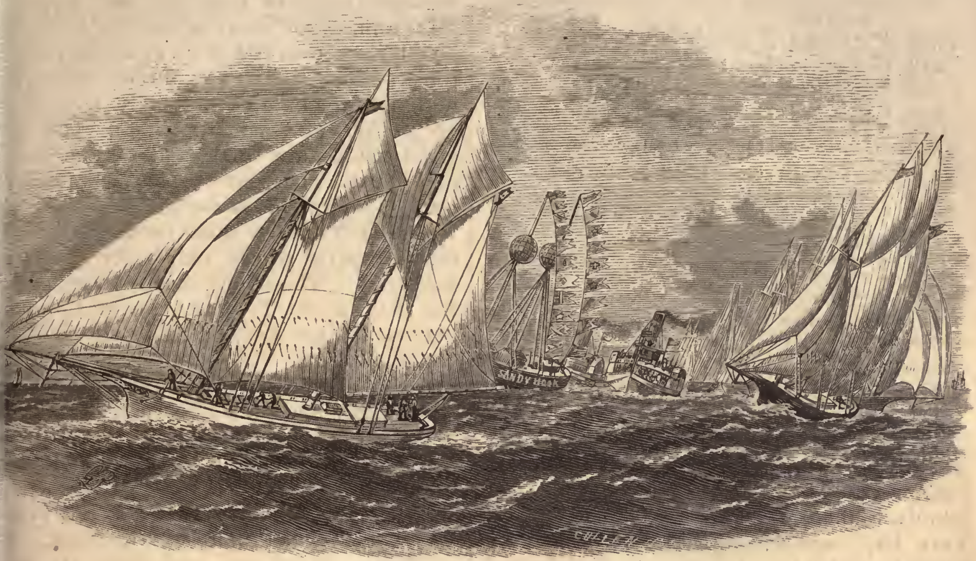
There are nearly if not quite fifty yacht-clubs in England, many of them large in the numbers of members, wealthy in vessels, and active in the pursuit of the pleasure to be had in cruise and regatta. The principal clubs are named as follows:—

Royal Yacht Squadron
Royal Victoria Club
Royal Ulster Club
Royal St. George "
Royal Albert Club
Prince of Wales "
Prince Alfred "
Royal Mersey "
Royal Irish "
Royal Welsh "
Royal Northern "
Royal Western "
Royal Southern "
Royal Dart "
Royal Yorkshire "
Royal Dee "
Norfolk and Suffolk Club
Royal Thames Club
Royal London "
Royal Harwich "
Royal Cork "
Clyde "
Cheshire "
Ranelagh "
Temple "
Torbay "
Lyme Regis "
Southampton "
Barrow "
New Thames "
Thames, Junior, Club.

There are other clubs of lesser importance which it is unnecessary to enumerate. Some of those named have only a few yachts, but all are prosperous. The Royal Albert, which is an average club in numbers and wealth, though not in age, cruised last year with 134 vessels. The Royal Harwich, one of the largest clubs, was represented in this country last year by the beautiful yacht *Livonia*, commanded by Commodore Ashbury. The Temple Club is the most unique and perhaps the most popular in England. It is devoted wholly to the training of amateur sailors. No hired seaman is permitted on board the yachts during any match. The pilots whom the laws and insurance companies force on board are never allowed to touch the tiller. The Temple was the first club organized on this basis for the education of yachtsmen, but numerous imitators have sprung up in England, and ought to follow in this country. Such regulations and organizations would bring yachting within the



NEW YORK YACHT CLUB REGATTA —THE START.



ROUNDING SANDY HOOK LIGHT-SHIP.

ch of many who have leisure and taste
the sport.

Each of the English clubs has a flag of its
n, which only its members who are yacht-
ners have a right to display. The Royal
cht Squadron of Cowes, the largest in the
es, besides its distinctive squadron flag, has
exclusive right to carry the white ensign
he British Navy. Hunt's Universal Yacht
t—the Lloyd's Register, or, to use a simile
sibly more familiar to readers not nauti-
, the Blue Book of the English Yachts-
n—gives the number of British yachts in
7 at 1,048. When the *America* visited
gland in 1850, the fleet numbered 800
hts of all sizes from 400 tons down to 3
s. (At this time—it was only in this same
r that the New York Yacht Club was
istered in Hunt's List—there were only
yachts in all America.) This increase
m 800 yachts in 1850 to 1,048 in 1867
s not represent a regular ratio of increase,
in 1860 the number of yachts in the Uni-
Squadron (as all the clubs are called
en cruising in company) was 1,195. But
tonnage of the larger number of yachts
s less than that of the smaller fleet (59,376
s, an average of only 56 tons to the ves-
), thus showing a tendency which cannot
be regretted to increase the size and cost
the vessels, lessen the number of owners,
l, as a consequence, restrict the general
oyment of the exercise. There are no
h tiny craft now as three-ton yachts, as
re were in 1850. Those of the last Hunt's List range in size from sloops of thirty-six tons to schooners of four hundred and twenty-four tons, the *Dagmar* of the Prince of Wales being the smallest and the *Northumbria* of Mr. Stephenson the largest.

The original cost of the present yacht fleet of Great Britain has been estimated at $10,000,000, and the annual cost of maintaining it is not far from $2,000,000, though the basis for this last calculation, since yachtsmen's expense accounts are not open to public inspection, is not as trustworthy as the former.

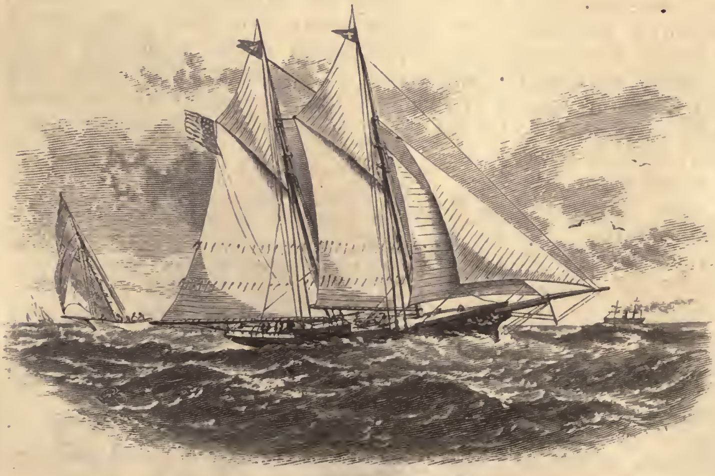
The American yacht-clubs are fewer in number than the British, but it is admitted that their members have more of the spirit of enterprise, display more daring, and build swifter and costlier vessels than either their French or English cousins. The following is a full list of the clubs of this country:—

I. New York Yacht Club, J. G. Bennett, Commodore, 55 vessels.
II. Eastern Yacht Club, Jno. Heard, Commodore, 38 vessels.
III. Brooklyn Yacht Club, Jacob Voorhis, Commodore, 38 vessels.
IV. Atlantic Yacht Club, Wm. Peet, Commodore, 26 vessels.
V. Boston Yacht Club, Benjamin Dean, Commodore.
VI. South Boston Yacht Club, F. S. Wright, Commodore, 22 vessels.
VII. Bayonne Yacht Club, W. W. Duryea, Commodore, 8 vessels.
VIII. Harlem Yacht Club.
IX. Manhattan Yacht Club, New York.
X. Pensacola Yacht Club, C. L. Le Baron, Commodore, 4 vessels.
XI. Crescent City Yacht Club, New Orleans.
XII. Lynn Yacht Club, E. C. Neal, Commodore, 35 vessels.
XIII. Hoboken Yacht Club.
XIV. Dorchester Yacht Club, Coolidge Barnard, Commodore, 48 vessels.
XV. Newark Yacht Club.

XVI. Oceanic Yacht Club, Geo. E. Shearman, Commodore, Jersey City.
XVII. Jersey City Yacht Club, S, P. Hill, Commodore.
XVIII. Cooper's Point Yacht Club, Philadelphia.
XIX. Madison Yacht Club, Madison, Wisconsin.
XX. Bunker Hill Yacht Club, W. F. Bibrien, Commodore, Boston.
XXI. Oshkosh Yacht Club, Oshkosh, Wisconsin.
XXII. Stapleton Yacht Club, Staten Island, 10 vessels.
XXIII. Columbia Yacht Club, —— Noble, Commodore, New York.
XXIV. Flushing Yacht Club, Long Island.
XXV. Franklin Yacht Club, Philadelphia.
XXVI. Portland Yacht Club, J. M. Churchill, Commodore, 15 vessels.
XXVII. Shrewsbury Yacht Club, New Jersey.
XXVIII. San Francisco Yacht Club.
XXIX. Kensington Yacht Club, Philadelphia.
XXX. Ione Yacht Club, New York.
XXXI. Quebec Yacht Club, Canada.
XXXII. Royal Halifax Yacht Club, Nova Scotia.
XXXIII. Sewanhaka Yacht Club, W. L. Swan, Commodore, 12 vessels.
XXXIV. Tom's River Yacht Club, 8 vessels.
XXXV. Beverly Yacht Club, Edward Burgen, Commodore, 10 vessels, Boston.

Twelve of these clubs, the New York, Brooklyn, Atlantic, Bayonne, Harlem, Manhattan, Hoboken, Oceanic, Jersey City, Columbia, Stapleton, and Ione, cruise in New York Bay; and seven, the Eastern, Boston, South Boston, Lynn, Dorchester, Beverly, and Bunker Hill, haunt Massachusetts Bay. These are the principal clubs of the country, and have the largest tonnage of both sloop and schooner yachts. The New York Club of 55 vessels has 36 schooners, total tonnage 4,553.47; 15 sloops, total tonnage 414.45; and 4 steam-yachts. This club has increased since 1850 from 14 to 55 vessels, though the growth has chiefly been in the tonnage of vessels—a growth, as before hinted, in the wrong direction, from its tendency to lessen the number of yachts by increasing their size and cost. The principal club of Boston, the Eastern, has advanced in the same direction. Its schooners outnumber its sloops, though, to be sure, none of them are very large,
total tonnage of its 25 schooners being o
about 1,000 tons and of its 11 sloops only
tons. Philadelphia has three clubs wh
united fleet contains not more than 25
30 vessels of small tonnage. The ot
clubs named are small, and seldom indu
in regattas. There are besides in almost ev
port numerous associations of young n
who maintain a few small yachts, as the cc
mon property of all, simply for short pl
sure-trips. These only need to organize
the plan of the Temple Club of Londor
become in time strong organizations and g
amateur sailors. There are also boat clubs
many of the interior rivers (ice-boat clubs
the Hudson and the Lakes) and at Staten
and there has lately been organized a mc
yacht-club for sailing small models of yac
and a canoe-club for rowing and sail
The various clubs in New York Bay num
very nearly if not quite 700 members, th
of Boston about 200, and there are in
whole country about 1,000 yachtsmen,
all of whom, however, are owners.

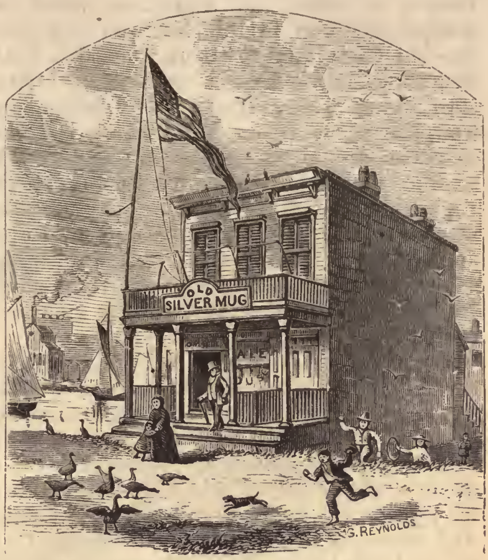
Yachting in America may really be sai
date from the victory of the *America* in 1
though there had been a club in New Y
Bay for 10 or 12 years previously, and a
ger one indeed than existed at the
named, for the sport meantime had depre
ted and the enthusiasm of yachtsmen requ
something to reawaken it. This orig
club of 17 boats, all small, was not an e
prising club. Its cruises seldom exte
beyond the Narrows, and never beyond
Bar; and it was ridiculed by the boatme
the harbor, who denominated the yachts
"white-kid waterm
Prominent among t
whose early exploi
the bay excited the s
of hardy boatmen
Cornelius Vande
were Robert L. Ste
and his son John
Stevens, of the firs
whom it is reco
in yachting annals
he was "very fon
small-boats," and i
tory that "he const
ed at the age of tw
a steamboat with
cave water-lines, the
application of the
line to ship-build
It is also worthy of
that one of these



THE MARIA.

ter men, Stevens, was the inventor of the ail for railways, and that the other, Van- bilt, has been prominent in the develop- nt of railways. How the compulsory edu- ion of the one "in small-boats" and the te of the other for yachts qualified them organizing formidable railway combina- ns and suggesting important improve- nts in the construction of railroads it is icult to conceive, but it is not the only in- nce on record where the serious pursuits l the natural inclinations of inventors were strange contrast.

It helped somewhat to make the original cht Club of New York Harbor ridiculous t it was misnamed. Commodore Stevens, of Robert L. Stevens alluded to above, bert Fish, the yacht-builder, Elias Pitcher, o was an authority on boats in those days, mmodore Rollins, Henry and Charles igs, and others since prominent in public (at that time about 1840), owned their sail l row boats, the largest not more than nty feet in length, and, in imitation of cer- n clubs then existing in London and Paris, ned an organization which they called the Hoboken Model Yacht Club." Commodore vens's boat-house at Hoboken, still stand- , something the worse for wear, was made rendezvous. It was not discovered or at st not exposed until some years later that del-yachts (on the "European plan") were ply miniature vessels two or three feet g, and that the adventurous yachtsmen o sailed them on the London and Paris nds or lakes did not sail in them. These bs were common in Paris within the last or twelve years, and lately one has been anized on Staten Island. The members the Hoboken Model Yacht Club were ac- tomed, however, to sail in their boats, and en they discovered how ridiculous their ne was they dropped it and assumed in 44 the more pretentious title of the "New rk Yacht Club." At this time the club ned 17 vessels and numbered 171 mem- s. Many of the boats were odd speci- ns enough, Elias Pitcher, for instance, ing one without ribs. Many of the lar- yachts did duty, between regattas, as ot-boats—the first famous yacht of Amer- , the schooner *Maria*, built in 1848 by mmodore Stevens, being originally in that vice. She was considered the fleetest craft at at the time, and repeatedly beat the *erica* before the latter's triumph in Eng- d in 1850. She was finally devoted to West India fruit-trade, and was lost in tober, 1870—at least she has never since been heard from, and undoubtedly went down in the gales of that date. At that time New York pilot-boats—the *America* herself was built by George Steers on a model invented by one Daniels for pilot-boats—were "matchless for speed and sea-going properties."



"PETERS'."

The Brooklyn Club, organized in 1857, was also misnamed a "Model Yacht Club," but the members soon discovered their error and discarded it. The club built in 1859 a boat-house known as "Peters'" at the foot of Court street, facing Gowanus Bay. It was a neat two-story house of wood, with a balcony around, and "very sightly in its appearance," as an old chronicler of the sport assures me. But it is now shut in on all sides by land, the march of improvement having surrounded it with piers and warehouses, and even built a bridge beyond it, and so it stands that curious anomaly, a boat-house without a water-front.

The New York Club purchased in 1868 a beautiful club-house on Staten Island, picturesquely situated on a high point overlooking the Narrows, with Fort Diamond near by, and Forts Hamilton and Lafayette frowning in the distance on the opposite shore. This property, which is very valuable, and magnificently furnished, has since been sold, the club finding that it was too far from the city to induce members to rendezvous there except on regatta days, and the club now occupies a handsome residence at the corner of 27th Street and Madison Avenue.

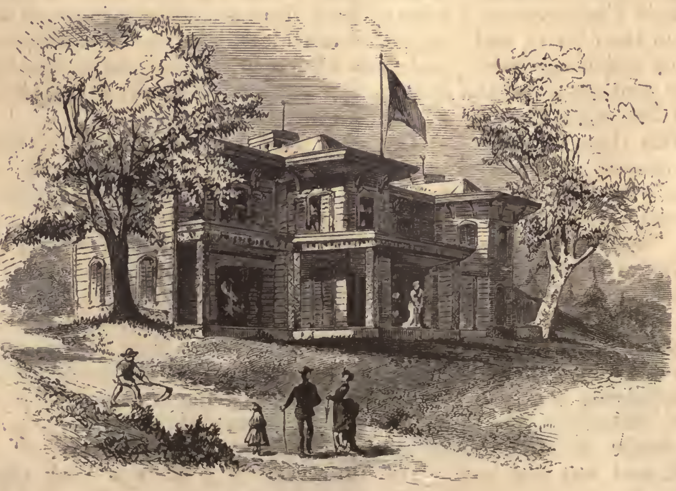
The starting-point in all New York regattas, however, is at the Staten Island Club-

House, or rather the Stake-boat which is always anchored in the Narrows opposite the old Club-House. It is from this boat that all yachts in regatta in New York Bay start and to it they return. The course lies from this point across Sandy Hook bar out to ocean around the Light-ship and return to the Stake-boat. On regatta-days both Light-ship and Stake-boat are gayly decorated with flags of all nations and all sorts, and no more picturesque and enlivening scene can be imagined than the myriad small craft and excursion steamers, when gathered to see the "start" or the "rounding."

While it is certainly due to Englishmen to say that they originated and developed yachting, it is just as clear that the great impulse given the sport of late years has come almost exclusively from America. Americans built the first of fast yachts, and were the earliest to engage in mid-winter ocean regattas. The victory of the *America* in 1850, and that of the *Henrietta* in 1866, did more to dignify and encourage yachting, not only here and in England but throughout the world, than any other similar events in the history of regattas.

It can be as justly said that the greatest impetus given to the sport by individuals has come from the first Commodore of the New York Yacht Club, John C. Stevens, who won the victory of the *America*, and the last Commodore of the same club, James Gordon Bennett, who sailed the *Henrietta* to her great triumph. One victory was a triumph of skill in building and sailing an American model which awoke world-wide admiration; the other was a dangerous undertaking which astonished by its very daring, and aroused en-
thusiasm by the hardihood which thus tes
the sea-going qualities of what had been l
looked on as toy-vessels. It is therefor
these men and these vessels that much of
present prosperity of yachting is due.

The story of the *America* is a familiar
She was built on the model of New Y
pilot-boats, at that time famous. She
no special reputation at home for speed
the *Maria*, another pilot-boat model, had
peatedly beaten her; and when she cam
anchor off Cowes before the eyes of
thousands of yachtsmen gathered there,
twenty had heard of her, and not fifty k
of the existence of the club she represen
She modestly challenged the entire
lish squadron of 800 vessels—"there w
whole Armada of vessels present"—to
for £10,000 or a piece of plate over a co
"notoriously one of the most unfair to st
gers that can be selected;" but it was
until the "open regatta" for the "R
Yacht Squadron Cup of £100 value"
announced that she found competi
There were more than 100 English ya
at anchor in the road that day (Aug.
1850), yet only fourteen rivals started
the stranger. Although she was one of
smallest of the schooners, no allowance
tonnage was made. At the start the *A*
*ca* was the only laggard, and went
with only part of her canvas set, while
Englishmen unfurled every foot which
club regulations permitted. But in a qu
of an hour the Yankee had left the w
fleet behind; "she walked along past c
and schooner, hand-over-hand;" ha
down her jib instead of putting on more
vas for the return race, and "flew like
wind, leaping over
against the water"—
seemed," says an
chronicler, "as if sh
put a screw into
stern;" lowered he
ors in salutation as
passed the Queen's st
yacht, *Albert and*
*ria;* and ran to the s
boat without a riv
sight. The recor
the race was sen
tiously told the
night by the judges a
Club-House at Cow
answer to the que
"Is the *America* fi
—"Yes," was the
sponse. "And wh

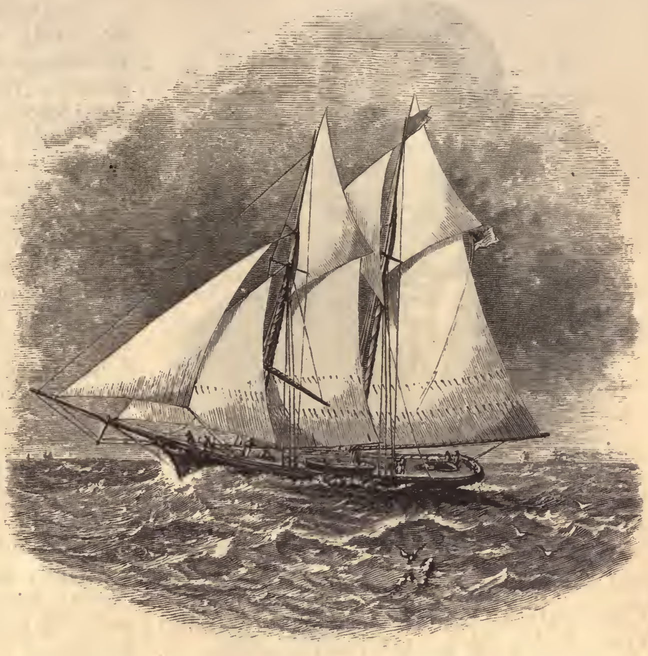


NEW YORK YACHT CLUB HOUSE, CLIFTON, S. I.

nd?" was the next query.

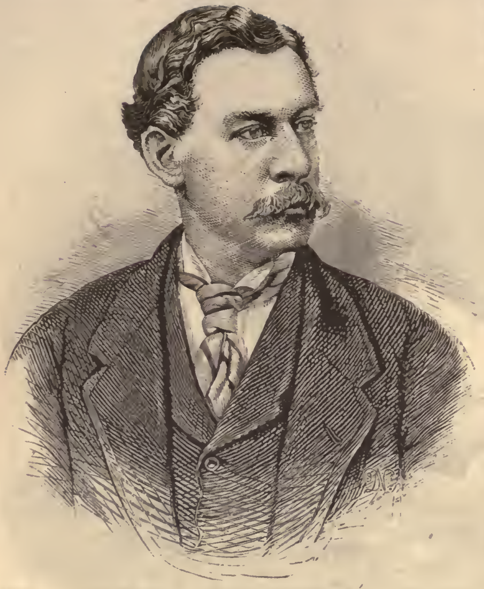
othing."

he story of the *Henrietta* riefer, but even more famil- It illustrates daring rather n skill in yachting. In De- ber of 1866, accompanied he *Vesta* and *Fleetwing*, the *rietta* started from Sandy ok for a voyage at full speed oss the Atlantic to Cowes. season had been one of sual severity, and fruitful of y and disastrous wrecks of ter and stouter ships. Stiff s all the way, and at times n hurricanes, were encoun- d; and often all these yachts e compelled to sail along er bare poles. From the k of the *Fleetwing* several ors were washed into the an and lost. After the first out the tiny vessels saw ing more of each other un- they had reached haven. r sailing fourteen days the e reached Cowes on the e day, the *Henrietta* casting anchor two rs only before the *Fleetwing* came in.



THE AMERICA.

his achievement made young Bennett Commodore of the Club, a selection pecu- y fortunate for yachting interests. Insti- ons with high and practical purposes have lity infused into them by the natural ulse of their founders or members to ac- plish some useful work; but clubs are riably sustained by the enthusiasm of ling members who find the chief enjoy- t of pleasure in the pursuit of it. A t-club cannot prosper with a mere figure- d for its president (or commodore, to ntain the simile of the sea), but must be and in large measure sustained by men se mania is yachting. The New York ht Club is as fortunate in this respect in present leader as it was in its founder. both Stevens and Bennett it possessed modores of large wealth and boundless usiasm for the sport. The pursuits of -building and journalism, however 'ab- ing as occupations, were subordinate sions to that for yachting. They engaged e sport with an ardor that was irresistible infectious, and an enthusiasm which was iring; and thus each in his turn became one great personal power which kept the nization they headed at its fullest pros- ity. Not only the New York but all the American clubs have felt the influence of these two men, and to-day Bennett is at the head of American yachtsmen, as Stevens was in his time, not merely by reason of position as commodore of the largest club, but by virtue of recognized devotion to the sport and ardor in the pursuit and enthusiasm in the development of yachting. Bennett is still a young man of thirty-two, but an old yachtsman, for he began that career, in fact, as a member of a model yacht-club in Paris when, a boy of ten years of age, he sailed models on the Paris park lakes. A favorite scheme with him has been to render the annual regatta of the club at the head of which he now stands a sort of marine Derby, and in his enthusiastic way he has urged upon his club the inauguration of Union Regattas to attract the yachts of all clubs and nations. On the occasion of the race for the Queen's Cup, in 1870, business in the New York Exchanges was in a great measure suspended, and tens of thousands of people went to see this "open race," as it was called, who had never been before and have not been since. It is a theory with the young Commodore that open or union regattas of the same kind will prove an equal attraction to the same class of people every year, and draw to American waters English yachts to compete for the prizes and to seek to recover the "Queen's



JAMES GORDON BENNETT, COMMODORE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB.

Cup"—which, by the way, never was the Queen's, but the Royal Squadron's Cup.

Long cruises to other seas and ports h frequently been suggested to Ameri yachtsmen, and the West Indian waters a common rendezvous for American yac though not cruising in squadron. The Ar ican clubs have this fashion, unknown English yachtsmen, of cruising in comp but heretofore it has not been to dis ports. The whole fleet of a club rendez at a particular point, and under the direc of the Commodore, as if it were a regular val squadron, set sail for a month's recrea in distant, not foreign waters. The u summer cruise, in July or August, is thro Long Island Sound, touching at New Lon Newport, New Bedford, Holmes's Hole, M tha's Vineyard, and, sometimes, points bey

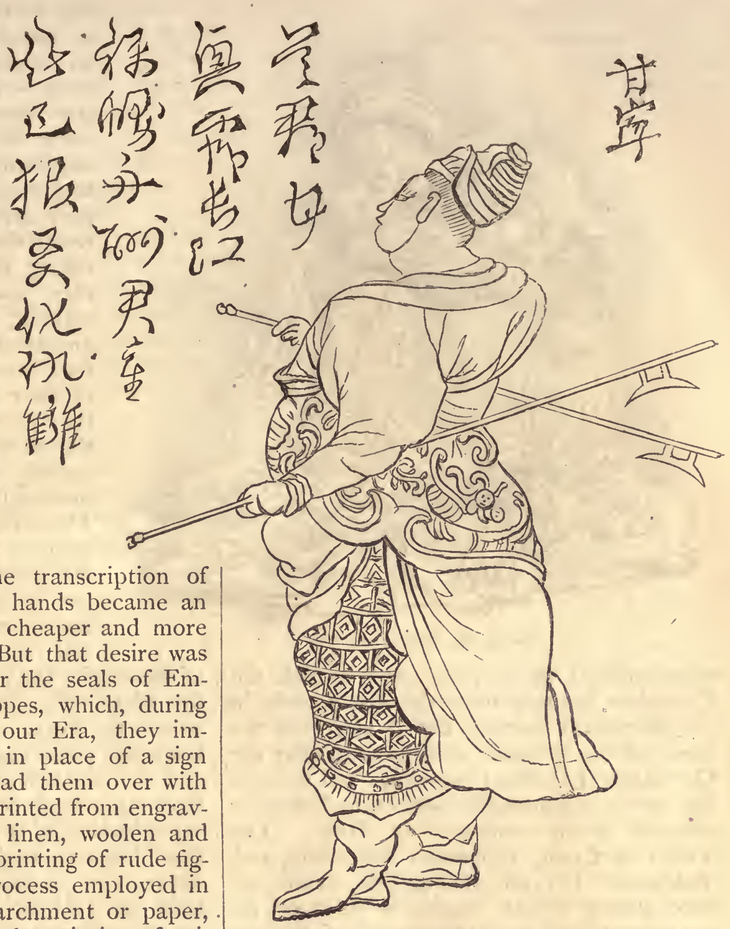
The Eastern clubs usually meet the York squadron at Newport, where an an ball is given, and regattas at various pl relieve the little monotony there may b the splendid sport and healthful recrea Generally the ladies of the families of owners accompany them in these cru and add to the variety and the deligh the life.

* * *

## THE GRAPHIC ART.

Engravings form the literature of the unlettered—a literature almost as old as human society. Memory, becoming wearied by the incessant toil of preserving, for generation after generation, the chronicles of nations and the laws of society in pre-historic times, sought aid and relief in pictorial mnemonics, which might reach the understanding through the medium of the eye. Then the solid rocks in the desert became books of record to which a hundred generations or more of various nations have referred. These books of record express facts in a universal language which needs no translation, though sometimes requiring interpretation because of the difference in the condition of different peoples. The savage of the steppes of Tartary equally with the savage of our own vast plains may read intelligently such rude records of a battle made in outline sketches of men fighting with implements of war, whether cut upon the sandstones of Thibet or of Nevada. In both hemispheres, and upon the islands of the sea, are found these pictorial records, all bearing the same general character as works of art, and forming the ruder portion of that literature of the unlettered which is now so universal and efficient. And so it was, in the later ages, that th tist wits of Rome—the Nasts of the i rial epoch—satirized in caricature on dead walls of the city, or in books, the fo of society and the wickedness of poli "rings," which often swayed and endang the Empire. Whether the *Acta Diur* the daily newspaper of Rome, cherished by Julius Cæsar and Domitian—conta such caricatures, neither Dion Cassius Suetonius mentions ; but it is fairly infe that they did, for the exhumed walls of P peii bore evidences of the practice of s with the pencil as keen as was that of pen of Juvenal.

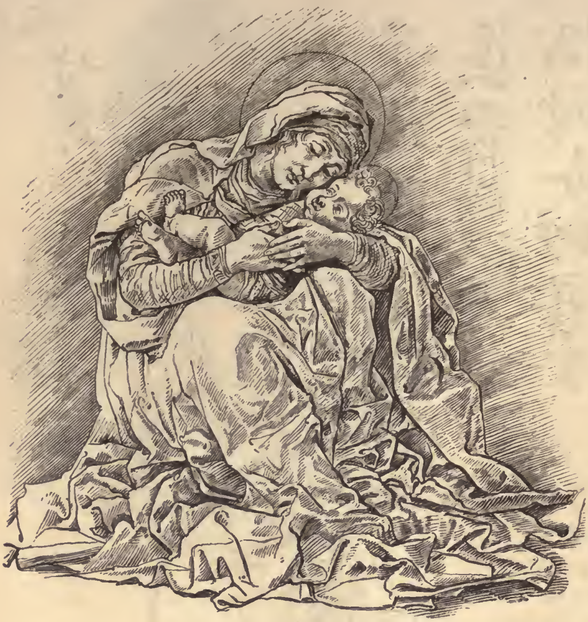
The Egyptian priesthood reduced pic writing to a system so perfect that with phonetic key much of its treasures have unlocked for modern use. From their oglyphic literature the Phœnician, Heb Greek, and Roman alphabets derived forms, every letter of which originally r sented some object expressed in the lang of the people. And the Chinese wr and printing to-day shows, in a degene type, a complicated series of pictures pictorial combinations which look like a betic characters.



A CHINESE ENGRAVING.

the course of time :-making became rt and book-selling- ·ade, especially in ·rial Rome, where :s were trained to business of reprodu- books by the pen in zing quantities, and st as rapidly and ıply as by the mod- printing press. tial tells us that the book of his "Epi- ıs," by no means a small volume, sold e book-stores of the ıs Sandalarum for six ertii, or about twenty s of our money. :n the Roman Em- fell and with it the tution of slavery, the transcription of s by far higher paid hands became an ensive luxury, and a cheaper and more e way was desired. But that desire was ; unsatisfied. Neither the seals of Em- rs, Princes, and Popes, which, during earlier centuries of our Era, they im- sed upon documents in place of a sign ıual after having spread them over with r; nor the patterns printed from engrav- locks of wood upon linen, woolen and stuffs; nor yet the printing of rude fig- ; of saints by the process employed in ressing seals upon parchment or paper, ear to have suggested the printing of wri- and pictures in books for a long period time. At length, at near the close of thirteenth century, Marco Polo and his smen penetrated the confines of long- ed China and discovered that the myste- ıs people not only printed from wood- :ks beautiful patterns upon their stuffs, also their writings with illustrative pic- :s upon paper—in a word that printed strated books were in common use among Chinese and had been for centuries. It sserted and believed that such books, h page being engraved on a whole block the German block-books of the fifteenth tury, were printed in China several hun- d years before the Christian Era. It is established fact that block-books, highly orated with outline illustrations, were in nmon use there so early as the ninth cen- y of our Era; and it is as clear a fact that a thousand years the Chinese have made progress in the art. They so tenaciously stick to old ways, that they still make block-books after the manner of their ancestors of the ninth century, as seen in the specimen here given of a page of a finely illustrated Chinese book printed about twenty years ago. And it is a fact worthy of remark here, that some of the Saxon MSS. of the ninth and tenth centuries, illustrated by the best artists of the time, so nearly resemble the block-books of their oriental contemporaries that one might fancy they had seen the Chinese illustrations.

That the books brought by the Polo family from China had an influence upon the art of book-making in Italy, and finally led to the employment of engravings for that purpose in Europe, there can be no reasonable doubt, but it was full a century after their time before engravings on either wood or metal appear to have been used to any great extent in the illustration of books. Designs



VIRGIN AND CHILD, MANTEGNA.

were printed on playing cards (which the Crusaders brought from the East) early in the fourteenth century, but it was near the close of the fifteenth century, and after the German and Holland engravers had brought the art to considerable perfection, before it attained much eminence in Italy. The works of Carpi, Domenico Beccafumi, and Baldassare Peruzzi, the earliest names of note among Italian engravers on wood, do not appear until in the beginning of the sixteenth century, after Albert Dürer's visit to Venice.

There seems, however, to have been a wood engraver (his name is now lost) of rare skill at Florence several years before, whose excellent translations of the Florentine pictures of the fifteenth century illustrated the powerful sermons of Savonarola, the Italian reformer, which were published the day after they were delivered. These engravings were so expertly done that they were republished almost twenty years later in *L'Art de Bien Mourir*, printed at Florence in the year 1513. Meanwhile the artists of Germany and the Netherlands had been, for almost three-fourths of a century, bringing engraving on wood to great perfection, and by it had given to the world the wonderful art of printing.

I propose to confine this outline sketch of the Graphic Art to the department of Engraving as it is now understood, and will first notice the reputed origin of engra
on metal. This, it is alleged
an accidental discovery, in
wise :—The goldsmiths of the
ian cities were much empl
early in the fifteenth centu
engraving designs upon their w
and many of them were reall
pert artists in this way.
tested their work in its progre
taking an impression on ver
clay, upon which they spri
sulphur, and then, by filling i
engraved parts with lampb
they were able to obtain a n
of their work. When comp
they poured into the sunk li
the plate an indestructible en
usually called *niello*. Amon
most skillful artists of this ki
Florence, was Maso Finigu
who, as one account says, p
last touches upon a plate ma
use in the feasts of Agnus I
the church of St. John, upon
was represented the Coron
of the Virgin, and filled the lines engrav
the silver with oil and lampblack, in
to test the work. By chance a pile of
linen was placed upon the plate so pre
and the black liquid that filled the su
lines was transferred to the cloth in a p
reproduction of the beautiful design.
that Finiguerra took what are called "ni
impressions on paper in the same way
these are said to be the first product c
art of engraving on metal from which im
sions were made.

One of these impressions, printed
Finiguerra's picture of the *Coronation c*
*Virgin*, is now in the British Museum
was done in the year 1452. Until its di
ery among some prints in Paris by the
Zani, at near the close of the eighteenth
tury, Martin Schön or Schöngauer wa
garded by German writers as the tru
ventor of copper-plate or metal engra
whose first picture it is believed was exe
about the year 1460. But recent inve
tions, or rather discoveries, have broug
light a metal engraving of the Virgin be
the date of 1451; and Renonvier has re
ed the existence of a series of prints of
Passion, executed on metal in 1446.

The niellists left few specimens of
art. They took only so many impres
as suited their purpose in testing the
for they seem not to have dreamed c
vast importance of the newly-discovere

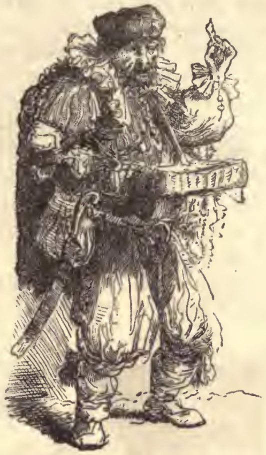
in its future relations to civilization. The consequence is, such impressions are very rare, and the names of but few of the artists are known. Finiguerra imparted his discovery to two or three of his contemporaries; and next to his in importance we find among the names of niellists those of Francesco Francia and Marc-Antonio Raimondi.

The niello was the art of engraving in its infancy. It soon became important as it ripened into engraving proper, and in Italy divided itself into different schools, each having an ideal of its own. Florence took the lead in improving and encouraging the art. There the first engravings proper executed in Italy were seen in the *Monte Santo de Dio*, printed in 1477, and in an edition of Dante's *Inferno*, published in 1481. These, according to Vasari, were designed and partly engraved by Allessandro Botticelli, an eminent painter, assisted by Baccio Baldini, an engraver. Vasari says the twelve "sibyls" were designed and engraved by Botticelli, and were so much sought after when they appeared that the plates were worn out and required retouching in a very short time. They were copied by German artists at about the beginning of the sixteenth century, because they were fine examples of accurate drawing, and showed a great appreciation of beauty in the figures and their accessories.

Antonio Pollajuolo was an expert engraver of Florence. He was also a skillful painter and sculptor, and was the first artist in Italy who dissected the human body in order to learn the true disposition of the muscles and tendons, for use in drawing the figures. His engravings, which show great anatomical knowledge, are very rare. Robetta, a contemporary of Albert Dürer, was another eminent engraver, and may be considered the last of the old Florentine school.

The most distinguished of the early engravers in Northern Italy was Andrea Mantegna. His drawings upon flat stones, while attending his father's flocks and herds near Padua, attracted the attention of an eminent painter, who took him to be his pupil. He soon rivaled his master. The Duke of Manua became his patron, and the Pope employed him to decorate the chapel of the Belvedere in the Vatican. Wishing to multiply his designs, he seized upon the new art of engraving, and became a master in it; and he may be considered the father of the art in Italy as distinct from the goldsmith's business.

He founded a school of engraving which definitely naturalized the art in Northern Italy. One of his best productions, which shows more feeling in composition than taste in the execution, is his "Virgin and Child." His most faithful disciple was Giulio Campagnola, who flourished at about the year 1500, and who first employed the dotted style known as "stippling," which Bartolozzi introduced into England, about a hundred years ago, as a newly-discovered method.



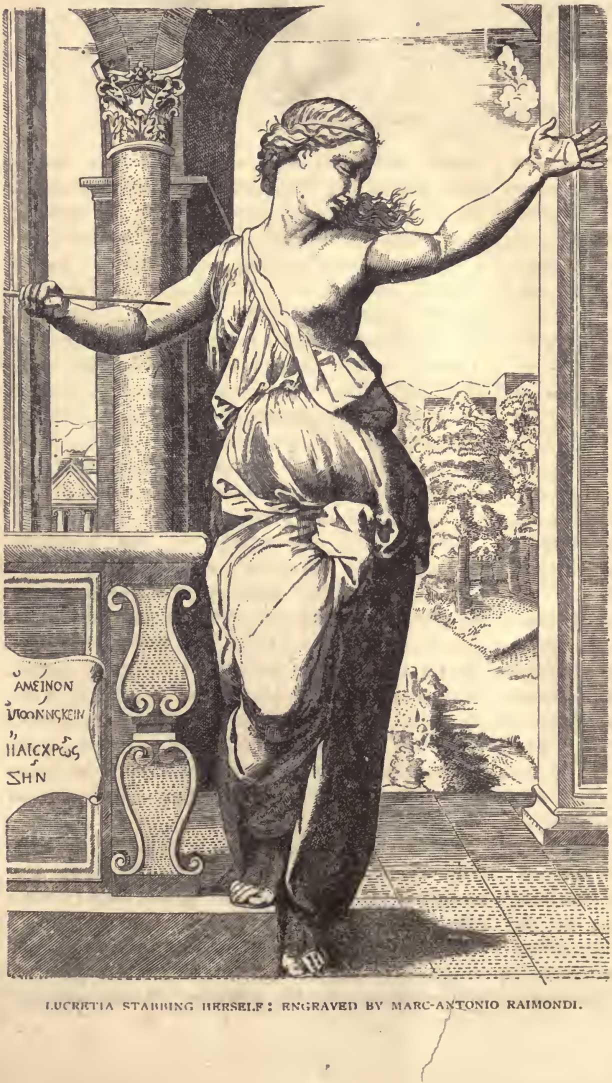
THE MOUNTEBANK: ETCHED BY REMBRANDT.

Other schools sprang up in Italy. That of Venice soon rivaled Mantegna's. Its chief master was the painter Bellini, assisted by his afterward eminent pupils Giorgione and Titian, whose works were translated into skillfully-wrought outlines by such engravers as Girolamo Mocetto, working under the inspiration of Mantegna's productions. Mocetto's prints are extremely rare, and are highly valued as specimens of the older Italian school of engraving.

Titian and his pupils of the Venetian school in the sixteenth century had no expert translators of their works by engraving, for during that century the art had culminated and declined in Italy. In the seventeenth century, Valentin Lefèvre, a Flemish artist, passed the greater portion of his life in Venice, and engraved in outline the best works of Titian and Paul Veronese. These gave faithful sketches of the compositions of those artists, but missed the powerful effects of the originals.

In the later Venetian school, Canaletto, who flourished in the eighteenth century, stood alone as an engraver of his own charming paintings. He *etched* them in a manner that was unsurpassed, and some of his contemporaries were disposed to attribute a magic power to his needle. That style of engraving was invented, it is supposed, by Albert Dürer, as among his productions it is first seen. The process now is as follows: A plate of copper or steel, prepared for being engraved upon, is heated and then covered with a very thin coating of varnish colored with lampblack. The artist next draws his design upon this varnish with various-sized needles, by which an incision reaching through to the plate is made in the coating wherever marks are to appear in the print. A border of wax is then raised around the edge of the plate, when diluted nitric acid is poured over it. This eats into the metal, producing sunken lines, the same as if done with the graver, wherever the needle has made an incision through the varnish, while the varnish, where it is untouched, protects the rest of the plate. Then the plate i cleaned, and retouched if necessary, whe the design is ready for printing. A sma specimen of this style of engraving is her given, which is a copy of Rembrandt's etc ing of "The Mountebank."

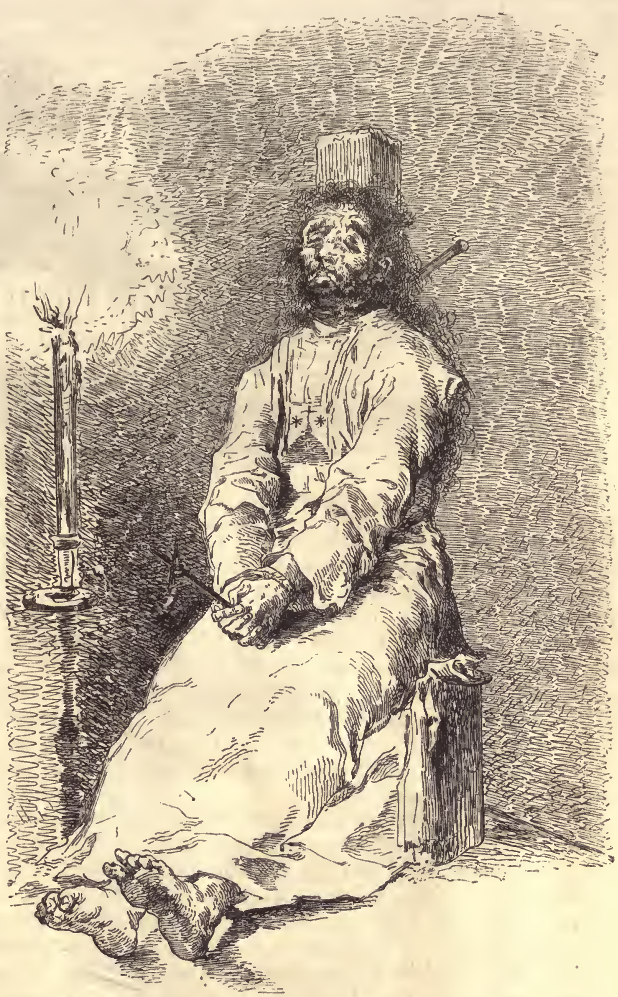
Leonardi da Vinci, the great master of th Milanese school of painting, has been su pected of making an expert use of the burin It is not safe to assert positively that he di so, as some of the rarest productions of th Milan engravers are anonymous. That Le nardi's genius directed the hands of some c these engravers there can be no doubt, f in their works the peculiar traits of h style are plainly seen. These engravers al produced excellent wood-cuts. The mo curious specimens of the latter may be four in a rare book entitled *Hypner* *tomachia Poliphilii*, printed Venice by the brothers Aldus 1499; and the best specimens m be seen in a work giving an a count of St. Veronica, printed Milan in 1518.



LUCRETIA STABBING HERSELF: ENGRAVED BY MARC-ANTONIO RAIMONDI.

The school of Parma was en nent. There the great Corregg unfolded his new revelations in a in the production of perfect ill sions by foreshortening and inim table chiaroscuro. The Itali engravers stood appalled befo his works, as they could not ho to worthily translate them. B they took courage when they s the pictures of Mazzuoli (called Parmigiano) who was for so time Correggio's loving discip and finally his rival: for, wh they were exquisite creations genius, they were better adapt to the engraver's art. Parmi ano himself became one of t best of engravers, and was one the earliest who used the etchi needle skillfully in Italy. By side long worked Meldolla, faithful shadow, who attempted reproduce his master's works *camaïeu*, that is to say, by succ sive printings, to make imitati of washed drawings. This was initial step toward the product of the modern "chromos." Oth succeeded better than did M dolla. Parmigiano founded school of engraving, but left worthy successors.

The Carracci—Luigo, Agost

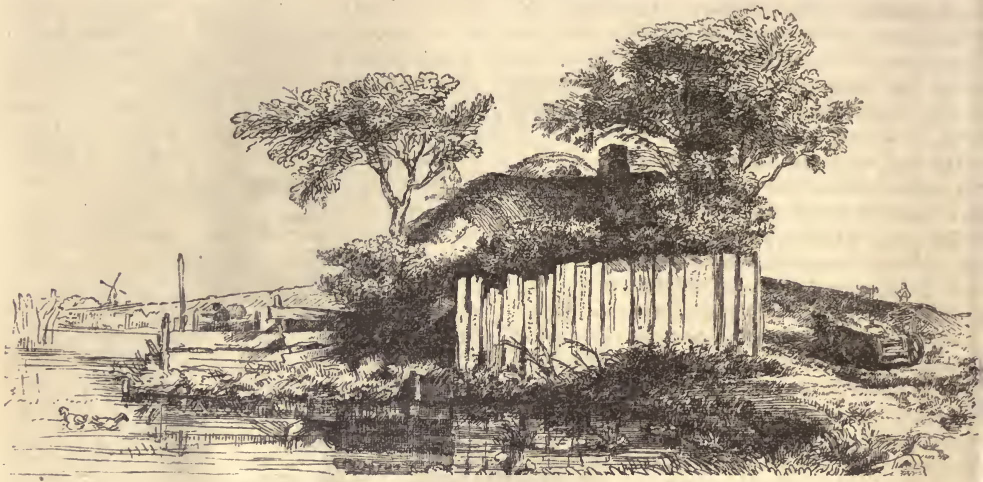


THE CONDEMNED: AN ETCHING BY FRANCISCO GOYA.

nd Annibale—established a school f engraving at Bologna, of which Annibale's "Dead Christ supported by the Holy Women" is one f the most remarkable specimens, if we except the portrait of Titian by Agostino, dated 1587, nd upon which he appears to ave worked under the inspiration f the great painter himself. But his school, powerful as it was, oon became subservient to that f Rome founded by Marc Anonio Raimondi, who was born at Bologna in about the year 1497, nd is ranked among the most xtraordinary engravers. He was t first an accomplished niellist in Bologna, and a faithful imitator of he works of Mantegna and Dürer. n Venice he found a set of Düer's grand wood-cuts illustrating he "Life of Christ" and "Life of he Virgin," which had just appeared. These he reproduced on copper in such exact imitation of Dürer's style—and with Dürer's monogram upon them—that the prints were readily sold as originals. Dürer, when he heard of this deception, went to Venice to obtain justice, though there was no international copyright law by which he might seek it. He complained to the Venetian Senate, who only issued an order forbidding Marc Antonio to use Dürer's monogram in future. Mr. William C. Prime, of New York city, has in his possession a complete set of the original impressions from the wood-blocks of Dürer and the copperplates of Marc Antonio.

When Raimondi, attracted by the fame of Raphael, went to Rome and fell under the influence of that great master, he ceased imitations and boldly adopted a style of his own. He was employed in the translation of Raphael's works from color to outline, for he wrought only from drawings made by the master himself, and not from his paintings. The rare dexterity of the engraver—his consummate knowledge of drawing and skillful manipulation of needle and burin—soon bore ample fruit. He became the founder of a school of almost unbounded influence. Pupils hastened from all countries with eagerness to receive lessons from his hand and counsels from his lips. He produced many admirable originals, of which his "Lucretia Stabbing Herself" (here copied) is a fine example; but he spent the greater portion of his life (which ended about ten years after the death of Dürer) in multiplying translations of Raphael's works.

Marc Antonio had many followers and imitators, among whom Giorgio Ghisi was the most illustrious. After his death, the school in which he flourished declined, and others, of less genuine taste and feeling, followed it. At the end of the eighteenth century, when it seemed almost extinct in the rest of Italy, engraving flourished in Rome, but soon declined there also, as did everything else under the Papal rule. Such men as Piranesi Longhi and Raphael Morghen were eminent at a later period, but were exceptions. The lat-



A LANDSCAPE: AN ETCHING BY REMBRANDT VAN RHYN.

ter, owing partly to the subjects of his works, but more particularly to their excellence, has held a place in popular esteem which has been denied to his contemporaries. His "Aurora" of Guido and his "Last Supper" of Leonardi da Vinci are pre-eminent as works of Graphic Art; so also his portrait of the last-named artist. Morghen's monument is honored with a place in Santa Croce, in Florence, where only the illustrious dead are so commemorated.

But little is known of the engraver's art in Spain. Some anonymous prints are attributed to Velasquez and Murillo, but there is no evidence that either of them ever used the graver. The only celebrated painter of Spanish birth known to have done so was José Ribera, who flourished at the beginning of the seventeenth century. He etched, in excellent style, about twenty subjects. But the only Spanish engraver of real eminence lived in this century. He was Francesco Goya, who died at Bordeaux in 1828. He was a painter, engraver, and lithographer. One of his best etchings is seen in his subject entitled "The Condemned." He was the first who produced pictures by the etching and aquatinta processes combined. The latter method was discovered by J. B. Leprince, about the year 1787. The operation is simple. The artist traces the outlines of his design on a bare plate, upon which he sprinkles finely pulverized resin, or very fine sand, through a sieve. Over this aqua-fortis is then poured, which eats into the plate at the almost imperceptible spaces between the grains of sand or resin, producing a series of dots which make the print look as soft as a washed drawing. With the acid and the etching-needle combined Goya obtained som remarkable pictures.

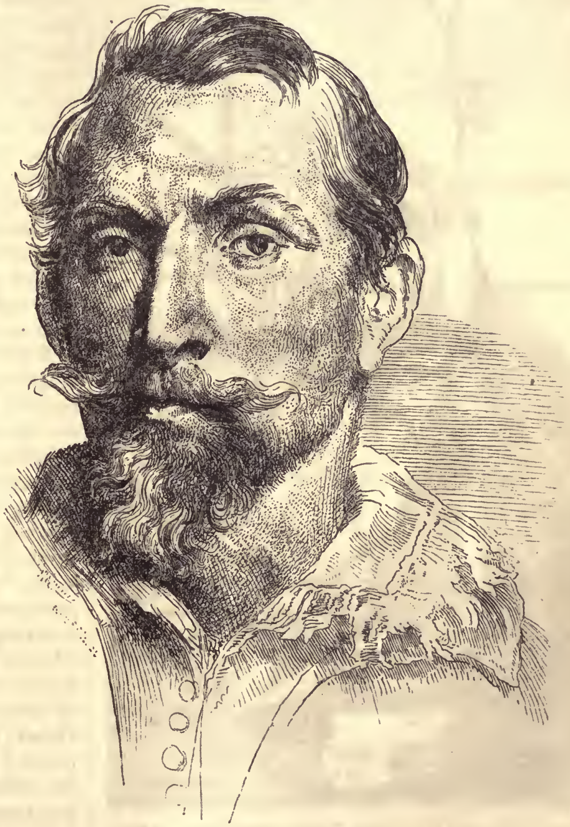
To the Netherlands and Germany we mus look for the greatest triumphs in the earlie periods of the history of the Graphic Art, if no for the origin of engraving. I will not attempt to settle the moot question whether th first engraving on wood (the earliest metho of the art employed in those countries) wa made and printed in Germany or the Lo Countries, for it is a singular fact, that ever newly-discovered document bearing upon th subject deepens the obscurity in which th matter is involved. Assuming, which a pears to be the fact, that to the Netherlan must be awarded the palm of priority, I wi briefly note a few items in connection wit engraving in that region.

The new school of painting directed by th Flemish artists, the Van Eycks, at the begi ning of the fifteenth century, doubtless ga a new impulse to engraving in the Lo Countries, if it did not actually lead to th invention of it. We find the *Speculum H manæ Salvationis* and the *Biblia Pauperu* printed at Harlem (the latter between th years 1410 and 1420), having wood-cut lustrations superior to any former works the kind found in Germany or elsewhere, a bearing evidence of the impress of th genius of the Van Eycks. The wood-cu are attributed, with much show of intern evidence, to Laurens Koster of Harlem, su posed to be the earliest producer of one these "block-books," as they were call because the pictures and letter-press we both engraved on wood. It is a notewort fact that these block-books were numer in Amsterdam and Antwerp when they w scarcely known in Germany; but, with the exception of that of Koster, the names of the artists are not on record. Engravers on metal also flourished at quite an early period in the Low Countries, but there seems to have been no one of much merit.

Later, Lucas of Leyden appeared, and his name is very conspicuous in art early in the sixteenth century, both as a painter and engraver. He made plates from his own designs in the ninth year of his age, and in 1508, when only fifteen years old, he produced an engraving which presaged future renown. He was acquainted with Albert Dürer, and, like Dürer, he made pictures full of anachronisms. In these, Scripture scenes were laid in Dutch or Flemish towns; and he adorned the Queen of Sheba and Delilah in the costumes of the wives of the rich burghers of Holland. He was much inferior, as an artist, to Dürer, yet he left some works of rare merit, especially those which illustrated low life in the Netherlands. There was so much of servile imitation among the engravers of the Dutch and Flemish schools that progress in the art was slow; and we find no names of eminence in the Graphic Art, in the Low Countries, after Lucas of Leyden until we come to Rembrandt Van Rhyn, who was born about the year 1607, probably in Leyden. Rembrandt's is one of the great names in the history of art. Amsterdam was his place of abode, and he seldom left it, working there faithfully and steadily. He was the founder of the Dutch school proper, which his own works fully represented. He was a thorough master in whatever he undertook,—portraiture, historical painting, or landscape. In the latter walk few ever excelled him, and he produced excellent etchings of his works of every kind. One of these is here reproduced after the manner of the artist, whose free and skillful hand in light and shadow is finely exhibited.

Ostade, Dusart, Berghem, Van der Velde, Wouverman, and Ruysdael were all grand disciples of Rembrandt. The first-named was his contemporary and friend, and the last-named was the greatest landscape-painter Holland has ever produced. They all practiced etching after the manner of the famous master, while others, working side by side with them, produced many excellent pictures with the graver alone. This school of Dutch line-engravers, which appeared in the seventeenth century, attained an eminence which might well make those of other countries jealous. Finally, at the end of that century, Dutch art declined and almost disappeared. Late in the eighteenth century, with the death of Jacob Houbraken, the distinguished portrait engraver, the history of that branch of the Graphic Art in Holland must end.

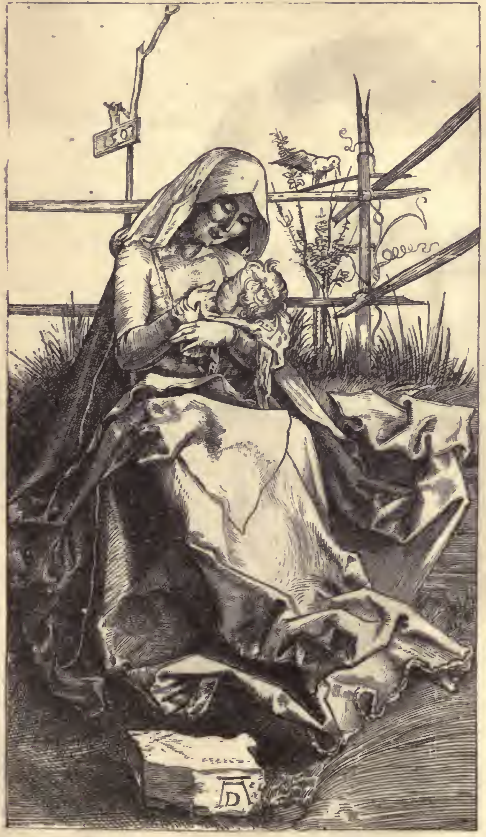
We now turn to Flanders, where we find Peter Paul Rubens, early in the seventeenth century, founding the Flemish school of engraving. He was also the founder of the celebrated Flemish school of painting. The very few engravings from his hand were executed with the same masterly skill which gave such excellence to his paintings, and afford one a very clear idea of his style. His figures are always full of action. But he directed the hands of engravers much more frequently than he used the burin himself, and thereby established the school that produced



PORTRAIT OF SNYDERS: AN ETCHING BY ANT. VANDYCK.

some of the most expert practitioners of that branch of the Graphic Art. Of these the most eminent were Schelte of Bolswert, Paul Pontius, Lucas Vosterman, and Peter de Jode.

The great Flemish painter, Anthony Vandyck, who was a contemporary of Rubens, ranked, also, as an engraver of excellence. As a portrait-painter he was unrivaled, and he etched his own paintings with wonderful spirit. Before he left Antwerp for the Hague, he painted one hundred portraits of the most eminent artists and others in panels upon a wall; and he etched several of these. Among the most spirited of these etchings was that of the portrait of his friend and fellow-artist, Francis Snyders, the eminent animal-painter, of which a fac-simile is here given. This example was followed, and other Flemish contemporary painters translated their own works by the needle and graver. But second-rate artists employed the same methods of reproduction, when the Flemish school of engravers declined and died out.



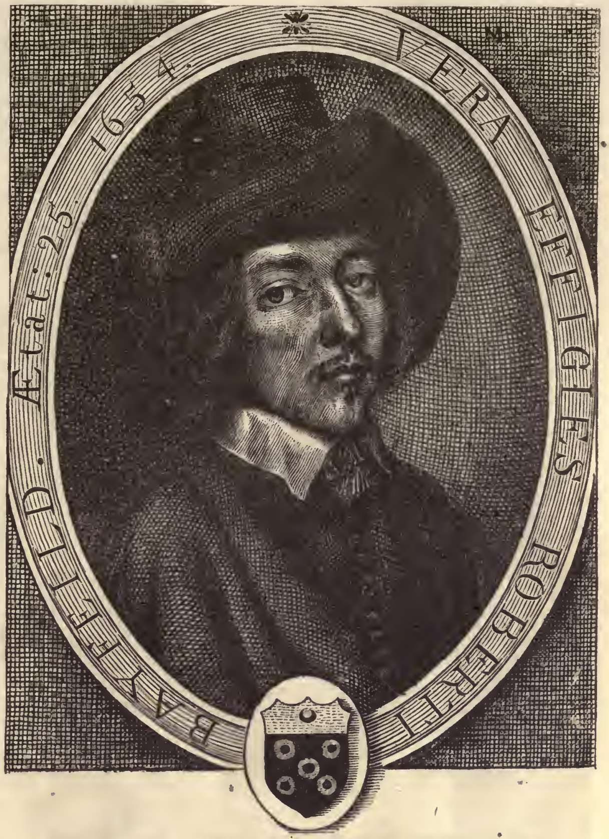
THE VIRGIN AND THE INFANT JESUS: ENGRAVED BY ALBERT DÜRER.

German writers claim for their countrymen the honor of precedence in the practice of the Graphic Art, especially of wood-engraving. They point to the "St. Christopher" of 1423; and they even assert that German artists deserve the credit of making the first block-book edition of the ancient *Biblia Pauperum.* There certainly appears to have been no German engraver of any eminence before the year 1460. The earliest wood-engraver mentioned is Pfister, who learned the art of printing and engraving of Guttenberg and set up for himself in 1458. But he was an indifferent engraver. Of Michael Wolgemuth very little more may be said positively, for it seems, from all accounts that his is a luster chiefly borrowed from the fact that he was the tutor of Albert Dürer. Hans Burgmair, his contemporary, bears no uncertain honors. He was a good painter and engraver, and for that reason he was employed by the Emperor Maximilian, at the beginning of the sixteenth century, in the production of four works projected by that sovereign, which were intended to immortalize his life and reign. These works gave a new impulse to wood-engraving. Burgmair was engaged to make most of the designs and he engraved many of them with a skil before unknown. A little later, Hans Holbein, an eminent Swiss painter, acquired a great reputation as a designer and wood-engraver, but recent investigations and discoveries show that he was somewhat of a plagiarist in his designs, and that the engravings so long attributed to him, such as those of "The Dance of Death," were made by Hans Lutzelburgher, a fellow-townsman of Holbein, who was born at Basle.

While the art of engraving on metal was acquiring great importance in Italy about the middle of the fifteenth century, it appeared on the other side of the Alps in somewha rougher style but quite as decided in character, which leads us to believe that a method of taking impressions upon paper from an engraved plate was discovered simultaneously in Italy and Germany. In the "Master of 1466," whose name is unknown, Germany produced an artist of excellence almost equa to Fineguerra. Immediately after him came Martin Schön, or Schöngauer, already mentioned, who may be considered the fathe of the early German school of engravers Others of inferior merit followed, and then appeared one whose influence upon art in al its relations was wonderful and salutary He arose in Nuremberg, where he was born in the year 1471.

Albert Dürer was the third of eighteen children. He learned his father's trade of a goldsmith, and worked at it until he found an opportunity to enter the studio of Michael Wolgemuth as a student. At the close of his apprenticeship he stood high as an artist in promise and in fact. He visited the Low Countries and the north of Italy, where he shed new light on the pathway of struggling art. On his return to his home he was married to Agnes Frey, a gentle, loving girl, about whom Dürer's friend, the vulgar, rich Perkheimer, circulated slanderous reports after her husband's death.

In 1502 Dürer went to Venice, where he was cordially welcomed, and was profitably employed as an artist. At home he was honored as the great painter of Germany; and the Emperor Maximilian, who appointed him court painter, used to spend hours in the artist's studio, watching him with delight at his work. But we must not follow him biographically—we may only briefly notice his art career, after observing the fact that his funeral, in April, 1528, was a magnificent one, and all Europe profoundly lamented his loss.


VERA EFFIGIES ROBERTI BAYFIELD. Ætat. 25. 1654.

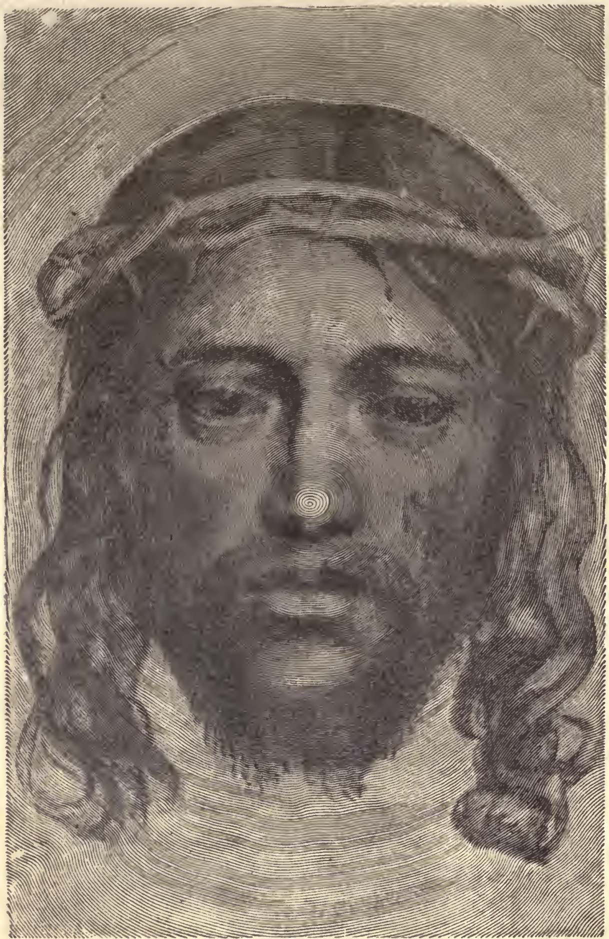
PORTRAIT OF R. BAYFIELD: ENGRAVED BY WILLIAM FAITHORNE.

Albert Dürer's reputation is very high as a painter, but his engravings are better known and admired than his works in color, for the latter were in the Gothic style, so much disliked for almost two hundred years, and have been nearly all lost. His engravings transmit to us the spirit of his genius, in which is ever displayed more care for truth than beauty. Indeed he seems not to have had a true idea of beauty, as witness his engraving of "The Virgin and Child," of which a fac-simile is here given. He knew nothing of antiquity, and interpreted the past by the present in such a way as to fill his productions with anachronisms. He represented the Virgin as a good mother rather than as a beautiful Jewess; and the head of her Son in manhood he portrayed more after the model of his own than of that of an Eastern type. As a draughtsman and engraver Dürer was unrivaled in truthfulness, harmony, and delicacy of execution; and his works, as they spread over Europe, produced a profound sensation and wide-spread influence in the realms of art and letters. His disciples and imitators were legion. His school became almost universal; and the best artists employed etching, which he had introduced, in multiplying translations of their pictures.

But the school of Dürer, like all others, declined, and at the end of the sixteenth century German engravers were, as all engravers are now, monopolized by publishers, who were (and are, as a rule) more anxious that they should work much than well.

England, always slow to imitate others, was not an exception in the history of the Graphic Art. Her first printer, William Caxton, appeared early, his first book (*The Game and Playe of Chess*) having been issued in the year 1471. But engraving, as a distinct art, found no worthy practitioners there until early in the seventeenth century, or about two hundred years after the first "block-books" came out in Germany.

The first engraver of any note in England was John Payne, who died in 1648. He learned the art from a Flemish engraver in London. His best works are in portraiture. A contemporary or immediate successor, Wil-


Héliogravure DURAND.

HEAD OF CHRIST: ENGRAVED IN A CONTINUOUS LINE BY CLAUDE MELLAN.

liam Faithorne, took up the burin with such skill that he soon raised engraving in England to a high standard of excellence. His portraits, made after paintings by Vandyck, are admirable translations of that great master's works. Among the best of these is his portrait of R. Bayfield, painted when the subject was twenty-five years of age. Many engravers who endeavored to follow Faithorne fell so far short of him in skill that they do not deserve a place in history. Foreign artists were sent for to execute any valuable works to be engraved. And so it was that Nicolai Dorigny was brought from France to cut the famous cartoons of Raphael at Hampton Court. It was not until the eighteenth century that an English engraver appeared of sufficient skill to reproduce on copper the best works of art in that country.

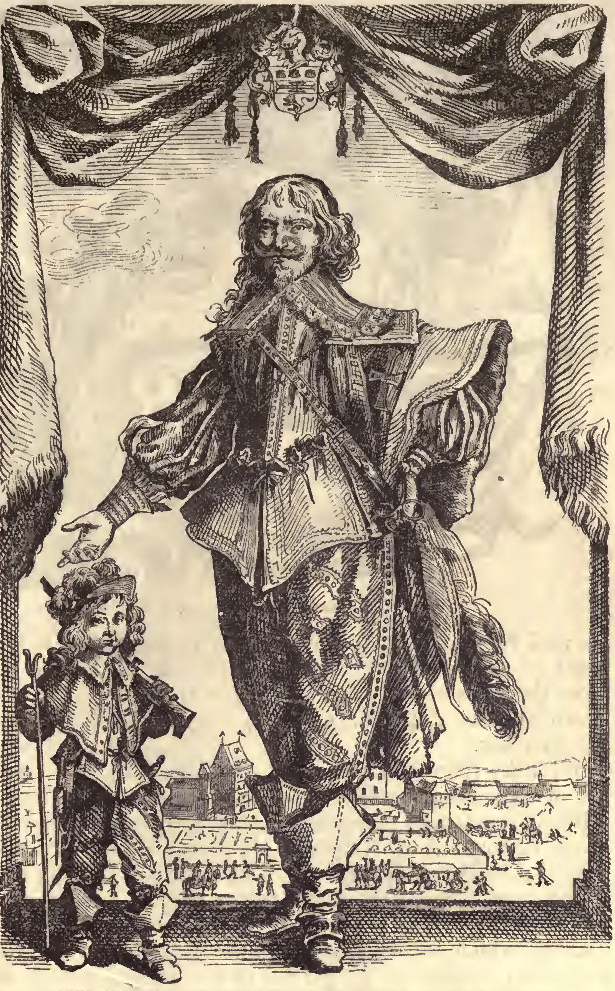
One of the most famous of th line-engravers of England was Rol ert Strange, who flourished abo the middle of the last century. H studied the art in Paris und Philip Lebas. He spent five yea in France in translating upon co per the works of Raphael, Titia and others, and soon outstrippe all rivals in the use of his tools.

But more eminent than Strange as a line-engraver, was Willia Sharp, who lived from 1749 ti 1824. He began his artistic caree as an embellisher of pewter pots and soon arose to the highest excellence in his profession, especiall as an engraver of portraits. Tha of King Lear, after West, is to-da held up as a model of line engraving. He gave his plates all th expression, fire, and energy of th originals, and was particularly noted for his power in producin imitations of the textures of hi draperies.

William Woollett followe Strange and Sharp, and in the beautiful gradations of tint and in tast in the proportions of his plates h was unrivaled. Indeed he attaine results with the graver which n predecessor had ever achieved, especially in his translations of the landscapes of Claude Lorraine. Ryland, Vertue, and Raimbach hel a conspicuous place among English engravers in the eighteenth century.

New processes were introduced into England: the mezzotint by Prince Rupert, and the stipple or dotted style by Bartolozzi. The former had many expert practitioners, and it was more successful in England than elsewhere. There arose also, about the middle of the last century, a humorous school of art, at the head of which stood William Hogarth. His pictures were nearly finished by the etching process, and then were touched up very skillfully with the graver. His well-known series of moral epics, such as "Marriage à la Mode," etc., need neither description nor illustration here.

James Gilray followed Hogarth as an inimitable caricaturist, and for thirty years or more kept London, and indeed all England, laughing. Every conspicuous person and current event became the subject of his pencil, and he produced about 1,200 caricatures.



PORTRAIT OF CLAUDE DERUET: AN ETCHING BY JACQUES CALLOT.

ilray and Rowlandson (the latter a coarser mould of thought) esblished caricature as a distinct t in England, which George ruikshank and others have cared forward and pursued. Cruikank, who commenced the pracce of the art so early as the year 812, still stands at the head of e caricaturists of England.

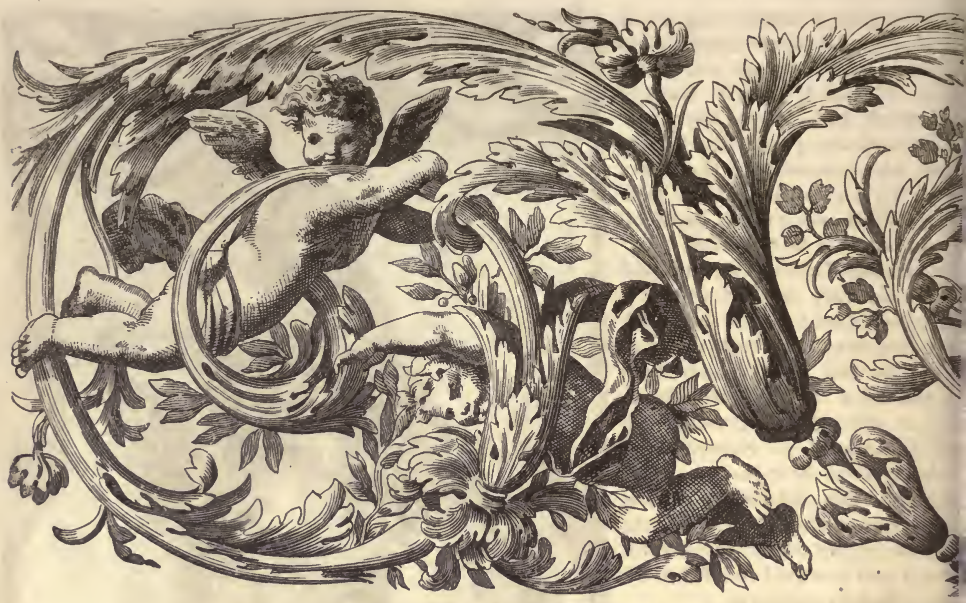
Meanwhile Thomas Bewick had most instantly revived, or, as it ere, re-invented the art of wood-igraving, which for full two huned years had scarcely deserved e name of an art anywhere. ome of Bewick's engravings on ood of objects in Natural Hisry have never been surpassed, if qualed. He flourished during e latter quarter of the eighteenth d first quarter of the nineteenth ntury, and is called the father of odern wood-engraving.

France has, apparently, no valid aim to the invention of engravg, but the art was carried to a gh degree of perfection in that ountry at an early period in its story. The first engravings proiced there were on wood, and e earliest book in which these ppeared, in a style deserving the ame of engraving, was printed Jean Dupré, in 1491. They are ude in execution, but possess any of the finer elements of the t in its infancy. "The Dance Death," printed three years earer, contains some really good ood-cuts as compared with the work of ontemporary engravers of other nations.

History and Romance first employed the ew art in France. Religion followed, and ave a new impulse to engraving. The *Book Hours*, according to the Church of Rome, as first printed in Paris from rude wood-cuts 1488. Other editions with finer illustraons followed. I have a copy of an edition rinted in Paris in 1536, which contains exellent wood-engravings, and exhibits a style printing that would be creditable even ow. The engravings were, I judge from ertain ear-marks, the work of Petit Berard, the first French engraver of eminence hose name has been preserved.

Engraving on metal was first made conoicuous in France, by Jean Duvet, who ourished early in the sixteenth century, and who was in a great degree a disciple of Mantegna. A host of good engravers followed during the sixteenth and far into the seventeenth century; among these Claude Mellan held, for a time, the first rank, his name appearing among the "Illustrious Men" of France in the beautiful volume of Perrault, who describes as follows a work by this artist, of which we here give a fac-simile:

"It is a Christ's head, designed and shaded with his crown of thorns, and the blood that gushes forth from all parts by one single stroke, which, beginning at the tip of the nose, and so still circling on, forms most exactly everything that is represented in this plate, only by the different thickness of the stroke, which, according as it is more or less swelling, makes the eyes, nose, mouth, cheeks, hair, blood and thorns; the whole



ARABESQUE: DESIGNED AND ENGRAVED BY JEAN LEPAUTRE.

so well represented, and with such expressions of pain and affliction, that nothing is more dolorous or touching." Claude Mellan (born in the sixteenth century) lived full ninety years.

With the reign of Louis the Thirteenth the art of engraving entered upon a new era. Already the school of Fontainebleau had become famous; and Nanteuil, Masson, Drevet, Edelinck, Boyvin, de Léu, Picard, Callot, and others gave luster to the engraver's vocation. The latter brought the art of etching, which Albert Dürer had discovered, to greater perfection, by the use of a coating of varnish so as to obtain a uniform thickness of covering, a method unknown before his time. He entirely abandoned line engraving, and used only the etching needle thereafter. His works by this process are numerous and excellent. A fac-simile, on a reduced scale, of one of his best etchings is here given. It is a portrait of his friend Claude Deruet, the painter.

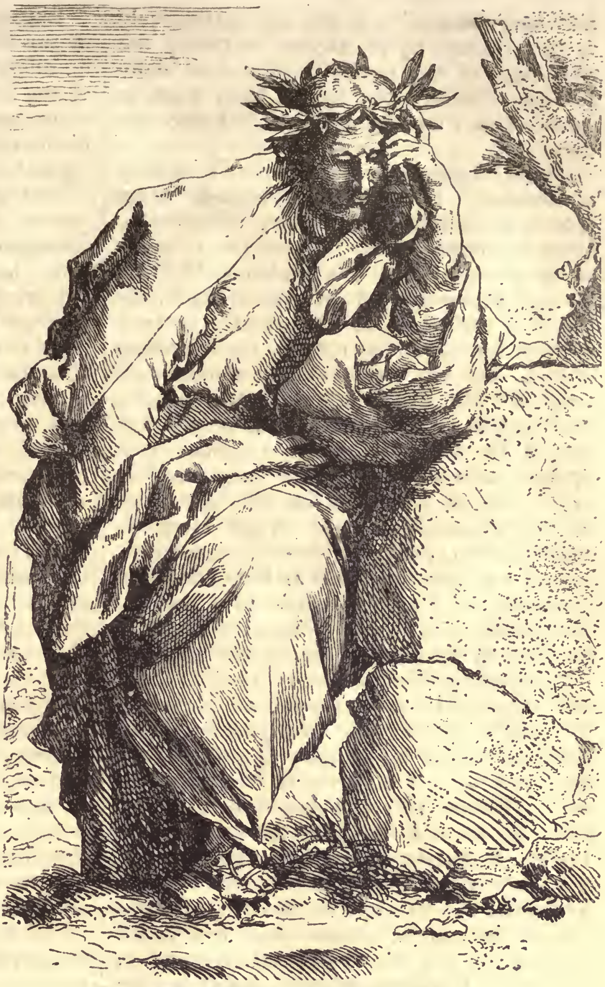
Robert Nanteuil, the son-in-law of Edelinck, stands prominent among the portrait engravers of his time (1630—1678), and possibly of any period. His likeness of the great Pompone de Bellièvre is considered his masterpiece. He flourished in the time of Louis the Fourteenth, from whom he obtained a decree making engraving a Fine Art, and the establishment of an academy for its cultivation. By this means it was separated from the mechanical arts, amongst which it had hitherto been ranked, and engravers t shared the privileges of other artists.

With Nanteuil the art passed its zen in France. Claude Gallée, better kno as Claude Lorraine, produced some etchi which bear the characteristics of his paintin Claude stands alone in French art. He not found a school either of painting or graving, as a taste for true art was t declining in France. The meretrici style of Simon Vouet, a figure paint attracted the attention of the public, a in him the engravers found a more conger master for translation. He founded French school of painting, and his prod tions gave a tone to engraving that was d ded but not always healthful.

French engravers of considerable skill peared in and out of Paris; and to Ro many of them, together with all paint flocked to study the masterpieces of antiq there.

Among the latter was Nicholas Pous whose works have formed the subjects some of the most skillful engravers. J Pesney, Claudine Stella, and Gérard Aud were the best translators upon copper of works of Poussin. The latter engraved most of them. Among them is Pouss magnificent picture of "Time Disclo Truth," in which Audran, using the ne and the burin alternately, as a painter wo use different tints with different brus made it a masterpiece of the Graphic ut Claudine Stella was, after all, oussin's most faithful interpreter, r she seemed to understand the aster's character better than any ian.

Audran was the great master of ngraving of his time. He was emloyed by Le Brun in the rendition f his pictures of the "Battles of lexander;" and he appears to ave sustained the reputation of the rench school of engraving until his eath, in 1703, notwithstanding the ulgar tastes of Louis the Foureenth, whose ostentation continully tended to degrade art and make theatrical. That monarch proioted extravagant ornamentation ı architecture, furniture, and dress, nd created the sensational school f art which succeeded. His love or ornament was grandly displayed ı the palace at Versailles, of hose arabesque decorations, designed and engraved by Jean Le autre, a specimen is here given. And yet it must be admitted that t no time did France possess so nany good engravers as during the ong reign of seventy years allotted o Louis the Fourteenth. Some of he best painters of his time emloyed the needle and burin in the ranslation of their own works; and t was during his reign that mezzoint engraving was brought to great erfection by Walbrant Vaillant unler the guidance of Prince Rupert, he friend and confidant of Louis iegen, the inventor.



A POET: ENGRAVED BY GIUSEPPE RIBERA.

During the first half of the eighteenth cenury the translations of the works of Antoine Vatteau, the eminent painter of festive cenes, employed the French engravers, and ome of the best of the French painters transated their own works by the use of the neelle and burin combined, after the manner f the great master, Audran. Among a host f good engravers in Paris and the provinces will mention only two, neither of them of rench blood, who were attracted to Paris rom abroad and became the greatest engravrs of the time, about the middle of the ighteenth century. These were George F. chmidt, son of a poor weaver in Berlin, and eorge Wille, from Königsberg. As an tcher of portraits Schmidt had no rival, exepting in Rembrandt. Wille became the ather of the modern school of engravers.

The French artists, for a hundred years, wrought more in accordance with the tastes of the "Grand Monarch" than of the grand masters, but, late in the eighteenth century, Jacques Louis David, who had studied the antique in Rome most profoundly, produced, by slow degrees, a radical reform in art, in which engraving recovered its former splendor, for the burin worked in sympathy and harmony with the pencil. Among the brilliant names of that period of those who worked in concert with David is that of young Boucher Desnoyers, who really belongs to the nineteenth century, and whose portraits are unrivaled. Meanwhile that branch of art was suddenly affected, commercially, by the invention of an instrument by an engraver named Quennedy, which mechanically produced profiles on copper from the human face very cheaply. It was used extensively in this country by St. Memin in taking the likenesses of our public men and of many private citizens. But the pictures were so spiritless that the method soon fell into disuse.

The Graphic Art in our country is only an imitator. It makes no pretensions to an American school. Its history covers only about a hundred years. Its first practitioner, so far as I can learn, was Nathaniel Hurd of Boston, who engraved on copper (and published) a caricature in 1762, and a portrait of Rev. Dr. Sewall in 1764. He is spoken of by a contemporary writer as a humorous artist of "Hogarthian talent." Next follows Paul Revere of Boston, who engraved a portrait of Dr. Mahew in 1766; a caricature in 1768; a view of the "Boston massacre" in 1770; and the plates for the bills issued by the Continental Congress. Amos Doolittle engraved in 1775 from views of scenes connected with the skirmishes at Lexington and Concord, and I find the names of a few others, obscurely mentioned, immediately after the close of the old War for Independence.

The earliest illustrations of a higher order were engraved on copper for an edition of Josephus's *History and Antiquities of the Jews*, published by William Durell in New York in 1791. The names of the engravers are C. Tiebout (the first American engraver who ever went to England for instruction), Tisdale, Rollinson, Allen, Doolittle, Tanner, and Anderson. The latter was the late Dr. Alexander Anderson, who died in January, 1870, at the age of almost ninety-five years. He was the first who engraved on wood in America. His first elaborate engraving on wood was done in 1794, after having learned that Bewick used that material. From that time until a few months before his death Dr. Anderson pursued the art of wood-engraving in the style of Bewick,—the legitimate style of the art. The last block that he engraved, finished just before his ninety-fourth birthday (and which is in my possession), was drawn and engraved by him in that style.

Our engravers of every kind are equal in skill to their foreign contemporaries. I may, without danger of making an invidious distinction, speak of one who stood at the head of the profession when he left the burin for the brush, many years ago. I refer to Asher B. Durand, the now venerable landscape painter. His line engraving of Vanderlyn's "Ariadne" is equal in execution, in many respects, to anything done by Sharp in England or Desnoyers in France.

Engraving on wood is now in such vogu
in this country, as well as in Europe, th
no illustration of it is needed. The capaci
of the art is even greater than its develo
ment, wonderful as that is; and the faciliti
for its use are so great that it must rank tl
highest—because it is the most useful—
all the arts brought into play in the produ
tion of the literature of the unlettered. Tl
illustrations which accompany this paper,
which fac-similes of etching and line engra
ing are given, afford excellent examples
its capacity.

In this outline sketch of the history of tl
Graphic Art, I have omitted Lithograpl
proper, which is simply drawing upon stoı
and printing therefrom. The art was i
vented or discovered at the close of t
eighteenth century, by Aloys Senefelder, wl
was born in the city of Prague, in 1771.
1796 he succeeded in printing a piece
music from a drawing upon stone, and fro
that time he was assiduous in perfecting t
art and introducing it into the various cou
tries of Europe, obtaining patents in differe
German States. It soon became a favorit
and is now very extensively used in the aı
of illustration. Its most beautiful process
are seen in chromo-lithographic work,
printing in colors, by which washed drawin
and oil paintings are imitated. The proce
in monochrome is very simple. The usı
practice is to make a drawing upon a pec
liar kind of stone with a pencil, or with i
composed of some greasy substances.
order to print, water is applied to the stor
which wets the clean portion, so that the
thographic ink adheres only to the drawin
paper is then laid upon it, and the whc
pressed beneath a roller. Ten or twel
thousand impressions may be taken from t
stone without deterioration.

The processes of producing pictures
wood and metals are opposite to each oth
The former, in its results, resembles etchir
The drawing is made upon the surface of
piece of box-wood cut from the log traı
versely, so as to use the end of the gra
Each line that is to appear in the print is le
and by a graver and other tools all the pa
to appear blank are cut away, the design
maining in cameo or relief. This is print
from in the same way as from type. T
lines on metal are incised, and the whole
sign is in intaglio, or sunken. In printing, t
plate is first covered with ink, which is rı
bed off the surface, leaving the lines filled w
it. Then paper is laid on, and the whc
submitted to the pressure of rollers, wh

ink in the lines is transferred to the paper. pper plates, which were formerly used ogether for metal engravings, have been erseded largely by steel plates.

The processes of etching and aquatint e already been mentioned. Mezzotint been alluded to. The latter process is ple, but needs skill in the manipulation. e surface of the plate is roughened by a nicircular rocking tool of hardened steel, which numerous dents are made in the te. A scraper is then used to produce lights and all the tints, and so the picture wrought out. When perfect lights are re-ired, the dents made by the rocking tool entirely scraped out. The plate is then nted from in the same way as in other kinds metal engraving. There are two or three ore processes of engraving on metal, but ey are not much used. That which was in-nted by Quennedy and used by St. Memin this country, already mentioned, was called ysionotracy. In that the outline alone s drawn, by the mechanical operations of instrument, in an unbroken line, and the ist shaded and worked out the other linea-nts.

Within a few years past efforts have been ade to discover or perfect processes which ight supersede wood-engraving, because eaper, and allowing the plates to be printed pographically. Among the earliest of these ocesses was one discovered by the late dney E. Morse, called "Cereography," but was never carried much beyond the pro-iction of maps and outlines, in which it has een extensively used. The secret of it re-ains with his family. "Glyphography" as another process tried without much suc-ss in England about twenty years ago. ore recently the Photograph has been em-oyed for the same purpose; and what is lled "Actinic-Engraving," or Photo-En-aving by the "Moss Process," has appar-ntly more nearly approached the desired al than any other similar method. It produces upon metal plates an exact rep-sentation of all kinds of pictorial work, one in lines or dots. The following is a neral description of the process:

A thick plate of glass is first coated with -gall, then with a very thin coating of latine, and, as soon as the gelatine has be-me thoroughly dry, a thin coating of phaltum dissolved in benzole is applied. his will dry in a few minutes, when it is ady to be exposed to the light through a otographic negative. About fifteen min-es of sunshine or diffused light will render those parts of the asphaltum exposed to the light insoluble in turpentine, benzole, etc., while those parts protected from the light are still soluble in these. Now, while the coating of asphaltum is still attached to the glass, another coating of gum-arabic, gelatine, and certain salts of iron and chromium is applied in the form of a thick paste. This is dried by gentle heat in the dark, and when so dried has photographic properties directly the reverse of the asphaltum—that is, it is insoluble until exposed to a strong light, and then it becomes readily soluble in warm water to which a little oxalic acid has been added. We have now a plate of glass containing four coatings—first ox-gall, next plain gelatine, then asphaltum, and last a very thick compound coating of gum, gelatine, etc. The first two were applied solely for the purpose of enabling the other two to be separated from the glass, which can readily be done by cutting the edges loose with a sharp knife. With a little warm water the coating of gelatine is quickly washed away, leaving the asphaltum bare, which must now be exposed for a few minutes to the fumes of turpentine, and then submitted to the solvent action of benzole, etc., which quickly dissolves all the portions of asphaltum not acted upon by light, leaving the parts exposed to the light attached to the thick plate of gum, gelatine, etc. The black lines of asphaltum are now left standing in relief, forming a picture of the most exquisite beauty. The lines of asphaltum alone do not stand in sufficient relief to answer the letter-press printer's purpose, but they are impervious to light, and are not soluble in warm water. If we now expose the face of this plate to the direct rays of the sun (or any direct light), those portions of gum, gelatine, etc., which are not protected by the asphaltum will become soluble in warm water and may be washed away. But as the light does not penetrate to a very great depth, it will require several exposures and washings to produce the desired result. From this chemically-engraved plate either an electrotype or stereotype may be made by the usual method.

A process somewhat similar in action, results, and use is being perfected in the hands of Mr. Osgood, of Boston, who has already produced some really fine copies of drawings and engravings, and printed them typographically. Other processes, in which photography is used, have been invented, but not for producing pictures for typographic printing as in the case of wood-cuts. The chief of these are the "Albert-type Process," used by the

Photo-plate Printing Company of New York, and the "Osborn Process," used by the Photo-lithographic Company of the same city. The former is the invention of Joseph Albert, of Munich, Bavaria, and it was brought before the public in 1868. Thick plate-glass is used, upon which is poured a solution of French gelatine and bichromate of potass, and this is dried by a gentle heat. The plate is then exposed to the light under a common photographic negative. The action of the light hardens the gelatine in the transparent p tions of the negative and makes it insolul When sufficiently acted upon by light, i put into cold water to remove its sensit properties (bichromate of potass), and tl the plate is dried and ready for printing, wh is done on a common lithographic press the same manner as simple lithography done. In this manner all kinds of pictu may be faithfully copied.

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## SHOULD THE STUDY OF THE MODERN PRECEDE THAT OF THE A CIENT LANGUAGES?

In the discussion concerning the position which the study of language should occupy in a general system of education, two main views have divided, in nearly equal proportion, the educators and the patrons of education in England and America.

The advocates of one view would retain essentially the traditional classical curriculum, introducing into it, however, such changes as are demanded by the present advancement in philological science, and increasing the amount that must be read as a condition for entrance to college and for graduation. They hold that all who intend entering upon a professional life, or who aspire to a liberal education, should go through this modified and improved classical curriculum, as a necessary preliminary course of training.

The advocates of the other view, including in their ranks the great body of business men,—of those who arrogate to themselves the title of "practical men,"—hold that the ancient languages should be abolished entirely from our general system of education, and should be replaced by the modern languages and the natural sciences; or that, if studied at all, the ancient languages should be left to that small class of useless, impractical men which infest every community, who prefer to alienate themselves from the living present and to live among the musty remains of past ages.

In many of our colleges a practical solution of the question is sought by avoiding the issue, and admitting two parallel courses of study embodying these conflicting views, to which are given the conventional names of "classical" and "scientific" courses. The "scientific" course is generally made but three years in length, and the requirements for admission to it are much inferior to those to the "classical" course. In a few of best colleges another solution of the p blem is sought, in retaining the old class course and adding recitation in one or m of the modern languages during a portior the college curriculum.

We shall endeavor to show, as well as limits of this paper will permit, that all the above views and methods are fundam tally wrong, and that the true solution of question as to the position which the st of language should occupy in our educati al system is to be found in a method wh is radically different from any of those present in vogue.

By the system which we shall prop many advantages will be gained which unattainable under either of the present thods. A unity will be maintained in entire academic and collegiate courses, m ing them the most profitable for the sev classes of students: for those who, after ishing the academic course, shall enter u the duties of active life; for those who sl continue through the college course bef entering upon their careers in business professional life; for those who shall c plete the college course, as preparatory special study in any of the learned pro sions; and, finally, for those who intend become professional linguists. Thus the called "practical" men and the schola party will be reconciled and will work harmony, instead of injuring our educatic system, as they are now doing, by their tracted counsels and conflicting efforts.

To illustrate this reorganization of the guistic part of our educational system, will imagine one of our great cities or St having a complete system of graded scho the whole being crowned with a post-coll ate university. The great need of such

sities in America is now becoming so ex-
sively felt that it is only a question of time
to how soon they shall be established.
all probability the next ten years will wit-
ss the founding of one or more such uni-
sities, which will soon rival, in the extent
d excellence of their appointments, the
gest and best universities in continental
rope. It is to be hoped that, in their
n of organization, they will be in advance
even the great and time-honored Euro-
an universities, all of which retain more
less of mediæval tradition, both in their
m and their spirit. But the modification
linguistic instruction which we shall pro-
se will greatly improve our educational
stem, even without these much needed
st-collegiate universities.

According to the plan which we propose,
e study of one living language will be com-
enced by pupils when between the ages of
n and twelve years. The method of in-
uction should at first be very simple, and
apted to the stage of development of the
ung child. As at this age the memory is
ore active than the judgment, and the
nd inclines to details rather than to prin-
ples, the attention should be directed at
is time to learning the names of the most
miliar objects, and to gathering a store of
miliar phrases and expressions, referring
the simplest physical facts and phenome-
a, and to the simplest operations and emo-
ons of mind and heart. A body of linguis-
c material will thus be accumulated in this
ew language, as had previously been the
se with the pupil's own vernacular, to be
bjected in his more mature years to rigid
ammatical analysis and philological treat-
ent. The pupil should also immediately
ilize what he has learned, and should be
ught to express his childish thoughts, de-
res, and emotions in this new living lan-
age. He should also read juvenile litera-
re in this language, of no higher grade than
at which he is reading in his own verna-
ular. More rigid grammatical instruction
ill be added as soon and as fast as the
tellectual development of the pupil will
dmit.

As much time, or more, should be given
the study of this living language in the
cademy or preparatory school as is now
iven in them to the study of Latin. Upon
ntering college the student will be able to
ead common prose in this new language
ith considerable fluency, to converse with
lerable freedom upon ordinary topics, and
understand a simple spoken discourse.

Two years before the close of the academic course, the study of a second living language should be commenced. As this will be begun when the student is at a more mature age, and as the student will have had an experience of some years in the study of language, a less slow, elementary, and juvenile method will be necessary at the outset, and the advancement will be more rapid. Indeed, upon entering college the proficiency of the student in these two languages will be nearly equal.

These two living languages will thus take the place of Latin and Greek in the studies which are required for admission to college. During the Freshman year the classical literature of these languages will be read, and the rigid philological study of them will be taken up. During the remainder of the college course, one study at a time, in other branches of science, will be pursued from text-books in one or the other of these languages. During the senior year the history of these languages, their relation to cognate languages, and the history of their literature will be introduced as elective studies.

The study of Latin will be commenced at the beginning of the Sophomore, that of Greek at the beginning of the Junior year. Latin will be studied two years and Greek one year or more. During one term will be pursued the formal study of the system of derivation from Latin and Greek of words in ordinary discourse, and of technical terms in the English language. The modifications in form and signification which words of Latin and Greek origin have received, while passing through other modern languages before they came into the English, will be pointed out, thus showing the plexus of connections that binds the European languages together. The mutual relations of the Latin and the Greek languages, and their relations to the other Indo-European languages will also be pointed out.

It will then remain for philological faculties in (post-collegiate) universities, and for professional schools, like the School of Philology which has lately been established in connection with Yale College, to give that high linguistic instruction, both in the ancient and modern languages, which is so lacking in America. Associations of linguists, like the American Oriental Society and the American Philological Association, have also a work to perform in the promotion of philological science, which is beyond the province and beyond the power of any school of instruction. Germany has attained its high position as the home of modern philology by means of its post-collegiate universities and of its many local and specific, as well as national and general philological societies. It is only by these same instrumentalities that philology can attain, in America, a position co-ordinate with that which it occupies in Germany, or even to that which medicine, law, theology, and the natural sciences occupy in this country.

Having thus sketched the outlines of this system of linguistic instruction, we shall glance rapidly at the most prominent arguments in its defense.

Language is the medium of communicating to others our thoughts, feelings, and desires through spoken words. It is of the highest importance that the young pupil should apprehend this nature and office of language at the very commencement of his studies. To the degree in which the first new language which he begins to learn, aside from his own vernacular, can be shown to him to be capable of performing this mission, —to the degree in which he can be made to see that all his thoughts, emotions, and desires, which he expresses fully and completely in English, can be disrobed of their English dress, and can be enrobed in the garb of another language,—to that degree will he apprehend the nature and office of the new language; and, in return, to that degree will his studies in the new language aid him in understanding the nature and office of his own vernacular, and, finally, of language in general.

This condition can be met in the highest degree only in the study of a living language, and of one which is the expression of a civilization that is not very different from our own, and of a grade not lower than our own. By no means can it be fully met in studying a language which has ceased to be spoken, and which, when spoken, was the expression of a civilization that was essentially different from our own, and in many respects inferior to our own. The difficulty with reference to the ancient languages, as the basis of a system of linguistic education, is also greatly aggravated by the fact that there exists in those languages none of that charming juvenile literature which is so luxuriant in the classical living languages, and which alone is adapted to the mental development of young students. Of necessity students who begin with Latin and Greek, are compelled to read the works of ancient classical literature, as the great epics of Virgil and Homer, at an age when no person would think
them fitted for the study of correspond
classic works in modern literature, as D
te's *Divina Commedia*, or Schiller's *Wal*
*stein*,—much less of the *Niebelungenl*
the *Cid*, or the *Chanson de Roland.*

In order to impress most effectually u
the mind of the young student a clear i
of the nature and office of language, and
the difference between his vernacular
other languages, it is important that
should continue the study of the single
ing language with which he commences,
til he realizes that everything that he say
English can also be said in this other l
guage. With this thought fully fixed in
mind, and fully realized in his practice, e
new language that is afterward commen
will be acquired with increasing facility
in shorter time.

It is of course far better that, when po
ble, the new language should be learned
the country where it is the vernacular.
learner is there surrounded by the atm
phere of the language, and takes it in
every breath. He absorbs it unconscio
as well as consciously. But this is wit
the reach of so few, that the real question
how can the benefits of foreign residence
approximately realized in our schools? T
must depend upon the kind of text-bo
employed, the method of instruction ad
ed, and the skill and ingenuity of the tea
er; much can be done, however, to rem
the artificiality of learning a language a
from the country where it is the vernacul

Phonetics form one of the most vital
ments in language. Language comes fr
the tongue of the speaker, and goes to
ears of the hearer. Sight should play bu
very subsidiary part in the study of langua
Yet sight is relied upon almost entirel
learning the ancient languages. The o
nary college student would be perfectly
wildered upon hearing a new sentence
Latin and Greek pronounced. He must
it, in order to comprehend it. But the p
netic structure of Latin and Greek is v
imperfectly understood; a greater obscu
still rests upon the history of the phon
development of those languages. To m
the matter worse for the student, a perf
chaos prevails in our pronunciation
Latin and Greek. After having learned
pronounce these languages by one pro
sedly arbitrary system, upon going to anot
school, or upon entering college, he is of
compelled to adopt another and very dif
ent, though equally arbitrary system of
nunciation. Truly is not this the play

amlet, with Hamlet left out?—or with the rt of Richard the Third, or of Falstaff, bstituted for that of Hamlet? What an curate idea the Chinese would have of the onetic character of the English, French, d German languages, if, from their aver- on to foreigners, they should refuse to ad- it English, French, and German teachers, d then should give their own pronunci- ion to all of these three languages!—or, if fferent Chinese teachers should adopt dif- rent methods of pronouncing these lan- ages!

From the nature of the case, the study of honetics can be applied, to any important xtent, only to living languages. The exact ronunciation of French as spoken in Paris, f German as spoken in Berlin, and of Italian s spoken in Florence and Rome, can be erfectly ascertained and perfectly taught. ood instructors in the modern languages ery properly take great pains to secure om their pupils at the outset a correct, easy nd elegant pronunciation. They meet with e greatest difficulty in students who begin e study of the modern languages during e junior or senior year of the college ourse. The organs of speech of these ad- anced students are rigid and unpliable. heir ears are also slow to detect the nice istinction of elegant, or even of correct ronunciation. Not unfrequently their pride touched at their ludicrous mistakes. And, hat is worse still, having been taught to onsider a knowledge of grammatical forms nd skill in translating to be all that is essen- al in studying languages, they soon look pon pronunciation as a matter of secondary nportance, and worthy of the attention of nly young children. These advanced col- ge students soon become restless if a good ronunciation is insisted upon. The pro- essor generally finds himself forced to yield, hough under mental protest, and to permit is class to rush on to reading the works of chiller, Goethe, Racine, Molière, Dante, nd Tasso, though their pronunciation is yet o execrable, that it would almost make hese classic writers wish to appear in the esh, that they might seize the books from he hands of the students and cry out to hem to stop murdering their productions. f these same American college students hould visit a German gymnasium or a French ycée, and should there hear Milton's Para- ise Lost, Shakespeare's tragedies, or Long- ellow's poems read with as execrable a ronunciation of French or German, as is sually heard in American colleges, they would call the study of English in those schools a farce. The difficulty is inherent in our system; it is impossible to acquire a good pronunciation of French and German, when only two or three hours a week is given for some months to the study of either of these languages, especially when most of the time is given to the study of grammatical construction and of classic literature.

Only after the student has had long training in the study of one or more living languages, is he even partially prepared to imagine the phonetic structure of languages, the pronunciation of which has been lost.

The study of phonetics is a most valuable means of mental discipline. It opens up one of the most important fields of psychological and physiological research. It treats of one of the chief means by which the body is made the interpreter of the spirit. It lies at the foundation of the entire science of language. It furnishes the only key to the vocal changes that take place in the history of a language, and to the vocal variations among related languages. In learning to produce those sounds in other languages which do not occur in his own vernacular, the student will acquire a new and a wider view of the resources of his own vocal organs; he will be struck with the fact that some of the most frequently recurring sounds in his own language do not occur in other languages; and the whole study of phonetics, as applied to foreign languages, will induce in the student a more exact and elegant enunciation of his own language.

After the rudiments of pronunciation have been mastered, the most rapid and correct habits of analysis and synthesis are called into action in the practical use of a spoken language. The difference between the rapidity and precision of mental action which are necessary in order to understand a spoken sentence, and those which are required in order to pick out deliberately, when seated at one's desk, with grammar and dictionary at hand, the meaning of the same sentence from the printed page, is not unlike the difference in skill which is necessary for a sportsman to hit a bird on the wing, from that which is requisite in order to hit a painted bird in a shooting-gallery. There is an equally great difference between the rapidity and precision of mental action which are required in order to formulate a sentence in rapid conversation, and those which are necessary in order to be able to write out deliberately, when seated at a desk, with grammar and dictionary at hand, a sentence in Latin or Greek composition.

Thus, in order to understand a spoken sentence, in the first place, the hearer must rapidly and almost unconsciously separate the succession of sounds in a sentence into individual words; for in all spoken languages there is little if any more separation of sound recognizable to the ear between the words of a sentence, than between the syllables of a word. This difficulty is greatly increased in those languages where the final consonant is often carried over and pronounced with the following word. After having recognized the separate words in the spoken sentence, the hearer must recognize the stems of the words and the influence of terminations, prefixes and suffixes, and the influence of syntactical laws. He must also consider whether the words are employed in their primary or with derived significations, and whether the sentence contains idiomatic expressions, ellipses and other figures of speech. And, finally, he must consider the relation of the sentence to preceding conversation. All of this must be done in a flash, like the taking of instantaneous photographs. Indeed, the rapid and complicated mental operations and exertions of even the young pupil, in order to understand very simple spoken sentences at their first enunciation, are none the less real and strength-giving, from the fact that they are often voluntary and unconscious, or that the ferule, the demerit-mark, and the prize are not necessary in order to call them forth. The number and quickness of mental operations are correspondingly greater in a more mature person, while conducting a rapid and free conversation, or while hearing a spoken discourse. The study of the dead languages offers nothing analogous for the development of rapid and almost instantaneous analytic habits and power of mind.

And, on the other hand, a person is required not only to apprehend sound rapidly and correctly by his ear; he must also produce sounds with equal rapidity and precision with his own mouth. He must give to words the proper accent, emphasis, and intonation. He must give them their proper inflections, and locate and connect them in sentences according to the syntactical laws of the particular language. He must decide whether to use words in literal or in figurative significations, and when to employ idiomatic constructions and ellipses, inversions, or other figures of speech. The mind must perform the double work of directing the
pronunciation, and of formulating the s
tences rapidly and correctly. To conve
with freedom and elegance in a foreign l
guage presupposes long and continued pr
tice and training, which have been as r
if not as obvious and demonstrative as w
a pianist who has learned to perform diffic
music at sight. The synthetic powers
the mind are brought into action in a m
ner and to an extent that are not even
proximated in the study of Latin and Gre

While a language continues to be spok
it cannot remain stationary, but it must
subject to growth, development, and mo
cation, or to change and decay. Those l
guages whose history can be most complet
traced, are necessarily the most valuable
showing the nature of linguistic growth a
change. In this respect, no ancient
modern classical languages are superior
the German and the French. We can tr
the growth of the German language thro
nearly two thousand years, from its primit
stage as the rude language of a collection
barbarous tribes, through three distinct a
well-marked periods, with several subordin
divisions to each period. The French l
guage has a well-known history, extend
through more than ten centuries, with
prominent and several subordinate peri
These two languages are also yet endo
with the vital elements of growth. N
words are being formed from within or ad
from without. Many unsettled questi
concerning various linguistic features and
ments in these languages are now under
cussion, and will be settled in due time
similar questions in past periods of the
guage have been settled. The French
German languages thus offer, within th
selves, vastly more material for the illus
tion of the development of linguistic featu
of vocal changes, grammatical forms, ve
derivation and composition, syntactical
struction, the absorption of foreign elem
and the effects of foreign influences, tha
the Latin and Greek languages.

It would require but little reflectio
lead us to anticipate what every teacher
has given the subject a fair trial has obser
that a far greater interest is awakened in
mind of the young student by the study
living than of a dead language. He re
nizes that it can serve to him all the
poses of a language. He appropriates it
incorporates it as a part of his own mental
niture. He also utilizes it immediately
the expression of his own thoughts, feeli
and desires, and thus is led early to

most valuable habit—that of applying to is own individual use what he has learned eoretically. The value of this enthusiasm s a stimulus to study can hardly be overstimated. This interest will not be confined o the years of childhood. It will be susained through all of the academic and colegiate courses, inasmuch as the student ontinues to realize that other languages than he English can be the vehicle of all the houghts and feelings of his maturing and xpanding mind and heart. Various means nay be employed to sustain this interest. hus, selections in prose and poetry in these anguages may be committed to memory for leclamation ; French and German periodials may be introduced into the college eading-rooms, and may be occasionally used n the class-room instead of the text-book ; rench and German books upon history, iography, travels, the sciences and arts, and n belles-lettres literature, can be introduced nto the libraries ; during the latter part of he college course text-books written in these nodern languages may be employed for the study of the various sciences ; resident rench and German men of science and etters can deliver to the senior class lectures pon French and German history and literaure, and upon various branches of science. All these will serve the double purpose of giving information and entertainment to the student, and of keeping his knowledge of hese languages fresh and ever advancing. These living languages, when thus acquired, will remain an unfailing and direct source of profit and pleasure during the subsequent period of study in professional schools, and during all after life. They will not pass from memory within a few years after the close of the college course, as is too often the case with Latin and Greek.

As to which two modern languages should be made the basis of linguistic education in English-speaking countries, the choice would undoubtedly be given to the French and the German. Besides the reasons which would have weight in England, in determining the precedence in order of time in the study of these two languages, there is a very important one, which applies with peculiar force to our own country. America is fast losing the character of being a unilingual country. Already one-tenth of our population speak a foreign tongue. Should existing causes continue to act, before another generation shall pass away one-fifth of our entire population will be German-speaking people. German immigrants are already to be found in every village and city, and in most rural districts. American children hear the German language spoken in the streets, often by German servants in their homes, or by German schoolmates in their schools ; they see German names and words on signs of stores and hotels ; they hear German newspapers cried in the streets ; they see German books and engravings upon the center-table. All of this gives unconscious but real education ; it impresses upon the mind of the American child the fact of the real, living character of the German language ; and it prepares him, even before he enters school, to commence with the study of this, rather than with that of the French language. Many arguments may be advanced, however, for beginning with French rather than with German.

By commencing with living languages and studying them in the method and at the time above proposed, the student will enter the sophomore or junior year of the college course with a much clearer view of the nature and office of language, and with much greater ability to master a new language and to understand its peculiar structure and spirit than is possible under the present system of beginning with the ancient classical languages. In a single year he could learn to read, but not to speak, Italian, Spanish, Dutch, or Swedish, as fluently as the German and French, upon which he has spent so much time. He will also have received that peculiar training which is necessary in order to study with profit a language from which the vital characteristic of being a natural and living vehicle of thought and feeling has forever gone ; a language the pronunciation of which is but imperfectly known ; a language which has ceased to grow, but which stands before us in the crystallized form that it assumed many centuries ago ; a language which, when spoken, was the expression of a civilization that has passed away ; a language of which the familiar, social, and domestic portions have perished, and of which the only remains extant are some portions of its artistic, classical literature.

With the experience and training in the study of language which will thus be acquired, through following a natural and logical method, and with the maturity of mind which ordinary college students have at the beginning of the sophomore year, they will arrive at a more correct and critical apprehension of the character, the spirit, and the linguistic features and relations of the Latin and Greek languages by one year of well-directed study, if commenced at this period, than most college students attain to, through the present method, by the end of their college course. If, during the one or two years which will thus be devoted to the study of each of the ancient languages, not as many Latin and Greek authors can be read as at present, those which shall be read will be better understood; and a clearer view can be gained of the general spirit of ancient literature, and of its relation to modern literature, as well as of the linguistic relations of the ancient to the modern languages.

Such of the Latin and Greek authors, which are now read in college, as cannot be pursued in the time that will thus be devoted in the college course to the study of the ancient languages, will be read more profitably under the instruction of philological faculties in post-collegiate universities, or in special schools of philology. Under these philological faculties of universities, all of the ancient and modern classical languages and literatures will be taught from the highest standpoint of modern philology, and after a method which is adapted to the intellectual development and linguistic attainments of college graduates, who will form the body of the students of the university.

This modification of our system of linguistic instruction will produce many valuable results. In the first place, it offers the only feasible plan for the education of professional linguists; in order to meet the present deficiency of university instruction in philology, candidates for professorships of language in our colleges, and others in America who devote themselves to special branches of philological investigation, are forced to go through tedious years of undirected private study, or to seek, as almoners, in foreign lands advantages which are denied them at home. But, aside from this most important consideration, the plan proposed above provides the best preliminary linguistic education for those who shall enter any of the learned professions; it also gives the most profitable study to that large class, including indeed the great majority of students, who, for various reasons, do not go beyond the academic course, or do not finish the collegiate course. It is no small advantage, also, that a symmetry will thus be maintained in the linguistic part of our educational system.

After having stated thus briefly some of the advantages which will be gained by the proposed system, we will consider some of the most prominent objections which will be offered against it.

It is argued that we should commen with the study of the ancient languages b cause the modern are derived from the a cient. Whatever force there may be in th argument with reference to French as rived from Latin, it has no bearing up German and Greek, both of which are y to be considered as primitive languages, rather as sister languages, derived from common, but undiscovered, Aryan languag But the argument proves too much. proves that we should study Gothic, O German, and Middle German before study New German; that we should stu Old French before New French, and t older Sanscrit before the newer Latin a Greek. On the contrary, the natural or in the study of language, as of every ot branch of knowledge, is to proceed from nearer and the more similar to the more tant and the more dissimilar. The mut relationship of the two languages will be clearly discerned by the student, if, in stu ing Latin, he finds it to be the parent French, which he has already studied, though, in studying French, he finds it to the child of the Latin, which he has alre studied. And a previous knowledge French, if studied in the manner propos will facilitate the learning of Latin quite much as a previous knowledge of Latin cilitates the learning of French.

The fact that so many English words derived from the Latin is often urged as argument for the early study of this l guage. This is a valid argument for study of Latin, but not for beginning study of language with Latin. Indee large portion of the words of Latin ori in the English language, especially of th which are most frequently used in ordin discourse, have come through the Fre into the English language. The derivat and the present forms of most of these wo can only be explained by reference to French first, and to the Latin afterwa But little practical application of the der tion of technical terms, which have come fr Latin and Greek directly into the Eng language, is made by the student before enters the sophomore year.

Nor is the claim a valid one that the cient classical are more perfect in struct than the modern classical languages. the summation of their grammatical ments and linguistic features, French German are fully equal to Latin and Gre In many respects they are indeed supe Their vocabularies are very much larger ore varied. Their stores of idiomatic exessions are inexhaustible, and are necessay greatly superior to the idioms which are tant in Greek and Latin literature. The umber of words and idioms in these, as in l living languages, is constantly increasing. he phonetic character of living languages perfectly understood. French and Geran offer more material and greater scope r illustrating the laws of linguistic growth d change than Latin and Greek do within emselves.

The claim is often made that the study of e ancient languages gives a better mental scipline than can be derived from any other udy. That better mental discipline is obined from pursuing a long and systematic ourse of study of any kind, than from folwing a short, rambling, and fragmentary ourse, should be no matter of surprise. To y that a person has graduated in the solled "classical" course is equivalent to ying, not only that he has studied Latin d Greek systematically and rigidly for six r eight years, but also that he has studied athematics equally long, and that he has ven the equivalent of two or three years f time to the study of other branches of ience. It would indeed be a matter of reat surprise if this course of study, extendg thus through eight or more successive ears, taking the student when his mind is ost plastic and retaining him till the chaacter is mature and fixed, even if it be not e very best that could be devised, should ot give better mental discipline than do e shorter and less systematic courses of udy which are generally pursued by those ho do not complete the classical curriulum. It is unfair, however, to credit all e mental discipline that is gained by those ho follow the classical course to the study f Latin and Greek ; a fair share of this disipline should be credited to mathematics, nd to the other studies that are pursued ith equal vigor with the ancient languages.

In comparing the intellectual benefits to e derived from the study of ancient and of odern languages, we must not omit to take nto account the interest that is awakened in he mind of the young pupil by the study of he latter, which interest is continued unabated hrough the whole course of study, and which emains active during the entire subsequent ife, after leaving the academy, college, or rofessional school. It is not necessary for s to examine whether any portion of the ental discipline which is derived from the tudy of the ancient languages comes through the young pupil or even the maturer student forcing himself to a distasteful task, of which he does not realize the significance or the importance ; nor whether any of the distaste to the study of Latin and Greek which may now exist, would be diminished or removed by transferring these languages to the middle or the latter half of the college curriculum.

Very often, also, sufficient importance is not given to the natural and voluntary, if not indeed unconscious, but still none the less real and strength-giving exertions of mind, to the clear and rapid analysis and synthesis that are called forth in learning to read, write, hear, and speak a living language ; nor to the fact that what would be considered extraordinary proficiency in Latin and Greek would be called very moderate proficiency in a modern language.

When thus compared in all their relations and effects as a means of giving discipline to the mind, the preponderance is largely in favor of the modern languages.

Some classicists attempt to break the force of the argument against giving the lion's share of the time in the academic and collegiate courses of study to Latin and Greek, by asserting that these languages can be revitalized, and can be made to seem as natural to the student as his own vernacular, or as French or German ; and they fortify their position by some striking illustrations. Thus, it is true that lectures were given in Latin in nearly all of the European universities from the fourteenth to the seventeenth century ; most of the important works on science and philosophy that appeared in Europe even down to the eighteenth century were written in Latin ; and Latin was the medium of correspondence and conversation between learned men of different nationalities during the same period. We may say that, in a modified sense, the Latin language (rather an unnatural, factitious Latin) has been a living language until the present century. In a more limited degree than formerly, it may be called a spoken language at the present day ; the proceedings of the late Œcumenical Council of the Roman Catholic Church were conducted in this modern factitious Latin ; many of the officials of the Roman Catholic Church all over the world, and some of the professors in the universities, gymnasia, and lycées of Europe speak this Latin with greater or less proficiency. But it cannot be claimed that to the general student in America the practical advantages to be derived from learning to speak Latin, as a means of intercourse, are to-day at all commensurate with the time and labor it requires. Much less is there any equivalent for the time and labor, passing by the question of special genius, which are requisite in order to compose poems in Latin and Greek, as is done in the English universities and some other institutions which pride themselves upon the perfection to which they carry the study of the ancient languages.

Lord Brougham learned French in his youth from an aged and highly cultivated French "gentleman of the olden style," who in bearing, manners, and language seemed a crystallized relic of the age of Louis XIV., and who had fled to England to escape the terrors of the First Revolution; when Lord Brougham went to Paris, some forty years afterwards, his antiquated French called forth many a smile. Several years ago, a distinguished professor of the University of Edinburgh, who had learned German by reading standard German literature, went to Berlin and there conversed in the language as he had learned it; his sentences were stately, cumbered, and formal, and often he was unintelligible; "that is not the German that we speak," remarked a Berlin professor. And no doubt, if the ghosts of Cicero, Horace, and Virgil could hear three modern professors from Germany, France, and America talking Latin in Rome, Pompeii, or Tivoli, they would be much surprised to learn that these three professors were speaking in the same language in which they themselves wrote.

It is correct to apply the term factitious to all the Latin that has been spoken for the last thousand years. For, if it is impossible to learn to speak a contemporary living language from reading its classical literature, in which the expressions and idioms of familiar conversation do not occur, how much more is it impossible to learn to converse in Latin and Greek by the study of their classical literatures; most of the familiar expressions of these ancient languages are lost; and, what is more fatal, words, expressions, and idioms never existed in those languages to represent the new features, the mechanical appliances, and the relations of trade, science, art, religion, government, and social life which characterize modern times. Thus we have no means for determining whether, if the Latin language had continued to be the vernacular in Italy, the Romans would have adopted a word analogous to the Italian *stivale*, or one analogous to the French *botte*, as the name of the modern
"boot," or whether they would have adopt
another word altogether; we cannot t
whether they would have applied the nar
*gymnasium*, *lyceum*, *collegium*, or some oth
name to a school preparatory to the mode
university; we cannot tell whether th
would have used an expression similar to t
French *banque succursale*, one similar to t
Italian *banca filiale*, or another expressi
altogether to indicate a "branch bank."
is as absurd to manufacture Latin words a
idioms, or to give a Latin dress to Engli
words and idioms, as it would be to mar
facture French or German words a
idioms, or to give a French or Germ
dress to English words and idioms.
such work should be left to the charlata
who invent universal languages. The
of such factitious Latin should be abandone
as cultivating wrong habits of mind, a
doing violence to all correct ideas of t
nature of language, and of its method
growth.

But this part of the discussion seems
most needless in America to-day. For it
doubtful whether, if we except some of t
best Roman Catholic colleges and semi
ries, ten sentences of conversational La
are pronounced in a year, within the hear
of students in all the colleges of the coun
put together. And probably there are n
ten persons in Europe and America who c
conduct for five minutes a free conversati
in classical Greek. But still if Latin, ev
this factitious Latin, is not used as a mea
of intercourse by conversation and writi
Latin loses, to the apprehension of t
young pupil, one of the chief characterist
of a real language.

The importance of Greek and Rom
culture, as the parents (rather the gra
parents) of modern culture, is often urg
as a strong reason for giving to the La
and Greek languages so early and so large
place in our educational system. But if,
viewing the question from the standpoint
the history of civilization, we shall be co
pelled to admit that so great a predo
nance should be given to the study of cla
cal antiquity, that will not justify giving t
attention solely to the study of classi
literature, which is but one element in cl
sical culture. Architecture, sculpture, a
painting are as important elements in ci
lization as their sister art, literature. T
whole framework of society is held toget
by law. The influence of Greek architectu
sculpture, and painting upon the format
arts in all their subsequent periods, and

oman law upon mediæval and modern gislation, has been more extensive, direct, nd intimate than has been the influence of reek and Roman literature upon mediæval nd modern literature. And yet what prominence is given, in our academies and colleges, to the study of Greek and Roman art nd of Roman law? Almost none at all.

It may be remarked, in passing, that classicists generally overlook the bearings of the xtraordinary fact that the Greeks reached heir high culture, not by studying the languages of other older and more refined ations (as the ancient Assyrians and Egyptians), but by "studying when boys what hey would need to practice when men;" hey studied their own history, their own overnment, their own literature and art; eing thus imbued with the spirit of their wn civilization, they were prepared to promote and advance it; they were not imitators nd copyists, but originators and inventors. f America is to rise to a high stage of culture by the same means by which Greece ose to its high culture, it will also be by 'studying when boys what we will need to ractice when men," which will not consist nostly in reading Latin and Greek.

But it is not necessary, in order to understand the civilization of a people with tolerable accuracy, for the general student to study their language at all. Every person of ordinary intelligence to-day has a fair idea of the kind and degree of civilization existing in China, Japan, Turkey, Madagascar, and the Feejee Islands, without knowing a word of the languages of those countries. Every child of twelve years of age in a Christian family, is better acquainted with the history of the ancient Jews than of his own nation, and this without knowing one word of Hebrew. Most persons of liberal education have as correct and intimate knowledge of the civilization of the ancient Egyptians, and Assyrians, and Persians as of the ancient Greeks and Romans, and this without deciphering a single hieroglyphic or cuneiform inscription.

Humboldt's *Cosmos*, Ranke's *History of the Popes*, Martin's *History of France*, and Cousin's *Lectures on Philosophy* are as well understood in their English translation as in their original French or German dress. English translations of the writings of Plutarch, Pliny, Vitruvius, Strabo, and Pausanias convey as accurate information as their Latin and Greek originals. Most classical scholars even derive nearly all of their knowledge of the philosophical writings of Plato and Aristotle from English translations. Almost the entire mass of Christians in all lands depend, of necessity, upon translations of the Holy Scriptures for information and stimulus, which they believe to affect their most vital eternal interests.

With poetry and other kinds of imaginative literature it is somewhat different. Here so much of the genius and imagination of the writer is shown in his peculiar employment of words, expressions, idioms, and figures of speech; his style is so ingrafted into the vital elements of his own native language that much of the freshness, vitality, and peculiar character of the original is necessarily lost in translation. Still, much of the force and sublimity of the majestic poems of Job, Isaiah, and Jeremiah, and of the beauty and pathos, and at times of the sublimity of the Psalms of David is retained in the English translation of the Holy Scriptures. Much of the poetic spirit is preserved, and all the development of the plot is presented in English translations of Goethe's *Faust*, Auerbach's *Villa on the Rhine*, Hugo's *Les Misérables*, Dante's *Divina Commedia*, and the adventures of *Don Quixote;* the same is equally true of translations of the *Iliad* of Homer, the *Æneid* of Virgil, the *Odes* of Horace and Aristophanes, and the *Rigveda*.

It is not necessary for the general student to read Latin and Greek at all in order to gain an accurate knowledge of all the facts recorded by the ancient historians and of the views of the ancient philosophers; nor, indeed, in order to obtain a very tolerable knowledge of the spirit and scope of classical literature. It is to translations of the works of the classical writers, which have been carefully made by critical scholars, and to the masterly compilations of historians and archæologists like Grote, Merivale, Mommsen, Curtius, Winckelmann, Müller, Gerhard, and Rossi, that the great majority of even liberally educated persons are indebted for the chief part of their knowledge of classical antiquity.

The primitive sources of civilization were not in Greece and Rome. They were in Egypt and Western and Central Asia. And modern history and civilization are more intimately connected with mediæval than they are with ancient classical history and civilization.

Whatever time, therefore, in our general system of education is given to the study of the history of civilization should be devoted symmetrically and equitably to all the important features and to all the chief periods of history, without giving undue prominence to any particular feature or period.

If, in the discussion concerning the position which languages should occupy in our educational system, the importance of the study of the ancient languages has been unduly depreciated by the advocates of the "new education," this has been in a great measure the consequence of the exaggerated and indefensible claims that have been brought forward by classicists in defense of a traditional system, which was established in past ages, under circumstances that no longer exist, and before the rise of the many branches of natural, linguistic, and æsthetic science which have sprung into existence during the present century, and which now claim a place beside their elder, but not, therefore, more worthy sisters in the educational systems of the present age.

To eliminate the ancient classical languages entirely from the course of study of any person who aspires to a liberal education, or who purposes to enter any of the learned professions, would be a serious error. The plan of reorganization proposed above does not require us to form an opinion as to whether it would not be a greater evil to reject the modern languages from the academic and collegiate courses, as has often been, and even yet not unfrequently is don It is only just to assert that no person, the present day, can lay claims to a liber education who has not an available kno ledge of the French and German language Four-fifths of the literature containing tl latest results of investigation in every d partment of human knowledge is in the two languages. The German language hol to-day very nearly the same relation to tl English that the Italian did to the Germa during the sixteenth century, or that tl Greek did to the Latin at the time of tl Roman empire. In quantity and value records of new and independent investig tion and discovery, the French comes ne to the German, though far removed from i then follow, at about equal pace, the En lish and Italian. With the command these four languages a person has access nearly all the valuable results of investig tion at the present day in any departme of human knowledge. No amount of a quaintance with Latin and Greek literatu will supply the deficiency of a knowledge either of these modern classical languages.

The plan of study above proposed seeks give to the old and the new their appropria places, to harmonize conflicting influence and thus to give a symmetry to the mode system of liberal education.

## DESPONDENCY.

Another morning dawns with baleful light
Slow on my sight,
And my sad heart, that found from gnawing grief
A respite brief,
Must wake once more, and its dull weight of pain
Take up again.

The golden morning that to others brings
Hope on her wings,
Brings none to me; the tranquil evening's close
No sweet repose;
Amid her gloom no ray of starry light
The silent night.

In vain for me with one harmonious voice
Does Earth rejoice,
And with her thousand tints of land and sky
Entrance the eye;
The music seems a dirge, the beauty all
A funeral pall,

And Earth herself one vast and lonely tomb.
All that her womb
Yields, she devours, as did the god of old
His offspring. Gold
Gleams the abundant corn that smiling waves
O'er silent graves.

O, bitter thought! that man's weak faith unnerves
What purpose serves
Ambition's best result! Fame, power, seem
An idle dream
Seen in truth's light, whose brightest flowers bloom
To grace a tomb.

How swells the heart to-day with conscious pride;
Fate seems defied.
How dwells intent on each new scheme of gain
The busy brain.
What fond illusions thrill the lover's breast,
His hopes confest.

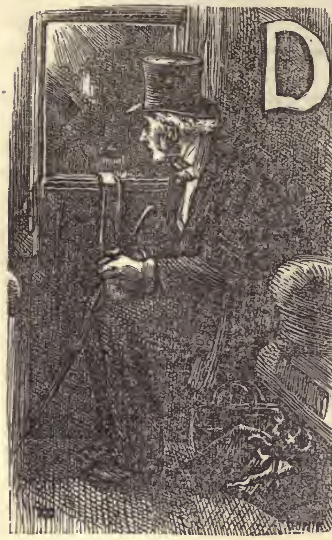
To-morrow dawns. What titles now avail
When knocks the pale
Stern Messenger of Fate? How dull and cold
The once-prized gold!
The bounding pulses that to joy did thrill,
How fixed and still!

So in his turn hath each the bitter draught
Of sorrow quaffed.
And so shall each that cometh after me,
Despondent see
Of earthly gain, ambition, happiness,
The nothingness.

# AT HIS GATES.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

## CHAPTER XXII.



DR. MAURICE came down next day. He was a man of very quiet manners, and yet he was unable to conceal a certain excitement. He walked into the Gatehouse with an air of abstraction, as if he did not quite know what he was about.

"I have come to talk about business," he said, but he did not send Norah away. Probably had he not been so glad to see her once more, it would have surprised him to see the child whom he had never beheld apart from a book, standing up by her mother's chair, watching his face, taking in every word. Norah's *rôle* had changed since those old days. She had no independent standing then; now she was her mother's companion, champion, supporter. This changes as nothing else can do a child's life.

"Our case is to be heard for the first time to-morrow," he said. "I believe they are all very much startled. Golden was brought before the magistrate yesterday; he has been admitted to bail, of course. If I could have had the satisfaction of thinking that rascal was even one night in prison! But that was too much to hope for. Mrs. Drummond, can you guess who was his bail?"

Helen shook her head, not understanding quite what he meant; but all the same she knew what his answer would be. He brought it out with a certain triumph—

"Why, Burton—your precious cousin! I knew it would be so. As sure as that sun is shining, Burton is at the bottom of it all. I have seen it from the first."

"Dr. Maurice," said Helen, "where have I seen, where have I read, 'Burton and Golden have done it?' The words seem t haunt me. It cannot be fancy."

Dr. Maurice took out his pocket-boo He took a folded paper from an inn pocket, and held it to her without a wor Poor Helen, in the composure which she ha attained so painfully, began to shake ar tremble; the sight of it moved her beyor her self-control. She could not weep, bu her strained nerves quivered, her teeth cha tered, her frame was convulsed by the shoc "Ah!" she cried, as people do when the receive a blow; and yet now she remembere it all—every word; it seemed to be writte on her heart.

The physician was alarmed. Huma emotion has many ways of showing itse but none more alarming than this. He p the letter hastily away again, and plunge into wild talk about the way she was livin the house, and the neighbourhood.

"You are taking too little exercise. Y are shutting yourself up too much," he sai with something of that petulance which often veils pity. He was not going to enco rage her to break down by being sorry her; the other way, he thought, was the be And then he himself was on the very bord of emotion too, the sight of these words h brought poor Robert so keenly to his mi And they had brought to his mind also own hardships. Norah in her new place very bewildering to him. He had noted closely while her mother was speaking, and w wonder and trouble had seen a woman lo at him through the girl's brown eyes- woman, a new creature, an independ being, whom he did not know, whom would have to treat upon a different footi This discovery, which he had not made the first glance, filled him with dismay a trouble. He had lost the child whom loved.

"Norah, come and show me the hous he said, with a certain despair; and he w away, leaving Helen to recover hers That was better than going back upon past, recalling to both the most painful ments of their life.

He took Norah's hand, and walked thro the open door into the garden, which was first outlet he saw.

"Come and tell me all about it," he s "Norah, what have you been doing to y self? Have you grown up in these th nonths? You are not the little girl I used o know."

"Oh, Dr. Maurice, do you think I have grown?" cried Norah, with her whole heart n the demand.

And it would be impossible to describe what a comfort this eager question was to nim. He laughed, and looked down upon ner, and began to feel comfortable again.

"Do you know, I am afraid you have not grown," he said, putting his other hand fondly on her brown hair. "Are you vexed, Norah? For my part, I like you best as you are."

"Well, it cannot be helped," said Norah, with resignation. "I did not think I had; but for a moment I had just a little hope, you looked so funny at me. Oh, Dr. Maurice, I do so wish I was grown up!—for many things. First, there is Mr. Burton, who comes and bullies mamma. I hate that man. I remember at home, in the old days, when you used to be talking, and nobody thought I paid any attention——"

"What do you remember, Norah?"

"Oh, heaps of things. I can scarcely tell you. They would look at each other—I mean Mr. Golden and he. They would say things to each other. Oh, I don't remember what the words were; how should I remember the words? but things—just as you might look at me, and give a little nod, if we had something that was a secret from mamma. I know they had secrets, these two. If I were grown up, and could speak, I would tell him so. Dr. Maurice, can't we punish them? I cannot imagine," cried Norah passionately, "what God can be thinking of to let them alone, and let them be happy, after all they have done to—poor papa!"

"Norah, these are strange things for you to be thinking of," said Dr. Maurice, once more disturbed by a development which he was not acquainted with.

"Oh, no. If you knew how we live, you would not think them strange. I am little; but what does that matter? There is mamma on one side, and there is Mr. Haldane. How different we all used to be! Dr. Maurice, I remember when poor Mr. Haldane used to take me up, and set me on his shoulder; and look at him now! Oh, how can any one see him, and bear it? But it does no good to cry."

"But, Norah, that is not Mr. Burton's fault."

"No, not that; but, oh, it is God's fault," said Norah, sinking her voice to a whisper, and ending with a burst of passionate tears.

"Hush, hush, hush!" He took her hand into both of his, and soothed her. Thoughts like these might float through a man's mind involuntarily, getting no utterance; but it horrified him to hear them from the lips of a child. Was she a child? Dr. Maurice said to himself once more, with an inward groan, that his little Norah, his dream-child of the fairy tales, was gone, and he should find her no more.

"And then it rather vexes one to be so little," she said, suddenly drying her eyes, "because of Clara. Clara is not twelve yet, and she is much bigger than I am. She can reach to these roses—look—while I can't get near them; and they are the only roses we have now. But, after all, though it may be nice to be tall, it doesn't matter very much, do you think, for a woman? So mamma says; and girls are just as often little as tall—in books."

"For my part, I am fond of little women," said Dr. Maurice, and this time he laughed within himself. She kept him between the two, changing from childhood to womanhood without knowing it. "But tell me, who is Clara? I want to know about your new friends here."

"Clara is Clara Burton, and very like him," said Norah. "I thought I should be fond of her at first, because she is my cousin; but I am not fond of her. Ned is her brother. I like him better. He is a horsey, doggy sort of boy; but then he has always lived in the country, and he knows no better. One can't blame him for that, do you think?"

"Oh, no," said Dr. Maurice, with great seriousness; "one can't blame him for that." The man's heart grew glad over the child's talk. He could have listened to her running on about her friends for ever.

"And then there was—some one else," said Norah, instinctively drawing herself up; "not exactly a boy; a—gentleman. We saw him in town, and then we saw him here; first with that horrible man, Mr. Golden, and another day with the Burtons. But you are not to think badly of him for that. He was—on our side."

"Who is this mysterious personage, I wonder?" said Dr. Maurice smilingly; but this time it was not a laugh or a groan, but a little shivering sensation of pain that ran through him, he could not tell why.

"He was more like Fortunatus than any one," said Norah. "But he could not be like Fortunatus in everything, for he said he was poor, like us—though that might be only, as I say it myself, to spite Clara. Well, he was grown up—taller than you are, Dr. Maurice—with nice curling sort of hair, all in little twists and rings, and beautiful eyes. They flashed up so when mamma spoke. Mamma was very, very angry talking to that horrible man at our own very door. Fancy, he had dared to go and call and leave his horrid card. I tore it into twenty pieces, and stamped upon it. It was silly, I suppose; but to think he should dare to call—at our own very house——"

"I am getting dreadfully confused, Norah, between the beautiful eyes and the horrible man. I don't know what I am about. Which was which?"

"Oh, Dr. Maurice, how could you ask such a question? Are there two such men in the world? It was *that* Mr. Golden whom I hate; and Mr. Rivers—Cyril Rivers—was with him, not knowing—but he says he will never go with him again. I saw it in his eyes in a moment; he is on our side."

"You are young to read eyes in this way. I do not think I quite like it, Norah," said Dr. Maurice, in a tone which she recognised at once.

"Why, you are angry. But how can I help it?" said Norah, growing a woman again. "If you were like me, Dr. Maurice—if you felt your mamma had only you—if you knew there was nobody else to stand by her, nobody to help her, and you so little! I am obliged to think; I cannot help myself. When I grow up, I shall have so much to do; and how can I know whether people are on our side or against us, except by looking at their eyes?"

"Norah, my little Norah!" cried the man pitifully, "don't leave your innocence for such fancies as these. Your mother has friends to think for her and you—many friends; I myself, for example. As long as I am alive, do you require to go and look for people to be on your side? Why, child, you forget *me*."

Norah looked at him searchingly, penetrating, as he thought, to the bottom of his heart.

"I did not forget you, Dr. Maurice. You are fond of me and of—poor papa. But I have to think of *her*. I don't think you love *her*. And she has the most to bear."

Dr. Maurice did not make any reply. He did not love Helen; he even shrank from the idea with a certain prudish sense of delicacy—an old bachelor's bashfulness. Love Mrs. Drummond! Why, it was out of the question. The idea disconcerted him. He had been quite pained and affected a moment before at the thought that his little Norah—the child that he was so fond of—shoul want other champions. But now he wa disconcerted, and in front of the grave littl face looking up at him, he did not even dar to smile. Norah, however, was as ready t raise him up as she had been to cast him dow

"Do you think Cyril is a pretty nam Dr. Maurice?" she asked. "I think sounds at first a little weak—too pretty for boy. So is Cecil. I like a rough, roun sort of name—Ned, for instance. You neve could mistake Ned. One changes one mind about names, don't you think? I use to be all for Geralds and Cyrils and prett sounds like that; now I like the others bes Clara is pretty for a girl; but everybod thinks I must be Irish, because I'm calle Norah. Why was I called Norah, do yo know? Charlie Dalton calls me Nora Creina."

"Here is some one quite fresh. Who Charlie Dalton?" said Dr. Maurice, relieve

"Oh, one of the Rectory boys. There a so many of them! What I never can u derstand," cried Norah suddenly, "is tl difference among people. Mr. Dalton h eight children, and mamma has only on now why? To be sure, it would have bee very expensive to have had Charlie and the rest on so little money as we have no I suppose we could not have done it. An to be sure, God must have known that, a arranged it on purpose," the child sai stopping short with a puzzled look. "O Dr. Maurice, when He knew it all, and cou have helped it if He pleased, why did He them kill poor papa?"

"I do not know," said Dr. Maurice und his breath.

It was a relief to him when, a few minut after, Helen appeared at the garden do having in the meantime overcome her o feelings. They were all in a state of repr sion, the one hiding from the other all th was strongest in them for the moment. Su a thing is easily done at twelve years o Norah ran along the garden path to meet h mother, throwing off the shadow in a n ment. But for the others it was not so ea They met, and they talked of the gard what a nice old-fashioned garden it was, of flowers such as one rarely sees nowada And Dr. Maurice told Norah the names some of them, and asked if the trees bore w and commented upon the aspect, and h well those pears ought to do upon that wa wall. These are the disguises with wh people hide themselves when that wit does not bear speaking of. There was reat deal more to be told still, and business be discussed; but first these perverse hearts ad to be stilled somehow in their irregular eating, and the tears which were too near e surface got rid of, and the wistful, quesoning thoughts silenced.

After a while Dr. Maurice went to pay tephen Haldane a visit. He, too, was conerned in the business which brought the octor here. The two men went into it ith more understanding than Helen could ave had. She wanted only that Golden hould be punished, and her husband's name indicated—a thing which it seemed to her o easy to do. But they knew that proof as wanted—proof which was not forthcomng. Dr. Maurice told Haldane what Helen ave him no opportunity to tell her—that he lawyers were not sanguine. The books hich had disappeared were the only evilence upon which Golden's guilt and Drumnond's innocence could be either proved or lisproved. And all the people about the ffice, from the lowest to the highest, had een summoned to tell what they knew bout those books. Nobody, it appeared, ad seen them removed; nobody had seen he painter carry them away; there was this egative evidence in his favour, if no other. But there was nothing to prove that Golden ad done it, or any other person involved, and, so far as this was concerned, obscurity reigned over the whole matter—an obscurity not pierced as yet by any ray of light.

"At all events, we shall fight it out," said Dr. Maurice. "The only thing to be risked now is a little money more or less, and that, I suppose, a man ought to be willing to risk for the sake of justice—myself especially, who have neither chick nor child."

He said this in so dreary a way that poor Stephen smiled. The man who was removed from any such delights—who could never improve his own position in any way, nor procure for himself any of the joys of life, looked at the man who thus announced himself with a mixture of gentle ridicule and pity.

"That at least must be your own fault," he said; and then he thought of himself, and sighed.

No one knew what dreams might have been in Stephen Haldane's mind before he became the wreck he was. Probably no one ever would know. He smiled at the other, but for himself he could not restrain a sigh.

"I don't see how it can be said to be my own fault," said Dr. Maurice with whimsical petulance. "There are preliminary steps, of course, which one might take—but not necessarily with success—not by any means certainly with success. I tell you what, though, Haldane," he added hastily, after a pause, "I'd like to adopt Norah Drummond. That is what I should like to do. I'd be very good to her; she should have everything she could set her face to. To start a strange child from the beginning, even if it were one's own, is always like putting into a lottery. A baby is no better than a speculation. How do you know what it may turn out? whereas a creature like Norah——Ah, that is what I should like, to adopt such a child as that!"

"To adopt—Norah?" Stephen grew pale. "What! to take her from her mother! to carry away the one little gleam of light!"

"She would be a gleam of light to me too," said Dr. Maurice, "and I could do her justice. I could provide for her. Her mother, if she cared for the child's interest, ought not to stand in the way. There! you need not look so horror-stricken. I don't mean to attempt it. I only say that is what I should like to do."

But the proposal, even when so lightly made, took away Stephen's breath. He did not recover himself for some time. He muttered, "Adopt—Norah!" under his breath, while his friend talked on other subjects. He could not forget it. He even made Dr. Maurice a little speech when he rose to go away. He put out his hand and grasped the other's arm in the earnestness of his interest.

"Look here, Maurice," he said, "wealth has its temptations as well as poverty; because you have plenty of money, if you think you could make such a proposition——"

"What proposition?"

"To take Norah from her mother. If you were to tempt Mrs. Drummond for the child's sake to give up the child, by promising to provide for her, or whatever you might say—if you were to do that, God forgive you, Maurice — I know I never could!"

"Of course I shall not do it," said Maurice hastily. And he went away with the feeling in his mind that this man, too, was his rival, and his successful rival. The child was as good as Stephen's child, though so far removed from himself. Dr. Maurice was so far wrong that it was Helen Stephen was thinking of, and not Norah. The child would be a loss to him; but the loss of her mother would be so much greater that the very thought of it oppressed his soul. He had grown to be Helen's friend in the truest sense; he had felt her sympathy to be almost too touching to him, almost too sweet; and he could not bear the possibility of seeing her deprived of her one solace. He sat alone after Maurice had gone away (for his mother and sister had left them to have their conversation unfettered by listeners), and pondered over the possible fate of the mother and child. The child would grow up; in a very few years she would be a woman; she would marry, in all likelihood, and go away, and belong to them no more; and Helen would be left to bear her lot alone. She would be left in the middle of her days to carry her burden as she might, deserted by every love that had once belonged to her. What a lot would that be!—worse, even, than his own, who, amid all his pains, had two hearts devoted to him never to be disjoined from him but by death. Poor Stephen, you would have supposed, was himself in the lowest depths of human suffering and solitude; but yet he looked down upon a lower still, and his heart bled for Helen, who, it might be, would have to descend into that abyss in all the fulness of her life and strength. What a sin would that man's be, he thought, who arbitrarily, unnaturally, should try to hasten on that separation by a single day!

Dr. Maurice went back to the other side of the house, and had his talk out quietly with Mrs. Drummond; he told her what he had told Haldane, while Norah looked at him over her mother's chair, and listened to every word. To her he said that it was the lawyers' opinion that they might do good even though they proved nothing — they would stir up public opinion; they might open the way for further information. And with this, perhaps, it might be necessary to be content.

"There is one way in which something might be possible," he said. "All the people about the office have been found and called as witnesses, except one. That was the night-porter, who might be an important witness; but I hear he lives in the country, and has been lost sight of. He might know something; without that we have no proof whatever. I for my own part should as soon think the sun had come out of the skies, but Drummond, for some reason we know nothing of, might have taken those books——"

"Are you forsaking him too?" cried Helen in her haste.

"I am not in the least forsaking him," said Dr. Maurice; "but how can we tell what had been said to him—what last resource he had been driven to? If we cou find that porter there might be somethi done. He would know when they we taken away."

Helen made no answer; she did not ta the interest she might have done in the e dence. She said softly, as if repeating herself—

"Burton and Golden, Burton and Golden Could it be? What communication cou they have had? how could they have be together? This thought confused her, and y she believed in it as if it were gospel. S turned it over and over like a stran weapon of which she did not know the use

"Yes, something may come out of th We may discover some connection betwe them when everything is raked up in th way. Norah thinks so too. Norah fe that they are linked together somehow. W you come with me to the station, Nora and see me away?"

"We are both going," said Helen. A they put on their bonnets and walked to t railway with him through the early twilig The lights were shining out in the villa windows as they passed, and in the sho which made an illumination here and the The train was coming from town — m coming from their work, ladies returning, w had been shopping in London, meeting th children, who went to carry home the p cels, in pleasant groups. The road w full of a dozen little domestic scenes, su as are to be seen only in the neighbourho of London. A certain envy was in t thoughts of all three as they passed on. Nor looked at the boys and girls with a lit sigh, wondering how it would feel to ha brothers and sisters, to be one of a me happy family. And Helen looked at the with a different feeling, remembering t time when she, too, had gone to meet h own people who were coming home. As Dr. Maurice, of course it was his own fau He had chosen to have nobody belonging him, to shut himself off from the comfort wife and child. Yet he was more impatient all the cheerful groups than either of the othe

"Talk of the country being quiet! it more noisy than town," he said; he had ju been quietly pushed off the pavement by girl like Norah, who was running to meet h father. That should have been nothing him, surely, but he felt injured. "I wi you would come with me and keep my hou for me, Norah," he said, with a vain harpi on his one string; and Norah laughed w gay freedom at the thought.

"Good night, Dr. Maurice; come back oon," she said, waving her hand to him, then urned away with her mother, and did not ven look back. He was quite sure about his, as he settled himself in the corner of he carriage. So fond as he was of the child; o much as he would have liked to have done or her! And she never so much as looked ack!

### CHAPTER XXIII.

When Helen and Norah emerged again ut of the lights of the little railway station o the darkness glimmering with a few lamps f the road outside, Mr. Burton's phaeton was standing at the gate. The air was ouched with the first frost, there was a soft aze over the distances, the lamps shone with a twinkling glow, and the breath of the horses was faintly visible in the sharpened air. Mr. Burton was standing talking to some one on the pathway accompanied by his son Ned, who though he was but a year older han Norah was nearly as tall as his father. Helen's last interview with her cousin had not been pleasant enough to tempt her to inger now for any greeting, and her heart was sore and wroth against him. She put her veil down over her face, and hurried past. But Mr. Burton had seen her, and ong before this he had repented of his rudeness of last night. Had it been successful, had he succeeded in bullying and frightening her, he would have been perfectly satisfied with himself; but he had not succeeded, and he was sorry for the cruelty which had been in vain. It was so much power wasted, and his wisest course now was to ignore and disown what he had done. He stopped short in his conversation, and made a step after her.

"Ah, Helen!" he cried, "you out this cold evening! Wait a moment, I will take you with me. I am going to pass your door."

"Thanks," said Helen, "I think we prefer to walk." And she was going resolutely on; but she was not to be allowed so easily to make her escape.

"One moment. I have something to say to you. If you will not drive with me, I will walk with you," said Mr. Burton, in his most genial mood. "Good evening, Tait, we can finish our talk to-morrow. Well, and where have you been, you two ladies?—seeing some one off by the train? Ned, see if you can't amuse your cousin Norah while I talk to her mother. Helen, when you and I were that age I think we found more to say."

"I do not think we were great friends—at that age," said Helen.

She had meant to say at any age; but the gravity of her thoughts made such light utterances of her anger impossible. When people are going to serious war with each other, they may denounce and vituperate, but they rarely gibe.

"No; I suppose it was at a later period we were friends," Mr. Burton said, with a laugh. "How strangely circumstances alter! I am afraid I made myself rather disagreeable last night. When a man is bilious, he is not accountable for his actions; and I had been worried in town; but it was too bad to go and put it out on you; what I really wanted to ask last night was if the house was quite in order for the winter? But something brought on the other subject, and I lost my temper like an idiot. I hope you won't think any more of it. And it is really important to know if the house is in order—if you are prepared to run the risk of frost, and all that. I was speaking to Tait, the carpenter, this moment. I think I shall send him just to look over the house."

Helen made no reply; this talk about nothing, this pretence of ease and familiarity, was an insult to her. And Norah clung close to her arm, enclosing it with both hands, calling her mother's attention to every new sentence with a closer pressure. They went on for a few minutes before Mr. Burton could invent anything more to say, and Ned stalked at Norah's other side with all a boy's helplessness. He certainly was not in a condition to help his father out.

"Ned has been up to town with me to-day," said Mr. Burton, still more cheerfully. "It will be a loss, but we must make up our minds to send him to school. It is a disadvantage to him being so tall; everybody thinks he is fifteen at least. It is handy for you that Norah is so small. You can make a baby of her for three or four years yet."

Here Norah squeezed her mother's arm so tight that Helen winced with the pain, yet took a kind of forlorn amusement too from the fury of the child's indignation.

"Norah is no baby," she said, "happily for me; Norah is my best companion and comfort."

"Ah, yes; she is in your confidence; that is charming," said Mr. Burton; "quite like a story-book; whereas Ned, the great blockhead, cares for nothing but his dogs and nonsense. But he shall be packed off to Eton directly. The house is so full at present, my wife has been regretting we have seen nothing of you, Helen. I suppose it is too early to ask you to come to us under present circumstances? But after a while, I hope, when we are alone—And Norah must come before Ned goes away. There is to be a children's party. What did your mother settle about that, Ned?"

"Don't know," growled Ned at Norah's other side.

"Don't know! Well you ought to know, since it's in your honour. Clara will send you word, Helen. Now, I suppose, I must be off, or I shall not have time to dress. Why, by Jove, there goes the bell already!" cried Mr. Burton.

He looked round, and the bays, which had been impatiently following at a foot-pace, held in with difficulty by the groom, stopped at the sign he made, while the sonorous dinner-bell, which rang twice every evening through all seasons, sounded its first summons through the darkness. There was something very awe-inspiring in the sound of that bell. That, as much as anything, impressed the village and neighbourhood with a sense of the importance of the master of Dura. The old Harcourts had used it only on very great occasions; but the Burtons used it every evening. All the cooks in Dura village guided themselves by its sound. "Lord, bless us! there's the bell agoing at the great house, and my chickens not put down to roast yet," Mrs. Witherspoon at the Rectory would say, giving herself such "a turn" as she did not get over all the evening. Mr. Burton, too, got "a turn" when he heard it.

He cried, "Good night, Helen! Ned, come along," and jumped into his phaeton.

"I'll walk," shouted Ned.

And then there was a jingle, a flash, a dart, and the two bays flew, as if something had stung them, along the frosty road.

"It will be a long walk for you up that dark avenue," said Helen, when the boy, with his hands in his pockets, stood by them at the door of the Gatehouse, hesitating with the awkwardness natural to his kind.

"Oh, I don't mind," said Ned.

"Will you come in—and have some tea?"

Never was an invitation more reluctantly given. When his mother heard of it, it flashed through her mind that Mrs. Drummond had constructed the first parallel, and that already the siege of Ned, the heir of Dura, had begun; but Helen had no such idea. And Norah squeezed her arm with a force of indignation which once more, thou she was not merry, made her mother smile.

"Mamma, how could you?" Norah crie when the boy had come in, and had be left by the bright little fire in the drawir room to watch the flickering of the ligl while his entertainers took off their bonnet "how could you? It is I who will ha to talk to him and amuse him. It w selfish of you, mamma!"

And Ned sat by the drawing-room fi alone, repenting himself that he had be seduced, in his big boots, with mud on l stockings, into this unknown place. It w not actually unknown to him; he had brok the old china cups and thumped upon t piano, and done his best to put his finge through the old curtains more than on while the place was empty. But he d not understand the change that had pass upon it now. He sat by the fire confuse wondering how he had ever had the coura to come in; wondering if Mrs. Drummor would think him dirty, and what Nora would say. He would not have to put hir self into velvet and silk stockings and sho himself in the drawing-room at home, th was a comfort. But what unknown maz of conversation, what awful abysses of se betrayal might there be before him her Norah came in first, which at once frighten and relieved him. And the room was pretty- the old homely neutral-tinted room, with tl lively gleam of firelight lighting it up, and a the darkness made rosy in the corner which was so different from the drawin room at the great house, with its gilding ar grandeur, its masses of flowers and floods light. Ned's head felt very much confuse by the difference; but the strangeness awe him in spite of himself.

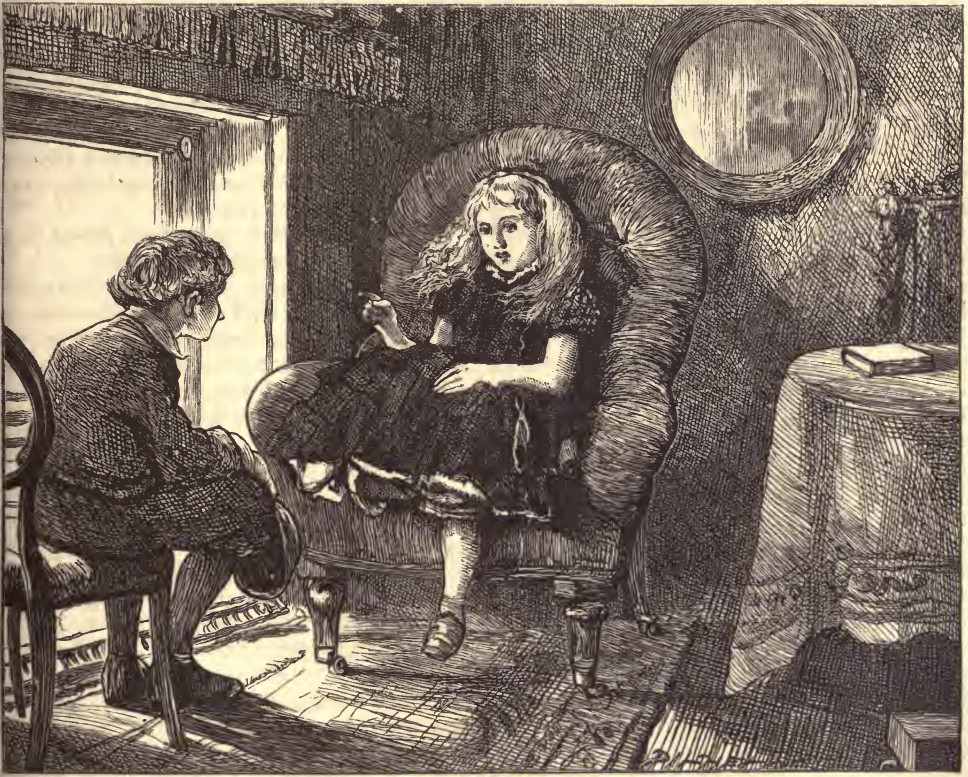
"I am always frightened in this room said Norah, drawing the biggest chair int the circle of the firelight, and putting herse into it like a little queen. She was so sma that her one foot which hung down did n reach the floor; the other, I am sorry t say, so regardless was Norah of decorun was tucked under her in the big chair.

"What a funny girl you are! Why?"

"Do you see that cupboard?" said Noral "I know there is an old woman who live there, and spins and spins, and keeps lookin at me, till I daren't breathe. Oh, I thin sometimes if I look up it will turn me t stone, that eye of hers. If you weren't her I shouldn't dare to say it; I am most frigh ened for her in the day, when the light come in at all the windows, and all the picture d things say, 'What's that little girl doing re?' And then the mirror up on the all—There's two people in it I know, now. ou will say it's you and me; but it isn't u and me. It's our ghosts, perhaps, sitting still, and looking at each other and never ying a word."

Ned felt a shiver run over him as he stened. He thought of the dark avenue hich he had to go through all by himself, d wished he had driven with his father in-ead. And there where he was sitting he just ught that curious little round mirror, and there were two people in it—never moving, never speaking, just as Norah said.

"There is always a feeling as if somebody were by in this house," Norah went on, "somebody you can't see. Oh, it is quite true. You can't go anywhere, up or down, but they always keep looking and looking at you. I bear it as long as I can, and then I get up and run away. I should not mind so much if I could see them, or if they were like the ladies that walk about and rustle with long silk trains going over the floor, as they do in some old houses. But the ones here are so still; they just look at you for hours and hours together, till you get into such a dreadful fright, and feel you can't bear it any longer and rush away."



Just then there was the sound of a little fall of ashes from the fire which made Ned start; and then he laughed hoarsely, frightened, but defiant.

"You are making it all up out of your own head to frighten a fellow," he said.

"To frighten — a fellow!" said Norah, with gentle but ineffable contempt. "What have I to do with—fellows? It frightens *me*."

And she gave a little shudder in her big chair, and shook her head, waving her brown hair about her shoulders. Perhaps the colour in her hair would not have showed so much but for the black frock with its little white frill that came to the throat; and the firelight found out Norah's eyes, and kindled two lamps in them. She was all made up of blackness and brightness, a shadow child, not much of her apparent except the pale face and the two lights in her eyes—unless, indeed, it were that one leg, hanging down from under the black frock, with a white stocking on it, and a varnished, fire-reflecting shoe.

Never in Ned's life had he experienced anything like this before; the delicious thrill of visionary terror made the actual pleasantness of the warm corner he sat in all the pleasanter; he had thought himself past the age to have stories told to him; but nothing like Norah's visions had ever come in his way. No happiness, however, is perfect in this world. The dark avenue would come across him by moments with a thrill of terror. But the old woman could not sit and spin, that was certain, in the dark, windy, lonely avenue; there would be no mirror there to reflect his passing figure; and he would run; and if the dogs were about they would come to meet him; so the boy took courage and permitted himself to enjoy this moment, which was a novelty in his life. Then Mrs. Drummond came in with her black dress like Norah's, and the long white streamers to her cap, which looked like wings, he thought. Her sorrowful look, her soft voice, that air about her of something subdued and stilled, which had not always been so, impressed the boy's imagination. Ned was an honest, single-hearted boy, and he looked with awe upon any suffering which he could understand. He explained afterwards that Helen looked as if she were very sorry about something. "Awfully sorry—but not bothering," he said, and the look of self-control impressed him, though he could not tell why. Altogether it was so different from home; so much more attractive to the imagination. There was no dimness, no shadows at the great house. There nobody ever sat in the firelight, nor "took things into their heads;" and here everything was so shadowy, so soft, so variable; the fire light gleaming suddenly out now and then, the air so full of mystery. Everything that is strange is attractive to the young fancy to begin with; and there was more than simple novelty here.

Helen brought the lamp in her hand and set it down on the table, which to some extent disturbed his picture; and then she came and sat down by the children, while Susan—old Susan, who was a landmark to Ned, keeping him to reality in the midst of all this wonderfulness—brought in and arranged the tea.

"Are you sure they will not be anxious?" said Helen. "I am afraid your mother will be unhappy about you when she finds you don't come."

"Oh, she'll never find out," said Ned. "Unhappy! I don't suppose mamma woul be unhappy for that; but I'll get hom before they come out from dinner. I shan dress though, it would be absurd, at nin o'clock."

"It will be a dark walk for you up th avenue," said Helen kindly; and when sh said this Ned shrank into his corner an shivered slightly. She added, "You are n afraid?"

"Oh no—I should hope not!" said Ne

"I should be afraid," said Norah tra quilly; "the wind in the trees always mak me feel strange. It sounds so moaning an dreary, as if it were complaining. We don do it any harm that it should complain. is like something that is in prison and wan to get out. Do you know any stories abou forest spirits? I don't like them very much they are always dwarfs, or trolls, or som thing grim—funny little men, hairy all ove that sit under the trees with their long arm and dart out when you pass."

Ned gave another suppressed shiver in h corner, and Helen came to his aid.

"Norah has read nothing but fairy tal all her life," she said; "but I daresay yo know a great deal more than she does, an don't care for such foolish things. You ar going to Eton? I was once there when a the boats were out, and there were firework at night. It was so pretty. I daresay whe you are there you will get into the boats."

"I shall try," said Ned, lighting u "I mean to be very good at athletics if can. It does not matter if I work very har for I am going into papa's business, whe I shan't want it. I am not going to Eto to work, but to get among a good set, and t do what other people do."

"Ah!" said Helen, with a smile. Sh took but a languid interest in Ned, and sh was scarcely sorry that Mr. Burton's so showed no likelihood of distinguishing him self. She accepted it quite quietly, withou any interest in the matter, which som how troubled Ned, he could not have tol why.

"At least, they say you're not obliged t work," he said, a little abashed. "I sha do as much as I can at that too."

And then there was a momentary silenc broken only by the ring of the teacups a Susan put them down. Ned had a feelin that no very profound interest was shown i his prospect and intentions, but he was use to that. He sat quite quiet, feeling very sh and sadly troubled to find that Susan ha placed the lamp where it threw its stronges ght upon himself. He drew his muddy ots and stockings as much as he could der his chair, and hoped Mrs. Drummond ould not notice them; how foolish he had en to come, making an exhibition of himlf! and yet it was very pleasant, too.

"Now you must come to the table and ve some tea," said Helen, placing a chair r him with her own hand. Ned knew it was gentleman's duty to do this for a lady, but was so confused he did not feel capable behaving like anything but a loutish boy; turned everything he could think of as pleasant subject of conversation over in his ind, with the idea of doing what he could make himself agreeable; but nothing ould come that he could produce. He sat id got through a great deal of bread and utter while he cudgelled his brains in this ay. There was not much conversation. elen was more silent than usual, having so uch to think of; and Norah was amused the unusual specimen of humanity before er, and distracted from the monologue with hich she generally filled up all vacant places. t last Ned's efforts resolved themselves into eech.

"Oh, Mrs. Drummond, please, should you e to have a dog?" he said.

"I knew he was a doggy sort of a boy," orah said to herself, throwing a certain rious pity into her contemplation of him. ut yet the offer was very interesting, and ggested various excitements to come.

"What kind of a dog?" said Helen, with smile.

"Oh, we have two or three different kinds. was thinking, perhaps, a nice little Skye— ke Shaggy, but smaller. Or if you would ke a retriever, or one of old Dinah's pups."

"Thanks," said Helen. "I don't know hat we should do with it, Ned; but it is ry kind of you."

"Oh, no," said the boy, with a violent lush. "It would be a companion for—*her*, ou know. It is so nice to have a dog to lay with. Why, Shaggy does everything but lk. He knows every word I say. You ight have Shaggy himself, if you like, while am away."

"Oh, what a nice boy you are!" said orah. "*I* should like it, Ned. Mamma oes not want anything to play with; but I o. Give it to me! I should take such care f him! And then when you came home for e holidays, I should promise to take him the station to meet you. I love Shaggy— e is such fun. He can't see out of his eyes; nd he does so frisk and jump, and make an object of himself. I never knew you were such a nice boy! Give him to me."

And then the two fell into the most animated discussion, while Helen sat silent and looked on. She forgot that the boy was her enemy's son. He was her cousin's son; some drops of blood-kindred to her ran in his veins. He was an honest, simple boy. Mrs. Drummond brightened upon him, according to her nature. She was not violently fond of children, but she could not shut her heart against an ingenuous, open face. She scarcely interfered with the conversation that followed, except to subdue the wild generosity with which Ned proposed to send everything he could think of to Norah. "There are some books about dogs, that will tell you just what to do. I'll tell John to bring them down. And there's——Are you very fond of books? You must have read thousands and thousands, I am sure."

"Not so many as that," Norah said modestly. "But I have got through—some."

"I could lend you—I am sure I could lend you—Papa has got a great big library; I forget how many volumes. They are about everything that books were ever written about. We never read them, except mamma, sometimes; but if you would like them——"

"You must not give her anything more," said Helen; "and even the dog must only come if your people are willing. You are too young to make presents."

"I am not so very young," cried Ned, who had found his voice. "I am near fourteen. When Cyril Rivers was my age, he was captain of fourth form;—he told me himself. But then he is very clever—much cleverer than me. Norah! if I should only be able to send Shaggy's puppy, not Shaggy himself, shall you mind?"

"Are you sure you will not be afraid to walk up the avenue alone?" said Mrs. Drummond, rising from the table. "I fear it will be so very dark; and we have no one to send with you, Ned."

"Oh, I don't want any one," said the boy; and he stumbled up to his feet, and put out his hand to say good night, feeling himself dismissed. Norah went to the door with him to let him out. "Oh, I wish I could go too," said Norah; "it is so lonely walking in the dark; but then I should have to get back. Oh, I do so wish you could stay. Don't you think you could stay? There are hundreds of rooms we don't use. Well, then, good night. I will tell you what I shall do. I shall stand at the door here and watch. If you should be frightened, you can shout, and

I will shout back; and then you will always know that I am here. It is such a comfort when one is frightened to know there is some one there."

"I shan't be frightened," said Ned boldly. And he walked with the utmost valour and the steadiest step to the Hall gates, feeling Norah's eyes upon him. Then he stopped to shout—"Good night; all right!"

"Good night!" rang through the air in Norah's treble. And then, it must be allowed, when he heard the door of the Gatehouse shut, and saw by the darkness of the lodge windows that old John and his daughter had gone to bed, that Ned's heart failed him a little. A wild recollection crossed his mind of the dwarfs, with their long arms, under the trees; and of the old woman spinning, spinning, with eyes that fixed upon you for hours together; and then, with his heart beating, he made one plunge into the gloom, under the overarching trees.

This is how Ned and Norah, knowing nothing about it, made, as they each described the process afterwards, "real friends." The bond was cemented by the gift of Shaggy's puppy some days after, and it was made permanent and eternal by the fact that very soon afterwards Ned went away to school.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

**Meanwhile** the great case of Rivers's bank came before the law courts and the public. It was important enough—for there was no war in those days—to be announced in big capitals on the placards of all the newspapers. *The Great Bank Case—Arrest of the Directors—Strange Disclosures in the City*—were the headings in the bills, repeated from day to day, and from week to week as the case went on. It was of course doubly attractive from the fact that it was founded upon a tragedy, and that every writer in the papers who referred to it at all was at liberty to bring in a discussion of the motives and intentions of "the unhappy man" who had introduced "a watery grave" into the question. A watery grave may not be pleasant for the occupant of it, but it is a very fine thing for the press. The number of times it appeared in the public prints at this period defies reckoning. In some offices the words were kept permanently in type. The *Daily Semaphore* was never tired of discussing what the feelings of the wretched man must have been when he stole down to the river just as all the world was going to rest, and plunged himself and his shame, and the books of the company under the turbid waters. The *Daily Semaphore* held this view of the matte very strongly, and people said that Mr Golden belonged to the same club as it editor, and that the two were intimate, whic of course was a perfectly natural reason fo its partisanship. Other journals, howeve held different opinions. The weekly reviews, less addicted to fine writing, leaned t the side of the unfortunate painter. Thei animadversions were chiefly upon the foll of a man interfering with business who kne nothing about it. When would it come t be understood, they said, that every profession required a training for itself, and that t dabble in the stocks without knowing how was as bad, or at least as foolish, and mor ruinous than to dabble in paint withou knowing how. There was a great dea about the sutor, who should stick to hi last in these discussions of the subject; bu except in this particular, neither the *Swor* nor the *Looker-on* had a stone to throw a poor Drummond. Peace to his ashes, the said, he was a good painter. "During h lifetime we thought it our duty to point ou the imperfections which lessened the effe of his generally most conscientious and meritorious work. It is the vocation of a criti and happy is he who can say he has neve exceeded the legitimate bounds of criticism never given utterance to a hasty word, o inflicted unnecessary pain. Certain we ar for our own part, that our aim has alwa been to temper judgment with charity; an now that a gap has been made in so melancholy a manner in the ranks of the Academy we may venture to say that no man bett deserved his elevation to the first rank o his profession than Robert Drummond; n man we have ever known worked harder, o threw himself more entirely into his wor His feeling for art was always perfect. No and then he might fail to express with suf cient force the idea he intended to illustrate but for harmony of conception, true sense o beauty, and tender appreciation of Englis sentiment and atmosphere, he has been su passed by no painter of our modern schoo We understand that an exhibition of h collected works is in contemplation, a pla which has been lately adopted with gre success in so many cases. We do not doub that a great many of our readers will ava themselves at once of the opportunity forming a comprehensive judgment of th productions of a most meritorious artist, well as of paying their tribute of sympath to the, we firmly believe undeserved, misfo tunes of an honest and honourable man."

It was thus the *Looker-on* expressed its entiments. The *Sword* did not attempt to ake up the same tone of melancholy superiority and noble-mindedness—qualities not n its way; but it made its stand after its wn fashion against the ruthless judgments f the public. "No one can respect the British public more than we do," said that rgan of the higher intellect; "its instincts are o unerring, and its good taste so unimpeachable, that, as a matter of course, we all bow o a decision more infallible than that of the Holiest Father that ever sat in Papal See. But after we have rendered this enlightened omage, and torn our victim to pieces, an ccasional compunction will make itself udible within the most experienced bosom. After all, there is such a thing as probability o be taken into account. Truth, as we all now, is stranger than fiction; but yet the ases are so few in which fact outrages every kelihood that we are justified in looking ery closely into the matter before we give n authoritative assent. So far as our personal knowledge goes, we should say that a ainter is as much afraid of the money market as a woman is (or rather used to be) f a revolver, and that the dramatic completeness of the finale which the lively commercial magination has accepted as that of poor Drummond, quite surpasses the homelier and milder invention of the daughters of art. A ramatic author, imbued with the true modern pirit of his art, might indeed find an irresistible attraction in the 'situation' of the rowning director, tossing the books of a oint-stock company before him into the byss, and sardonically going down into Hades with the proofs of his guilt. But hough the situation is fine, we doubt if even he dramatist would personally avail himself of t, for dramatists have a way of being tame and espectable like their neighbours. In our days your only emulator of the piratical and ighway heroes of the past is the commercial man *pur sang*, who has not an idea in his ead unconnected with business. It is he who convulses society with those witticisms and clevernesses of swindling which charm everybody; and it is he who gives us now and then the example of such a tragical conclusion as used to belong only to poetry. It is no longer the Bohemian, it is the Philistine, smug, clean, decorous, sometimes pious, who is the criminal of the nineteenth century."

This article made a great sensation in many circles. There were people who thought it was almost a personal libel, and that Golden would be justified in "taking steps" against the paper, for who could that smug, clean, decorous Philistine be but he? But the manager was better advised. He was the hero of the day to all readers and writers. He was kept under examination for a whole week, badgered by counsel, snubbed by the judge, stared at by an audience which was not generally favourable; but yet he held his own. He was courageous, if nothing else. All that could be done to him in the way of cross-examination never made him falter in his story. Other pieces of information damaging to his character were produced by the researches of the attorneys. It was found that the fate of all the speculations in which he had been involved was suspiciously similar, and that notwithstanding those business talents which everybody allowed to be of the highest order, ruin and bankruptcy had followed at his heels wherever he went. The counsel for the prosecution paid him unbounded compliments on his ability, mingled with sarcastic condolence on this strange and unfailing current of misfortune. He led the witness into a survey of his past life with deadly accuracy and distinctness, damning him before all the world, as history only can damn. "It is unfortunate that this should have happened to you again after your previous disappointments," he said. "Yes, it was unfortunate," said the unhappy man. But he held such head against the torrent of facts thus brought up, that the sympathy of many people ran strongly in his favour for the moment. "Hang it all! which of us could stand this turn-up of everything that ever happened to him?" some said. Golden confronted it all with the audacity of a man who knew everything that could be said against him; and he held steadily by his story. He admitted that Drummond had done nothing in the business, and indeed knew next to nothing about it until that day in autumn, when, in the absence of all other officials, he had himself had recourse to him. "But the more inexperienced a man may be, the more impetuous he is—in business; when once he begins," said the manager. And that there was truth in this, nobody could deny. But gradually as the trial went on, certain mists cleared off and other mists descended. The story about poor Drummond and the books waned from the popular mind; it was dropped out of the leading articles in the *Semaphore*. If they had not gone into the river with the painter, where were they? Who had removed them? Were they destroyed, or only hidden somewhere, to be found by the miraculous energy of the police? This question began to be the question which everybody discussed after a while; for by this time, though proof was as far off as ever, and nobody knew who was the guilty party, there had already fallen a certain silence, a something like respect, over that "watery grave."

And something more followed, which Helen Drummond scarcely understood, and which was never conveyed in words to the readers of the newspapers—a subtle, unexpressed sentiment, which had no evidence to back it but only that strange thrill of certainty which moves men's minds in spite of themselves. "I would just like to know what state Rivers's was in before it became a joint-stock company," was the most distinct expression of opinion any one was guilty of in public; and the persons to whom this speech was addressed would shake their heads in reply. The consequence was one which nobody could have distinctly accounted for, and which no one ventured to speak of plainly. A something, a breath, a mist, an intangible shadow, gathered over the names of the former partners who had managed the whole business, and transferred it to the new company. These were Mr. Burton and another, who has nothing to do with this history. In what condition had they handed it over? What induced them to dispose of such a flourishing business? And why was it that both had got so easily out of it with less loss than many a private shareholder? These were very curious questions, and took an immense hold on the public mind, though they were not discussed in the newspapers; for there are many things which move the public mind deeply, which it would not answer to put in the newspapers. As for Lord Rivers, he was a heavy loser, and nobody suspected for a moment that he knew anything about it. The City men were sorry for him as a victim; but round the names of Mr. Burton and his colleague there grew that indefinable shadow. Not a word could be said openly against them; but everybody thought the more. They were flourishing, men in great business—keeping up great houses, wearing all the appearance of prosperity. No righteous critic turned his back upon them. At kirk and at market they were as much applauded, as warmly received, to all outward appearance, as ever. But a cold breath of distrust had come round them, like an atmosphere. The first prick of the canker had come to this flower.

This was the unrecorded, undisclosed res of the inquiry, with which Helen Drummo and the Haldanes, and all uninstructed, w so deeply dissatisfied. It had ended nothing, they said. The managers and dir tors were acquitted, there being no pr against them. No authoritative contradicti had been or could be given to the theory Robert Drummond's guilt. The *Semaph* was still free to produce that "watery grav any time it was in want of a phrase to rou a paragraph. Their hearts had been wru with the details of the terrible story all o again, and—nothing had come of it. "I t you it would be so," Mr. Burton said, w knew so much better. "It would have be much more sensible had you persuad Maurice to leave it alone." But Maurice h a different tale to tell when he came to ma his report to his anxious clients. He wildered them with the air of triumph he on. "But nothing is proved," said Hel sadly. "No, nothing is proved," he sai "but everything is imputed." She shook head, and went to her room, and knelt do before the Dives, and offered up to meaning no harm, what a devout Catho would call an *acte de reparation*—an offeri of mournful love and indignation—and, givi that, would not be comforted. "They c not understand you, but I understand y Robert," she said, in that agony of compuncti and tenderness with which a true wom tries to make up to the dead for the negl and coldness of the living. This was h Helen, in her ignorance, looked upon But Stephen Haldane understood better wh he heard the tale. Golden, at least, wo never hold up his head again—or, at lea if ever, not for long years, till the story h died out of men's minds. And the repu tion of the others had gone down as by breath. No one could tell what it was; it existed—the first shadow, the beginning suspicion. "I am satisfied," Dr. Mauri said, with a stern smile of triumph. T man had thrown himself entirely into conflict, and took pleasure in that sweet sav of revenge.

"But Mrs. Drummond?" said Steph whose mind was moved by softer thoughts

"That woman cannot understand," s Dr. Maurice. "Oh, I don't mean any sli to your goddess, your heroine. I may she is not my heroine, I suppose? S can't understand. Why, Drummond is cl with everybody whose opinion is worth h ing. We have proved nothing, of course. knew we could prove nothing. But he is lear as you or I—with all people who are vorth caring for. She expected me to bring ier a diploma, I suppose, under the Queen's iand and seal."

"I did not expect that," said Haldane; "but I did look for something more definite, I allow."

"More definite! It is a little hard to deal with people so exigent," said Dr. Maurice, discomfited in the midst of his enthusiasm. "Did you see that article in the *Looker-on?* The Drummond exhibition is just about to open; and that, I am confident, will be an answer in full. I believe the public will take that opportunity of proving what they think."

And so far Maurice turned out to be right. The public did show its enthusiasm—for two days. The first was a private view, and everybody went. The rooms were crowded, and there were notices in all the papers. The next day there was also a very fair attendance; and then the demonstration on the part of the public stopped. Poor Drummond was dead. He had been a good but not a great painter. His story had occupied quite as much attention as the world had to give him—perhaps more. He and his concerns—his bankruptcy, his suicide, and his pictures—had become a bore. Society wanted to hear no more of him. The exhibition continued open for several weeks, not producing nearly enough to pay its expenses, and then it was closed; and Drummond's story came to an end, and was heard of no more.

This is the one thing which excited people, wound up to a high pitch by personal misfortune or suffering, so seldom understand. They are prepared to encounter scurrility, opposition, even the hatred or the enmity of others; but they are not prepared for the certain fact that one time or other, most likely very soon, the world will get tired of them; it is their worst danger. This was what happened now to the Drummonds; but fortunately at Dura, in the depths of the silent country, it was but imperfectly that Helen knew. She was not aware how generally public opinion acquitted her husband, which was hard; and she did not know that the world was tired of him, which was well for her. He was done with, and put aside like a tale that is told; but she still went on planning in her own mind a wider vindication for him, an acquittal which this time it should be impossible to gainsay.

And quietness fell upon them, and the months began to flow on, and then the years, with no incident to disturb the calm. When all the excitement of the trial was over, and everything done that could be done, then the calm reign of routine began. There were times, no doubt, in which Helen chafed and fretted at it; but yet routine is a great support and comfort to the worn and weary. It supplies a kind of dull motive to keep life going when no greater motives exist. The day commenced always with Norah's lessons. Helen was not an intellectual woman, nor did she feel herself consciously the better for such education as she had herself received; but such as she had received it she transmitted it conscientiously to Norah. She heard her read every morning a little English and a little French. She made her write a succession of copies, and do exercises in the latter language, and she gave her an hour's music. I fear none of this was done with very much spirit; but yet it was done conscientiously every morning of their lives except Sunday, when they went to church. She did it because it was right, because it was necessary, and her duty; but not with any strong sense of the elevated character of her employment, or expectation of any vast results from it. It had not produced very great results in herself. Her mind had worked busily enough all her life, but she did not believe that her music, or her French, or anything else she had learnt, had done her much good. Therefore she proceeded very calmly, almost coldly, with the same process, with Norah. It was necessary—it had to be done just as vaccination had to be done when the child was a baby; that was about all.

Then after the lessons they had their homely dinner, which Susan did not always cook to perfection; and then they took their walk; and in the evening there were lessons to be learned and needlework to do. When the child went to bed, her mother read—not anything to improve her mind. She was not bent upon improvement, unfortunately; indeed, it did not occur to her. She read, for the most part, novels from the circulating library. The reader, perhaps, is doing the same thing at this moment, and yet, most likely, he will condemn, or even despise, poor Helen. She had one or two books besides, books of poetry, though she was not poetically disposed in any way. She had "In Memoriam" by her, which she did not read (does any one who has ever lived in the valley of the shadow of death *read* "In Memoriam?"), but pored over night and day, thinking in it, scarcely knowing that her own mind had not spoken first in these words. And then there was Mr. Browning's poem of

"Andrea," the painter who had a wife. Helen would sit over her fire and watch it dying out at her feet, and ponder on Andrea's fate—wondering whether, perhaps, a woman might do badly for her husband, and yet be a spotless woman, no Lucrezia; whether she might sap the strength out of him with gentle words, and even while she loved him do him harm? Out of such a question as this she was glad to escape to her novel, the first that might come to hand.

And so many people in Helen's state of mind read novels—people who fly into the world of fiction as a frightened child flies into a lighted room, to escape the ghosts that are in the dark passages and echoing chambers—that it is strange so little provision is made for them, and that the love-story keeps uppermost in spite of all. Yet perhaps the love-story is the safest. The world-worn sufferer is often glad to forget all that reminds him of his own trouble, and even when he is not touched by the fond afflictions of the young people, finds a little pleasure in smiling at them in the exuberance of their misery. They think it is so terrible, poor babies, to be "crossed in love." The fact that they cannot have their own way is so astounding to them, something to rouse earth and heaven. Helen ran over a hundred tales of this description with a grave face, thankful to be interested in the small miseries which were to her own as the water spilt from a pitcher is to the sea. To be sure, there were a great many elevating and improving books which Helen might have had if she pleased, but nobody had ever suggested to her that it was necessary she should improve her mind.

And thus the time went on, and Mrs. Drummond dropped, as it were, into the background, into the shade and quietness of life. She was still young, and this decadence was premature. She felt it creeping upon her, but she took no pains to stop the process. So long as Norah was safe there was nothing beside for which she was called upon to exert herself; and thus with all her powers subdued, and the stream of life kept low, she lived on, voluntarily suppressing herself, as so many women do. And in the meantime new combinations were preparing, new personages coming upon the scene. While the older people stood aside, the younger ones put on their singing garments, and came forward with their flowery wreaths, with the sunshine upon their heads, to perform their romance, like the others before them. And so it happened that life had stolen imperceptibly away, so noiseless and soft that no one knew of its going, until all at once there came day when its progress could be no longe ignored. This was the day when Nora Drummond, eighteen years old, all decke and dressed by her mother's hands, spotles and radiant as the rose in her hair, with he heart full of hopes, and her eyes full of ligh and no cloud upon her from all the tragic mis through which her youth had passed, went u the long avenue at Dura to the House whic was brilliant with lamps and gay with musi to make her first appearance, as she though in the world. Norah's heart was beating her gay spirit dancing already before sh reached the door.

"Oh, I wonder, mamma, I wonder," sh said, "what will happen? will anything happen to-night?" What could happen to he by her mother's side, among her old friends She did not know; she went to meet i gaily. But Norah found it impossible t believe that this first triumphant evening this moment of glory and delight, could pas away like the other evenings; that ther should not be something in it, something unknown, sweet, and yet terrible, which shoul affect all her life.

### CHAPTER XXV.

A GIRL'S first ball! What words more ful of ecstasy could be breathed in this dul world! A vague, overwhelming vision c delight before she goes into it—all brightness, and poetry, and music, and flowers, an kind, admiring faces; everything convergin towards herself as a centre, not with an selfish sense of exclusive enjoyment, bu sweetly, spontaneously, as to the natura queen. A hundred unexpected, inexpressible emotions go to make up this image o paradise. There is the first glow and triump of power which is at once a surprise to he and a joy. The feeling that she has com to the kingdom, that she herself has becom the fair woman whose sway she has read o all her life; the consciousness, at last, tha it is real, that womanhood is supreme in he person, and that the world bows down befor her in her whiteness and brightness, i her shamefacedness and innocent confidence in her empire of youth. She is the Un whose look can tame the lion; she is th princess before whose glance the whol world yields; and yet at the same time being its queen, is she not the world' sweet handmaid, to scatter flowers in it path, and dance and sing to make it glad All these thoughts are in the girl's mind especially if she be a fanciful girl—though erhaps, she does not find words to express ny of them; and this it is which throws uch a charm to her upon the pleasure-making, which to us looks sometimes so stale nd so poor.

And it is only after a long interval—unless er case be an exceptionally hard one—that he gets disenchanted. When she goes into he fairy palace, she finds it all that she hought; all, with the lively delight of personal enjoyment added, and that flattery of admiring looks, of unspoken homage, not to the ideal princess, or representative woman, but to *her*, which is so sweet and so few. Thus Norah Drummond entered the ball-room at Dura House, floating in, as it were, upon the rays of light that surrounded her—the new woman, the latest successor of Eve in the garden, unexacting queen of the fresh world she had entered into, fearing no ivals—nay, reigning in the persons of her ivals as well as in her own. And when she had thus made her entrance in an abstract triumph, waking suddenly to individual consciousness, remembering that she was still Norah, and that people were looking at her, wondering at her, admiring her—her, and not another—she laughed as a child laughs for nothing, for delight, as she stood by her mother's side. It was too beautiful and wonderful to be shy of it.

"Pinch me, mamma, and it will all pass away like the other dreams," she whispered, holding fast by her mother's arm. But the curious thing, the amazing thing was, that it continued, and warmed her and dazzled her, and lighted her up, and did not pass away.

"Norah, come! you are to dance this dance with me," cried Ned, rushing up. He had seen them come in, though he was at the other end of the room; he had watched for them since the first note of the music struck; he had neglected the duty to which he had been specially appropriated, the duty of looking after and amusing and taking care of the two fair daughters of the Marchioness, who was as good as Lady Patroness of Mrs. Burton's ball. To keep up the proper contrast, I am aware that Lady Edith and Lady Florizel should have been young women of a certain age, uninviting, and highly aristocratic, while Norah Drummond had all the beauty and sweetness, as well as poverty and lowliness, to recommend her; but this, I am sorry to confess, was not the case. The Ladies Merewether were very pretty girls, as pretty as Norah; they were not "stuck-up," but as pleasant and as sweet as English girls need be—indeed, except that they were not Norah, I know no fault they had in Ned's eyes. But they were not Norah, and he forsook his post. Nobody noticed the fact much except Mrs. Burton. As for Lady Florizel, she had the most unfeigned good-humoured contempt for Ned. He was a mere boy, she said; she had no objection to dance with him, or chatter to him; but she had in her reach two hundred as good, or better, than him, and she preferred men to boys, she did not hesitate to say. So that when Ned appeared by Norah's side, Lady Florizel, taking her place with her partner, smiled upon him as he passed, and asked audibly, "Oh, who was that pretty girl with Mr. Burton? oh, how pretty she was! Couldn't anybody tell her?" Lady Florizel was not offended. But Mrs. Burton saw, and was wroth.

Many changes had happened in those six years. At the time of the trial and after it there had been many doubts and speculations in Helen's mind as to what she should do. Suspecting her cousin as she did, and with Robert's judgment against him, as recorded in that last mournful letter, how was she to go on accepting a shelter from her cousin, living at his very gates in a sort of dependence upon him? But she had nowhere else to go, for one thing, and the shade of additional doubt which had been thrown upon Burton by the trial, was not of a kind to impress her mind; nothing had been brought forward against him, no one had said openly that he was to blame, and Helen was discouraged when it all ended in nothing as she thought, and had not energy enough to uproot herself from the peaceful corner she had taken refuge in. Where could she go? Then she had the Haldanes to keep her to this spot, which now seemed the only spot in the world where pity and friendship were to be found. Stephen, whom she contemplated with a certain reverence in his great suffering and patience, was the better for her presence and that of Norah, and their kind eyes and the voices that bade her welcome whenever she crossed their threshold was a comfort to her. She kept herself apart from the Burtons for a long time, having next to no intercourse with them, and so she would have done still had the matter been in her hands. But the matter was no longer in her hands. The children had grown up, all of them together. They had grown into those habits which fathers and mothers cannot cross, which insensibly affect even their own feelings and relations. Clara Burton and Norah Drummond were cousins still, though so great a gulf of feeling lay between their two houses. Both of them had been, as it were, brought up with the Daltons at the Rectory. They were all children together, all boys and girls together. Insensibly the links multiplied, the connection grew stronger. When Ned Burton was at Dura there was never a day in his life that he did not spend, or attempt to spend, part of it in the Gatehouse. And Clara ran in and out—she and Mary Dalton; they were all about the same age; at this moment they ranged from twenty to seventeen, a group of companions more intimate than anything but youth, and this long and close association could have made them. They were like brothers and sisters, Mrs. Dalton said anxiously, veiling from herself the fact that some of them perhaps had begun to feel and think as brothers and sisters do not feel. Charlie Dalton, for instance, who was the eldest of all — one-and-twenty — instead of falling in love with Norah, who was as poor as himself—a thing which would have been simple madness, of course, but not so bad as what had happened—had seen fit to go and bestow his heart upon Clara Burton, whose father dreamed of nothing less than a duke for her, and who had not as much heart as would lie on a sixpence, the rector's wife said indignantly; and Heaven knows how many other complications were foreshadowing through those family intimacies, and the brother and sister condition which had been so delightful while it lasted. Mrs. Drummond and Mrs. Dalton went together on this particular evening watching from a distance over their respective children. Helen's face was calm, for Norah was in no trouble; but the rector's wife had a pucker on her brow. She could see her Charlie watching so wistfully the movements of Clara Burton through the crowd, hanging about her, stealing to her side whenever he could, following her everywhere with his eyes. Charlie was especially dear to his mother, as the eldest boy of a large family, when he is a good boy, so often is. She had been able to talk to him many a day about her domestic troubles when she could not speak to his father. She had felt herself strengthened by his sympathy and support, that backing up which is so good for everybody, and it broke her heart to see her boy breaking his for *that* girl. What could he see in her? the mother thought. If it had been Norah Drummond! and then she tried to talk to her friend at her side. They had come to be very fast friends; they had leant upon each other by turns, corners, as it were, of the burdens which each had to bear, and Mrs. Dalton knew Mrs. Drummond could guess what the sig meant which she could not restrain.

"How nice Norah is looking," she saic "and how happy! I think she has change so much since she was a child. She used t have such a dreamy look; but now there no *arrière pensée*, she goes in to everythin with all her heart."

"Yes," said Helen; but she did not go o talking of Norah, she understood the giv and take of sympathy. "I like Mary's dre so much. She and Katie look so fresh, an simple, and sweet. But they are not suc novices as Norah; you know it is her fir ball."

"Poor children, how excited it make them! but dressing them is a dreadful bus ness," said Mrs. Dalton with her anxio look still following her Charlie among all th changing groups. "I need not disguise from you, dear, who know all about us. was sometimes hard enough before, and no what with evening dresses! And when th come to a dance like this they want som thing pretty and fresh. You will feel it b and-by even with Norah. I am sure if were not for the cheap shops, where you ca buy tarlatan for so little, and making the up ourselves at home, I never could do And you know whatever sacrifices one make one cannot refuse a little pleasure to one children. Poor things, it is all they are like to have."

"At least they are getting the good of it said Helen. Norah's dress was the fir task of this kind that had been put upo her, and she had been forced to make h sacrifices to dress the child who had grown woman; but Helen, too, knew that she cou not buy many ball dresses off her hundre a year. And it was so strange to think su thoughts in this lavish extravagant hous where every magnificence that could be thoug of adorned mother and daughter, and t room and the walls. Mrs. Dalton answere to the thought before it had been expresse

"It *is* curious," she said, "there is Cla Burton, who might dress in cloth of go if she liked—but our girls look just as we What a thing it is to be rich!—for the Bu tons you know are—" Here Mrs. Dalt stopped abruptly, remembering that if t Burtons were nobodies, so was also the frien at her side. She herself was connected wi the old Harcourts, and had a right to speak

"Now, ladies, I know what you are doing said Mr. Burton, suddenly coming up them; "you are saying all sorts of swe things to each other about your children, a privately you are thinking that there is nobody in the room fit to be seen except your own. Oh don't look so caught! I know, because I am doing the same thing myself."

Doing the same thing himself — comparing his child to my Norah—to my Mary, the ladies inwardly replied; but no such answer was made aloud. "We were saying how they all enjoy themselves," said Mrs. Dalton, "that was all."

Mr. Burton laughed that little laugh of mockery which men of vulgar minds indulge in when they talk to women, and which is as much as to say, you can't take me in with your pretences, *I* see through you. He had grown stouter, but he did not look so vigorous as of old. He was fleshy, there was a furtive look in his eye. When he glanced round him at the brilliant party, and all the splendour of which he was the owner, it was not with the complacency of old. He looked as if at any moment something disagreeable, something to be avoided might appear before him, and had acquired a way of stretching out his neck as if to see who was coming behind. The thing in the room about which he was most complacent was Clara. She had grown up, straight, and large, and tall in stature, like our Anglo-Saxon queen with masses of white rosy flesh and gold-coloured hair. The solid splendid white arm, laden with bracelets, which leaned on her partner's shoulder, was a beauty not possessed by any of the slight girls whose mothers were watching her as she moved past them. Clara's arm would have made two of Norah's. Her size and fulness and colour dazzled everybody. She was a full-blown Rubens beauty, of the class which has superseded the gentler, pensive, unobtrusive heroine in these days. "I don't pretend to say anything but what I think," said Mr. Burton, "and I do feel that *that* is a girl to be proud of. Don't dance too much, Clary, you have got to ride with me to-morrow." She gave him a smile and a nod as she whirled past. The man who was dancing with her was dark, a perfect contrast to her brilliant beauty. "They make a capital couple," Mr. Burton said with a suppressed laugh. "I suppose a prophet, if we had one, would see a good many combinations coming on in an evening like this. Why, by Jove, here's Ned."

And it was Ned, bringing Norah back to her mother. "I thought you had been dancing with one of——" said his father, pointing with his thumb across his shoulder. "Have you no manners, boy? Norah, I am sure, will excuse you when she knows you are engaged—people that are stopping in the house."

"Oh, of course I will excuse him," said Norah. "I did not want him at all. I would rather sit quiet a little and see everybody. And Charlie has promised to dance with me. I suppose it was not wrong to ask Charlie, was it? He might as well have me as any one, don't you think, mamma?"

"If you take to inviting gentlemen, Norah, I shall expect you to ask me," said Mr. Burton, who was always jocular to girls. Norah looked at him with her bright observant eyes. She always looked at him, he thought, in that way. He was half afraid of her, though she was so young. He had even tried to conciliate her, but he had not succeeded. She shook her head without making any reply, and just then something happened which made a change in all the circumstances. It was the approach of the man with whom Clara had been dancing; a man with the air of a hero of romance; bearded, with very fine dark eyes and hair that curled high like a crest upon his head. Norah gave a little start as he approached, and blushed. "It is the hero," she said to herself. He looked as if he had just walked out of a novel with every sign of his character legibly set forth. But though it may be very well to gibe at beautiful dark eyes and handsome features, it is difficult to remain unmoved by their influence. Norah owned with that sudden flush of colour a certain curiosity, to say the least of it. Mr. Burton frowned, and so did his son and daughter simultaneously, as if by touching of a spring.

"I am afraid you don't remember me, Mrs. Drummond," the stranger said; "but I recollect you so very well that I hope you will let me introduce myself—Cyril Rivers. It is a long time since we met."

"Oh, I remember!" cried impulsive Norah, and then was silent, blushing more deeply than ever. To ask Charlie Dalton to dance with her was one thing, but meeting the hero was entirely different. It took away her breath.

And two minutes after she was dancing with him. It was this he had come to her mother for—not asking any one to introduce him. He was no longer a boy, but a man travelled and experienced, who knew, or thought he knew, society and the world. But he had not yet dismissed from his mind that past episode—an episode which had been fixed and deepened in his memory by the trial and all the discussions in the newspapers. To say that he had continued to think about the Drummonds would have been foolish; but when he came back to Dura to visit the Burtons, they were the first people who recurred to his mind. As his host drove him past the Gatehouse on the night of his arrival, he had asked about them. And Mr. Burton remembered this now, and did not like it. He stood and looked after the pair as they went away arm-in-arm. Norah did not answer as Clara did as a complete foil and counter to Mr. Rivers's dark handsomeness. It was a mistake altogether. It was Clara who should have been with him, who was his natural companion. Mr. Burton reflected that nothing but kindness could have induced him to invite his cousin's penniless girl to the great ball at which Clara made her *début* in the world as well as Norah. He felt as he stood and looked on that it was a mistake to have done it. People so poor and so lowly ought not to be encouraged to set themselves up as equals of the richer classes. He said to himself that his system had been wrong. Different classes had different duties, he felt sure. His own was to get as much of the good things of this world, as much luxury and honour as he could have for his money. Helen's was to subsist on a hundred a year; and to expect of her that she could anyhow manage to buy ball dresses, and put her child in competition with his! It was wrong; there was no other word. Mr. Burton left his neighbours, and went off with a dissatisfied countenance to another part of the room. It was his own fault.

"I should have known you anywhere," said Mr. Rivers in the pause of the waltzing. "You were only a child when I saw you last, but I should have known you anywhere."

"Should you? How very strange! What a good memory you must have!" said Norah. "Though, indeed, as soon as you said who you were, I remembered you."

"But nobody told me who you were," he said, "when I saw you just now, dancing with that young fellow, the son of the house."

"Did you see us then?"

"Yes, and your mother sitting by that stand of flowers. You are half yourself as I remember you, and half her."

"What a good memory you must have!" said Norah, very incredulous; and then they floated away again to the soft dreamy music, he supporting her, guiding her through the moving crowd as Norah had never dreamt of being guided. She had felt she was on her own responsibility when dancing with Ned and Charlie; with, indeed, a little share of responsibility on account of her partners toc

But Mr. Rivers danced beautifully, an Norah felt like a cloud, like a leaf lightl carried by the breeze. She was carried alon without any trouble to herself. When the had stopped, instead of feeling out of breath she stopped only from courtesy's sake, to le the others go on.

"How well you dance, Mr. Rivers!" sh cried. "I never liked a waltz so muc before. The boys are so different. On never feels sure where one is going. I like i now."

"Then you must let me have as man waltzes as you can," he said, "and I sha like it too. Who are the boys? You hav not any—brothers? Boys are not to b trusted for waltzing; they are too energetic— too much determined to have everythin their own way."

"Oh, the boys! they are chiefly Ned and— Charlie Dalton. They are the ones I alway dance with," said Norah. "And oh, by-the bye, I was engaged to Charlie for this dance."

"How clever of me to carry you off befor Mr. Charlie came!" said the hero. "But i is his own fault if he was not up in time."

"Oh, I don't know," said Norah, with blush. "The fact is—he did not ask me; asked him. I never was at a ball before, an I don't know many people, and of course wanted to dance. I asked him to take m if he was not engaged, so if he found any on he liked better, he was not to be blamed i he forgot. Why do you laugh? Was it silly thing to do?"

"I don't know Charlie," said Mr. Rivers "but I should punch his head with pleasure What has he done that he should have yo asking him to dance?"

And then that came again which was no dancing, as Norah understood it, an occasio which had always called for considerabl exertion, but a very dream of delightfu movement, like flying, like—she could no tell what. By this time she was a littl ashamed about Charlie; and the waltz put i out of Mr. Rivers's mind.

"Do you think I may call to-morrow?" h said, when they stopped again. "Will you mother let me? There are so many things should like to talk over with her. You are to young, of course, to remember anythin about a certain horrid bank."

"Ah, no, I am not too young," said Norah and the smiles with which she had bee looking up at him suddenly vanished fro her face.

"I beg your pardon. I had forgotte

at it was of more importance to you than any one. I want to talk to your mother bout that. Do you think I may come? ook here; is this Charlie? He is just the rt of youth whom a young lady might ask dance with her. And, good heavens, how waltzes! I don't wonder that you felt it painful exercise. Are Miss Burton and r guests friends?"

"We are all great friends," said Norah, alf displeased. And Clara Burton as she assed gave her an angry look. "Why Clara cross," she said pathetically. "What can have done?"

Mr. Rivers laughed. Norah did not like e laugh; it seemed a little like Mr. Burton's. here was a certain conscious superiority and nse of having found some one out in it, hich she did not either like or understand.

"You seem to know something I don't now," she said, with prompt indignation. Perhaps why Clara is cross; but you don't now Clara. You don't know any of us, Mr. ivers, and you oughtn't to look as if you ad found us out. How could you find out l about us, who have known each other from abies, in one night?"

"I beg your pardon," he said, with an imediate change of tone. "It is one of the ad habits of society that nobody can depend n another, and everybody likes to grin at is neighbours. Forgive me; I forgot I as in a purer air."

"Oh, it was not that," said Norah, a little confused. He seemed to say things (she thought) which meant nothing, as if there was a great deal in them. She was glad to be taken back to her mother, and deposited under her shelter; but she was not permitted to rest there. Ned came and glowered at her reproachfully, as she sat down, and other candidates for her hand arrived so fast that the child was half intoxicated with pleasure and flattery. "What do they want *me* for?" she wondered within herself. She was so much in request that Ned did not get another dance till the very end of the evening: and even Mr. Rivers was balked in at least one of the waltzes he had engaged her for. He drew back with a smile, seeing it was Mr. Burton himself who was exerting himself to find partners for Norah. But Norah was all smiles; she danced the whole evening, coming little by little into her partner's way. Pleased to be so popular, delighted with everybody's "kindness" to her, and dazzled with this first opening glimpse of "the world."

"If this is the world, I like it," she said to her mother as they drove home. "It is delightful; it is beautiful; it is so kind! Oh, mamma, is it wrong to feel so? I never was so happy in my life."

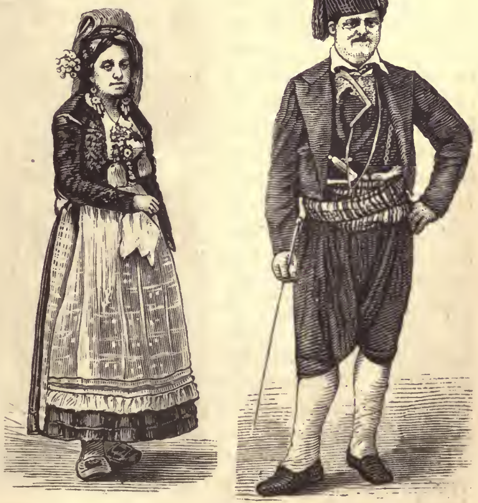
"No, my darling, it is not wrong," Helen said, kissing her. She was not insensible to her child's triumph.

(To be continued.)

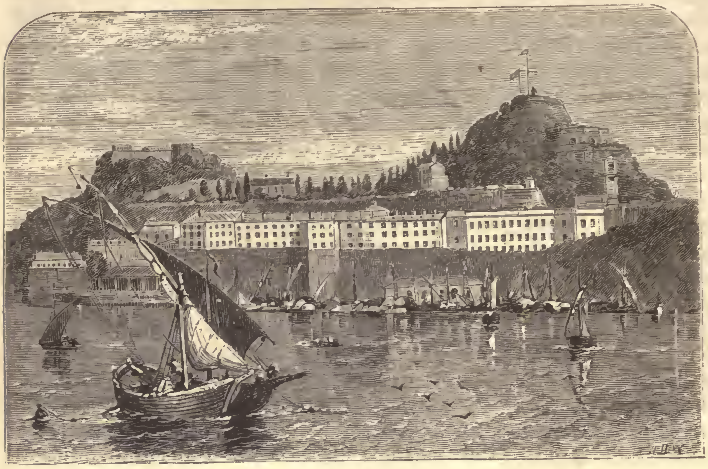
## THE ISLAND OF CORFU.

WHERE Italy uplifts her heel, transfixed as were in the attempt to make a football of icily, the blue waters of the Adriatic mingle ith the Mediterranean through the Strait of tranto. A little to the south-east of this trait, its extremities approaching to within few miles of the Albanian coast, lies a ovely island. It is lovely alike for its serene kies, its delicious climate, the mountain asses which are seen from it on the oppoite shore, and its own range of picturesque minences, rising at one point three thouand feet above the sea and sloping with raceful irregularity into a hundred valleys erdant with olive groves and luxuriant vineards.

To this natural scenery the inspiration of he past lends an indelible charm. Romance and history have marked it for their wn. A legend of the greatest of ancient, f not indeed of all, poets floats about its



CORFIOTE PEASANTS.

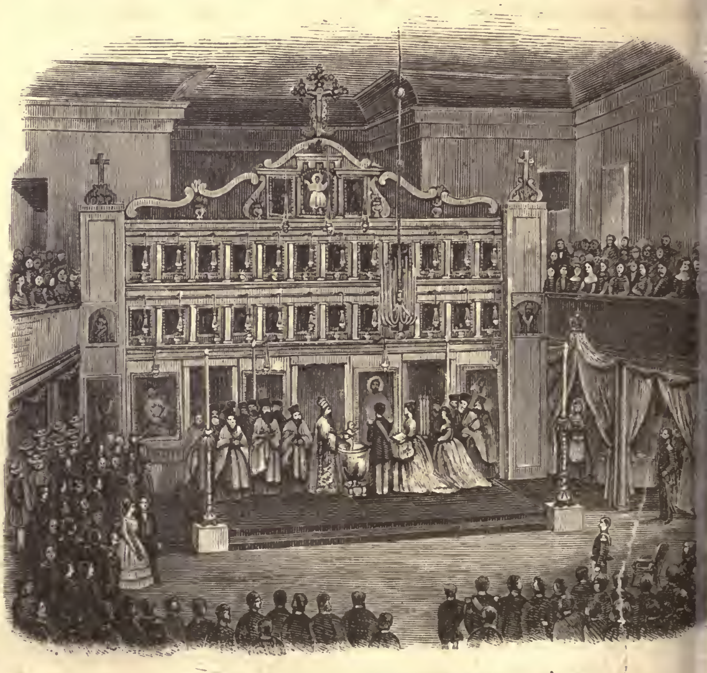


THE FORTIFICATION, CORFU.

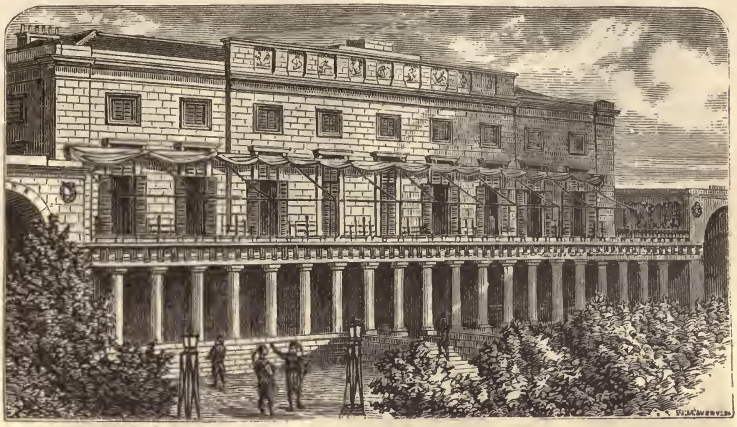
indented coast, and to the eye of the enthusiast gives a deeper blue to its waters, a more tender green to its groves. Here, or supposed to be here, which is much the same thing, the warrior-king Ulysses found safety from shipwreck and held the famous interview with Nausicäe,—she who has been called "the most interesting character in all ancient poetry." Here spread the marvelous gardens of her father, King Alcinoüs. From this island sailed the vessel which transported the hero of the *Odyssey* to the arms of the tried and faithful Penelope, and returned only to be stricken into rock by the avenging gods. For him who doubteth, here lies the ship-transformed islet itself, a perpetual rebuke to the skeptic and a memorial of the imperishable genius of poetry.

But, to the student of history, the island which is now being brought to the reader's attention has more substantial claims of regard. Great men have stood upon its soil and great events have occurred beneath its skies. It afforded a refuge, at least during a portion of his exile, to Themistocles, the "savior of Greece." Aristotle, another noble

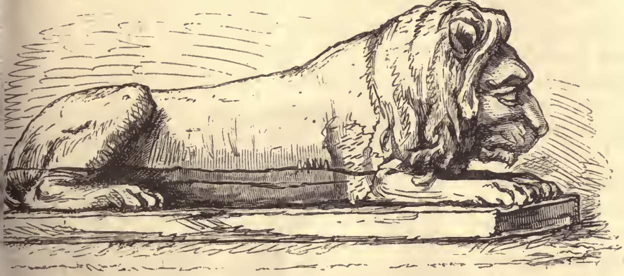
victim of popular inju
tice, came hither and w
"so charmed with the i
land and its people th
he persuaded Alexande
then in Epirus, to jo
him." It was the sce
of the marriage of Octav
and Antony, and hith
she returned afterwar
to weep at his negle
"Titus, after the conque
of Jerusalem; Helena,
her way to Palestine
search of the true cros
Augustus Cæsar, who ga
peace to the world; D
clesian, the persecutor
the Christians; and po
blind Belisarius" a
some among the illustrious persons w
have landed or sojourned on this isla
Lanassa, wife of Pyrrhus, king of Epi
received this emerald isle for her weddi
portion. Cicero probably passed the place
he came to visit his devoted Atticus, wh
estates were on the opposite shore. C
and Tibullus; the Emperor Nero; Rich
I. of England, he of the lion heart; a
Robert Guiscard, who seized the island
1081, are names more or less interwo



BAPTISM OF PRINCE GEORGE (FROM A PAINTING).



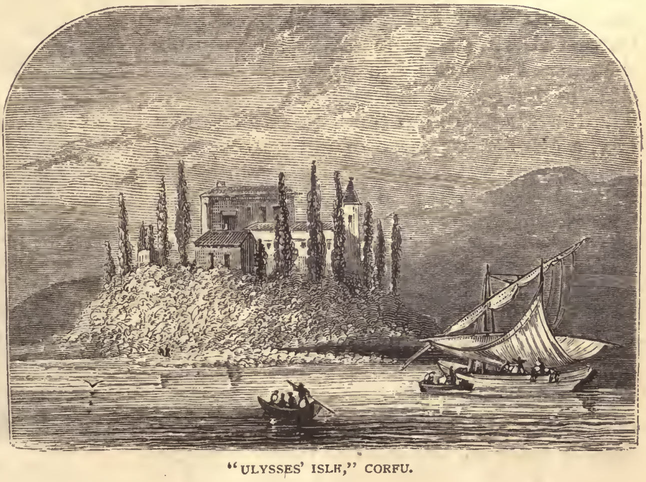
KING'S PALACE (OLD GOVERNMENT HOUSE).



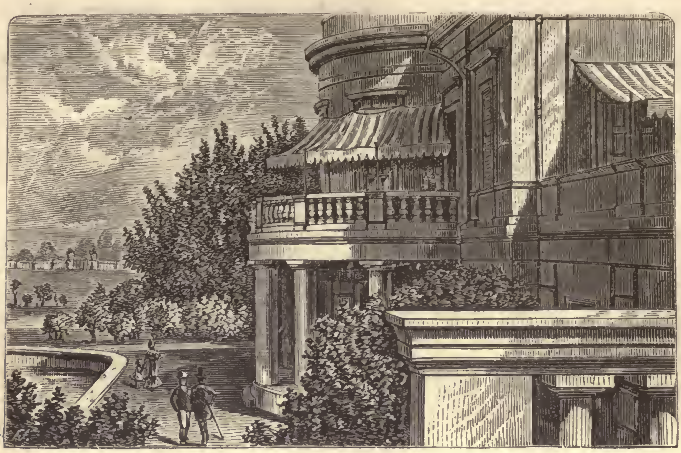
A WORK OF ANCIENT GREEK ART, CORFU.

h its history. The nd is thus associated h the Greeks and mans in the height their power, as well with the times of the sades. “Here was ssed in review that endid armament ich was destined to rish at Syracuse—the oscow of Athenian nbition—and four ndred years later the ters of Actium saw world lost and won. ere again after the ose of sixteen centu- s met together those Christian Powers ich off Lepanto dealt to the Turkish fleet so long the scourge and terror of Europe a blow from which it has never recovered.” it, ages before the last-mentioned events, ese quiet little bays floated a fleet of 120 iremes, which were about to engage in the ost ancient naval battle recorded in history -that fought between Corinth and Corcyra, c. 657. Nor is the latest istory of the island the least iteresting. Here, within our wn times, a political experi- ient was essayed which termi- ated in one of the most extra- rdinary events recorded in ie history of modern govern- ients, the voluntary cession f the island—after a protec- orate of fifty years—by the overnment of Great Britain the kingdom of Greece.

This island of Corfu—the an- ient Corcyra—the still more ncient Scheria of Homer—is hief of the seven Ionian Isles nd lies from north-west to outh-east, its northern extremity separated by a channel of but two miles in width from the coast of Albania. Thence the waters expand to about twelve miles and contract again to about five at the southern outlet, forming as it were a huge lake, broken by islands and set in a frame-work of hills that are ever changing, with the changing day, from gray to blue, from purple to rose. The island is said to have taken its name from two prominent peaks or horns which distinguish the towering mountain at its northern extremity. It is about seventy-two miles in circuit, and is very irregular. Its shape has been compared to a sickle, but the outline more closely resembles that of a delicate leg of lamb, the thicker portion lying to the north, whence it tapers gracefully to scarce a quarter of



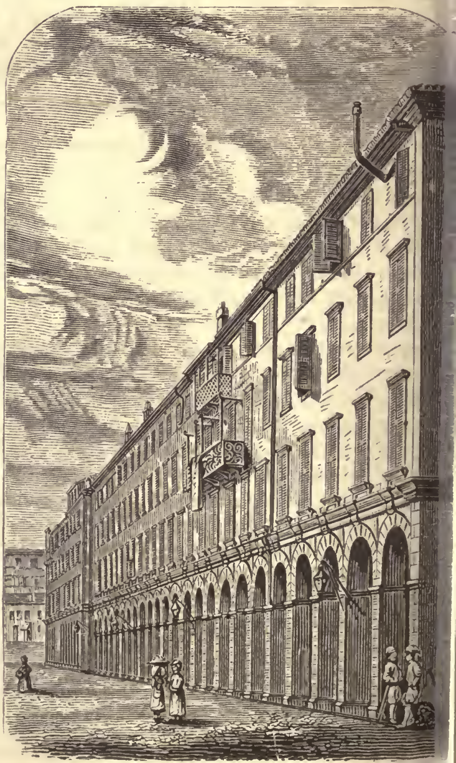
“ULYSSES' ISLE,” CORFU.



"MON REPOS:" VILLA OF THE KING OF GREECE AT CORFU.

its greatest width. But, to whatever it may be likened, Corfu is most attractive, whether approached through the northern channel from Trieste or Italy, or the south from Greece and the Ionian Islands. As the steamer advances up the expanding channel, the town of Corfu, surmounted by its double-peaked citadel and protected by a long line of unbroken sea-wall, presents a striking appearance. Two conical crags rise abruptly from the extremity of the peninsula, or tongue of land occupied by the town and its defences, upon the sides of which the accumulated green growth of centuries spreads over the natural rock, half-concealing it. Beyond this the summits are carried by solid masonry. At the base of the inner fortification or citadel a row of white barracks attracts the attention, and, below all, the steep, well-constructed sea-wall stretches uninterruptedly around the promontory until it meets the town, on the other side of which the square Venetian fortress (La Fortressa Nuova), less imposing than the rocky citadel in juxtaposition to it, rises in defence of the opposite extremity. The town beneath has the look of an Italian city, a clambering mass of tall white-coated houses from which an occasional campanile, or bell-tower, rises in picturesque relief. The whole—the town and fortress, flanked on either side by gentle bays, the broad waters dotted with sails, and, far to the eastward, the imposing mountain wall of San Salvador—forms a picture of exceeding beauty. Less stately than Malta, and without the majesty of Gibraltar, Corfu surpasses both in its union of strength with softness of repose. It is a dream of the past—perhaps a hope of the future—rather than an impending present; a pla
to linger in and to lo
rather than to criticise wi
the spirit of utilitarian i
quiry.

On landing at the "S
Nicolo" steps, the visit
takes his way up the narr
passage between the ra
parts and finds himself up
the esplanade, a spacic
quadrangle lying betwe
the citadel and the tow
This space is intersect
with graveled walks and s
rounded with an avenue
shade-trees. The sea vi
to the north is here shut
by the government hou
now the town palace—a handsome
well-constructed building erected by
first "Lord High Commissioner" of E
land. The colonnade and arched entran
at each wing are exceedingly graceful. T
high-peaked citadel at the eastern angle
the esplanade, which covers its mate,
however, the most imposing feature of
scene. A ditch and drawbridge separat

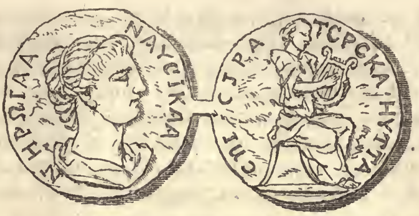


STREET VIEW, CORFU.

m the public walk, around which runs a ne Venetian balustrade along the edge the precipitous bank. From this point a autiful view of the sea is unfolded to the ectator, reminding one of scenes so often picted upon the drop-curtain of theaters, ere the inevitable marble terrace forms a reground to a vista of lapis lazuli waters, ies of cerulean hue, and a pile of purple-ted mountains. To the right, the panoma is spread out over the miniature bay of strades, which is defined by a sea-wall of ooth stone. Around this a well-made ad forms a favorite drive and promenade, nducting to the wooded peninsula beyond, m the thick foliage of which rises the Casino,"—now called by his majesty "Mon epos,"—the summer residence of the King Greece.

On the western side of the esplanade the wn is shut out by a long row of rather ately-looking buildings, occupied in their sements by shops and cafés, and above as sidences by some of the wealthier class and e foreign consuls. Half this line of buildgs, absorbed mainly by the three or four tels of Corfu, has an arched colonnade beeath it like those of Venice and Padua. his form of structure occurs at intervals in e town itself, and, with the campaniles, the equent appearance of the "Lion of St. ark"—the device of Venice—rudely sculpred in the ancient archways, and Italian ames inscribed upon the streets, gives a enetian air to the whole place. The splanade forms the regular drill-ground r the troops of the garrison as well as the vorite promenade for the inhabitants. It is e heart and lungs of the town, where every mmer evening the Corfiotes stroll under e trees or gather around the military band erforming operatic and national airs in the enter of the green, or, seated in groups bere the cafés, discuss lemonade and ices. ehind this line of buildings the town itself opes gradually northward to an inner bay, here a few merchant vessels of small tonage represent the limited commerce f the place.

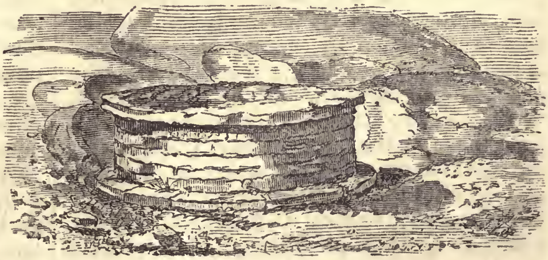
The streets of the town are narrow nd crooked, many of them little better an lanes, paved with cobble-stones nd lined with stands of hucksters in uit, vegetables, and groceries, wine nd tobacco shops, cobblers' stalls, heap jewelry stores, etc. The place, s a whole, is cleanly, and there are ew offensive smells, such as disrace some of the back streets of Athens; the people—unlike their church bells, which are ever jangling—are quiet and orderly; and, despite the absence of an air of prosperity, there is something attractive in these cramped, rambling, old-fashioned streets, where the stranger easily loses his way, and finds himself in odd quarters before he recovers his bearings.



ANCIENT COIN OF CORCYRA (CORFU).

The visitor from other Grecian towns misses in Corfu the occasional glitter and color of the national costume which elsewhere, especially in Athens, is so effective. Rarely does a snowy fustinella or embroidered jacket or crimson fez vary the tiresome ebb and flow of men and women whose "Frank" dresses resemble far more the pedestrians of the Bowery than of Broadway or the Boulevards. The only exception to this is the round black cap and flowing robe of the Greek priest, or the shovel hat of the Catholic clergy, or the dirty capotes of Albanian boatmen from the opposite coast. Yet the population of Corfu is exceedingly mixed, being composed of Greeks and Italians with some Maltese and Albanians and a few English, the latter the remnants of those whose numbers and influence were so marked here during the period of British occupation.

The language of the townspeople is chiefly Italian, that of the country chiefly Greek, but both show the infusion of incongruous elements during the governmental sway over the island of various unscrupulous or unsympathetic powers. The stranger who asks in a foreign tongue for an article in a shop at Corfu will most likely be surprised at receiv-



ANCIENT TOMB, CORFU.

ing an answer in his own language, whatever that may be. The dialect is imperfect, but a general smatter of modern tongues seems to be at the command of all. They have borrowed a little from the Turks; a few phrases from the French; less from the English than would be expected after their long rule; and a permanent language, or patois, from the Venetians.

The population of the town and its suburbs, Manduchio and Castrades, is not far from 20,000; that of the whole island is about 70,000. The religion of the Greek Church prevails, as is readily perceived by the large number of churches and chapels in town and country;—in the town alone there being over 200. Roman Catholics and Jews are "tolerated," the latter far more kindly than the former, between whom and the orthodox Christians of the East there is no love lost; indeed, in proportion with the industrious efforts of the Latin clergy to proselyte, the breach grows wider and wider. The two Roman Catholic schools founded at Corfu are the cause of much complaint on the part of the zealous and jealous defenders of the Oriental Church. The Jews, on the other hand, being held as harmless, are now entirely free from persecution. They control no inconsiderable part of the local commerce of the town, and at a recent municipal election three Israelites were chosen by decided majorities. The statistics give the number of Latins in the whole island as 5,000, and of Jews 6,000.

The processions of the Greek Church are frequent and form one of the most interesting sights of Corfu. The richly-embroidered robes, the Church insignia, the flaring candles, the martial music, and the peculiar nasal chant of the priests, form an incongruous if not impressive spectacle. Until late years the Roman Catholics have been forced to abstain from street ceremonials, as disorder, and even actual rioting, was to be apprehended. These *public* displays were believed by many to be in violation of the spirit of the Greek Constitution which declares that "Proselytism and all other interference prejudicial to the dominant religion are prohibited." Perhaps the elongated and image-bearing cross, the angel-winged children, and the Latin chants, which chiefly distinguish these processions from those of the Greek Church, were what the sensitive orthodox communicant regarded as baneful to the interests of true religion. I have, however, seen on "Corpus Christi" day a Roman Catholic procession in the streets of Corfu, than which nothing could have been conducted with greater decorum or witnesse by the surrounding crowd of Greeks wit greater outward respect. The remarks c some of the spectators after the processio had passed indicated the prevailing sentimer of the Greeks. "Thank God," said on "we have nothing like that in Athens. "Blasphemous," remarked another; "the bishop under the canopy yonder is playin the part of God!" The criticisms made b the Roman Catholics when the mummied r mains of Spiridion, the patron saint of Corf are taken out of its silver sarcophagus an given a ride in state around the public espl nade are equally denunciatory.

Saint Spiridion, the finest church in th town—which is not saying a great deal f it,—receives its name from the patron sain and protects what is believed to be his ve table body. It stands in a narrow street the same name, and furnishes one of the fe objects of historical interest to the passin stranger. The edifice is small. It contain a marble screen surmounted with picture and the ceiling and walls are dark with pain ings of the Italian School set in heavy g scroll-work. The Church of "St. Spiro," the saint is familiarly called, is frequent the scene of ceremonials which are attend by the royal family. Here "Te Deums are sung on their majesties' "name days and in celebration of the birth of the prince On these occasions the King and Quee aids-de-camp, and ladies of honor sta within the choir facing the bishop and pries at the altar, while the standing stalls a occupied on one side by the chief offici of the State and on the other by the me bers of the diplomatic corps. The nave the church is filled by the military and t public. And not the least interesting p tion of this glittering assembly is the gro of officiating priests chanting the servic their long hair, high black caps, and stiff br caded vestments of rich and diverse colo thrown shawl-like over the shoulders, for ing a peculiar picture. The body of Sai Spiridion, inclosed in a massive silver emb sed sarcophagus, lies within a side chap dimly lighted by a swinging lamp which never extinguished. For those who wish gaze upon the sacred remains of the sa a fee of about fifty drachmas (eight dolla effects the desired object. On special h days, however, it may be seen without a expense—except, perhaps, to one's feelin as he gazes upon the shrunken features an eyeless mummy with half a nose a three or four discolored teeth. The head ghtly turned aside, “resulting from the ber stroke with which he was martyred;” e black skinny hands are folded across e breast in peaceful resignation; and the et stick out from an embroidered robe shod spangled sandals. A high authority in the nd has assured me that this relic is not a ummy, and that the flesh continues to be as ft as human flesh, which perhaps accounts r the remarkable fact that his saintship, though he bobs about the box in which he carried in an erect position three or four nes a year through the streets of Corfu, ceives no injury, as would be the case ith the Egyptian prepared article. This ate of preservation after death is believed be miraculous and without the aid of any tervening human hand. Hither, to the rine of Saint Spiro, come the good people Corfu from sunrise,—when the church is pened with clang of bells, annoying greatly e denizens of the neighboring hotels,—ntil sunset, when the church is closed with e same discordant announcement. It is rious for a bystander to observe the woripers, old and young, rich and poor; the ttered and slovenly beggar and the fashionbly-attired lady, as they glide, self-absorbed, to the little somber chapel, mutter their rayers over the inspired relic and cover the rcophagus with fervent kisses. If a listeng ear could be permitted for one day to catch e whispered words uttered over the shrine the martyred saint, a curious chapter of man infirmity might be given to the world.

From the credible portion of the hisory of St. Spiridion, it would appear that he as indeed a worthy man. He lived at yprus during the reign of the cruel Maxiinus Cæsar, and, although an humble epherd, deprived himself of the necesties of life that he might bestow hospiility upon all needy wayfarers. His only aughter he devoted to the church. Spiro ventually became Bishop of Tremissond. Ie was buried in the place of his birth, but, wing to the miraculous power with which he as believed to be endowed, his body was arried in the seventh century to Constannople and there worshiped as a saint. Vhen the Christians fled before the Turks 1456, a poor man bore away safely the emains of Spiridion and a certain other int, by concealing them in two sacks of rovender on the back of a mare. Reaching e coast of Epirus, he crossed the water to orfu, where he erected a rude church over e precious treasures, and miracles and ures innumerable were wrought at the sacred shrine. Becoming rich through the offerings then made by the credulous, he married, and at his death bequeathed the saint and church to his sons. The daughter of one of these sons married Stamatello Bulgari and received the saint as her dower. It has remained in that family to this day. In course of time the present church was erected to honor the saint. By testamentary decree, one of the Bulgari family must be an officiating priest of the church, and the three brothers take turns in receiving the annual income of offerings, which give a handsome support to the family. Spiridion was one of the bishops present at the celebrated Council of Nice, and is said to have illustrated there the doctrine of the Trinity in the following manner: “You cannot comprehend,” he said, “the doctrine of three in one. Can you comprehend the simplest operation in Nature? Look at this earthen pitcher. Are not the three elements of fire, water, and earth so mingled in its composition that it could not exist without any one of the three? You believe it, but do not see the fire or the water that enter therein. Nay, you cannot see the dust of which it is composed.” A writer who relates this as “the only fact in the saint's life redounding to his honor,” and one which is said to have “confounded the Arians,” weakens the evidence by destroying the character of the witness.

How far the Corfiotes of to-day believe in the supernatural intervention of their saint it is difficult to determine, though there is more latent superstition than the learned are willing to admit. But the force of habit and the unwillingness to break through old and what are considered at least harmless customs contribute largely to swell the income derived from the saint's body.

Much the same feeling which induces certain intelligent people of the most civilized countries to be influenced by omens and signs impels the well-educated Greek not to deny the virtues ascribed to his saints. Many Corfiotes, with a certain shamefacedness, and others without the shamefacedness, express their faith in the divine intercession and curative virtues of St. Spiro. The ignorant believe, and the priests confirm their belief, that Spiridion “walks the sea on stormy nights, and indeed seaweed is often found about his legs, which furnishes a lucrative article of commerce.” The sick are frequently laid in the street on festival days of the saint that his body may pass over them and effect a cure. It is reported, and believed, that in a certain criminal trial which took place in Corfu some years since, owing to the diversity of evidence, two of the conflicting witnesses were called upon to swear to their testimony by touching the silver case which enshrines the body of "St. Spiro," and, each having taken the oath, the hand of the false witness soon afterwards withered, thus attesting his perjury.

Of other local supernatural beliefs, as recorded by various writers, a few may be briefly mentioned in this connection.

On Easter day in Corfu, when the ringing of bells at noon responds to the voice of the bishop, "Our Lord is risen," the windows are thrown up and a crash of old crockery resounds along the pavements of the narrow streets; old women shout "avaunt fleas, bugs, and all vermin! make way for the Lord of all to enter!" accompanying the invocation with a shower of broken pots and pans. On these occasions, woe to the luckless stranger who may be walking the streets of Corfu in unhappy ignorance of this domestic institution, of which perchance a noseless water-jug flying in dangerous proximity to his own nose may suddenly enlighten him. Greek saints, which in a measure supply the places of the gods of a passed-away mythology, are invoked for blessings and assistance in all the important affairs of maritime and agricultural life. The planting of the seed and the gathering of the fruits require each a benediction; a boat purchased by a Greek of a Turk must be formally purified; St. Eustace is respectfully requested to free a field or vineyard from caterpillars; St. Peter gives his particular attention to the fishermen's nets and lines; Elijah blesses salt; St. Procopius protects the thick skull of the stupid school-boy. After the slaughter of the lambs on Easter day, a lock of wool is dipped in the blood and a cross is inscribed with it on the lintel of the door. Within the memory of old islanders the *obolo*, a small copper coin, has been deposited in the coffin of the dead to pay Charon his fee across the Styx. In parts of the country evil spirits are supposed to be abroad at noon, during the month of August, and the peasant sshut themselves up in their houses. A coffin-nail, here, as in many other parts of the world, when driven into the door of a house, affords perfect security from ghosts, and a triangular bit of paper on which is written the name of a disease effectually prevents the appearance of the malady in that neighborhood. Rags tied to a bit of stick receive the evil spirits exorcised by the "papa" or priest. To drop oil does no good, and to see a priest at sunrise is a very bad omen, and a convenient apol gy for the reverend sluggard. It is but fa to say that these and a hundred other supe stitions are chiefly prevalent among t peasantry, and in the towns are confined the lowest classes. From these they w fade away with the increasing light of civi zation, if it is permitted through natur channels and not through forced lenses pass into the social apprehension of the pe ple of the East.

In educational matters, Corfu and the I nian Islands are behind Athens, which latte without the advantages of British influen and culture during the "Protectorate" of t islands, has made very rapid strides in sch lastic instruction since her forty years of fre dom. Before the cession, there were, a cording to English statistics, 304 schoolma ters in the island. A university establish under private auspices seems to have faile and yet there are more children taught to-d in Corfu than then. A law obliges the tendance of pupils at school, but, like ma Greek laws, it is not enforced. The la "Nomarch" or prefect of Corfu, Mr. Mao cordates, an intelligent gentleman and s of the illustrious statesman of that name, ma exertions to increase the number of scho in the island. Being once on a tour of i spection, he was gratified to find that all t boys in a certain village remote from t capital attended school daily. Thereup the Nomarch suggested that girls' scho should be established, but this was met wi an expression of surprise: "What! would y have girls—who naturally know so mu more than boys—educated? They wou soon be the masters of the town." This l tle item may be a crumb of comfort to t advocates of "Woman's Rights" at hon Among other social benefits, female educ tion in the Ionian Islands would occupy w elevating domestic pursuits the minds of large number of women, and introduce taste for book-reading of a higher order th French romances. There are, howev many of the gentle sex whose cultivation a manners combine in a considerable degr to enhance the attractions of the pleasant i and they inhabit. But strangers know lit of the local society of the place and shou be guarded in their criticisms. The Engli used to complain that the Greek famil would not mix with their own. Not th the latter were regarded in any spirit of u friendliness, but rather from natural and u sympathetic causes. The dinners and ba at the "Government House" and at t uses of the leading officials were always aced by Greek ladies and honored by reek gentlemen, but somehow or other these mpliments were seldom returned by the orfiotes. "They will eat our dinners and de over our floors, but we never get so uch as a polite request to call and see them, uch less to sit at their tables," said an Eng-hman. It is possible that English afflu-ce and Greek economy were impelling uses in this matter. Still the natural habits the two peoples are widely different, and is well known that the Corfiotes prefer eir own society to that of strangers. They e seclusive rather than exclusive. Among emselves they have many reunions. Music d the dance are heard in the houses of the ch and the poor, while those who have no omes, such as young men who go to their dgings only to sleep, and then among the nall hours of the morning—pass their even-gs at the cafés and devote the greater part f the night to perambulating the streets and nging songs under the windows of the sleep-ss. For hours, too, in the neighborhood of e hotels, the ear is forced to keep time to e sound of numerals issuing from some eighboring wine-shop, as the players at Moro" enunciate "one," "two," "five," tc., according to the guess of the player at e number of fingers his opponent holds up. Vhen all the money has been won or the rinks exhausted, "silence, like a poultice, omes to heal the wounds of sound." But he respite is a brief one. Soon the back treets awaken with fresh abominations. The iscordant voices of women, leaning out of he open windows, mingle with the incohe-ent shouts of drunken sailors, from the for-ign ships of war in the harbor, as they stag-er through the streets after a beastly ca-ousal. And so with variations passes many n entire night, until the bell-clanging of laylight begins, or the corporal commences is "one, two, three" drill upon the parade round in front of the hotels, or the military and goes crashing by at guard-mounting. All his is so susceptible of correction, under roper police regulations, that the traveler vonders why his comfort is not a little more espected by the local authorities. Yet these ight nuisances have for years been com-lained of and existed in full force even dur-ng the English Protectorate.

Corfu is no exception to the rest of Greece in the democratic instincts of her people, but, like many of those who dwell even in professed republics, the distinction of titles is not always repugnant to the happy few who acquire them. The cards left upon foreigners—not their own people—are frequently impressed with a coronet or bear the prefix of a "Count." This is the remnant of Venetian island aristocracy. The Venetians, ever proud of their own birthrights, were less rigid in the bestowal of titles upon their dependencies, and they were thus sometimes cheaply bought or earned. The Corfiote "Count" of to-day, he who mingles with the best society of the place, is most probably a "genuine," and, like many titled gentlemen in Eastern Europe, may possibly carry all his personal property in his visiting card. But there are occasional spurious specimens floating about the Ionian Islands, who, with their more worthy fellow-subjects, will some day be glad to drop their handles and rejoice alone in their simple manhood.

The society of Corfu is unostentatious, and the people are simple in their tastes. The lower orders are frugal, inactive, generally complaining, yet too indifferent to effect reforms even where reform is at their elbow. They are domestic and exceedingly temperate. Both classes, like the ancient Corcyreans, regard hospitality as a sacred duty. They are polite, affable in manner, excitable, and proud. Oriental subserviency is not carried to the extent observable farther east, but there is enough among those who employ it as their stock-in-trade to amuse the unaccustomed Frank. From the street mendicant to the shopkeeper the lowest and most deferential of bows to him who is entitled to any official consideration precedes all communication, and "Your Excellency," oftentimes employed superfluously, prefaces every sentence. The landlord will sometimes enter the apartment of such an one with the air of a man who is about to petition for his life rather than to inquire at what hour "His Excellency" will dine, and on receiving his answer will back out of the presence at the imminent danger of upsetting himself as well as the gravity of his guest. Yet the pride of the Greek, here as elsewhere, true or false, never deserts him. It goes hand in hand with his poverty, and is the saving salt of his meager portion in life. The stranger in Corfu, if he remains long enough to be known, and especially if he is supposed to have a plethoric purse, will very likely be the recipient of more than one charitable epistle, elegantly written and couched in affecting terms, setting forth the domestic troubles which had reduced the writer from a condition of prosperity to abject want. Perhaps the petitioner will present himself in person, clad in seedy black, and tell his tale with the refinement of manner of one who has all his life been a giver and never before an asker of alms. He may or may not be an impostor, but will in either case go away with tearful gratitude for the little aid which may be bestowed. Such assistance, however needy he may be, the Greek will not seek of his own countrymen if he can find a stranger to apply to, for he knows that by his own people a man reduced in circumstances is often despised. It is not uncommon for one who has received money in this way from a stranger to go first to a café and put in an appearance before his friends. In an offhand manner he will order coffee or wine for the companions whom he may meet there, and, having sustained his pride by this display of hospitality, will go home to spend the rest of the money in relieving the pressing wants of his impoverished family.

Like all his race, the Corfiote is excessively fond of amusement and display, and, as in other parts of Greece, the number of holidays seriously interferes with the industry and prosperity of the people. Scarcely two-thirds of the year is occupied by working days. The feasts and the fasts are of such frequent recurrence as to make it imperative upon the stranger to keep the almanac constantly before him to know what days he can and what days he cannot attend to the business he may have to do. The bells ring in these feast and fast days—clang again at noon, and clang again at night. No shops but the wine-shop and the tobacconist's are open, and no workman can be found till the sacred day is over. As most of the people are named after saints, it follows that whenever the "Saint's day" comes round all the "Spiridions," "Demetriuses," "Nicholoases," and so on, must keep high festival. On more general celebrations, such as the Anniversary of Greek Independence, the queen's name-day, the baptism of princes, or the public visit of some distinguished guest, the people give themselves wholly up to pleasure, which generally consists in an unusual modicum of bell-ringing, martial music, discharges of cannon, perambulation of the streets in holiday attire, and a devotion of the evening and night to a combination of all these elements, to which is added illumination and fire-works. Nothing less than frequent discharges of rockets, interspersed with a copious display of blue, red, and green Bengal lights, seems adequate to relieve the feelings which surcharge the Corfiote on these occasions.

It would be foreign to the purpose of sketch to offer any extended remarks u the political condition of the island. To tempt a discussion of this, the most inter ing feature in its history, would be to leng en this paper far beyond the proper limi a magazine article. A few brief observati may, however, be permitted, touching political antecedents which led to the un of the Ionian Islands with the Kingdon Greece. The "Government House," n the town palace, stretches across the no ern side of the esplanade and with its semi cular wings embraces the entire width of public ground. No better position co have been selected for the residence of governing power, and it fitly typifies the pansive and engrossing character of the g ernment which, under the harmless title "Protectorate," ruled the people of the I an Islands from 1816 to 1864. Every on familiar with the *modus operandi* of a pup show. The operator is concealed bene the stage where the figures perform to admiring crowd in front, and only the un tiated suppose that the little actors on scene move by their own volition. T Senate of the Ionian Islands—consisting one senator from each island—held the ecutive power and met in the Senate Ch ber in the "Government House," and English "Lord High Commissioner," in wh the "Protectorate" was personified, resi in the same building. It is not intended this illustration to insinuate that this dis guished functionary was concealed below political stage as the wire-puller is concea in the puppet-box. The fact was precis the *reverse.* The Ionian Senate held sittings in the basement story of the Gove ment House, and the Lord High Comm sioner of England occupied the apartm overhead! From this, the sagacious m will readily infer the character of "self-g ernment" during the period of British p tection.

The esplanade of Corfu is adorned w three monuments erected in commemorat of three of the ten Lord High Commission through whose varied administrations Engla virtually exercised sovereign sway over Ionian Islands. One of these monument in the form of a circular Grecian temple a bears the name of Sir Thomas Maitland, first "Lord High"—familiarly known "King Tom," from the arbitrary charac of his rule. A full-length statue in bronze Sir Frederic Adams stands in classic dign before the old Government House. Sir Fr ric's administration was much after that of ir Thomas's, but his influence for good over n essentially democratic people was impaird by his love of pomp—a characteristic well lustrated in the flowing robes and august ttitude of his brazen statue. Overlooking he water, at the other end of the esplanade, ises a granite obelisk in memory of Sir Howard Douglas, fourth Lord High Commissioner, whose relaxing policy was hardly more successful than that of his predecessor, Lord Nugent, whose efforts at reforms and iberal measures were not sufficiently guided by moderation and sagacity to carry out his well-intentioned efforts. These three monuments are protected against injury by a convention to that effect entered into between the Ionians and the British government, and, whether acceptable or not to the popular taste, there they stand, perpetual reminders to the Ionians of what they have lost. But if—and it is hoped such a contingency will never arise—these monuments should ever be endangered by an excited populace, that of Sir Howard Douglas, at least, ought to be respected, for, whatever were his failings as a political ruler, he had the honesty to state plainly to the British government the cause to which chiefly must be ascribed the failure of the "Protectorate." In a dispatch to the Colonial Minister, Sir Howard wrote: "Truth and a strong sense of duty compel me to declare that the internal strength of the country, the moral and physical state of the people, have not been benefited by British connection so far as to protect us hereafter from the reproach of having attended less to their interests than to our own."

There is another monument in the esplanade at Corfu which, though old and time-stained, infinitely surpasses those just named in its material and moral effect. It is a statue in marble of Marshal Schulemberg, who in 1716 "piled the ground with Moslem slain" and delivered the Corfiotes as well as the Venetians from the brutal ferocity and ignominy of Ottoman oppression. As to the English rule in the Ionian Islands it must be said that those who administered in the name of the Sovereign of Great Britain were men of high social standing—some among them of more than ordinary mental culture—and personally such as to command the respect of those whom they were to govern. The seeming incapacity of the English mind to comprehend and assimilate with other races—the total supremacy of the Anglican idea at the expense of that generous sympathy with foreign habits of thought and action which is born of unselfishness—interfered materially with the intentions of the governing party, which were, beyond question, for the most part pure and noble. England was thus forced, by her inability to gain the good-will of the Ionians, to relinquish the islands, and chief among them Corfu, the "Key of the Adriatic," which fifty years before she had taken upon her hands with all the pomp and circumstance of a conquering power. The English would have left a kindlier feeling behind them if, instead of yielding to the Austrian demand, she had permitted Corfu to retain the defences towards the construction of which the Corfiotes had themselves contributed so largely. But these noble works were ruthlessly sacrificed, and the island of Corfu declared to be thenceforth "neutral ground." The magnificent fortifications on the island of Vedo, lying opposite to the town, which cost upwards of a million of pounds sterling, were in the course of a few hours blown high into air, to fall a mass of shapeless ruins. Nor was this all. Every gun, with the exception of seven left for official salutes, was carried off by the departing English, these including several hundred bronze Venetian cannon which properly belonged to Corfu and had formed a part of the implements of defense from the period of Venetian supremacy. No wonder the islanders "wept" when their protectors stripped them of their raiment and left them half-naked. In vain by intrigue and open counsel were attempts made to induce the Corfiotes to "think again" before relinquishing the arm of Great Britain and accepting union with Greece. They were reminded of the many gold sovereigns which would be drawn from daily circulation by the absence of the British troops and the civil service, and were told of the miseries attending the early struggles of a new kingdom, notwithstanding that the nation and the flag would be their own. The islanders replied, with an epigrammatic shrewdness worthy of their Spartan ancestors: "It is better to be slapped by our mother than by our step-mother." So the "step-mother" sailed away, leaving the Corfiotes to try the experiment of independence and poverty, after a half-century of nominal self-government, but of actual allegiance to an alien power.

These remarks may serve to disabuse the mind of the stranger in Corfu of certain erroneous impressions not infrequently received from conversations with those who were pecuniary sufferers by the cession of the islands. During the protectorate upwards of two thousand soldiers were in garrison at Corfu. Consequent upon this, and the employment of a large civil service, an English community existed in the town. The money thus disbursed among the townspeople by the foreign residents and visitors was something not to be suddenly lost to the Corfiotes without a grumble. The amount of British gold daily circulated in the town is estimated by some at not less than eight hundred pounds sterling. The withdrawal of this brought half the shopkeepers to a stand-still, and such as remain to-day may tell the stranger, *sotto voce*, that the cession of the Ionian Islands was a "great mistake," and that "Corfu has nothing to hope for but by a return to the protection of a richer or more powerful nation." Corfu is no exception to a condition consequent upon abrupt political transformation. There are many Venetians who grumble to-day at the loss of their Austrian patrons and customers, and would welcome them back at the cost of the national liberty; yet what disinterested mind would see Venice again under an alien flag? But out of the town—out into the free air of the agricultural districts, where the English tongue and Italian patois are unknown—no such complaints are heard. The spirit of the country people, like their language, is Greek, although neither will be found as pure as in Attica and the Peloponnesus.

Whatever differences of opinion may exist as to the condition and prospects of the Ionians since they threw off British protection, every one will agree that by the "union" the Kingdom of Greece has added to her own territory—much of which, though hallowed by classic history, is sterile and unproductive—as charming and delightful island scenery as, perhaps, the world has to offer. The drives out of Corfu over the well-constructed English roads—now, however, somewhat out of repair—are sufficiently interesting to induce the traveler who can afford the time to remain over until the next steamer. From the rampart gates the hard macadamized roads run out like veins over the greater portion of the whole island, conducting through pleasant valleys and mil on miles of thickly-wooded olive groves many a little rustic village picturesque perched upon hill-side and summit.

The views from these elevated points ar in many respects, unparalleled for scen effects. Stanfield, the English painter, d clared one of them to be the finest he ha ever seen, and the American poet, Bryan says: "Here is every element of the pict resque, both in color and form; mounta peaks, precipices, transparent bays, woo valleys of the deepest verdure, and pinnacl of rocks rising near the shore from the pe lucid blue of the sea." He might have ad ed that the picturesque costumes, gracef figures, and frequently beautiful features the peasantry contribute in no little degr to the charms of that unique scene.

It was the fashion, during the years of t protectorate, for English writers to laud t Ionian Islands, and especially the island Corfu, as a sort of terrestrial paradise. No silence condemns that fair region as unwort of the traveler's passing regard, or the pe of ready writers denounce it and its peop as lapsing into physical and political degr dation. When I first visited the island 1856, the British flag waved from the fortre and English troops paraded on the espl nade; the streets of the town were lively wi English pedestrians, and the blue waters the harbor were whitened with the spread English canvas from Her Majesty's men- war and the swift-moving yachts of innume able tourists and sportsmen. To-day, the is not the feeblest evidence of that imperi power which swayed the Ionians for half century. The roads and the effigies of thr or four Lord High Commissioners are alo left to remind us of that great political failur Yet the people, though poor, are happier f their independence, and the island, in nat ral charms, is as worthy as it ever was of t praise accorded to it by Homer, when called it *erateinos*—"lovely,"—"the eve pleasing shore, with woody mountains ha in vapor lost," and as "the favorite isle heaven."

## ANNUNCIATION.

For some good word belated
The lily long had waited;
The pansies, lost in thought,
For a revelation sought;
By a shallow-running brook
Bending violets mistook
Its unmeaning, ceaseless noise
For a comforter's low voice;
From the bee that came for wine
Oft the purple columbine
Had desired in vain to hear
Joyful tidings of good cheer;
And the clover in the field
To the butterfly appealed,
Asking for a recompense
For the sweets it did dispense;
And the roses, closing late,
Ceased not asking of their fate
From the lady-birds whose flight
Sought their garden in the night:
But the perfume of their prayer
Found not answer anywhere.

To their garden, ere the heat,
Came the sweet heart, Marguerite;
In the early morn she came,
And each flower spoke her name,
Dropping pearls from lips o'erladen
As a greeting to the maiden.
Then she said to Faust beside,
To the doubter who denied,
"I am sure it must be true:
He that giveth them the dew
Hath a future life like ours,
And a heaven for the flowers."

Then the lily, which had waited
For the word so long belated,
Nodded to her waiting sisters
Peering up the garden vistas,
And they bowed to kiss the feet
Of the sweet heart, Marguerite.

## THE GARDENER AND THE MANOR.

### BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

About one Danish mile from the capital ood an old manor-house, with thick walls, owers, and pointed gable-ends. Here lived, ut only in the summer-season, a rich and ourtly family. This manor-house was the est and the most beautiful of all the houses ey owned. It looked outside as if it had st been cast in a foundry, and within it was omfort itself. The family arms were carved in stone over the door; beautiful roses twined about the arms and the balcony; a grass-plot extended before the house with red-thorn and white-thorn, and many rare flowers grew even outside the conservatory. The manor kept also a very skillful gardener. It was a real pleasure to see the flower-garden, the orchard, and the kitchen-garden. There was still to be seen a portion of the manor's original garden, a few box-tree hedges cut in shape of crowns and pyramids, and behind these two mighty old trees almost always without leaves. One might almost think that a storm or water-spout had scattered great lumps of manure on their branches, but each lump was a bird's-nest. A swarm of rooks and crows from time immemorial had built their nests here. It was a townful of birds, and the birds were the manorial lords here. They did not care for the proprietors, the manor's oldest family branch, nor for the present owner of the manor,—these were nothing to them; but they bore with the wandering creatures below them, notwithstanding that once in a while they shot with guns in a way that made the birds' back-bones shiver, and made every bird fly up, crying "Rak, Rak!"

The gardener very often explained to the master the necessity of felling the old trees, as they did not look well, and by taking them away they would probably also get rid of the screaming birds, which would seek another place. But he never could be induced either to give up the trees or the swarm of birds: the manor could not spare them, as they were relics of the good old times, that ought always to be kept in remembrance.

"The trees are the birds' heritage by this time!" said the master. "So let them keep them, my good Larsen." Larsen was the gardener's name, but that is of very little consequence in this story. "Haven't you room enough to work in, little Larsen? Have you not the flower-garden, the green-houses, the orchard and the kitchen-garden!" He cared for them, he kept them in order and cultivated them with zeal and ability, and the family knew it; but they did not conceal from him that they often tasted fruits and saw flowers in other houses that surpassed what he had in his garden, and that was a sore trial to the gardener, who always wished to do the best, and really did the best he could. He was good-hearted, and a faithful servant.

The owner sent one day for him, and told him kindly that the day before, at a party given by some friends of rank, they had eaten apples and pears which were so juicy and well-flavored that all the guests had loudly expressed their admiration. To be sure, they were not native fruits, but they ought by all means to be introduced here, and to be acclimatized if possible. They learned that the fruit was bought of one of the first fruit-dealers in the city, and the gardener was to ride to town and find out about where they came from, and then order some slips for grafting. The gardener was very well acquainted w the dealer, because he was the very per to whom he sold the fruit that grew in manor-garden, beyond what was needed the family. So the gardener went to tc and asked the fruit-dealer where he had fou those apples and pears that were praised highly.

"They are from your own garden," s the fruit-dealer, and he showed him b the apples and pears, which he recogniz Now, how happy the gardener felt! He l tened back to his master, and told him t the apples and pears were all from his c garden. But he would not believe it.

"It cannot be possible, Larsen. ( you get a written certificate of that from fruit-dealer?" And that he could; brought him a written certificate.

"That is certainly wonderful!" said family.

And now every day were set on the ta great dishes filled with beautiful apples pears from their own garden; bushels barrels of these fruits were sent to friend the city and country, nay, were even s abroad. It was exceedingly pleasant; when they talked with the gardener they s that the last two seasons had been remar bly favorable for fruits, and that fruits l done well all over the country.

Some time passed. The family were dinner at court. The next day the garde was sent for. They had eaten melons at royal table which they found very juicy well-flavored; they came from his Majes green-house. "You must go and see court-gardener, and let him give you sc seeds of those melons."

"But the gardener at the court got melon-seeds from us," said the gardener, h ly delighted.

"But then that man understands how bring the fruit to a higher perfection," the answer. "Each particular melon was licious."

"Well, then, I really may feel prou said the gardener. "I must tell your lords that the gardener at the court did not succ very well with his melons this year, and seeing how beautiful ours looked, he tas them and ordered from me three of them the castle."

"Larsen, do not pretend to say that th were melons from our garden."

"Really, I dare say as much," said gardener, who went to the court-gardener got from him a written certificate to the fect that the melons on the royal table w m the manor. That was certainly a great rprise to the family, and they did not keep e story to themselves. Melon-seeds were nt far and wide, in the same way as had en done with the slips, which they were w hearing had begun to take, and to bear it of an excellent kind. The fruit was med after the manor, and the name was itten in English, German, and French.

This was something they never had dream- of.

"We are afraid that the gardener will me to think too much of himself," said they; t he looked on it in another way: what he shed was to get the reputation of being one the best gardeners in the country, and to oduce every year something exquisite out all sorts of garden stuff, and that he did. it he often had to hear that the fruits which first brought, the apples and pears, were er all the best. All other kinds of fruits re inferior to these. The melons, too, re very good, but they belonged to quite other species. His strawberries were very cellent, but by no means better than many ners; and when it happened one year that radishes did not succeed, they only spoke them, and not of other good things he had de succeed.

It really seemed as if the family felt some lief in saying "It won't turn out well is year, little Larsen!" They seemed ite glad when they could say "It won't rn out well!"

The gardener used always twice a week to ing them fresh flowers, tastefully arranged, d the colors by his arrangements were ought out in stronger light.

"You have good taste, Larsen," said the ner, "but that is a gift from our Lord, not m yourself."

One day the gardener brought a great ystal vase with a floating leaf of a white ter-lily, upon which was laid, with its long ick stalk descending into the water, a arkling blue flower as large as a sunflower.

"The sacred lotos of Hindostan!" ex- aimed the family. They had never seen ch a flower; it was placed every day in the nshine, and in the evening under artificial ht. Every one who saw it found it won- rfully beautiful and rare; and that said the ost noble young lady in the country, the se and kind-hearted princess. The lord the manor deemed it an honor to present r with the flower, and the princess took it th her to the castle. Now the master of e house went down to the garden to pluck other flower of the same sort, but he could not find any. So he sent for the gardener, and asked him where he kept the blue lotos. "I have been looking for it in vain," said he. "I went into the conservatory, and round about the flower-garden."

"No, it is not there!" said the gardener. "It is nothing else than a common flower from the kitchen-garden, but do you not find it beautiful? It looks as if it was the blue cactus, and yet it is only a kitchen-herb. It is the flower of the artichoke!"

"You should have told us that at the time!" said the master. "We supposed of course that it was a strange and rare flower. You have made us ridiculous in the eyes of the young princess! She saw the flower in our house and thought it beautiful. She did not know the flower, and she is versed in botany, too, but then that has nothing to do with kitchen-herbs. How could you take it into your head, my good Larsen, to put such a flower up in our drawing-room? It makes us ridiculous."

And the magnificent blue flower from the kitchen-garden was turned out of the drawing-room, which was not at all the place for it. The master made his apology to the princess, telling her that it was only a kitchen-herb which the gardener had taken into his head to exhibit, but that he had been well reprimanded for it.

"That was a pity," said the princess, "for he has really opened our eyes to see the beauty of a flower in a place where we should not have thought of looking for it. Our gardener shall every day, as long as the artichoke is in bloom, bring one of them up into the drawing-room."

Then the master told his gardener that he might again bring them a fresh artichoke-flower. "It is, after all, a very nice flower," said he, "and a truly remarkable one." And so the gardener was praised again. "Larsen likes that," said the master; "he is a spoiled child."

In the autumn there came up a great gale, which increased so violently in the night that several large trees in the outskirts of the wood were torn up by the roots; and to the great grief of the household, but to the gardener's delight, the two big trees blew down, with all their birds'-nests on them. In the manor-house they heard during the storm the screaming of rooks and crows, beating their wings against the windows.

"Now I suppose you are happy, Larsen," said the master: "the storm has felled the trees, and the birds have gone off to the woods; there is nothing left from the good old days; it is all gone, and we are very sorry for it."

The gardener said nothing, but he thought of what he long had turned over in his mind, how he could make that pretty sunny spot very useful, so that it could become an ornament to the garden and a pride to the family. The great trees which had been blown down had shattered the venerable hedge of box, that was cut into fanciful shapes.

Here he set out a multitude of plants that were not to be seen in other gardens. He made an earthen wall, on which he planted all sorts of native flowers from the fields and woods. What no other gardener had ever thought of planting in the manor-garden he planted, giving each its appropriate soil, and the plants were in sunlight or shadow according as each species required. He cared tenderly for them, and they grew up finely. The juniper-tree from the heaths of Jutland rose in shape and color like the Italian cypress; the shining, thorny Christ-thorn, as green in the winter's cold as in the summer's sun, was splendid to see. In the foreground grew ferns of various species: some of them looked as if they were children of the palm-tree; others, as if they were parents of the pretty plants called "Venus's golden locks" or "Maiden-hair." Here stood the despised burdock, which is so beautiful in its freshness that it looks well even in a bouquet. The burdock stood in a dry place, but below in the moist soil grew the colt's-foot, also a despised plant, but yet most picturesque, with its tall stem and large leaf. Like a candelabrum with a multitude of branches six feet high, and with flower over against flower, rose the mullein, a mere field plant. Here stood the woodroof and the lily of the valley, the wild calla and the fine three-leaved wo sorrel. It was a wonder to see all t beauty!

In the front grew in rows very small pe trees from French soil, trained on wires. plenty of sun and good care they soon b as juicy fruits as in their own country. stead of the two old leafless trees was pla a tall flag-staff, where the flag of Danneb was displayed; and near by stood anot pole, where the hop-tendril in summer harvest-time wound its fragrant flowers; in winter-time, after ancient custom, sheaves were fastened to it, that the bird the air might find here a good meal in happy Christmas-time.

"Our good Larsen is growing sentime as he grows old," said the family; "but h faithful, and quite attached to us."

In one of the illustrated papers there a picture at New Year's of the old ma with the flag-staff and the oat-sheaves for birds of the air, and the paper said that old manor had preserved that beautiful custom, and deserved great credit for it.

"They beat the drum for all Lars doings," said the family. "He is a lu fellow, and we may almost be proud of ha such a man in our service."

But they were not a bit proud of They were very well aware that they w the lords of the manor; they could Larsen warning, in fact, but they did They were good people, and fortunate for every Mr. Larsen that there are so m good people like them.

Yes, that is the story of the gardener the manor. Now you may think a l about it.

## LABOR AND CAPITAL IN MANUFACTURES.

Since the commencement of the present century an important change has taken place in regard to the mechanic trades, by which they have, to a large extent, been absorbed into vast manufacturing establishments, requiring of necessity a corresponding concentration of capital, and the employment of a large number of persons working for mere wages. This has given a new phase to the relations of labor and capital in one of the most extensive departments of production. The character of these relations is not indeed changed. It is still that of employer and *employé;* but the circumstances and conditions under which the two parties are brought together have been greatly alter

Formerly, the independent blacksmit the country village, with a journeyman one or two apprentices, made all the plou hoes, shovels, pitch-forks and other iron plements required in agriculture. He nished nails, hinges, door-handles, and the usual hardware appendages of a dwel house or other building; and he did not in working with iron fitted to his h by the slitting or rolling mill, as might be done, but by working the whole by h out of bar-iron some three or four in

le and six or seven feet long,—a very tedi-
s and laborious process. At present the
mers' tools and machines are constructed
tirely in large factories devoted to the
ecific purpose ; and the village smith has
le more to do than keep them in repair.
en in shoeing horses, the most important
rt of his former business remaining to him,
finds the shoes and nails he once forged
th great labor now fashioned ready to his
nd.

The same is true of boot and shoe makers,
mbers of whom were once found in every
mlet working in their little shops with knife,
mmer, awl, and lapstone, furnishing their
ighborhood with articles essential to com-
t and convenience.

All this is changed. Every different kind
boot and shoe is now produced in
ge manufacturing establishments, not by
nd labor, as formerly, but by the
ost powerful and effective machinery. The
de is totally revolutionized. The same
y be said of almost any other mechanical
de. Ready-made clothing interferes im-
nsely with the business of the old-fashioned
lor, while the cabinet-maker can now pur-
ase his chairs tables, sofas, bedsteads, etc.,
de in factories established for the purpose,
eaper than he can produce them himself,
d the house builder finds his foreplane
d jointer superseded by the planing-mill,
d his doors, windows, and sashes made
dy for his use.

This general change in the mechanic in-
stries has caused an equally remarkable
ange in the condition of the laboring classes
nnected with them, who, instead of being
lated and independent, are now brought
gether in large masses and employed by
althy private or corporate companies.

This has produced a new *organization of*
*or*—if we may use a term having no defi-
e meaning and conveying no distinct idea,
t which seems to have been adopted to ex-
ess merely the general relations of the two
eat agents in production.

The change thus effected marks a new era,
d opens a broad and rapidly extending
ld of competition between the great forces
modern civilization. From its magnitude
d the high interests involved, it deserves a
reful and impartial examination, as one of
e most interesting economic problems of
e age.

As an illustration of the nature of this
ange, the manner in which it has been ef-
ted and the results attained, we propose
give a history of the rise and progress
of one of the oldest and most extensive manufacturing establishments in the United States.

Something more than fifty years since, a young man went from his father's home to learn the trade of a shoemaker with one who had just commenced the manufacture of what were at that time known as "sale shoes," got up especially for the Southern market, and of a cheap and indifferent quality. In six months he had learned the trade sufficiently to command wages, and such was his industry and thrift that by the time he was twenty-three years of age he had accumulated five hundred dollars. With this sum he commenced business for himself, hiring a small house and shop for the purpose, employing a journeyman and apprentice, and working with them in making shoes. All was done by hand labor. When a few cases of goods were completed, they were carried to market, disposed of, more stock purchased, and the manufacture continued. This was repeated. Gradually, another and another workman was engaged, until at length this man found himself able to purchase a considerable estate and erect a shop of respectable size. He now took a brother into copartnership, and the business was so extended that in 1836 it amounted to some 100,000 dollars, the goods being sold to merchants in New York, Philadelphia, and the principal Southern cities.

In the fall of that fatal year commenced one of those periodical convulsions in the money market, unavoidable under a mixed and consequently fluctuating currency. Money became very scarce and difficult to be had, though never more abundant in quantity, and the banks stopped discounting. Of course, business men were cut off from their usual resources, and, of necessity, were unable to meet their engagements. Failures began to take place, and with the opening of 1837 general bankruptcy had spread throughout the Union. All the usual means for raising money or negotiating exchanges were destroyed; and at last the banks themselves succumbed.

Under these circumstances, the firm of which we are speaking assigned their property —everything they possessed—for the benefit of their creditors. An examination of their affairs showed they had been doing a successful business, and, if allowed to go on, might discharge all their obligations. An extension was therefore cordially granted, and all the debts of the concern, principal and interest, were paid, the business resumed, and largely extended ;—all this, notwithstanding the almost entire loss of its capital by the great collapse through which it had passed.

Constant growth and progress thereafter attended the operations of this firm up to 1861, when it had some half a million dollars intrusted to dealers in the Southern States, of which it was able to collect only a small part, owing to the civil war, the confiscation of Northern debts by the Confederate government, and the general breaking up of the banking system.

In consequence of this, the firm was again compelled to suspend. After a year or two of perplexing delay, caused by the condition of public affairs and the death of the senior partner, a compromise was effected, the entire assets of the firm, personal and partnership, being assigned for the benefit of its creditors. A discharge was obtained, the business again renewed and still further extended, the whole indebtedness paid off, with a considerable balance remaining to the partners.

From that time to the present this house has continued its operations and greatly enlarged its trade. Recently the junior of the two original partners died, and his share of the property was found to be about a quarter of a million of dollars. The establishment is now in the hands of two of the sons of the last-mentioned partner, and is one of the largest in the United States, using in every department the most powerful machinery, employing more than 1,000 hands, men, women, and children, and turning out some 6,000 pairs of boots and shoes per day, of so high a quality as to command the markets of the country. The value of the aggregate product is now, we believe, between two and three millions per annum.

With this brief statement of the origin and progress of this large business concern, of its varying fortunes and present condition, we are prepared to inquire as to the relations of labor and capital as connected with it. Before doing so, however, we would observe that there is nothing remarkable in the character of this house or its operations, except in degree. Its history, in all its characteristics and incidents, is essentially that of manufacturing establishments generally, especially those which have been created and carried on by individual effort. It is peculiar only for its long duration and large extent, and for having had in its career greater vicissitudes, and having met them with more success than would be found perhaps in a majority of cases. It is, nevertheless, we shall insist, a fair sample of the manufacturing industry of the country; and as such may be properl presented as an illustration of our subject.

What then has been the result of th operations of this concern to the communit in which it is located, and the individuals b whose muscular power, aided by their ingen ity, all this has been realized?

And first, of the community—the town i which the establishment is situated. I population has trebled, its valuation, or a gregate wealth, has increased tenfold, and few scattered dwellings have become a larg and handsome village with four churches, a extensive hotel, a town-house of amp dimensions, and other fine buildings, publ and private.

Of the permanent workmen, many of who have been in service twenty, thirty, or, some cases, forty years, nearly all are comfortable circumstances, most of the residing upon estates of their own of t value of three to five thousand dollars. Se eral have retired from employment with fro twenty to forty thousand dollars of th accumulations, and none are in a conditi approaching poverty, except in those cas (few in number) where vices have destroy manhood, or unavoidable misfortune h overtaken them.

From this statement it is obvious that t workmen have been liberally dealt with; a it is well known that the proprietors from t very start have been generous to those their employ, almost to a fault; and ha enjoyed to a remarkable extent their go will and respect.

In the earlier period of this enterprise workmen were the sons of the neighbor farmers, who engaged in it for the good rea that they could obtain higher wages than any other employment, and at the sa time secure a more agreeable occupation a the advantage of greater social privile The change on their part was entirely vol tary, leaving a good position for one t deemed better.

That they were well treated would seem be proved by the fact that for near ha century no quarrel or unpleasant diffic ever arose between the firm and its wo men. All has been harmony, mutual sa faction, and peace. The only exception this state of things is of recent occurre A Crispin Lodge was lately formed (acc ing to the fashion of the day) amongst *employés*. It included, to a large ext the veteran workmen, but the new-com were the most numerous, and the gre part of foreign birth.

With this association a difficulty arose in is wise. Several of the members of the odge, soon after its formation, became distisfied with its proceedings, and, after payg up their past dues, withdrew from it and sired to be dismissed. The Society, hower, would not permit this, but insisted at no one could be absolved from the ths or obligations he had taken, and therere, if he left the association, must quit his esent employment. The absenting memrs continuing to work as before, a deputaon was sent to the proprietors demanding e expulsion of these men from "the shop." As the firm would accede to no such reest, a strike took place, and business was ostly suspended for some five or six days. nding their employers firm in their deterination, the workmen at length returned to eir posts without any concession to their mands.

This episode can hardly be considered an ception to the statement that the worken have been uniformly satisfied with the anner in which they have been treated, beuse the strike was not for higher wages, orter hours of labor, or any oppressive act the part of their employers.

We have already shown that the capital commencing the operations of this firm s earned "on the bench" by the founder the house. As he proceeded in his busiss he required credit to obtain what stock needed in his manufacture. This he adily obtained to any extent, because own to be a man of good character, free om bad habits, industrious, efficient, frul.

Something further, however, was wanted the business became extended.

Fifty years since, a long time was necessary make shoes and get them into market. e manufacturer, to carry on much busiss, must be able to realize the cash for his ods soon after they were made; yet, acrding to the practice of those days, he ust sell on a credit of at least six months, ten nine. Here was a dilemma, but with od credit it was easily overcome. The per received for the articles sold was taken a bank, which was quite ready to give the oney for it (discounting the interest and change), provided the indorsement of the m was made upon it. Here again the aracter of the house for honesty and ability s brought into requisition; for the bank pended, to a large extent, upon the inrsers. So high was the standing of this m, even in the earliest days of its existence, that within the personal knowledge of the writer its paper was regularly discounted although there might be a great pressure for money, thus giving it, in fact, the use of a large amount of the bank's capital. There was no favoritism in all this. The firm was steady in demand for discounts, had good business paper, on which the banks could legally charge exchange—in short, was a profitable customer. Why then should it not be accommodated? It was so, to the mutual advantage of both parties.

If this capital, then, from first to last, was honestly and honorably acquired, has any one occasion to complain that large wealth has been realized by those who used it? In what respect would any reformer desire that this operation should have been prevented or modified in the interests of labor? At what point in its history should government have interfered by its enactments to procure a better result? Is there any element of despotism, monopoly, or oppression in all this?

It may still be urged, perhaps, that "however truthful these statements may be, the fact still remains, that a few have been made rich by the profits realized upon the industry of a large number of persons by whose labor all this has been achieved—that the disparity between the employers and the employed is very great."

True, but how could it well be otherwise? By what arrangement could a more favorable issue have been secured? To bring it about, the constant labor of the two original partners was required for a period of forty years. To this object they consecrated the morning of their days, pursued it with rare devotion and earnestness, and thus laid the foundation of a successful career, and an honorable, independent old age. This they had a right to do. Were they not wise in doing it?

But further, these men not only commenced with those economical habits indispensable to success, but retained them through life. Had they, as many often do, when a profitable business has been established, enlarged their personal expenditures proportionally, by building costly residences and setting up fashionable equipages, they would have been illy prepared to meet the great commercial crises through which they were obliged to pass. Their rigid economy had therefore as large a share in securing their success as their industry; and it is a matter worthy of honorable record, that one of the original partners, recently deceased, lived at the time of his death in the same house in which he commenced his married life.

It may perhaps still be asked whether this firm, in strict justice, ought not to have distributed a part of its profits annually to its workmen?

The sufficient answer to this is, that, had it done so to any considerable extent, it could never have discharged its indebtedness and resumed business effectively after the great revulsion of 1837, for, as it was, that appalling catastrophe swept off nearly everything the firm possessed, and it had little left but its reputation for integrity and capacity. The great monetary crisis of 1857, too, required all the capital previously accumulated to enable it to confront successfully that general suspension of the banks and the shock given to the credit of the country. Much the same may be said of the disastrous consequences of the late war. How, without a very large surplus, could this firm, with its immense amount of suspended and confiscated paper, have been able to recover itself and continue its operations successfully? The security of the laborer, in this as in all similar cases, depended upon a large accumulation of capital in the hands of his employer.

And here it is but just to call attention to the fact, that all of the reverses alluded to were occasioned by no fault on the part of those who suffered from them, but were the natural result of a defective monetary system in 1837 and 1857, and of a war in 1861, for neither of which, certainly, were business men responsible.

The question of the rate of profits is often started in connection with the relations of labor and capital. If profits are exorbitant, the laborer suffers; because he is a consumer as well as producer, and we may therefore properly inquire whether the firm whose business we are considering charged a higher rate than, in justice to other parties, was right and equal. The question, however, has been virtually answered already, since it clearly appears that if, to any considerable extent, a less profit had been realized, the house could not have met the terrific revulsions of 1837, 1857, and 1861, discharged their obligations, and continued their operations; and certainly every business firm is bound in honor to do all that, if possible. Besides this view of the matter, it is quite certain, from our knowledge of the case, that the average per centum of net profit realized during the period in question, say from 1821 to 1861, could not have been more than five per cent. on the business transacted, below which rate no one can be expected to incur the risks and responsibilities of trade. Since the latter-mentioned period, especially fr
1863 to 1868, profits have been unusua
large as compared with any previous peric
so that nominal accumulations have be
greater under the present standard of val
than previously. What they will be, ho
ever, when a normal condition of moneta
affairs is restored, the future alone can d
close; certain it is, however, that, had t
intervention of law compelled the paym
of higher wages or a reduction of profits
the present case, the creditors of the conc
must have suffered from the monetary rev
sions to which we have referred, and ha
lost whatever the others had gained.

As the circumstances were, the work
passed through these great revulsions
scathed, and were ready, when the sto
was over, to commence again with all th
had previously acquired. Not so with th
employers, for, at the end of forty years fr
the commencement of their business, they h
little left but the prestige of their high re
tation and their widely-extended busin
connections. Of these none of the vici
tudes of trade could deprive them, and w
these they have been enabled to enter up
an almost unexampled career of prosperi

Besides the foregoing considerations, m
we not well take notice of the obvious fa
that, while these employers may have ama
ed large wealth, the aggregate accumulati
of those they employed amount to a sum
least equally great. Though impossible
get the precise data, the fact is pat
that the united properties of the *empl*
must be quite equal to that of their emp
ers. Both parties, labor and capital, ha
in fact, been highly prosperous, notwithsta
ing the severe reverses to which the la
have been subjected. Each party was in
pensable to the other—the one to manage
great machine, and take its risks; the ot
to attend its operations, and receive its c
pensation without hazard.

In what respect, then, can such a busi
firm be regarded as objectionable? It is
deed a vast concentration of power, yet
but the simple result of individual enterp
and perseverance, the achievement, mainl
two men who, while building up the imm
establishment, never ignored or negle
their duties as good citizens, but cheer
contributed to all objects of public or pri
charity.

Clearly, there is nothing of mono
here, no antagonism between employers
employed, or between the interests of
many and the few. The success of t

n was as advantageous to the community ound them as to themselves. The general alth increased as greatly as that of the n by whose enterprise, skill and perseve- ıce its industry was directed. What was ong in all this? By what legislation could etter result have been attained? This is point at which we arrive, because it is laboring point at the present day, when much anxiety is felt in regard to the ncroachments of capital"—when so many positions are made for a better "organiza- n of labor" by force of law, and when perty is declared to be "a theft—a me."

But still it may be inquired, with just and rful emphasis, has labor no cause for com- int? Have those who toil a just share of general product? Have those by whose or all wealth is produced as many of the od things of this life as they are entitled to? answer, certainly not. They have good use for dissatisfaction and disquietude; but t cause is not to be found in the natural siness relations of labor and capital. It is raneous to these.

The true issues are not at all between or and capital, but between labor and ciety—between the workingman and the vs under which he lives and acts. These oppress him, these bear with cruel effect upon him. When he sees this, his attention will be turned in the right direction for a remedy. At present he is on a wrong scent, and, until he discovers his mistake, must, like blind Samson, grind in the prison-house. When he does discover from what source his wrongs proceed, he will have no difficulty whatever in redressing them, for, under a popular government, the power is entirely with the majority, and that majority consists of the laboring producing classes, who can therefore certainly obtain everything they ask for that is truly for their interests; and their interests being in harmony with the interests of capital, and both being identical with those of the nation, the general welfare is certain to be secured whenever these relations come to be correctly understood. Nothing more is wanted.

We do not propose, at this time, to show what the social wrongs and oppressions of labor are. Our object has been to prove that labor and capital may work together with perfect harmony of interests, that the capitalist is not in virtue of his position, as some would make us believe, "A TYRANT," nor the laborer who receives wages, as many insist, "A SLAVE."

## HEBE'S JUMBLES.

"TWELVE, thirteen, *fourteen*—just enough; , I *am* so glad!" said Hebe Gladney, thering up that fortunate number of pen- s and giving them a miserly rattle. "A und of white sugar will be just fourteen nts, and I can work out the eggs and ur."

Having made this satisfactory financial re- w, she addressed herself to the broken bit looking-glass on the wall, and finished iding her hair. Auburn braids look well, ssed, circlet fashion, around a small head, ought close to the forehead and tied with a ot of blue ribbon. Hebe acknowledged and gave an innocent little sigh of satis- tion. She was very tired. Her cheeks d an uncomfortable flush, as different from ir morning freshness as a pink morning- ry just opening, dewy, well-poised, re- onding to the lightest currents of air, is un- e its same pink drooping self at noon. e had weeded the garden and scrubbed pantry-shelves from top to bottom, be- les her ordinary round of kitchen work.

"Aunt Liza knew I wanted to make something for the donation party, and she locked up the sugar and let the fire go out on purpose!" and Hebe gathered up the pennies, twitched her sun-bonnet from the wall, crept softly through the kitchen and garden, climbed the fence, and took the shortest cut to the village store.

Miss Liza Stebbins had not locked up the sugar accidentally; there was method in her madness always. As she turned the key that morning she said to herself, with grim satisfaction, "There! whether it's crullers, or waffles, or gooseberry-tarts that minx has got on her mind to make, I reckon they'll *stay* on her mind. Minister Bliss and his donation party ain't going to gorge on my buttery; when he's eat some of. his own words to me, sauce and all, it will be time to think of coddling him like the other girls in the church," and Miss Stebbins tossed her head with a virtuous air that plainly admitted no compromise with the Delilahs of the parish; and, flouncing through the kitchen, she scowled at her little grand-niece Hebe, who was up to her pretty elbows in flour over the kneading-bowl.

The painful inference here asserts itself, that Miss Stebbins was in a highly inflamed state of mind toward her spiritual shepherd. And yet time was when the new minister counted no disciple more ardent and devoted than Miss Stebbins. She paved his way to dyspepsia with pies of deadly pastry, and then deluged him with boneset-tea. She worked book-marks for him on ribbons of all imaginable hues, which taken collectively formed a complete concordance of the word *Love;* she was in herself a perennial donation party, until rumor had it that she was ready to donate herself and all her charms to the minister on the slightest provocation. It never came, however. On the contrary, Mr. Bliss cut himself off from further pastry tributes by making Miss Stebbins a pastoral call, and mildly reproving her for slandering Miss Marsh, the district-school teacher.

"Love thinketh no evil," said Mr. Bliss on that memorable call, as if suggesting a text for a book-mark, which she had overlooked.

"If some folks is minded to walk in blinders and tongue-tied all their life, they're welcome to,—*I* believe in seeing truth, and speaking truth," replied Miss Stebbins.

"My friend," said Mr. Bliss, with tender solemnity, "look into the hearts of men with eyes as clear and piercing as our Lord's, but beware of failing to see the good He saw, and beware of passing judgments less loving and charitable than His."

Four Sundays had passed, and Hebe was the only worshiper in Miss Stebbins's pew. She sat there with her soul in her eyes and her eyes on the minister, her round cheek flushing and paling as she joined in the hymns; and once, when she lifted her head after the last prayer, the minister himself remarked the tremulous lips and wet lashes, and wondered what they meant.

"I tell you, wife, I shouldn't be s'prised if the sperit was working in that young Heby," remarked Deacon Biddle, going home from church.

"Father, it's my belief it's an evil sperit, and that sperit is Liza Stebbins," replied his wife, emphatically.

Of course rumor was not dumb on the subject of Miss Stebbins's sudden withdrawal from sanctuary privileges; it made shrewd guesses at the truth, and it looked forward to the donation party as a test occasion: "If she holds out against That, we may as well give her up," was the village conclusion. This was a wretched time for Hebe. loved the meeting-house and minister all her innocent heart, and she could bear to feel that a shadow had fallen on pew, excommunicating them, as it were, the sunlight of God's favor.

And then to give up the party—all its and merry-making, the loaded table, the s of coffee over the whole house, the zling brilliancy of lamps everywhere, good old games of blind-man's-buff and and-geese,—and then to put such an slight on the minister! Oh, it was heart-br ing; and Hebe decided on her knees,— had a way of solving such little proble life in the middle of her prayers,—that g would, and with full hands, too. The wound up with the petition,—hardly t found in the prayer-book,—that Aunt heart might be moved to let her make jumbles.

The next day, however, doubting whe Providence intended to interfere in the ter of the jumbles, Hebe came to the de rate resolve, as we have seen, of investin entire worldly fortune in sugar. She softly up the garden-walk, swinging her bonnet by the strings, and carrying fou cents worth of sweetness under her a Her forces were quickly brought tog and arranged on the buttery shelf— sugar, milk, and great eggs with transp shells. From that moment the jumbles foregone conclusions. Looking at the parations and the hands beating up the so deftly, I should have said: There i most delicious batch of jumbles you tasted! and if you had asked, Where should have replied, chaotically but dently: Oh, in the sugar and things mostly, I guess, in Hebe's fingers.

Through the open window came little of air, faint and sweet as a baby's breath fooled with the rings of hair about her until she brushed them back with her hands, giving herself quite unconsciousl look of a modern belle.

The cakes came out of the oven, and golden, spotted here and there sugary eyes where sugar bubbles had "There!" said Hebe, with a sigh of im relief as she stacked up the cakes b window and spread a white napkin them; "its all come true—what Mr. says about God's using our fingers to a our prayers with. I shouldn't wonder had put Aunt Stebbins asleep on purpo

Aunt Stebbins at that moment was s the fragrance of fresh-baked cake thro ack in the kitchen door, and gaining all e baleful knowledge which that rather lim-ed avenue of light afforded to one eye; and ese were the words that fell slowly and engefully from the thin lips—"I'll be even ith her—the hussy!"

Hebe ran up to her little back room, a ery poor place—until she entered it. She ut back the curtain from the west window, d sat down on a stool, in the level sun-ine. The sun was dropping towards the orizon through fathoms of misty blue and olden haze, and the tranquil air was sweet ith old-fashioned pinks and flowering-cur-nt. Hebe was sensitive to beauty always, ide-awake to the charms of common things; ot that a flower or a sunset was of any ommercial value to her, for she was abso-tely incapable of tinging sentiment with e rose of a sunset or embalming it in the cent of a violet. But her instincts were fine nd true, and they led her to appropriate, for eir own sake, sweets of sound, scent, and olor wherever she found them. Ordinarily, at is; at present, worn with the fatigue of e day, her head dropped on her crossed rms; and, as she slept, the old apple-tree st outside the window dropped a few of its ealth of blossoms on the auburn hair.

And as she slept, Miss Liza Stebbins own below was getting "even with her."

"Here comes Hebe Gladney, girls; and ith a donation too, as you're alive!" whis-ered Cinthy Crane.

"Well now, Heby, it's good to see your onny face," said Mother Biddle, bustling orward, and giving her a comprehensive kiss hat made you think of a sunflower smacking peach-blossom. "And ain't Miss Stebbins ome?" questioned Mrs. Biddle.

"No, ma'am," said Hebe, hesitating and orrowful.

"There, girls; didn't I tell you Lizy Steb-ins was mortal mad at the minister?" said Miss Crane, not too softly for Hebe's ears.

"There's beauties, Mr. Bliss!" exclaimed Mrs. Biddle, cheerily, catching the minister's oat as he was passing, and lifting the nap-in from Hebe's basket; "you can always ount on something good from Miss Steb-ins's oven."

Oh, how Hebe blessed the dear soul, in her eart, for that speech!

"Your aunt made 'em, dear?"

"N-no—I made them," said Hebe, de-outly wishing that the tip of Miss Stebbins's ittle finger had touched the dough, so that she might divide the honors with her.

"La! Mr. Bliss, off with you now, not a jumble till supper-time," cried the good woman, holding the basket above her head;—"you must save your appetite for the substantives," she added, unconscious of the arid grammatical prospect to which she doomed a hungry man.

"Ah, if you knew on what small rations my housekeeper has kept me for the last week, starving me on anticipations of to-night," pleaded Mr. Bliss, pathetically, but Mother Biddle trotted off to the supper room, laughing and shaking a fat finger at him.

Oh, the jollity and good-fellowship attending an old-fashioned donation party—that compromise between meanness and generosity, that parody on justice, that raven-like method of feeding starving Elijahs! All day the goodly stores pour in: now a load of smooth-skinned hickory that made Squire Treat's eyes water in the loading; now a white hen whose glossy feathers some little maid kissed before sending it to the minister; now a barrel of flour, and a bag of coffee, and packages of groceries, until the parsonage appears to be in a stage of siege. Then the delightful bustle, the boiler of coffee, steaming up fragrance, the mothers in Israel, hanging over the groaning supper table and wedging in one more plate of goodies, where, to any eye but that of faith, there was not room for a fairy's tea-cup.

"Friends, we will ask what we all need—God's blessing." Mr. Bliss stood, with lifted hand, at the head of the table.

The hum of voices was hushed, the laugh and the joke died on the lips, and all heads, young and old, were reverently bowed while he prayed that Love might not be an absent guest, but that, sitting at one board, they all might be of one heart and of one mind.

"Now, Mr. Bliss, I know you're hankering after one of Hebe's jumbles," said Mrs. Biddle when the meal had reached a stage that justified an attack on the cake.

"Thank you; remembering past famine, I'll take two," said the minister, beaming on Hebe over Deacon Biddle's shoulder.

That little speech created a demand for jumbles that stopped only with the supply. But alas for Hebe! her eager eyes fastened on the minister, caught him in the act of making up the wryest of faces. At the same instant Deacon Biddle, who had taken at a bite two-thirds of a cake, turned purple, gurgling and sputtering alarmingly: "Bless the man!" cried his wife, promptly doubling him over one stout arm and thumping his back with all the strength of the other. A small boy between the Deacon's legs, concluding that boys were fallen on evil times when vengeance was overtaking deacons, took a lightning review of his sins, gave himself up for lost, and sent up a lamentable wail.

"It's that horrid stuff!" cried several candid spirits, and fragments of the cake were dropped on floor and table with small ceremony.

"Who would have thought the young heart could be so desp'rit wicked as to salt donation jumbles!" sighed an old lady.

"It's worthy of a sheep in wolf's clothing, that it is," said Cinthy Crane, too righteously indignant to mind her metaphors.

Blind with shame and burning tears, Hebe slipped unnoticed through the door, picking up on the way a bit of the discarded cake,—it was as salt as Lot's wife! Hardly knowing where she went, she ran down the garden walk and flung herself into an old rustic seat:

"I see it all," she sobbed; "the hateful thing! she found them out when I was asleep, and made another batch just like excepting salt for sugar. And now she's eating up my cakes and crowing over me; and then to put such an insult on the minister;" and Hebe, frightened at the violence of her sobs and the catching pain at her heart, tried to still herself.

"Why, Hebe—my child—" and the minister laid a tender hand on her heaving shoulder. With a sense of disappointment in the girl and pity for the silly joke, as he thought it, he had searched the room for her, and as he stepped to the door for a moment's respite from the clamor of the supper room, her sobs betrayed her refuge to him.

"O sir, I will go home,—I ought to have gone at once," and Hebe sprang up and ran to the gate.

But the minister was at her side before she touched the latch: "Not till you have told me your trouble, dear child. I have a right to your confidence, as you have a right at all times to my love and sympathy."

"And you don't—hate me?" faltered Hebe, yielding a little cold palm into the minister's hand.

"Not altogether," he laughed.

He led her back to the seat,—the great syringa-bush over it was in its sweet white prime of flowering. There, nestling up to him like a grieved child, she told him the true story of the jumbles, omitting only the sacrifice of the fourteen cents.

"But to have everybody think that I meant to vex you,"—with a little catch in the breath—"when I love you better than any of them do—even old Deacon Biddle."

"Better than Deacon Biddle?"

"Oh, ever so much! I have wished," s
Hebe, laughing softly in the fullness of
happy confidence, "fifty times, that I
your little daughter to dust your books,
pray for you all day long,—but I can
*that*, now."

"And do you, Hebe?" the minist
voice was broken.

"Yes, sir," said Hebe.

"If there ain't the minister settin' un
the syringy-bush with Hebe Gladney,"
claimed Miss Crane, making a double-
reled spy-glass of her hands, and gazing
of the window as if the sight had a horri
fascination for her.

"Can't somethin' be done, Deacon
dle?"

"Wa'al, yes," said the Deacon, squa
his elbow and indulging in that peculi
mellow gurgle of his; "s'posin you take
arm, Miss Cinthy, and we'll walk down
take a swing on the gate to show them
ketching is a bad example. Shall we, ma

Whereat Mother Biddle laughed—a mel
laugh in its way, too—and said, "Don't m
his chaff, Cinthy," but Miss Crane
flounced away to sow the seeds of scanda
more congenial soil.

"And you will not go in with me, He
and let me explain it to the people? I
shield your aunt as much as possible," ur
Mr. Bliss.

But Hebe shrank from facing them a
that night; and if he would be so good a
tell them, she would run home alone.

At the gate,—he followed her so far,—
said timidly, "I don't know how I dare
tell you all my heart, sir; but it was so
and you were so kind—so kind;" the ha
tears were glistening in Hebe's eyes.

"I understand you, little daughter."

As he stooped, the moonlight showed
a tremulous sweet mouth held innocentl
to him, but he only kissed her foreh
"Good-night, little daughter," and he lai
hand in blessing on her head.

As she sped away down the narrow pa
so narrow that her dress wiped the dew
the faces of daisies and dandelions-
watched her with a new warmth at his h
and a sense of purity, as if the earth
taken a baptismal vow of holiness upo
lips, and the stars were registering it.

As for Hebe, she fairly flew homeward
light-hearted to walk. The door was o
Miss Stebbins was wrapped in invisibili
not in slumber, and the child crept to
room and to bed, like a bird with a new

ts throat, which it must wait till morning practice. She tried to measure this new piness, to assure herself of its reality, to l again each thrill of utter comfort and ntent, from the first touch of his hand upon shoulder—such a strong and gentle hand o his fatherly kiss. And she was to be little daughter, always! But suddenly new happiness crumbled in her hands dust,—the change came in a breath;—ebe was only fifteen, but she blushed the shes and wept the tears of twenty-one, she hid her face in the pillow from the onlight.

The next day Mr. Bliss and Miss Crane t upon Miss Stebbins's door-step; not by sign,—far from it. However prone the nister might be to clandestine meetings der syringa bushes, Miss Crane could not cuse him of seeking *tête-à-têtes* with herf. It would be uncharitable to suspect t this made her a keener moral detective sharpened her sense of virtue.

Hebe ushered them into Miss Stebbins's rlor, to which shortly descended that lady h an enigmatical expression on her face. e bowed frigidly to Mr. Bliss, who said h perfect cordiality:

“We missed you from our party last night, ss Stebbins.”

“I was cleaning the communion silver, r. Bliss. I may be unworthy of commun myself, but I hope I do my duty by the ver,” replied the lady, severely.

The silver, which at Miss Stebbins's own quest had been confided to her care for the ar, was in danger of being refined quite ay, for, according to her own account, its eaning was the business and pleasure of her e.

“I thank you, on behalf of the church,” d Mr. Bliss, and then conversation lanished.

Miss Crane had come expressly to tell iss Stebbins of the minister's “goings on” th Hebe. Miss Stebbins was burning to ar the results of her malice, for Hebe's lips d been sealed on the subject all day.

“Hebe,” said the minister abruptly, “get ur hat, please; I want your opinion about e parsonage flower-beds.”

“Hebe's got an afternoon's ironing to do,” d Miss Stebbins, sharply.

“Very well; my housekeeper will gladly me over and help you. I cannot wait, ebe,” turning to the girl, who stood in an ony of hope and fear in the door-way. at shade of authority gave wings to her t as she mounted the stairs, and nerved her to walk off with the minister under the indignant noses of the two maiden ladies.

“Well, I never!” ejaculated Miss Stebbins, peering through the blinds at the pair, and trembling with rage; “Of all owdacious men, a minister is the owdaciousest,—the minx! walkin' off under my very eyes.”

“Ah, if you knew *all*, Lizy,” said Miss Crane, mournfully.

“All! If there's anything worse, I'd like to hear it,” exclaimed the other, with unconscious sincerity.

“Don't ask me; if it was anybody but your own niece I might have the heart to tell it.”

“O, I can bear it. I'm prepared for the worst.”

“Well, what does Hebe do, when we was all at table, but sneak out o'doors, winking of course to Mr. Bliss on the way, and what does he do, in the middle of one of Deacon Biddle's stories, but foller her on; and *where*, do you suppose? To the *Syringy bush!* I never should have suspicioned such a thing myself, but when I see them setting there together it told the whole story. And there they set and they set, till folks were inquiring after the minister. I told all I could, as was my Christian duty, but not a sinner of 'em went out to put a stop to it. Bimeby they walked off down the walk, and stood mooning at the gate I s'pose, for of all shining faces that ever you saw, his was the shiniest when he come in. She went home, of course, being ashamed to show her face after such goings on.”

Miss Stebbins's cup of bitterness was not quite brimmed,—she had yet to learn, as soon as Miss Crane recovered breath, that the cake plot was an utter failure, since Mr. Bliss had made a neat apology for the absent Hebe, which had called forth a hearty cheer from the company, led by the Deacon himself and effectively sustained by the small boy, who had recovered his spirits.

“The next time Hebe Gladney goes a-walkin' with Minister Bliss, she leaves my roof,” said Miss Stebbins, with deadly emphasis.

Meantime the minister and Hebe had strolled to the parsonage gate—were passing it, indeed—when she said, timidly, “Your flower-beds, sir.”

“Why, certainly,” he answered; “we need not go in,”—leaning over the fence abstractedly. “What is your idea of a bed in the middle of that grass-plot?”

“Why, sir, you told me you had planted cypress-vine seeds there.”

"So I did!" said the minister; and after a pause, "How would verbenas look climbing up the sides of the stoop?"

"O dear, very nice if they could, but they only *creep*," laughed Hebe.

"Well, well, I see I am not fit even to make suggestions. Just draw a little plan of two or three beds, with the varieties of flowers suited to them, and I will work it out. Now I want to walk you across the fields to the bend in the brook where there are more violets than you could press in my library."

It was a strange walk. Hebe thought of the times she had walked from Sunday-school with him, talking of the lesson and the little duties to which it pointed, and wondered why that should be so different from going to look at violets. The very grass had a strange feeling under her feet; and what a monstrous thing seemed a style to get over, when the minister, of whom one stands in so much awe for all his kindness, is holding out a helpful hand! At the second stile he stopped, ensconced Hebe in a sunny angle of the rail-fence, and said, in answer to her questioning look,

"Hebe, I must take it back—the name I gave you last night."

"Yes," said Hebe, "I know it."

An assent so ready, and given in a tone of such quiet, sad conviction, took him quite aback. Nature had stolen a march on the minister, and revealed this thing to the girl by one of those flashes of perception that reveal new truths so absolutely in all their bearings and sequences to the soul, that it accepts them without surprise.

"You know it, Hebe—how?"

"I feel it; I can't—tell—" said the girl, quiveringly, and peeling the lichens from the fence.

It was infinitely worse than saying the catechism to him,—only the catechist h self seemed strangely at a loss for the n question.

"Shall I answer for you?—O child! if little daughter of last night might some ti —in years to come—be happy as my li wife—"

I think Hebe will never forget just h when one is half blind with joy, the yell disc of a dandelion swells into a gol mushroom, and how a lark lifts the hap heart to heaven on a thread of song.

For Spring was everywhere,—a tiny c ful of Spring in every buttercup,—a nes of it wherever married birds were beginn life; but nowhere such radiant, perf Spring as in Hebe's eyes.

"It is only a relic of college vanity, has no associations but those we give now," said the minister, slipping a thin g ring from his finger to Hebe's; "large, i it? Well, it will stand the better for things: that you can never get outside circle of my love, and yet—you see how ily it slips off—it must never bind you t mistake."

The small finger has been growing si then,—growing quite to the measure of golden circle; and it has found out no r take as yet. Only lately, walking thro the same fields, Hebe said,

"See what a good fit it is!"

"Perfect," said the minister; "and is a good quiet place to practice in. Let see,—'With all my worldly goods I thee dow'—"

"I'm glad *I* shall not have to pror that," broke in Hebe, with a mischiev twinkle.

"And why so, pray, Hebe Bliss?"

"Because I couldn't; didn't I put last cent into those jumbles, sir?"

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## WHAT IS YOUR CULTURE TO ME?*

Twenty-one years ago in this house I heard a voice, calling me to ascend the platform, and there to stand and deliver. The voice was the voice of President North; the language was an excellent imitation of that used by Cicero and Julius Cæsar. I remember the flattering invitation—it is the classic tag that clings to the graduate long after he has forgotten the gender of the nouns that end in *um*—*orator proximus*, the grat voice said, *ascendat*, *videlicet*, and so fo To be proclaimed an orator, and an asce ing orator, in such a sonorous tongue, in face of a world waiting for orators, sti one's blood like the herald's trumpet w the lists are thrown open. Alas! for mos us, who crowded so eagerly into the ar it was the last appearance as orators on stage.

The facility of the world for swallowing orators, and company after company lucated young men, has been remarked. ut it is almost incredible to me now that ie class of 1851, with its classic sympathies nd its many revolutionary ideas, disappeard in the flood of the world so soon and so lently, causing scarcely a ripple in the noothly flowing stream. I suppose the henomenon has been repeated for twenty ears. Do the young gentlemen at Hamilton, wonder, still carry on their ordinary conersation in the Latin tongue, and their imiliar vacation correspondence in the lanuage of Aristophanes? I hope so. I hope ney are more proficient in such exercises nan the young gentlemen of twenty years go were, for I have still great faith in a culure that is so far from any sordid aspiration s to approach the ideal; although the young raduate is not long in learning that there is n indifference in the public mind with reard to the First Aorist that amounts nearly o apathy, and that millions of his fellow-reatures will probably live and die without he consolations of the Second Aorist. It is melancholy fact that after a thousand years f missionary effort, the vast majority of civilzed men do not know that *gerunds* are found nly in the singular number.

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* Delivered before the Alumni of Hamilton College, Clinton, N. Y., Wednesday, June 26.

I confess that this failure of the annual raduating class to make its expected imression on the world has its pathetic side. outh is credulous—as it always ought to be —and full of hope—else the world were dead lready—and the graduate steps out into life vith an ingenuous self-confidence in his reources. It is to him an event, this turning oint in the career of what he feels to be an mportant and immortal being. His entrance s public and with some dignity of display. or a day the world stops to see it; the ewspapers spread abroad a report of it, nd the modest scholar feels that the eyes of nankind are fixed on him in expectation and lesire. Though modest, he is not insensible o the responsibility of his position. He has nly packed away in his mind the wisdom of he ages, and he does not intend to be stingy bout communicating it to the world which is waiting his graduation. Fresh from the communion with great thoughts in great literatures, he is in haste to give mankind the benefit of them, and lead it on into new enthusiasm and new conquests.

The world, however, is not very much excited. The birth of a child is in itself marvelous, but it is so common. Over and over again, for hundreds of years, these young gentlemen have been coming forward with their specimens of learning tied up in neat little parcels, all ready to administer, and warranted to be of the purest materials. The world is not unkind, it is not even indifferent, but it must be confessed that it does not act any longer as if it expected to be enlightened. It is generally so busy that it does not even ask the young gentlemen what they can do, but leaves them standing with their little parcels, wondering when the person will pass by who requires one of them, and when there will happen a little opening in the procession into which they can fall. They expected that way would be made for them with shouts of welcome, but they find themselves before long struggling to get even a standing-place in the crowd—it is only Kings, and the nobility, and those forfunates who dwell in the tropics, where bread grows on trees and clothing is unnecessary, who have reserved seats in this world.

To the majority of men, I fancy that literature is very much the same that history is; and history is presented as a museum of antiquities and curiosities, classified, arranged, and labelled. One may walk through it as he does through the Hotel de Cluny; he feels that he ought to be interested in it, but it is very tiresome. Learning is regarded in like manner as an accumulation of literature, gathered into great store-houses called libraries—the thought of which excites great respect in most minds, but is ineffably tedious. Year after year and age after age it accumulates—this evidence and monument of intellectual activity—piling itself up in vast collections, which it needs a lifetime even to catalogue, and through which the uncultured walk as the idle do through the British museum, with no very strong indignation against Omar who burnt the library at Alexandria.

To the popular mind this vast accumulation of learning in libraries or in brains, that do not visibly apply it, is much the same thing. The business of the scholar appears to be this sort of accumulation; and the young student, who comes to the world with a little portion of this treasure, dug out of some classic tomb or mediæval museum, is received with little more enthusiasm than is the miraculous handkerchief of St. Veronica by the crowd of Protestants to whom it is exhibited on Holy Week in St. Peter's. The historian must make his museum live again; the scholar must vivify his learning with a present purpose.

It is unnecessary for me to say that all this is only from the unsympathetic and worldly side. I should think myself a criminal if I said anything to chill the enthusiasm of the young scholar, or to dash with any scepticism his longing and his hope. He has chosen the highest. His beautiful faith and his aspiration are the light of life. Without his fresh-enthusiasm and his gallant devotion to learning, to art, to culture, the world would be dreary enough. Through him comes the ever-springing inspiration in affairs. Baffled at every turn and driven defeated from an hundred fields, he carries victory in himself. He belongs to a great and immortal army. Let him not be discouraged at his apparent little influence, even though every sally of every young life may seem like a forlorn hope. No man can see the whole of the battle. It must needs be that regiment after regiment, trained, accomplished, gay and high with hope, shall be sent into the field, marching on, into the smoke, into the fire, and be swept away. The battle swallows them, one after the other, and the foe is yet unyielding, and the ever-remorseless trumpet calls for more and more. But not in vain, for some day, and every day, along the line, there is a cry, "they fly, they fly," and the whole army advances, and the flag is planted on an ancient fortress where it never waved before. And, even if you never see this, better than inglorious camp-following is it to go in with the wasting regiment; to carry the colors up the slope of the enemy's works, though the next moment you fall and find a grave at the foot of the glacis.

What are the relations of culture to common life, of the scholar to the day-laborer? What is the value of this vast accumulation of higher learning, what is its point of contact with the mass of humanity, that toils and eats and sleeps and reproduces itself and dies, generation after generation, in an unvarying round, on an unvarying level? We have had discussed lately the relation of culture to religion. Mr. Froude, with a singular, reactionary ingenuity, has sought to prove that the progress of the century, so-called, with all its material alleviations, has done little in regard to a happy life, to the pleasure of existence, for the average individual Englishman. Into neither of these inquiries do I purpose to enter; but we may not unprofitably turn our attention to a subject closely connected with both of them.

It has not escaped your attention that there are indications everywhere of what may be called a ground-swell. There is not simply an inquiry as to the value of classic culture, a certain jealousy of the schools where it is obtained, a rough popular contempt for the
graces of learning, a failure to see any co
nection between the first aorist and the ro
ing of steel rails, but there is arising an ang
protest against the conditions of a life whi
make one free of the serene heights of thoug
and give him range of all intellectual cou
tries, and keep another at the spade and t
loom, year after year, that he may earn fo
for the day and lodging for the night. In o
day the demand here hinted at has tak
more definite form and determinate aim, a
goes on, visible to all men, to unsettle socie
and change social and political relatio
The great movement of labor, extravaga
and preposterous as are some of its deman
demagogic as are most of its leaders, fant
tic as are many of its theories, is neverthel
real, and gigantic, and full of a certain p
meval force, and with a certain justice in
that never sleeps in human affairs, but mov
on, blindly often and destructively often,
movement cruel at once and credulous, c
ceived and betrayed, and revenging itself
friends and foes alike. Its strength is in t
fact that it is natural and human; it mig
have been predicted from a mere knowled
of human nature, which is always restless
any relations it is possible to establish, whi
is always like the sea, seeking a level, a
never so discontented as when anything li
a level is approximated.

What is the relation of the scholar to t
present phase of this movement? What
the relation of culture to it? By schola
mean the man who has had the advanta
of such an institution as this. By cultur
mean that fine product of opportunity a
scholarship which is to mere knowledge w
manners are to the gentleman. The wo
has a growing belief in the profit of kno
edge, of information, but it has a suspic
of culture. There is a lingering notion
matters religious that something is lost by
finement, at least that there is danger t
the plain, blunt, essential truths will be l
in æsthetic graces. The laborer is getting
consent that his son shall go to school, a
learn how to build an undershot wheel o
assay metals; but why plant in his mind th
principles of taste which will make him
sensitive to beauty as to pain, why open
him those realms of imagination with the
limitable horizons, the contours and co
of which can but fill him with indefinite lo
ing?

It is not necessary for me in this prese
to dwell upon the value of culture. I
rather to have you notice the gulf that
between what the majority want to kno

ıat fine fruit of knowledge concerning which ıere is so wide-spread an infidelity. Will ılture aid a minister in a "protracted meet- ıg?" Will the ability to read Chaucer assist shopkeeper? Will the politician add to ıe "sweetness and light" of his lovely ca- er if he can read the Battle of the Frogs ıd the Mice in the original? What has the rmer to do with the Rose Garden of Saadi?

I suppose it is not altogether the fault of ıe majority that the true relation of culture common life is so misunderstood. The holar is largely responsible for it; he is rgely responsible for the isolation of his osition, and the want of sympathy it begets. o man can influence his fellows with any ower who retires into his own selfishness, ıd gives himself to a self-culture which has further object. What is he that he should osorb the sweets of the universe, that he ıould hold all the claims of humanity second the perfecting of himself? This effort to ıve his own soul was common to Goethe ıd Francis of Asissi; under different mani- stations it was the same regard for self. nd where it is an intellectual and not a spir- ıal greediness, I suppose it is what an old riter calls "laying up treasures in hell."

It is not an unreasonable demand of the ajority that the few who have the advanta- s of the training of college and university, ıould exhibit the breadth and sweetness of generous culture, and should shed every- here that light which ennobles common ings, and without which life is like one of e old landscapes in which the artist forgot put sunlight. One of the reasons why the ıllege-bred man does not meet this reasona- e expectation is that his training, too often, ıs not been thorough and conscientious, it ıs not been of himself; he has acquired, but is not educated. Another is that, if he is lucated, he is not impressed with the inti- acy of his relation to that which is below m as well as that which is above him, and s culture is out of sympathy with the great ass that needs it, and must have it, or it ill remain a blind force in the world, the ver of demagogues who preach social ıarchy and misname it progress. There is culture so high, no taste so fastidious, no ace of learning so delicate, no refinement of so exquisite, that it cannot at this hour l full play for itself in the broadest fields umanity; since it is all needed to soften attritions of common life, and guide to r aspirations the strong materialistic in- entl s of our restless society.

heir reason, as I said, for the gulf between the majority and the select few to be educated is, that the college does not seldom disappoint the reasonable expectation concerning it. The graduate of the carpenter's shop knows how to use his tools—or used to in days before superficial training in trades became the rule. Does the college graduate know how to use his tools? Or has he to set about fitting himself for some employment, and gaining that culture, that training of himself, that utilization of his information which will make him necessary in the world? There has been a great deal of discussion whether a boy should be trained in the classics or mathematics or sciences or modern languages. I feel like saying "yes" to all the various propositions; for heaven's sake train him in something, so that he can handle himself, and have free and confident use of his powers. There isn't a more helpless creature in the universe than a scholar with a vast amount of information over which he has no control. He is like a man with a load of hay so badly put upon his cart that it all slides off before he can get to market. The influence of a man on the world is generally proportioned to his ability to do something. When Abraham Lincoln was running for the legislature the first time, on the platform of the improvement of the navigation of the Sangamon river, he went to secure the votes of thirty men who were cradling a wheat-field. They asked no questions about internal improvements, but only seemed curious whether Abraham had muscle enough to represent them in the legislature. The obliging man took up a cradle and led the gang round the field. The whole thirty voted for him.

What is scholarship? The learned Hindu can repeat I do not know how many thousands of lines from the Vedas, and perhaps backwards as well as forwards. I heard of an excellent old lady who had counted how many times the letter A occurs in the Holy Scriptures. The Chinese students who aspire to honors spend years in verbally memorizing the classics—Confucius and Mencius—and receive degrees and public advancement upon ability to transcribe from memory without the error of a point, or misplacement of a single tea-chest character, the whole of some book of morals. You do not wonder that China is to-day more like an herbarium than anything else. Learning is a kind of fetish, and it has no influence whatever upon the great inert mass of Chinese humanity.

I suppose it is possible for a young gentleman to be able to read—just think of it, after ten years of grammar and lexicon, not to know Greek literature and have flexible command of all its richness and beauty, but to read it—it is possible, I suppose, for the graduate of college to be able to read all the Greek authors, and yet to have gone, in regard to his own culture, very little deeper than a surface reading of them; to know very little of that perfect architecture and what it expressed; nor of that marvelous sculpture and the conditions of its immortal beauty; nor of that artistic development which made the Acropolis to bud and bloom under the blue sky like the final flower of a perfect nature; nor of that philosophy, that politics, that society, nor of the life of that polished, crafty, joyous race, the springs of it and the far-reaching still unexpended effects of it.

Yet as surely as that nothing perishes, that the Providence of God is not a patchwork of uncontinued efforts, but a plan and a progress, as surely as the pilgrim embarkation at Delf Haven has a relation to the battle of Gettysburg, and to the civil rights bill giving the colored man permission to ride in a public conveyance, and to be buried in a public cemetery, so surely has the Parthenon some connection with your new State capital at Albany, and the daily life of the vine-dresser of the Peloponnesus some lesson for the American day-laborer. The scholar is said to be the torch-bearer, transmitting the increasing light from generation to generation, so that the feet of all, the humblest and the lowliest, may walk in the radiance and not stumble. But he very often carries a dark lantern.

Not what is the use of Greek, of any culture in art or literature, but what is the good to me of your knowing Greek, is the latest question of the ditch-digger to the scholar—what better off am I for your learning? And the question, in view of the inter-dependence of all members of society, is one that cannot be put away as idle. One reason why the scholar does not make the world of the past, the world of books, real to his fellows and serviceable to them, is that it is not real to himself, but a mere unsubstantial place of intellectual idleness, where he dallies some years before he begins his task in life. And another reason is, that while it may be real to him, while he is actually cultured and trained, he fails to see or to feel that his culture is not a thing apart, and that all the world has a right to share its blessed influence. Failing to see this, he is isolated, and, wanting his sympathy, the untutored world mocks at his superfineness and takes its ow
rough way to rougher ends. Greek art wa
for the people, Greek poetry was for the pe
ple; Raphael painted his immortal frescoe
where throngs could be lifted in thought an
feeling by them; Michael Angelo hung th
dome over St. Peter's so that the far-off pe
sant on the Campagna could see it, and th
maiden kneeling by the shrine in the Alba
hills. Do we often stop to think what i
fluence, direct or other, the scholar, the ma
of high culture, has to-day upon the gre
mass of our people? Why do they as
what is the use of your learning and yo
art?

The artist, in the retirement of his studi
finishes a charming, suggestive, historic
picture. The rich man buys it and hangs
in his library, where the privileged few c
see it. I do not deny that the average ri
man needs all the refining influence the pi
ture can exert on him, and that the pictu
is doing missionary work in his house; but
is nevertheless an example of an educati
influence withdrawn and appropriated to n
row uses. But the engraver comes, and,
his mediating art, transfers it to a thousa
sheets, and scatters its sweet influence
abroad. All the world, in its toil, its hung
its sordidness, pauses a moment to look
it—that gray sea-coast, the receding *M*
*flower*, the two young Pilgrims in the fo
ground regarding it, with tender thoughts
the far home—all the world looks on it p
haps for a moment thoughtfully, perhaps te
fully, and is touched with the sentiment of
is kindled into a glow of nobleness by
sight of that faith, and love, and resolute
votion, which have tinged our early hist
with the faint light of romance. So art is
longer the enjoyment of the few, but the h
and solace of the many.

The scholar who is cultured by books,
flection, travel, by a refined society, cons
with his kind, and more and more remo
himself from the sympathies of common l
I know how almost inevitable this is, h
almost impossible it is to resist the segre
tion of classes according to the affinities
taste. But by what mediation shall the
ture that is now the possession of the few
made to leaven the world and to elevate
sweeten ordinary life? By books? Yes.
the newspaper? Yes. By the diffusion
works of art? Yes. But when all is d
that can be done by such letters missive f
one class to another, there remains the n
of more personal contact, of a human syn
thy, diffused and living. The world has

nough of charities. It wants respect and onsideration. We desire no longer to be gislated for, it says, we want to be legislated ith. Why do you never come to see me ut you bring me something? asks the sensi- ve and poor seamstress. Do you always ive some charity to your friends? I want ompanionship, and not cold pieces; I want o be treated like a human being who has erves and feelings, and tears too, and as uch interest in the sunset, and in the birth f Christ, perhaps, as you. And the mass of ncared-for ignorance and brutality, finding voice at length, bitterly repels the condescensions of charity; you have your culture, our libraries, your fine houses, your church, our religion, and your God, too; let us lone, we want none of them. In the bear-it at Berne, the occupants, who are the ards of the city, have had meat thrown to hem daily for I know not how long, but they re not tamed by this charity, and would robably eat up any careless person who fell nto their clutches, without apology.

Do not impute to me Quixotic notions with egard to the duties of men and women of ulture, or think that I undervalue the difficulties in the way, the fastidiousness on the ne side, or the jealousies on the other. It is by no means easy to an active participant to define the drift of his own age; but I seem to see plainly that unless the culture of the age finds means to diffuse itself, working downward and reconciling antagonisms by a commonness of thought and feeling and aim in life, society must more and more separate itself into jarring classes, with mutual misunderstandings and hatred and war. To suggest remedies is much more difficult than to see evils; but the comprehension of dangers is the first step towards mastering them. The problem of our own time—the reconciliation of the interests of classes—is as yet very illy defined. This great movement of labor, for instance, does not know definitely what it wants, and those who are spectators do not know what their relations are to it. The first thing to be done is for them to try to understand each other. One class sees that the other has lighter or at least different labor, opportunities of travel, a more liberal supply of the luxuries of life, a higher enjoyment and a keener relish of the beautiful, the immaterial. Looking only at external conditions, it concludes that all it needs to come into this better place is wealth, and so it organizes war upon the rich, and it makes demands of freedom from toil and of compensation which it is in no man's power to give it, and which would not, if granted over and over again, lift it into that condition it desires. It is a tale in the Gulistan, that a king placed his son with a preceptor, and said,—"This is your son; educate him in the same manner as your own." The preceptor took pains with him for a year, but without success, whilst his own sons were completed in learning and accomplishments. The king reproved the preceptor, and said,—"You have broken your promise, and not acted faithfully." He replied,—"O king, the education was the same, but the capacities are different. Although silver and gold are produced from a stone, yet these metals are not to be found in every stone. The star Canopus shines all over the world, but the scented leather comes only from Yemen." "'Tis an absolute, and, as it were, a divine perfection," says Montaigne, "for a man to know how loyally to enjoy his being. We seek other conditions, by reason we do not understand the use of our own; and go out of ourselves, because we know not how there to reside."

But nevertheless it becomes a necessity for us to understand the wishes of those who demand a change of condition, and it is necessary that they should understand the compensations as well as the limitations of every condition. The dervish congratulated himself that although the only monument of his grave would be a brick, he should at the last day arrive at and enter the gate of Paradise, before the king had got from under the heavy stones of his costly tomb. Nothing will bring us into this desirable mutual understanding except sympathy and personal contact. Laws will not do it; institutions of charity and relief will not do it.

We must believe, for one thing, that the graces of culture will not be thrown away if exercised among the humblest and the least cultured; it is found out that flowers are often more welcome in the squalid tenement-houses of Boston than loaves of bread. It is difficult to say exactly how culture can extend its influence into places uncongenial and to people indifferent to it, but I will try and illustrate what I mean, by an example or two.

Criminals in this country, when the law took hold of them, used to be turned over to the care of men who often had more sympathy with the crime than with the criminal, or at least to those who were almost as coarse in feeling and as brutal in speech as their charges. There have been some changes of late years in the care of criminals, but does public opinion yet everywhere demand that jailers and prison-keepers and executioners of the penal law should be men of refinement, of high character, of any degree of culture? I do not know any class more needing the best direct personal influence of the best civilization than the criminal. The problem of its proper treatment and reformation is one of the most pressing, and it needs practically the aid of our best men and women. I should have great hope of any prison establishment at the head of which was a gentleman of fine education, the purest tastes, the most elevated morality and lively sympathy with men as such, provided he had also will and the power of command. I do not know what might not be done for the viciously inclined and the transgressors, if they could come under the influence of refined men and women. And yet you know that a boy or a girl may be arrested for crime, and pass from officer to keeper, and jailer to warden, and spend years in a career of vice and imprisonment, and never once see any man or woman, officially, who has tastes, or sympathies, or aspirations much above that vulgar level whence the criminals came. Anybody who is honest and vigilant is considered good enough to take charge of prison birds.

The age is merciful and abounds in charities; houses of refuge for poor women, societies for the conservation of the exposed and the reclamation of the lost. It is willing to pay liberally for their support, and to hire ministers and distributors of its benefactions. But it is beginning to see that it cannot hire the distribution of love, nor buy brotherly feeling. The most encouraging thing I have seen lately is an experiment in one of our cities. In the thick of the town the ladies of the city have furnished and opened a reading-room, sewing-room, conversation-room, or what not, where young girls, who work for a living and have no opportunity for any culture, at home or elsewhere, may spend their evenings. They meet there always some of the ladies I have spoken of, whose unostentatious duty and pleasure it is to pass the evening with them, in reading or music or the use of the needle, and the exchange of the courtesies of life in conversation. Whatever grace and kindness and refinement of manner they carry there, I do not suppose is wasted. These are some of the ways in which culture can serve men. And I take it that one of the chief evidences of our progress in this century is the recognition of the truth that there is no selfishness so supreme —not even that in the possession of wealth— as that which retires into itself with all the accomplishments of liberal learning and rar opportunities, and looks upon the intellectua poverty of the world without a wish to reliev it. "As often as I have been among men, says Seneca, "I have returned less a man. And Thomas à Kempis declared that "th greatest saints avoided the company of me as much as they could, and chose to live t God in secret." The Christian philosoph was no improvement upon the pagan in thi respect, and was exactly at variance with th teaching and practice of Jesus of Nazaret

The American scholar cannot afford t live for himself, nor merely for scholarshi and the delights of learning. He must mak himself more felt in the material life of thi country. I am aware that it is said that th culture of the age is itself materialistic, an that its refinements are sensual; that there i little to choose between the coarse excesse of poverty and the polished and more dec rous animality of the more fortunate. With out entering directly upon the consideratio of this much-talked-of tendency, I should lik to notice the influence upon our present an probable future of the bounty, fertility, an extraordinary opportunities of this still ne land.

The American grows and develops him self with few restraints. Foreigners used t describe him as a lean, hungry, nervous an mal, gaunt, inquisitive, inventive, restless and certain to shrivel into physical inferiorit in his dry and highly oxygenated atmospher The apprehension is not well founded. It i quieted by his achievements the continen over, his virile enterprises, his endurance i war and in the most difficult explorations, hi resistance of the influence of great cities t wards effeminacy and loss of physical vigo If ever man took large and eager hold o earthly things and appropriated them to hi own use, it is the American. We are gros eaters, we are great drinkers. We shall ex cel the English when we have as long prac tice as they. I am filled with a kind o dismay when I see the great stock-yards o Chicago and Cincinnati, through which flo the vast herds and droves of the prairie marching straight down the throats of Easter people. Thousands are always sowing an reaping and brewing and distilling, to slak the immortal thirst of the country. We take indeed, strong hold of the earth; we absor its fatness. When Leicester entertaine Elizabeth at Kenilworth, the clock in th great tower was set perpetually at twelve, th hour of feasting. It is always dinner-time i America. I do not know how much land i akes to raise an average citizen, but I should y a quarter section. He spreads himself broad, he riots in abundance; above all hings he must have profusion, and he wants hings that are solid and strong.

On the Sorrentine promontory, and on the sland of Capri, the hardy husbandman and sherman draws his subsistence from the sea nd from a scant patch of ground. One may east on a fish and a handful of olives. The inner of the laborer is a dish of polenta, a ew figs, some cheese, a glass of thin wine. His wants are few and easily supplied. He s not overfed, his diet is not stimulating; I hould say that he would pay little to the hysician, that familiar of other countries whose family office is to counteract the effects of over-eating. He is temperate, frugal, ontent, and apparently draws not more of is life from the earth or the sea than from he genial sky. He would never build a Pacific railway, nor write an hundred volumes f commentary on the Scriptures; but he is n example of how little a man actually needs f the gross products of the earth.

I suppose that life was never fuller in certain ways than it is here in America. If a ivilization is judged by its wants, we are ertainly highly civilized. We cannot get and enough, nor clothes enough, nor houses nough, nor food enough. A Bedouin tribe would fare sumptuously on what one American family consumes and wastes. The revenue required for the wardrobe of one woman of fashion would suffice to convert the inhabitants of I know not how many square miles n Africa. It absorbs the income of a province to bring up a baby. We riot in prodigality, we vie with each other in material accumulation and expense. Our thoughts are mainly on how to increase the products of the world, and get them into our own possession.

I think this gross material tendency is strong in America, and more likely to get the mastery over the spiritual and the intellectual here than elsewhere, because of our exhaustless resources. Let us not mistake the nature of a real civilization, nor suppose we have it because we can convert crude iron nto the most delicate mechanism, or transport ourselves sixty miles an hour, or even if we shall refine our carnal tastes so as to be satisfied at dinner with the tongues of ortolans and the breasts of singing-birds.

Plato banished the musicians from his feasts because he would not have the charms of conversation interfered with. By comparison, music was to him a sensuous enjoyment. In any society the ideal must be the banishment of the more sensuous; the refinement of it will only repeat the continued experiment of history—the end of a civilization in a polished materialism, and its speedy fall from that into grossness.

I am sure that the scholar, trained to "plain living and high thinking," knows that the prosperous life consists in the culture of the man, and not in the refinement and accumulation of the material. The word culture is often used to signify that dainty intellectualism which is merely a sensuous pampering of the mind, as distinguishable from the healthy training of the mind as is the education of the body in athletic exercises from the petting of it by luxurious baths and unguents. Culture is the blossom of knowledge, but it is a fruit blossom, the ornament of the age but the seed of the future. The so-called culture, a mere fastidiousness of taste, is a barren flower.

You would expect spurious culture to stand aloof from common life, as it does, to extend its charities at the end of a pole, to make of religion a mere *cultus*, to construct for its heaven a sort of Paris, where all the inhabitants dress becomingly, and where there are no Communists. Culture, like fine manners, is not always the result of wealth or position. When monsigneur the archbishop makes his rare tour through the Swiss mountains, the simple peasants do not crowd upon him with boorish impudence, but strew his stony path with flowers, and receive him with joyous but modest sincerity. When the Russian Prince made his landing in America the determined staring of a bevy of accomplished American women nearly swept the young man off the deck of the vessel. One cannot but respect that tremulous sensitiveness which caused the maiden lady to shrink from staring at the moon when she heard there was a man in it.

The materialistic drift of this age, that is, its devotion to material development, is frequently deplored. I suppose it is like all other ages in that respect, but there appears to be a more determined demand for change of condition than ever before, and a deeper movement for equalization. Here in America this is, in great part, a movement for merely physical or material equalization. The idea seems to be well-nigh universal that the millennium is to come by a great deal less work and a great deal more pay. It seems to me that the millennium is to come by an infusion into all society of a truer culture, which is neither of poverty nor of wealth, but is the beautiful fruit of the development of the higher part of man's nature.

And the thought I wish to leave with you, as scholars and men who can command the best culture, is that it is all needed to shape and control the strong growth of material development here, to guide the blind instincts of the mass of men who are struggling fo freer place and a breath of fresh air; t you cannot stand aloof in a class isolatic that your power is in a personal sympa with the humanity which is ignorant but contented; and that the question which man with the spade asks about the use your culture to him, is a menace.

## THE CANOE:—HOW TO BUILD AND HOW TO MANAGE IT.

### CANOES IN GENERAL.

Heinrich Heine, when contemplating a monograph on the "Feet of the Women of Göttingen," announced that he should discuss, first, "feet in general;" second, "feet among the ancients;" third, the "feet of elephants;" and fourth, the "feet of the women of Göttingen." In discussing the modern cruising canoe, it will be necessary to speak of canoes in general, and of canoes among the early imitators of Macgregor, whose first canoe, though now only ten years old, represents the extreme antiquity of the modern canoe.

At the outset, disabuse your mind of the idea that the civilized canoe has any possible resemblance to the birch or savage canoe except in name. It is true that both are paddled. So, in point of fact, is the side-wheel steamboat; but neither the steamboat nor the civilized canoe is therefore properly to be classed with the savage canoe. Indeed, the canoe with which this treatise is concerned is not a canoe at all, but a cheap and portable yacht; derived remotely from the savage canoe, but resembling it rather less than Mr. Darwin resembles his ancestral ape.

The canoe is a solution of the problem "to find a vessel perfectly adapted for one person to cruise in." Now the man who proposes to travel alone from New York to the Thousand Islands, by way of the Hudson River and Lake Champlain, wants a boat in which he can sleep and carry provisions and stores; which can be propelled by sails when there is an available wind, or by the paddle—which is easier to handle than the oar—when the sails cannot be used. It must also be light enough to be taken out of the water and dragged over short land portages by a single pair of hands,—or else his cruise must be abandoned, or he must call on the casual countrymen for help.

The ordinary sail-boat will not answer these demands, for the reason that it is heavy that a yoke of oxen is required drag it out of the water. The Whitehall r boat is also too heavy to be dragged o the shortest portage by one or even t men. Moreover the row-boat has no ca in which to sleep, can carry but little s and must be rowed—instead of paddle when there is no wind. Neither the s boat nor the row-boat will then answer purpose of the solitary voyager. The car however, will perfectly meet his demar It is so light that he can carry it under arm; it has ample cabin accommodation can be sailed or paddled, and it is a be sea-boat than the best metallic surf-boat e yet built. Compare this commodious, ha little craft with the birch or dug-out ca of the savage, and you see at once tha has really nothing in common with moist, unpleasant, and dangerous affair.

### CANOES AMONG THE ANCIENTS.

The canoe—and by that term will h after be meant only the civilized clin built canoe-yacht—may be said to have b invented by Mr. J. Macgregor, an Eng barrister (doubtless of Scottish origin), the author of several books describing voyages made in his canoe, the *Rob* Strictly speaking, Mr. Macgregor is the who made the canoe a success, just as Fu made the steamboat a success; and he he, like Fulton, is entitled to be called inventor, though canoes and steamboats w designed and built before either Macgre or Fulton troubled themselves with pad or paddle-wheels. The pattern of the *Roy*, the first successful cruising canoe, been so greatly improved upon that it now be considered practically obsolete. dimensions are given here, however, pa because they may please the fancy of conservative canoeist, and partly as a ma of interest to the antiquarian. Dimens of *Rob Roy* No. 1: Length, 15 feet; b feet 4 inches; depth, 9 inches; keel, 1 inch; raught, 3 inches; weight, 80 pounds.

The original *Rob Roy* was built of oak vith a cedar deck, and rigged with a spritail set on a five-foot mast. Her midship ection was nearly semicircular, so that she vas excessively crank. Moreover she had o sheer, and hence would run her nose nder water when there was any sea on. he well-hole, in which the canoeist sat, was lliptical in form, and fifty-four inches in ength by twenty in breadth. It was a feat, econd only in difficulty to the contortions f a professional trapeze gymnast, to "go elow" at night in this canoe. Yet ticklish, ncomfortable, and heavy as she was, Mr. acgregor traveled hundreds of miles in her n the rivers of Germany, diffusing cheerulness and evangelical tracts wherever he vent.

The latest of Mr. Macgregor's canoes, he *Rob Roy* No 4, in which he made a ruise down the Jordan a year or two ago, vas somewhat of an improvement on the irst *Rob Roy*. Its dimensions were as follows: Length, 14 feet; beam, 2 feet 2 nches; depth, 1 foot. It was built of the same materials as the first *Rob Roy*, but the well-hole was larger, and the weight was eight pounds less. Still it was crank, heavy, uncomfortable, and a poor sailer. It represents, however, the best model of the *Rob Roy* type—a type of canoe which is, as has already been said, greatly inferior to later models. The republication in this country of Mr. Macgregor's books has given the *Rob Roy* an unfortunate notoriety: unfortunate, because the young American who wishes a canoe is very apt to build or import a *Rob Roy*, with which he is sure to become greatly discontented, and in consequence bitterly prejudiced against the canoe in any form.

There are other poor canoes besides those of the *Rob Roy* class, the least objectionable of which is the *Ringleader* type. These should be known only to be shunned, and the young canoeist should build or buy no canoe but one which is constructed upon the general model of Mr. Baden-Powell's *Nautilus* No. 3.

### THE PERFECT CANOE.

Mr. Baden-Powell is an English gentleman, who has invented a canoe that for cruising purposes may be considered perfect. This canoe is known in England as the *Nautilus* canoe, and, from the model of the third *Nautilus* built by the inventor, the New York Canoe Club has built, with slight modifications—chief among which is the straight stern-post—its entire fleet.

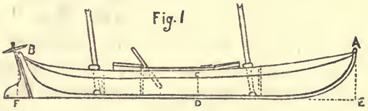
The *Rob Roy* had but little "bearings," no sheer, and no water-tight compartments. The *Nautilus* has two water-tight compartments sufficiently large to float her and her owner, even when the canoe is full of water. She has plenty of "bearings," and hence can carry a heavy press of sail. Her immense sheer keeps her dry when running before the wind, and makes her self-righting when capsized. She has abundant cabin room, and, when built of white cedar, weighs only about fifty-seven pounds. No better canoe could be desired.

The dimensions of this canoe, when intended for a canoeist under five feet ten inches in height, and weighing one hundred and sixty pounds or less, are as follows:

Length, 14 feet; beam, at bottom of top-streak, 2 feet 4 inches; depth amidships, from top of top-streak to bottom of keel, 10½ inches; height of stem-post above level of keel, 1 foot 10½ inches; height of stern-post, 1 foot 7½ inches; camber, 2 inches; depth of keel, 1½ inch.

By reference to accompanying diagrams, the model of the canoe will be more easily understood. It is, as has been already said, a clinker-built boat.

Fig. 1



From *A* to *B*, 14 feet; *C* to *D*, 10½ inches; *A* to *E*, 1 foot 10½ inches; *B* to *F*, 1 foot 7½ inches.

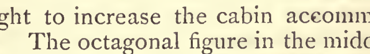


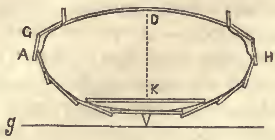
Fig. 2.

Beam amidships at bottom of top-streak, 2 feet 4 inches; beam at mast-hole, 2 feet; beam at dandy-mast hole, 1 foot 8 inches.

*B* and *b* are water-tight bulkheads; *S* is a movable bulkhead which can be taken out at night to increase the cabin accommodations. The octagonal figure in the middle of the boat is the well-hole in which the canoeist sits, and is provided with hatches at each end, moving upon hinges.

From *A* to *b*, 3 feet 5 inches; *F* to *B*, 4 feet; *F* to *M*, 4 feet 3 inches; *A* to *m*, 3 feet 7 inches; length of well-hole, 5 feet; greatest breadth of well-hole, 1 foot 8 inches; depth of hatch-combing, 1½ inch.

Fig. 3



From *A* to *H* (greatest beam), 2 feet 4 inches; *G* to *g* (depth from gunwale), $10\frac{1}{2}$ inches; *D* to *K* (depth inside), 1 foot; camber, 2 inches; the top-streak is $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches deep, and the other planks $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches. The floor-boards should be 5 feet in length, and 1 foot 4 inches wide amidships. The timbers should be 5 inches apart, except in the water-tight compartments, where they may be 8 or 10 inches apart. The timbers are, of course, made very light, being mere withes of oak, but, if placed near together and properly fastened, they will make the boat as strong as she need be. Should the canoeist weigh over one hundred and sixty pounds, the canoe should be lengthened in the proportion of five inches to every twenty pounds of additional weight. The width should, however, always remain the same.

### OF THE MATERIAL TO BE USED.

The Englishmen build their canoes chiefly of oak, for the reason that they have no light wood of sufficient strength. Fortunately, we have the white cedar, which is abundantly strong, while it is a little more than half the weight of oak. Build your canoe of white cedar, and if any conservative Briton tells you that cedar is too weak, understand that he is talking of Spanish cedar—a very different wood from white cedar.

The planks of the canoe are then to be made of $\frac{1}{4}$ inch white cedar. The keel should be of oak and the stem and stern-posts of spruce. The timbers and knees must also be oak, the carlines (or deck beams) of pine, and the deck of Spanish cedar. Pine will also be used for floor-boards, back-board, and bulkheads. The deck should be strong enough to bear the weight of the owner, and should be made of four planks free from knots. Around the gunwale should run a narrow beading of rosewood, black walnut or oak, and a smaller beading of the same material should be fitted around the bottom of the hatch-combing. The hatches are, of course, of the same material as the deck, but may be lighter, since no weight can come upon them.

The stern-post should be straight, inclined at an angle of, say, 70° to the keel, and provided with a rudder. The rudder may be managed either with yoke-lines or by a ler made to be worked with the feet. In t latter case, lead the tiller-ropes under t deck, or you will find them in the way your running rigging. The exact position the stretchers for the feet must, of cour depend upon the length of individual legs.

Step your mainmast in a copper tube inch in diameter, made fast to the keelsc If not stepped in a tube, the first time y are capsized, and try to unship your ma the strain upon the deck will rip up the lig planks and practically dismast you. T dandy or after-mast should be shipped in square wooden tube, one inch in diamet I could tell you the reason why this tu should be square, but if mentioned here would conflict with the systematic arrang ment of this treatise.

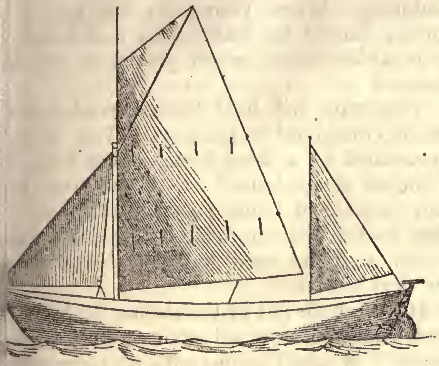
Your stem and stern-post will be arm with a strip of copper, and the canoe will, course, be copper-fastened. Your ba board, against which you lean when sailing paddling, may be made to please your in vidual fancy. It should be hung by a leatl strap to a hook on the after-side of the sl ing bulkhead, so as to allow it plenty of pl as you move about in paddling.

### RIGS, GOOD AND BAD.

A canoe may be rigged in a dozen diff ent ways. Limit yourself, however, to o of the three best rigs, the standing lug, t sliding gunter, and the sliding sprit.

The standing lug necessitates a small j which is the chief objection to it. The ma mast, with this rig, should be 7 feet from t masthead to the deck, and the yard 6 fe in length. The dimensions of the sail shou be—leach, 9 feet; foot, 6 feet; luff, 4 fee inches; and head, 6 feet. The yard must hooked to a traveler on the mast, so that will work smoothly and rapidly. It is, course, hoisted with halyards and is bra ed up with a double topping lift. The ma sail should have two reefs. The size of t jib is determined by the space required the forward end of the yard. The danc sail should equal in square inches the size the jib.

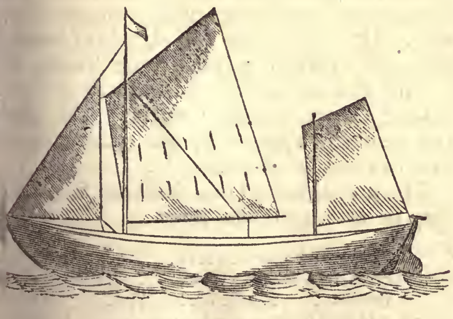
The sliding gunter is a handier and sa rig, but does not hold the wind quite as w as the square-headed lug. It derives name from the sliding gunter brass in whi the topmast ships—though whence the sl ing gunter brass derives its name no ratio man thinks of inquiring. The upper a lower parts of the brass are 6 inches apa the square part is 1 inch in diameter, a



SLIDING SPRIT.

round part $1\frac{3}{4}$ inch in diameter. The nd piece slides up and down the lower st, and the square part holds the topmast. The lower mast should be 4 feet 3 inches n deck to head, the topmast 4 feet. The om should be 6 feet long, and the dandy-st 4 feet 4 inches from deck to head. e boom may be attached to the mast ner with "jaws" and a lashing in the al way of most sloops and schooners, or a brass band fitting loosely around the st, and to which two projecting pieces of ss are soldered so as to form a socket. e end of the boom is provided with a ring-t which fits into the socket and is held h a screw. By withdrawing this screw the om can be unshipped at a moment's notice. these spars the sails must be accurate-fitted, and it is therefore unnecessary to e their exact measurements here,—since light change in the rake of either mast l alter the cut of each sail.

But by far the best rig of all is the sliding it, which is simply the sliding gunter with addition of a sprit to hold up the head of mainsail. The spars should be of the ne size as in the sliding gunter rig, the it, the lower end of which ships in a loop de fast to the gunter brass, being 6 feet long. The following are the largest sails that should be carried:



STANDING LUG.

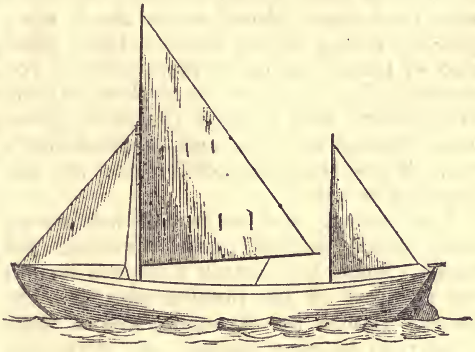
*Mainsail.*—Luff, 6 feet—of which three feet are laced to the topmast; leach, 9 feet; foot, 6 feet; head, 3 feet.

*Jib.*—Luff, 6 feet; leach, 4 feet; foot, 4 feet.

*Dandy.*—Luff, 4 feet 2 inches; leach, 4 feet; foot, 3 feet.

The mainsail has two reefs, and the sail may be still further shortened by removing the sprit. The chief use of the dandy is to keep the boat's head to the wind. She will, however, work well under jib and dandy alone, when the wind is on the quarter. The main-boom and topmast can be unshipped, and the dandy-mast shipped in the place of the topmast. A small sail for trolling purposes is thus obtained. You now behold the object of shipping the dandy-mast in a square tube. All spars should be made of spruce.

### THE SAILS AND RIGGING.



SLIDING GUNTER.

Assuming that you adopt the sliding-sprit rig, you will first buy five yards of light unbleached cotton, six feet wide. Cut out your mainsail so as to leave the selvage on the leach of the sail, and let the selvage also form the leach of the jib and dandy. Rope the remaining side of each sail with the smallest size of untarred hemp rope. Put six eyelet-holes in the upper half of the luff of the mainsail, in order to lace it to the topmast. Six other eyelet-holes should be put in the foot of the sail, and four in the luff of the dandy. Put four reef-points in the lower reef, and three in the upper, with reef-thimbles on leach and luff of sail. When reefing make your after-earing fast to the end of the boom. The first reef tack is made fast to the forward end of the boom, and the close-reef tack to the heel of the topmast. The halyards are made fast to the gunter brass, and run through a block at the masthead and a fair-leader at the foot of the mast. The double-topping lift should be worked in the same way. The jib may be hoisted by halyards, or the loop at the head may be placed over a hook on the masthead by the aid of the boat-hook. The tack may be made fast to the painter, which is rove through the stern, and the painter hauled taut when the sail is set. A double sheet is required for the jib, so that it can be hauled to windward when tacking. The dandy is laced to the mast and is reefed by being wound around the mast. The sheet is rove through a block in the stern-post and is led forward within reach. This sail will work better if provided with a light boom, the after-end of which is placed in the loop at the after-corner of the sail, and the forward end lashed to the mast so that the boom can be unshipped in case of reefing.

Have your blocks made of brass, and if you want to avoid the trouble of cleaning them, have them nickel-plated. You need eight deck-cleets placed within reach when you are sitting in the canoe. Have them also of brass, and nickel-plate them if you choose. The best pattern of cleet has the foot circular, with a screw projecting downwards through the deck and fastened with a nut. These cleets are not for sale, but can be made to order.

For halyards and mainsheet use woven cord, which neither parts, stretches, nor kinks. Small laid cotton cord will answer for the rest of the running rigging. The painter should be of hemp; and a spare painter, to be rove through the stern-post, should be kept on board for emergencies. Soak your sail-cloth, and cotton cordage in water before using them, in order to provide against shrinkage.

### THE PADDLE, AND OTHER THINGS.

Your paddle must be of spruce or pine, 7 feet long, double-bladed and jointed with brass ferules in the middle, so that it can be stowed below. Make it of the following dimensions: Length, 7 feet; depth of blade, 7 inches; length of blade, 1 foot 6 inches; circumference of shaft, 4 inches. For a long cruise, when the paddle is much used, an 8 or even 8½ foot paddle is preferable. An india-rubber ring outside of the hand on each side will keep the water from dripping inboard. To use it, grasp it with both hands about as far apart as the width of the shoulders, and bring the blade when in the water as close as possible to the side of the canoe. Practice alone can teach the art of elegant paddling. When your sails are furled th rudder should be unshipped, if possible, it is a hindrance when you wish to bac water.

The canoe will beat to windward, but wi make considerable lee-way. This may b prevented by a false keel, 4 feet long an 4 inches deep, bolted on to the true kee and capable of being readily detached. that useful but annoying make-shift, a le board, may be used, hung by loops to th lee deck-cleets.

Have a hole cut in the sliding bulkhead that you can stow all your spars and sai below. A small pump with an india-rubb tube, led under the floor-boards, is a ve useful affair. In heavy weather button india-rubber apron around the fore end a sides of the hatchway and tuck it arou your waist.

While cruising, you need to make a b for the canoe when she is hauled ashore night. Otherwise your weight will stra her. Before turning in, lash your paddle boat-hook from one mast to the other, abo a foot from the deck. Put an india-rubb blanket over this, and fasten the sides to t deck-cleets after you have gone belo Have an india-rubber air-mattress, 4 fe long by 1 foot 4 inches in width to sle on. You will thus be dry, and sleep as co fortably as the musquitoes, in their capricio kindness, will permit.

When capsized—as you probably will upon your first attempt to handle the can under sail—slide yourself carefully out, u ship the masts, put the stern-post betwe your legs, and climb on board by a sort leap-frog motion, and bail the canoe o While under sail you need to carry abo fifty pounds of ballast. Water, in tin-ca is the best sort of ballast, since it does sink the canoe, as sand or stones might when she is full of water; but it occupies uncommonly large space.

Do not paint the canoe, but varnish with shellac and afterwards with coach v nish. Make your flag and signals of bunti the color of which will not "run" when w

The rudder is rather in the way when a long cruise in shallow water. The can can be easily steered by the paddle resti in a rowlock on the lee side.

The probable cost of a fourteen foot can may be estimated as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| Canoe and spars............... | $84.00 |
| Sails, and making them........ | 5.00 |
| Paddle...................... | 5.00 |
| 5 brass blocks................ | 1.00 |

| | |
|---|---|
| Gunter brass | $2.00 |
| 6 cleets | 4.20 |
| Cordage | 1.50 |
| Varnishing | 5.00 |
| | $107.70 |

The Secretary of the New York Canoe Club, Dr. J. S. Mosher, of Tompkinsville, Staten Island, is one of those patient and long-suffering officers who are never weary of answering questions.

## THE SONG OF A SUMMER.

I PLUCKED an apple from off a tree,
Golden and rosy, and fair to see—
The sunshine had fed it with warmth and light—
The dews had freshened it night by night,
And high on the topmost bough it grew,
Where the winds of heaven about it blew,
And while the mornings were soft and young
The wild-birds circled, and soared, and sung—
There, in the storm, and calm, and shine,
It ripened and brightened, this apple of mine,
Till the day I plucked it from off the tree,
Golden, and rosy, and fair to see.

How could I guess, 'neath that daintiest rind,
That the core of sweetness I hoped to find,—
The innermost, hidden heart of the bliss
Which dews and winds and the sunshine's kiss
Had tended and fostered by day and night,—
Was black with mildew and bitter with blight:
Golden and rosy, and fair of skin,
Nothing but ashes and ruin within?
Ah! never again with toil and pain
Will I strive the topmost bough to gain—
Though its wind-swung apples are fair to see,
On a lower branch is the fruit for me.

## SHANE FINAGLE'S STATION.

THE peculiar flexibility of the Catholic igion is nowhere more remarkably dis- ayed than in Ireland; a country in which hold has been strong for centuries, and ıere the character of the people is such as place them at the mercy of the priest- od. The Irishman is eminently a man of ong passions. Of a fiery temper, easily oused, ardent, impulsive, quick to resent a nceived injury, and equally sensitive to ong attachments; delighting in everything rtaining to a row, and esteeming a fight as od as a feast, he is, at the same time, gely tinctured with superstition, and easily verned by humoring his whims or exciting s fears. No nation on earth has livelier nsibilities; none more abounds in genuine mor. Equally devoted to pathos and teen, both flow in a continuous stream (the former down his cheeks, the latter down his throat); and he exemplifies the truth of the ancient proverb, that "when wine is in, wit is out." The Catholic clergy make the foibles of humanity a careful study; and obtaining as they do, through means of the confessional, an acquaintance with the thoughts and the deeds of their worshippers, worming their way into all their secrets, they can, at their pleasure, place their hands upon the springs of action of each individual, and exert over him a control which he is powerless to resist. No class of men understand better than the priests of the Romish Church how to control and govern the masses; and in proportion to the ignorance of their credulous believers is the extent of their sway, and the servility and tremulousness with which it is submitted to. The ignorant worshiper is governed through his fears. Lacking the power which knowledge confers, he is helpless when in contact with educated minds, and his ignorance aids to fasten upon him the chains of bondage. In proportion as he dares to think for himself he throws off the yoke of heavy oppression; and the ultimate hope for the elevation of Ireland is the education of its people, and the subjection of their passions to the control of reason.

The Irish priest, trained to deal with Irish worshipers, is a man of versatile accomplishments and talents. His learning is generally of an inferior stamp, and consists chiefly in a slipshod acquaintance with the Latin language, a pretty thorough knowledge of the dogmas of the church, and a genius for adapting the ministration of its offices to his own convenience, the support of his dignity, and the replenishment of his purse as well as his stomach. Rarely a man of high moral principle, his conscience is elastic and his integrity questionable. Often addicted to hard drinking, and always a lover of good living, he is unscrupulous in his methods of securing these indulgences, and fertile in expedients for gratifying his tastes. Instead of seeking to elevate his people, he is more inclined to descend to their level, and glories in excelling them in shrewdness and cunning. If his jests are more scurrilous, his potations deeper, his blarney richer, and his adroitness at cudgeling unsurpassed, mightily is he pleased at his superiority; and these racy qualities are ardently admired, and make him a hail-fellow-well-met with all.

These are his carnal weapons of warfare. His spiritual weapons are derived from his priesthood; and, when superadded to the former, these make him, in the eyes of the people, almost a god. It is difficult for a stranger to comprehend the influence exerted by the priesthood over their subjects. It is almost unbounded, inexplicable, and absolute. Body and soul are surrendered to their sway, and not unfrequently the lash is fearlessly employed to extort obedience and enforce submission.

The Catholic Irishman is an implicit believer in the divine origin of the Church of Rome, the infallibility of the Pope, and the impeccableness of the priesthood. The priest, to him, is more than a man; he is the representative of God. He holds him in as high and as superstitious regard as the Blessed Trinity, and the Virgin Mary, the Mother of God. He cringes before him as a slave to his master, trembles at his voice, and deprecates his displeasure. He has n will but the will of the priest; obeys him in plicitly, and submits unmurmuringly to a his decrees. Such power, in the hands o the unscrupulous, is certainly dangerous, y it is rarely used against the interests of th priests themselves, but always to strengthe their own position and the supremacy of th church. The vices of the clergy, appare as they are, are subordinated to this end and in every step which they venture to tak they are vigilant to guard their own offic and to preserve unstained the vestments their order. Conduct which in Protestan would be unhesitatingly condemned is e cused in them, or tolerated because of th sacredness of their office; and if any refle tions at all are made they are cast upon th weakness of poor humanity, and not upo the honor and dignity of the church. Th is preserved at all hazards, and all thin conspire to uphold its influence and perpet ate its sway.

We propose to sketch briefly in this pap a scene often witnessed in Catholic Irelan in order to illustrate the position of t clergy, their personal character, and t manner of discharging the duties of the office; and to do this effectually, the read will suppose himself transported for t nonce into one of those hamlets a little r mote from the centers of travel, and aw from the shadows of the great cathedr We will call it, if you please, the parish Tillietuddlem, and the priest is the Re Patrick McQuade.

It is a bright September day, and h reverence stands upon the altar of his ch pel, after having gone through the canon Mass, with his face turned towards his co gregation. He is a remarkable man, and h portly presence is singularly formidabl Indeed, so enormously fat is he that, shou he happen to die, the angels would find rather hard work to waft him to Paradis and might, in despair, stop half way a drop his obesity in the regions of Purgato His well-shaven crown glistens in the lig which pours in through the window, a his cranium is adorned with bumps enou to strike a follower of Spurzheim speec less. His rubicund nose is aglow with t blazonry of numerous potations of fie usquebaugh, and his rounded paunch sho his devotion to capons and chops. He clad in robes of tarnished glory; and havi nothing more of the service to perform th the usual prayers which close the ceremon he lifts up his voice in the following notice

"There will be five stations the coming eek. The first, on Monday, at Phelim Donnell's, of Craigshaw burn. Are ye ere, Phelim?"

"Ay, ay, your Riverence; I'm the boy."

"And you're here, are you? Surprising, dade! It isn't often you're out to Mass. m thinking the world must be coming to end. But you know the old proverb, helim; or if you don't I do, which is all the me,—'*Risum teneatis amiciti*,'—'not every y can you dine on roast beef;' so if you're re, Phelim, see that you do your duty, my oy."

"Never you fear; never you fear, your iverence. The grazing is good at Craigshaw rn; an' if it were not, it's me that knows here to get the good cuts."

"Well, to do you justice, Phelim, your eef is always tender and good; but to make ssurance doubly sure, let Teddy O'Graffe ave the handling of your bullock this time; e knows how to kill, if any one does; then will have the right smack."

"All right, your Riverence; it shall be as ou say."

"On Tuesday, at Pat Rafferty's, at Padleshaw Common. Are ye there, Pat?"

"To the fore, your Riverence," cries Pat, ith a loud voice.

"Well, well, I'm not deaf, my boy, so ou needn't hollar. But I like to have you pake prompt. You're always here, Pat, nd that's more than I can say of all of my arish. Ha! Pat, I suppose you know that Iichaelmas is coming?"

"An' if I didn't, your Riverence, I'm ot likely to forgit it. But never you fear; he geese are fat,—so fat they are scarce ble to wag; and Bridget, you must know, as marked two of the swatest,—ilegant oung craturs,—this year's fowls,—and she's een cramming them to the full for more han a month."

"That's right, Pat; that's right. It's ou're the boy knows how things should be lone. And you'll remember me to Bridget, nd tell her she knows how to honor the Prastehood."

"On Wednesday, at Denis O'Donaghul Slane's. Are ye there, Denis?"

No answer.

"Denis! Are ye there?"

No answer.

"Tim McGolighul?"

"Here, your Riverence."

"Here, is it? An' where's Denis, Tim?"

"An' sure, your Riverence, it's me that don't know."

"Don't know? An' I'd like to know what keeps him from Mass. He's setting a bad example to you all. Tell him from me, Tim, I'll be after him with the lash if he don't obsarve his duty better. And tell him, too, I'll hold a station at his house on Wednesday next."

"Ay, ay, your Riverence! I'll tell him, sure."

"On Thursday, at Shane McRoaragin Finagle's. Are ye there, Shane?"

"Here, your Riverence."

"Here, is it? Well, it's well for you you're here. And where have you been this six months, Shane?"

"An' sure, your Riverence, it's been hard work to care for the childers, and Katy's been ailin, and me own head's been whom-mocking round."

"Ah! Shane! you drink too hard, my boy, and fight too much. Stick to your work, and take things asier."

"Ay, ay, your Riverence; but a fellow must have a crack now and thin; and a belly-full of bateing is sometimes as good as a belly-full of bafe."

"Have a care, Shane, or you'll get your head cracked one of these days. Is the mutton good this year? And have you a drop of the best made on the sly? I have a slight weakness for these things, you know."

"An' shure, your Riverence, the mutton's ilegant; and as to the whisky, a single dhrop of it would bring a tear to a young widow's eye that had lost a bad husband."

"Well, Shane, we must be thankful for our blessings. On Thursday, airly; don't forget."

"Ay, ay, your Riverence; I'll not forget."

"On Friday, at Ned Murtagh's, of Hitemsosly. Are ye there, Ned?"

"An' it's I that's here; all that's left of me."

"Well, Ned, how goes butter?"

"On the rise, your Riverence; on the rise. The short fade has giv it a start."

"And where's your brother, Ned? I haven't seen him for a long time."

"Sorrow a bit do I know, your Riverence; I'm afraid he's gone up."

"What! the gauger been after him?"

"I fear it, your Riverence; but he'll sup sorrow for it afore he's much older."

"And who's been so base as to inform against him?"

"I wish I knew, your Riverence."

"And I wish I knew, too. If I thought any miscreant here"—looking round sternly

—"would be an informer, I'd make an example of him now, on the spot. Well, Ned, I suppose there's some left yet in the old locker?"

"Ay, ay, your Riverence; five gallons of the best."

"That will do! That will do! We musn't think too much of carnal things, though whisky is good, if taken moderately."

The notices being given, his Reverence cracked a few jokes with the "boys," which were laughed at uproariously throughout the house; and then, turning suddenly, he resumed the performance of his regular duties, while his flock smoothed their faces, and fingered their beads, and became as grave as a row of coffins.

Mass being finished, and holy water sprinkled out of a tub carried by the mass-server from bench to bench, the priest pronounced a Latin benediction, and his congregation dispersed.

We cannot, of course, follow him in his rounds to each of the places where a station was to be held; nor is it necessary to do so, as a description of one will answer for all, the performances at each being substantially alike. We will go with him, therefore, to Shane McRoaragin Finagle's, whose wife Katy had been "ailin" so long, but whose mutton was good, and who had a drop of the best, made on the sly.

Thursday has come, and it is a lovely day. The glorious sun shines as brightly as if it had been dancing a hornpipe on Easter Sunday; and the brilliant moon, which is at the full, promises to shine as brightly at night, and to sail through the heavens as proudly as a peacock in a new halo headdress. The traveling is good; but the Rev. Patrick McQuade is in no hurry to start for his place of destination, for he knows that his assistant, Reverend Barney O'Byrne, will take the brunt of the initiatory ceremonies, which will allow him the privilege of following at his leisure, in time for the breakfast, which will be between nine and ten, for the dinner at four, and for the orgies of the evening, which will be kept up to a late hour, with abundant supplies.

So Barney O'Byrne starts on in advance, and reaches the house at a quite early hour. He is in season to hear a few confessions before breakfast; and these he attends to by way of an appetizer,—taking care, before he begins, to have a peep into the adjacent pantry, to see what is stored there for the good of his inward man. And a nice array of edibles he beholds. There was plenty of bacon, and an abundance of cabbages, eggs without number, and oaten and wheat bread stacked in piles; turkeys and geese, as fat as aldermen, with plenty of chickens, and a fine haunch of mutton; cream as thick as the scum on a mud-puddle, and three gallons of poteen, a sparkle of which would lay a man's hair as smooth as a seal's. All this he sees at a single glance, and the cockles of his heart begin to expand; his nose curls with kindness; his eyes sparkle; his voice grows genial; and with something between a grunt and a growl, he signifies his willingness to commence his duties.

By this time a motley assembly is gathered at the door, which has been arriving for an hour or more by twos and threes. Shane' children have washed at the bench, using a trencher of oatmeal for soap; his girls have curled their flowing locks with a rusty fork heated at the fire; the brogues of the boy have been greased by squeezing the fat from a lump of raw pork with the red-hot tongs and laying it on with a woolen rag; and al are dressed in new suits of home-made frieze got up by the tailor, dapper Teddy Dolan, a sharp little fellow, who has cut the boys' hai to the quick with his scissors. You would have laughed had you seen this collection o worthies; and in the expression of their face before they had confessed, terror, awe, guilt and reverence might easily be traced, while their memories were busy in running over the catalogue of crimes as they are to be found in the prayer-books, under the ten commandments, the seven deadly sins, the commandments of the church, the four sins tha cry to heaven for vengeance, and the seven sins against the Holy Ghost.

Wherever a station is held in Ireland, a crowd of mendicants and strolling impostor is sure to attend; and a train of this description was present to-day. This included both sexes, some seated on loose stones others on stools, which were scattered about, with their blankets rolled up unde them; others on their knees, hard at prayer which they uttered in a voice which they meant should be heard, jabbering the word and running them together, regardless of reason as well as of rhyme. A little to one side was an old woman, with bleared eye and gobbered lips, mumbling to herself and near by was a sturdy beggar, with a brace of tattered urchins slung at his back secured with a blanket pinned with an iron skewer, their heads just visible over hi shoulders, munching away at a piece o eat bread; while the father, on his knees, h a wooden cross in his hands, repeated aves and pater-nosters, with an eye slyly ncing at the open door, to catch the t signs of the appearance of breakfast. was a curious collection of specimens of nanity,—such as is to be seen only in Emerald Isle.

Barney O'Byrne stands in his tribunal, dy to hear the confessions of his children, rowd of whom are struggling and fighting get the first chance to enter his presence.

"Katy Finagle," he says to Shane's wife, 'll hear you first, as you have most to do;" d Katy steps forward, and the door is osed.

"Can you repeat the Confiteor?" queries e priest.

"An' sure, your Riverence, it's not the es of me can do it, bein's I've not had a hool eddication."

"Well, then, say after me;" and he goes until he comes to the words, "*mea culpa, ea culpa, mea maxima culpa,*" which Katy peats thus:—

"*Mare sculp her, mare sculp her, mare akes his mar sculp her.*"

"Very well, Katy; that will do. Now nfess;" and Katy commences the re- arsal of her sins,—hard words spoken to ane when she was mad with him; omis- ons to repeat her Aves and Pater Nosters, nd to count her beads; a tough spat she ad recently had with Rory O'Fluke's wife; nd a drunk, which had lasted two or three ays;—and having thus eased and dis- rdened her mind, she received absolution, nd turned away with light heart and limber ngue to resume the duties of her neglected *uisine.*

Katy was followed by several others, upon ach of whom the door was closed; and ey stood trembling before his Reverence, ho questioned them closely about their uarrels and feuds, and the inmost thoughts nd intentions of their souls; and after each ad confessed, and paid his dues, he received bsolution, and stepped aside.

By this time breakfast was about ready; nd pushing his way through the gathered rowd, Father O'Byrne came into the itchen to make preparations for celebrating ass. Old Molly Bettes, the vestment oman, or itinerant sacristan, had fortu- ately arrived with the priest's robes and ther appurtenances; and having donned is surplice, Teddy Glinn, the mass-server, n whom the priest placed unlimited confi- ence, with a face charged with due solemnity, answered the Father stoutly in Latin, which he repeated as glibly and as understandingly as a parrot. Those who had confessed now communicated, a swab of rags tied to a stick being dipped in the vessel and touched to the lips successively; after which, each drank from a jug which was handed round from one to another. This ceremony being closed, those who had partaken of the sacrament, and who designed to leave, filled their bottles with holy water, and wended their way to their different homes.

In the interval of this celebration, and before it was finished, Father McQuade rode up to the door, and giving his horse in charge to a boy who stood ready to receive him, with orders to serve him to a half-bushel of oats, he strode into the house, sniffing the good things as he crossed the threshold, and uttering the usual salutations. Breakfast was laid in Katy's best style, and the arrangements for the meal were quite original. Two tables had been spread in the kitchen; and at the head of one sat Father McQuade, with his back to the fire, like an enormous ox roasting for a barbecue; on his right sat his curate, Father O'Byrne; on his left was Shane, the giver of the feast; and in due succession those who had been invited, each taking precedence according to his means or station in life. At the other board sat the youngsters of the family, and a few others, all in rollicking humor, and bursting with fun, which would gush out in half-suppressed flurries and jets, notwithstanding their awe of the priest and the curate.

The breakfast itself was superabundant. The tea was as black and as palatable as bog water; eggs of various kinds—hen, turkey, and goose—were piled in the trenchers; plates of toast soaked with butter were scattered on every hand; and at each corner of the table was a bottle of whisky, "made on the sly." Father McQuade blessed the "mate," and then fell to, with a hearty good relish, demolishing platefuls of toast and eggs, and helping himself liberally to the contents of the bottle. A sprightly conversation was soon struck up, brimful of humor and roystering with fun; healths were drunk with all the honors; and the laugh and the jest circulated merrily.

"Arrah! what's tay," cried Shane, in the excess of his glee, after they had been seated awhile. "It's a few dirty laves wid a drap of water on 'em. Here's the thrue drink," and he held up one of the bottles of whisky. "Tay's good enough for wimmin; but you might boil down Paykin and it wouldn't make poteen. Let's have the whisky;" and, suiting the action to the word, he filled to the brim, and drank the good health of all the company.

At last breakfast was over; the tables were cleared; and Father McQuade prepared to perform his part of the ceremonies. His "confessional" was a massive oaken chair, of ample breadth to receive his person, and in this he sat in all his majesty, wiping his chops and mopping his brow with a huge bandana, while one after another appeared before him. The crowd was dense, every one eager to get the first turn; and as they elbowed their way along, and trod on each other shins, his Reverence cried out:

"Where's your manners, you spalpeens? Why do you press and push so eagerly? Time enough for you all. Can't you stand back, and behave yourselves dacently? Let them gals alone. Don't crowd them so. Where's my whip?"—and seizing that implement, which was handed to him by his mass-server, Teddy McGlinn, he flourished it a few times round his head, and then commenced cutting about him right and left, until they fell back in terror, and made a clear space in which one could breathe.

"Come, now, Kavanagh," said he to a tall fellow whom he saw standing near; "step up quick, and answer me honestly. Are you fully prepared for the two blessed sacraments of Penance and the Eucharist?"

"I hope I am," was the brief reply.

"Can you read, sir?"

"An' is it me that can read? No, no, your Riverence; it's my brother's the schollard, not me."

"Well, at all events, I hope you know your Christian doctrine. Let me hear you repeat the Confiteor;" and Kavanagh began: "*Confectur Dimniportenti, batchy Mary, semplar Virginy, batchy Mickletoe Archy Angelo, batchy Johnny Bartisty, sanctis postlis, Petrum hit Paulum, omnium sanctris, et tabby pasture, quay a pixarit coglety ashy honey, verbum et offer him, smaxy quilta, smaxy quilta, smaxy maxin in quilta.*"

"Very well, Kavanagh, very well indeed; all but the pronouncing, which would hardly pass muster at Maynooth, I fear. However, we'll make it do. And now, how many kinds of commandments are there?"

"Two, your Riverence."

"And what are they?"

"God's and the Church's."

"Repeat God's share of them."

Kavanagh repeated the first comman ment, according to his catechism.

"That will do. Now repeat the con mandments of the Church. How many a there?"

"Eight, your Riverence."

"And what are they?"

"First. Sundays and holidays, mass th shalt sartinly hear.

"Second. All holidays sanctificate throug out the whole year.

"Third. Lent, Ember days, and Virgin thou shalt be sartain to fast.

"Fourth. Fridays and Saturdays, fles good, bad, or indifferent, thou shalt n taste.

"Fifth. In Lent and Advent, nuptial fast gallantly forbear.

"Sixth. Confess your sins dacently a soberly at laste once a year.

"Seventh. Resave your God at confessi about great Easter day.

"Eighth. And to his church and froli some clargy neglect not tides to pay."

"That will do, Kavanagh. Now tell n honestly, do you understand them?"

"I hope so, your Riverence; and t three thriptological vartues, too."

"*Theological*, you spalpeen; *theological*"

"Theojollyological. And the four sins th cry to Heaven for vingence; the five ca nal vartues—prudence, justice, timptatio and solitude; the seven deadly sins; t eight grey attitudes."

"Stop! stop! You're making a botch it. *Grey* attitudes, you rascal! Wha that? Don't you know better, you as *Bay* attitudes, not *grey* attitudes."

"The eight bay attitudes; the nine wa of being guilty of another's shins; the t commandments; the twelve fruits of Christian; the fourteen stations of t Cross; the fifteen mystheries of the pa sion—"

"There! there! Hold on, my bo your getting out of your teens at a rollicki rate." And his Reverence laughed hearti at his own joke. "I can't say, Kavana but you've answered pretty well, so far the *repeating* of them goes; but do you *u derstand* them?"

"I think I do, sir."

"And what does the eighth comman ment mean?"

"Pay tides to the lawful pasterns of t church."

"*Pasterns!* you ass! *Pasterns!* y base, contemptible, crawling rascal! As we trampled you under our hoofs, like c ı scruff of the earth! *Pastors*, not *pas- ns.*"

'Pastures of the church."

'And now tell me, Kavanagh, do you your tithes?"

'I do, your Riverence."

'You lie, you spalpeen!" with a flourish the whip; "you lie, you knave! Where's ır dues?"

'Here, your Riverence," and he quickly ıded him the sum required.

'That will do, sir; you may stand aside." d Kavanagh retired.

Thus the Father proceeded with his ies, contriving to un-sin them with an crity that was marvelous; and long before dinner-hour he had managed to perform onsiderable stroke of work. True, there re some hard cases, and several keen en- unters of wit; but his Reverence enjoyed was equal to the task, and pocketed his es with wonderful relish—helping himself casionally to a glass from the bottle which od at his elbow, when his voice grew sky, and his throat wanted clearing.

Four o'clock had now arrived, and his verence, whose devotion to his internal erests equaled if not excelled his devo- n to the Church, heard the summons to ner as a criminal his reprieve from the llows, and smacked his chops, while he ıbled about with a jolly leer upon his ning face, anticipating the good cheer in ich he was to indulge. Both tables d been set for the second time, and th were filled with the smoking viands. the head of the first was a pair of geese, ne to a turn, of that delicate brown which arms the epicure. These were flanked by ıuge turkey, a pair of roast chickens, and ıaunch of mutton; while adown the sides re set other dishes, with piles of cabbage, tatoes, and pork. The wheaten bread ıs stacked on plates, and the golden but- r, made by fair hands into fanciful shape, ıitted a fragrance almost as charming as a segay in June. Bottles of whisky stood ar every plate; and Shane had been libe- l in furnishing his supplies, for this was the st station held at his house, and he meant should redound to the fame of his hospi- lity. He had purchased, too, half a dozen ttles of wine, which were to be served th the dessert, and help to wind up the ening's carouse.

It would be difficult to find a motlier com- ıny than was assembled at Shane's board this pleasant occasion. Father McQuade there, in all his glory, his rubicund face glowing with delight; Father Barney O'Byrne, though a little more quiet, and far less demonstrative, was equally devoted to the duties of the trencher; a nephew of McQuade's, named Paddy McDavitt, who was a student at Maynooth, soon to enter upon holy orders, was also there, egged with conceit, and looking upon himself as the equal of the priest; Shane's landlord, Squire McKinney, had condescended to honor him with his presence, for the sake of enjoying a chat with the priest; and several of Shane's neighbors, men of substance, and in good repute, had also been invited to share in the feast. Added to these were a dozen others, of a less favored class, awkward in appearance and uncouth in manners, who could not well be pushed aside, some of whom were noted for their boisterous wit, and others served as butts for all jokes.

The chair was occupied by Father McQuade, and it creaked and groaned under the burden of his dignity. He was none of your super-sanctimonious priests, who think it a sin to jest or to smile, but prided himself on his versatile accomplishments, and, with an excellent voice, could sing a song with as much *abandon* and an enjoyment of its license as keen as the jolliest Friar Tuck. He was dressed in a coat which had large double breasts, with the lappels hanging loosely on each side; a double-breasted waistcoat, with similar lappels; blue small-clothes, adorned at the knee with huge silver buckles; and below these, extending to his gaiters, appeared a pair of lamb's wool socks, originally white, but now somewhat tarnished and yellowed by wear. Father Barney O'Byrne was a man of a different stamp, lank and angular, with a long-favored countenance and a sharp-pointed chin. His black hair was cropped close, except a thin portion of it, which was trained evenly across his eye-brows. His body was encased in a suit much too large for him, and which looked as if it might once have belonged to his superior. The elbows of his coat were a trifle threadbare, and as he carried his arms stuck out akimbo, he looked as if he had been accustomed in his earlier days to carrying kegs of whisky under them, and the crook they had acquired had never been straightened. His boots were long, and reached above his knees, like those of a dragoon; and as he clattered about in them in shuffling over the floor, you feared every moment they would interfere, like the hind legs of a horse, and throw him to the ground. He was a much graver man than Father

McQuade, and had been chosen for his faithfulness and willingness to serve—qualities in which he somewhat excelled his superior, who cared more for capons than for beads or for books.

"Fill up your glasses all," cried Shane, as they seated themselves, "an' I'll give you a toast. A drink is good for us at the opening of the faste."

"With all my heart," replied Father McQuade. "Good spirits, like good wine, cheer the heart and brighten the eye." And so they filled all round.

"Here's health to you all," cried Shane as they filled; "and from the veins of my heart you're welcome here."

The toast was drunk with due honor; and for an hour or more the clatter of dishes and of tongues was heard, as cut after cut of the fowls disappeared, and joke after joke was cracked by the eaters. The influence of the bottle was very soon felt, and the conversation became uproarious, joined with shrill, hearty laughter, an occasional song, and a tough argument on some knotty point. There was sharp skirmishing between Father McQuade and Squire McKinney, with flashes of wit and spirts of humor which would have been loudly cheered at a more fashionable banquet; and still the clatter of tongues was kept up, and still the bottle passed merrily round.

"A song!" cried Shane, at this stage of their proceedings. "A song! come, Ned Dolan, give us a song."

"Yes, Ned," chimed in the rest, and Ned complied.

"I give you 'Peggy my Dear,'" said Ned, when they were ready; and tuning up, he sang as follows:—

Ah! a nice little girl was Peggy my dear,
Wid a nose that was red, and an eye with a leer;
My troth! it was she was her mother's own daughter,
That never cried boo, or gave any one quarter.
So whammocking, lammocking, going it strong,
Whoppocking, loppocking, pass her along!
Rareaby, dareaby, it's not she that's slow,
Thunderkin', blunderkin', hit her my Joe.

Oh, she's tall and she's stout, she's smart and she's bright,
And a deil of a fellow can twist her in fight;
She dances away like mad Tim O'Larey,
And no one can bate her but Captain O'Blarey.
So whammocking, lammocking, going it strong,
Whoppocking, loppocking, pass her along;
Rareaby, dareaby, it's not she's that's slow,
Thunderkin', blunderkin', hit her my Joe.

Round her nice little waist I threw my right arm,
O! say, Mr. Praste, do you see any harm?
And I gave her a kiss on her lips that were red,
And on my stout shoulders she rested her head.
So whammocking, lammocking, going it strong,
Whoppocking, loppocking, pass her along;
Rareaby, dareaby, it's not she's that's slow,
Thunderkin', blunderkin', hit her my Joe.

O Peggy, my dear, I'll be after you soon,
And on your neat futs put a pair of new shoon;
We'll go to the Praste, the knot shall be tied,
And sweet little Peggy shall be my own bride.
So whammocking, lammocking, going it strong,
Whoppocking, loppocking, pass her along;
Rareaby, dareaby, it's not she that's slow,
Thunderkin', blunderkin', hit her my Joe.

Roars of laughter greeted this song, a
when it was ended Shane was in a mood
exalted beneficence; and, proud of his p
tion as the giver of the feast, he overflow
with gayety, and said to his Reverence—

"An' I will say for you, Father McQua
you're an ilegant gintleman, and the m
able-bodied I ever engaged with; and
the likes of me that feels the honor of y
presence this night. And you too, Fatl
O'Byrne; I shake hands to you, and dr
your good health. Long may you live, a
when you die, may you go strate to h
ven! And all of you, my neighbors a
friends! It does me good to see you he
—not forgetting your Riverence's nev
Paddy McDavitt; and I hope soon to
him with the robes on his back, and to h
him prache us a good sarmen."

Thus the carousal was kept up for seve
hours, until the silver moon had risen to
zenith, and admonished them it was time
think of leaving. Every soul was mellov
with drink, and all declared they had l
a good time.

"Katy," said the Reverend Barn
O'Byrne, as he rose to take leave; "Ka
*mavourneen*, ye've done well; and it's
that gives you praise for it. An' now, Ka
you'd better, I think, get two of your n
to go home with Father McQuade,
though the night is clear, his eyes, you s
are none of the best; he's getting a li
blind, and don't see his way very well a
dark. Poor man! we should all be sorry
have anything happen to him."

"Wid all my heart! Wid all my hea
Here, you spalpeens!" turning to two
were lingering at the door; "Go ye qu
and git his Riverence's horse; and wher
is mounted, go ye on with him till he's u
his home."

"Good night!" said the Father, as
gallantly mounted; "good night to ye al
and the cavalcade left, his Reverence s
ported on each side by a servant.

# TOPICS OF THE TIME.

## Strike, but Hear.

WE suppose that there is nothing simpler than ple addition, excepting, perhaps, those people o have no talent for it, of whom, unfortunately, re is a considerable number, especially among the iking craftsmen. If it were to be announced to-y that ten dollars will hereafter be the average ice of a day's labor, among all the trades, we do t doubt that it would be regarded by the toiling ltitude as the gladdest and grandest event that had er occurred in the history of the national industry. t us see, then, if we can, what the effect of such an vance in the price of labor would be. This is a h country; and every rich country has a multitude artificial wants. To supply these wants, there ve been organized a large number of productive dustries; and hundreds of thousands of laborers e fed by them. The first effect of a doubling of e price of labor would be to destroy all those in- stries which are engaged in producing things that en and women can do without. When the price of e necessaries of life is raised, the use of luxuries is duced in a corresponding degree. This law is just unvarying in its operation as the law of gravitation. man who spends $10,000 a year, giving $2,000 of to luxuries, drops his luxuries, and spends his 10,000 on a smaller number of people. He dis-isses a servant, and gives up his carriage. He stops uying flowers and giving entertainments. Every an and woman who had anything to do in feeding is artificial wants loses his patronage; and thus hole classes of people would, by such an advance in e price of labor, be thrown out of employment and to distress. This, however, would be only an in-irect or incidental damage to the laboring interest, ough it would be a damage to that interest alone. he rich would really suffer very little by it.

There are certain things that we must all have—he rich and the poor alike—houses to live in, clothes o wear, and bread and meat to eat. What effect ould such a change have upon these? A house that ost $3,000 to build yesterday, will cost $6,000 to-orrow. The brickmaker, the stone-cutter, the ma-on, the carpenter, all working at double wages, ould, by that very fact, advance the price of their own ent in a corresponding degree. The tenement that ents for $250 to-day will rent for $500 to-morrow, nd if it cannot be rented for that sum, it will not be uilt at all. The same thing will be true concerning hat are called the necessaries of life. If it costs wice as much money to produce a barrel of flour to-day as it did yesterday, it will double in price. Every rticle of produce, every garment that we buy for ourselves or our children, will have added to its price exactly what has been added to the cost of its production or manufacture; and when this excess has been added to the excess of rent, the laborer will find himself at the end of his first year no whit benefited by what seemed to hold the promise of a fortune. We cannot imagine a man with common-sense enough to labor intelligently who will be unable to see at a glance that our conclusions on this point are inevitable.

Now there is beyond this direct result of a doubling of the price of labor an indirect effect upon the price of real estate, which greatly enhances the trouble of the laborer. The destruction of various branches of industry, and the rendering of other branches either precarious or insufficient in their profits, would inevitably concentrate capital, so far as possible, upon real estate. Idle or poorly-employed capital is always seeking for an investment; and if banking and manufacturing and trade become unprofitable, through a disturbance of just relations between labor and capital, the man who has money puts it into real estate. Under this stimulus real estate rises at once. It already feels this stimulus in this country, and it is destined to feel it still more and more. If the price of labor were doubled, the advance in rents from this cause alone would not only be appreciable but decidedly onerous. The inevitable tendency of every strike is to drive capital out of manufacturing into real estate, to raise the price of real estate, and to raise the laborer's rent.

We have supposed this extreme case in order to show the laborer, as we could do in no other way, the tendency of his measures to secure large wages by arbitrary means. That there is a point beyond which it is not safe for him to go, is just as demonstrable as any problem in mathematics. There is a point beyond which it is not safe for him to push his demand for increased wages, or for fewer hours of labor, which is the same thing. Our impression is that he has reached that point, and we are speaking in his interest entirely. The present high and increasing price of real estate, and the buoyancy of railroad and fancy stocks, show that money seeks to get away from manufactures, and all those enterprises where capital is compelled to deal much with labor. This is a sad thing for labor—the saddest that can happen. The labor market should always be in that condition which tends to draw capital away from real estate. Then rents will be low, provisions will stand at a reasonable price, every hand will find sufficient employment with sufficient pay, and labor and capital be mutually dependent friends. We sympathize with every effort of the laborer to better his condition, and our simple wish is to warn him against supposing that increased wages beyond a certain point, which he seems already to have reached, will be of the slightest use to him. There is an average price for a day's labor which capital can afford to pay, and which alone labor can afford to receive. Beyond this all is disorder, injustice, and pecuniary adversity and loss to every class. The extorted dollar which capital cannot afford to give to labor is a curse to the hand that receives it.

### The Wine Question in Society.

It is universally admitted among sensible and candid people that drunkenness is the great curse of our social and national life. It is not characteristically American, for the same may be said with greater emphasis of the social and national life of Great Britain; but it is one of those things about which there is no doubt. Cholera and small-pox bring smaller fatality, and almost infinitely smaller sorrow. There are fathers and mothers, and sisters and wives, and innocent and wondering children, within every circle that embraces a hundred lives, who grieve to-day over some hopeless victim of the seductive destroyer. In the city and in the country—North, East, South and West—there are men and women who cannot be trusted with wine in their hands—men and women who are conscious, too, that they are going to destruction, and who have ceased to fight an appetite that has the power to transform every soul and every home it occupies into a hell. Oh, the wild prayers for help that go up from a hundred thousand despairing slaves of strong drink to-day! Oh, the shame, the disappointment, the fear, the disgust, the awful pity, the mad protests that rise from a hundred thousand homes! And still the smoke of the everlasting torment rises, and still we discuss the "wine question," and the "grape culture," and live on as if we had no share in the responsibility for so much sin and shame and suffering.

Society bids us furnish wine at our feasts, and we furnish it just as generously as if we did not know that a certain percentage of all the men who drink it will die miserable drunkards, and inflict lives of pitiful suffering upon those who are closely associated with them. There are literally hundreds of thousands of people in polite life in America who would not dare to give a dinner, or a party, without wine, notwithstanding the fact that in many instances they can select the very guests who will drink too much on every occasion that gives them an opportunity. There are old men and women who invite young men to their feasts, whom they know cannot drink the wine they propose to furnish without danger to themselves and disgrace to their companions and friends. They do this sadly, often, but under the compulsions of social usage. Now we understand the power of this influence; and every sensitive man must feel it keenly. Wine has stood so long as an emblem and representative of good cheer and generous hospitality, that it seems stingy to shut it away from our festivities, and deny it to our guests. Then again it is so generally offered at the tables of our friends, and it is so difficult, apparently, for those who are accustomed to it to make a dinner without it, that we hesitate to offer water to them. It has a niggardly—almost an unfriendly—seeming; yet what shall a man do who wishes to throw what influence he has on the side of temperance?

The question is not new. It has been up for an answer every year and every moment since men thought or talked about temperance at all. know of but one answer to make to it. A man c not, without stultifying and morally debasing hims fight in public that which he tolerates in private. have heard of such things as writing temperance dresses with a demijohn under the table; and soci has learned by heart the old talk against drinking much—"the excess of the thing, you know"— those who have the power of drinking a little, who would sooner part with their right eye than w that little. A man who talks temperance with a wi glass in his hand is simply trying to brace himself that he can hold it without shame. We do not d that many men have self-control, or that they drink wine through life without suffering, to th selves or others. It may seem hard that they sho be deprived of a comfort or a pleasure because ot are less fortunate in their temperament or their po of will. But the question is whether a man is will to sell his power to do good to a great multitude a glass of wine at dinner. That is the question in plainest terms. If he is, then he has very li benevolence, or a very inadequate apprehension of evils of intemperance.

What we need in our metropolitan society i declaration of independence. There are a great m good men and women in New York who lam the drinking habits of society most sincerely. these all declare that they will minister no longe the social altars of the great destroyer. Let th declare that the indiscriminate offer of wine at d ners and social assemblies is not only criminal vulgar, as it undoubtedly is. Let them declare that the sake of the young, the weak, the vicious—for sake of personal character, and family peace, social purity, and national strength—they will disc wine from their feasts from this time forth and fore and the work will be done. Let them declare t it shall be vulgar—as it undeniably is—for a man quarrel with his dinner because his host fails to fur wine. This can be done now, and it needs to be d now, for it is becoming every day more difficult to it. The habit of wine-drinking at dinner is quite p valent already. European travel is doing much make it universal; and if we go on extending it at present rate, we shall soon arrive at the European difference to the whole subject. There are m clergymen in New York who have wine upon th tables and who furnish it to their guests. We k no man's conscience, but we are compelled to say t they sell influence at a shamefully cheap rate. W can they do in the great fight with this tremend evil? They can do nothing, and are counted upo do nothing.

If the men and women of good society wish have less drinking to excess, let them stop drink moderately. If they are not willing to break off indulgence of a feeble appetite for the sake of do a great good to a great many people, how can th expect a poor, broken-down wretch to deny an e that is stronger than the love of wife and ren, and even life itself? The punishment for the e to do duty in this business is sickening to con- late. The sacrifice of life and peace and wealth go on. Every year young men will rush wildly e devil, middle-aged men will booze away into lexy, and old men will swell up with the sweet on and become disgusting idiots. What will be- of the women? We should think that they had red enough from this evil to hold it under everlast- an, yet there are drunken women as well as drink- clergymen. Society, however, has a great ad- age in the fact that it is vulgar for a woman to k. There are some things that a woman may not and maintain her social standing. Let her not rel with the fact that society demands more of than it does of men. It is her safeguard in many s.

### Novel-Reading.

HE novel has become, for good or for evil, the y food of the civilized world. It is given to ngest childhood in Mother Goose and other ex- agant and grotesque inventions, it is placed in the ds of older childhood and youth through the dis- uting agencies of a hundred thousand publishing ses and Sunday-school libraries, and prepared for eyes of the adult world by every magazine and kly newspaper that finds its way into Christian nes. Among all peoples and all sorts of people, every age and of every religious and social school, the only universally-accepted form of literature. story, poetry, philosophy, science, social ethics and gion are accepted respectively by classes of readers, ger or smaller; but the novel is read by multitudes ong all these classes, and by the great multitude side of them, who rarely look into anything else. e serial novel is now an invariable component of magazine in America and England; the French *illeton* has been so long established as to be re- ded as a necessary element in the newspaper; while Germany, the land of scholars and philosophers i scientific explorers, the story-tellers are among most ingenious and prolific in the world.

It all comes of the interest which the human mind es in human life. If history and biography are s read than the novel, it is because the life found them is less interesting or in a less interesting form. e details of individual experience and of social life far more engaging to ordinary minds than the pro- edings of parliaments and the intercourse of nations. om these latter the life of the great masses is far moved. The men and women whom one meets at social gathering, and the dramatic by-play and per- nal experience of such an occasion, will absorb a ultitude of minds far beyond the proceedings of a oard of Arbitration that holds in its hands the rela- ons of two great nations, and possibly the peace of e world.

The daily life of the people is not in politics, or philosophy, or religious discussion. They eat and drink, they buy and sell, they lose and gain, they love and hate, they plot and counterplot; their lives are filled with doubts and fears and hopes, and realizations or disappointments of hope; and when they read, they choose to read of these. It is in these experiences that all classes meet on common ground, and this is the ground of the novel. In truth, the novel is social history, personal biography, religion, morals, and philosophy, realized or idealized, all in one. Nay, more: it is the only social history we have. If the social history of the last hundred years in England and America has not been written in the novels of the last fifty, it has not been written at all. In the proportion that these novels have been accepted and successful have their plots, characters, spirit, properties and belongings been taken from real life. There is no form of literature in which the people have been more inexorably determined to have truthfulness than in that of fiction. History, under the foul influence of partisanship, has often won success by lying, but fiction never. Under the inspirations of ideality, it has presented to us some of the very purest forms of truth which we possess.

So universally accepted is the novel that it has become one of the favorite instruments of reform. If a great wrong is to be righted, the sentiments, convictions and efforts of the people are directed against it through the means of a novel. It is mightier to this end than conventions, speeches, editorials and popular rebellions. If a social iniquity is to be uncovered that it may be cured, the pen of the novelist is the power employed. The adventurer, the drunkard, the libertine, the devotee of fashion and folly, are all punctured and impaled by the same instrument, and held up to the condemnation or contempt of the world. At the same time, we are compelled to look to our novels rather than to our histories and biographies for our finest and purest idealizations of human character and human society. There is nothing more real and nothing more inspiring in all history and cognate literature, than the characters which fiction, by the hands of its masters, has presented to the world.

There was a time when the church was afraid of the novel; and it is not to be denied that there are bad novels—novels which ought not to be read, and which are read simply because there are people as bad as the novels are; but the church itself is now the most industrious producer of the novel. It is found next to impossible to induce a child to read anything but stories; and therefore the shelves of our Sunday-school libraries are full of them. These stories might be better, yet they undoubtedly contain the best presentation of religious truth that has been made to the infantile mind. The pictures of character and life that are to be found in a multitude of these books cannot fail of giving direction and inspiration to those for whom they are painted. Among much that is silly and preposterous and dissipating, there is an abundance that is wholesome and supremely valuable. Religious novels, too, have become a large and tolerably distinct class of books of very wide acceptance and usefulness in the hands of men and women. The church, least of all estates, perhaps, could now afford to dispense with the novel, because it is found that the novel will be produced and universally consumed.

The trash that is poured out by certain portions of the press will continue to be produced, we suppose, while it finds a market. The regret is that such stuff can find a market, but tastes will be crude and morals low in this imperfect world for some time to come. Let us be comforted in the fact that sensuality that there is education indirect if not direct in c art, and that there will naturally come out o large eating of trash a desire for more solid A long look at the yellow wearies, and then th asks for blue. If we look back upon our own e ence, we shall doubtless find that we demand a different novel now from that which formerly sat or fascinated us, and that we ourselves have p through a process of development which helps pronounce as trash much that formerly please Let us hope for the world that which we have re for ourselves.

## THE OLD CABINET.

I SHOULD like to live in a community where every man's face would represent his idea of himself. Even as it is, there is not a countenance in the wide world so homely that its owner does not find in it a grace unseen by others. It is this consciousness of at least an approach toward the beloved ideal that makes ugly folks quite as much given to throwing sheep's eyes at themselves in mirrors as handsome people are. Photographic albums abundantly record this pathetic striving after ideals—shown in every case where the artist has not posed and retouched subject and negative out of all individuality and expression.

But it is not merely at the photographer's that people endeavor to impress upon others their own conception of themselves. We go through life trying to do it. And oh, what a hard time some of us have! Think of a man with a brain that feels broad and towering, and a narrowing forehead, at an angle of forty-five degrees; imagine another with a Wellington heart and a turn-up nose, or a girl whose idea of herself is something like Mrs. Browning, and who stands six feet in her stockings. A youth of my acquaintance, who affects the appearance of a rake, is miserably baffled by a goody style of countenance; to judge from his face one might suppose that he had attended the recent 'American Derby' for the purpose of distributing tracts.

You apprehend at once how this accounts for a great many things in life that seem ludicrous on the surface. The clustering curls and shrinking ways, for instance, of the large young lady above mentioned would not seem at all incongruous could we behold the girl as she appears to herself.

THERE is something touching in the attachment that everybody has for his own countenance. Is not that one of the tenderest things in Dickens—Charlie's hiding the looking-glass from poor disfigured little Dame Durden. I am certain that a sudden change, though for the better, in the face of the plainest person I know would make him homesick.

I confess to a subtle satisfaction in my last photograph, which I am very well aware is not share any of the friends to whom I have presented c They talk about the position being forced or nat or the eyebrows not being brushed; or the hair l too formal; or the picture flattering me a littl not flattering me at all; or its being too light; o dark; or too festive; or too solemn; or abou being a capital likeness; or an abominable one- cording to variance in prints, moods, and not But what interests *me* in it—*they* have no souls fo wonder if I am as inappreciative in the matte other people's photographs. I declare I shall through the next photograph album with new eye

As unsatisfactory as they are in the main, pl graphs show a man to himself in some respects b than the looking-glass does. For in the look glass you are always met by that frightening p blank stare. On the other hand, you can gaze your own photograph just as composedly as upon of the King of Siam.

. . . There is no social custom more wi observed than that already alluded to, of loo sidewise at one's self in mirrors. Scarcely one a passenger in a hundred fails in the observance passing through the ladies' cabins of the J—y ferry-boats: and ninety-eight of the ninety-nine on the sly. The strange part of it is that, while ev body knows precisely what his file leader is ab everybody imagines that he himself has never caught in the act. It is one of the delusions to w humanity is subject.—Why cannot we be frank al it? Suppose we try to be frank about it to-morr

DID you never catch a glimpse of yourself unexp edly in a looking-glass, and think at first it wa stranger approaching? And did you never get a den view of your own personality by means psychic accident such as that? A friend of mine, is as unconceited as any man I know, told me tha once saw his own character, that way, and it brou tears to his eyes. It was only for an instant,—a f of lightning in a dark night,—but he was confider de a better man of him. It gave him firmer faith his friends. It manifested what there was in him at it was possible for them to love. It made him ppy and humble. He knew that those about him l not see all; but he strove ever after to be true to at gracious vision of himself.

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It is a pitiable thing for a man to base his idea of mself on a chance likeness to some famous person. wonder how many lives have been wrecked on the ck of a personal resemblance to Edwin Booth. A e young fellow from New York, who had "fre-ently been mistaken for Mr. Booth," made his *but* in Ourtown, a few years ago, in the character Hamlet. Having heard something about him, I lled upon him at the hotel during the afternoon eceding the first performance. His enthusiasm was autiful. He had never rehearsed upon a stage, but had gone through the play over and over again in s own room, using the chairs to represent Ophelia, oratio, and the rest. He knew it was a bold ven-re, but he hadn't the slightest fear, he said.

Ghost of Shakespeare, what a Hamlet it was! I ould not blame the gallery for insisting upon regard-g the entertainment throughout as light comedy. he tragedy lay too deep for their ken.

Another Booth-bedeviled youth used to haunt in elancholy attitudes the corridors of the Winter arden while his illustrious double was playing lamlet there. After the tragedian cut his hair, and eveloped into a prosperous and cheerful-faced mana-er, the fellow must have looked more like Booth an Booth did himself.

Perhaps you have reason to remember that amiable oung man, not unknown in this neighborhood, who was istracted from a useful and honorable career, by an nfortunate resemblance to the Chandos portrait. Ah e! there was an excellent—let me say tailor ruined o make a villainous poet. The last time I saw him as at the unvailing of Ward's wonderful statue at he Central Park. His hat was pushed back from his orehead, and (after he had run his fingers casually hrough his hair once or twice) the likeness to that oble bronze head was really remarkable. But I ad a great pity for the young lady who was sitting y him, and to whom they say he is engaged.

A frightful example of the evil that may be wrought y personal resemblance, such as we have been notic-ng, is furnished by that ancient wandering mounte-ank whose indubitable likeness to most of the ex-ant portraits of the Father of his Country leads the eholder to acknowledge a certain fitness in his ana-hronistic attire,—knee-breeches, cocked hat, canary-colored waistcoat, and all,—and to look with charity upon the assumption of the easily-suggested title—'Spirit of '76.' But it is when the hoary-headed rogue adds to this patriotic cognomen that of the 'Great Matrimonial Promoter,' vends cheap photographs at excellent profits, and with his little electrical apparatus pretends to work miracles upon the human system, adding the beguilement of a 'free grab in the bag,' that you discover the Spirit of '72, and wonder how many of the old sinner's lies are to be laid at the door of his immaculate prototype.

It is fortunate that there are some who can master the illusions of resemblance. There is my friend Brown, the well-known publisher; notwithstanding he is constantly bowed to on Broadway and in the Park, under the supposition that it is none other than a certain illustrious statesman who shall be nameless, he steadfastly declines to consider himself a great man, and has gone no farther into politics than to allow his name to be used in a respectable list of forty vice-presidents at a late political 'demonstration.' An obscure Shakespeare of whom we wot, has never permitted himself so much as a sonnet, and to-day is making excellent cheese in a Western State; and a village Booth, of the genuine type, had the manliness to spoil the likeness by raising a moustache and entering upon the scientific cultivation of vegetables and small-fruits.

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I SHOULD sincerely like to be famous, if it were only for a fortnight. I am sure that fame would not spoil me a bit. I would carry myself so unpretendingly, and with such thought for others, that men would say —behold the gentleness and simplicity of true greatness!

I do not think that famous men live up to their privileges. Remember how much pleasure they have it in their power to confer, to the sure enhancement of their own happiness. We do hear of Washington's occasionally taking Revolutionary babies into his lap, or patting small boys on the head; and I could name a noted person, still living, who makes a point of giving large apples to little children. But—in the matter of autographs for instance—how common it is to send nothing but one's name: how few of our great men preface even so little as *Faithfully yours;* and there is hardly one in a score who will copy a passage from his celebrated poem, or throw in a characteristic impromptu phrase.

Some of our rich men, by the way, do not get all the credit to which they are entitled. It strikes me as requiring no little heroism to refuse to take advantage of so many opportunities for making one's self happy by doing good to other people.

# NATURE AND SCIENCE.

### The Month of Earthquakes.

THE month of April, 1872, will for long be remembered and will occupy an important position in geological history as the month of earthquakes and volcanoes. The series of disturbances in question commenced on March 26th with an earthquake at Independence, Inyo County, California, and lasted for five hours, during which time "the earth was never for a moment perfectly quiet, and every few moments heavy shocks, of a few seconds duration, were occurring: in all, there were more than fifty heavy shocks." During the disturbance, flashes of light were seen to issue from the Black Rock, a volcano of the Sierra Nevada range about fourteen miles distant.

On April 3d the terrible earthquake of Antioch laid that ancient city in ruins. In this commotion the earth was disturbed over a considerable extent, the shocks being severely felt from Aleppo to Orfa, beyond the Euphrates, and occurring at intervals for more than a week.

On April 14th and 15th violent shocks of earthquake were felt at Accra, on the Gold coast of Africa, and these were attended by a hurricane which wrecked nearly every vessel in the harbor of Zanzibar.

On April 24th Vesuvius again burst her bonds and became more active than at any time since the eruption that overwhelmed Herculaneum and Pompeii.

Europe, Asia, Africa, America,—four, out of the five great divisions of the globe, showing serious disturbance of their surface at almost the same time. It is as if Mother Earth were shaking the finger of admonition at those who deny the old geological doctrines, and advance the hypothesis that the globe is not fluid in its interior, but is solid through and through.

### Eccentricity.

THE following singular instance of eccentricity, illustrating the close connection of this condition of the mind with insanity, is related by Professor Hammond in his work on diseases of the nervous system.

A lady had since her childhood shown a singularity of conduct as regarded her table furniture, which she would have of no other material than copper. She carried this fancy to such an extent that even the knives were made of copper. People laughed at her, and tried to reason her out of her whim, but in vain. In no other respect was there any evidence of mental aberration. She was intelligent, by no means excitable, and in the enjoyment of excellent health. An uncle had, however, died insane. A trifling circumstance started in her a new train of thought, and excited emotions which she could not control. She read in the morning paper that a Mr. Kopperman had arrived at one of the hotels, and she announced her determination to call on him. Her friends endeavored to dissuade her, but without avail. She went to the hotel and was told that he had just left for Chicago. Without returning to her home, sh bought a ticket for Chicago, and actually started o the next train for that city. The telegraph, howeve overtook her, and she was brought back from R chester raving of her love for a man whom she ha never seen, and whose name alone had been associate in her mind with her fancy for copper table-furnitur She died of acute mania within a month.

### Mental Power in Men and Women.

REGARDING this oft-discussed question, Professo Maudsley says: It has been affirmed by some philos phers that there is no essential difference between th mind of a woman and that of a man; and that if girl were subjected to the same education as a boy sh would resemble him in tastes, feelings, pursuits, an powers. To my mind it would not be one wh more absurd to affirm that the antlers of the stag, t human beard, and the cockscomb are effects of ed cation; or that by putting a girl to the same educ tion as a boy she could be sexually transformed int one. The physical and mental differences betwee the sexes intimate themselves very early in life, an declare themselves most distinctly at puberty. If t person is hermaphrodite, the mental character, like t physical, participates equally in that of both sexe If either sex is mutilated, it approaches in charact the opposite sex. While woman preserves her se she will necessarily be feebler than man, and, havi her special bodily and mental characters, will have, a certain extent, her own sphere of activity. Whe she has pretty well divested herself of her sex, s may then take his ground and do his work; but s will have lost her feminine attractions, and probab also her chief feminine functions.

### The Doctrine of Signatures.

DURING the sixteenth and seventeenth centuri the belief in the doctrine of signatures was at i zenith. It rested on the idea that plants possess some visible trait, mark or signature which indicat their fitness to be used for the cure of diseases in ce tain parts of the body. The walnut, for example, w regarded as presenting a perfect signature of the hea the outer husk or green covering representing t pericranium or outer skin of the skull; therefore pr parations of this were used in treating wounds of t scalp. The inner hard shell, its thin yellow skin, a the kernel, in their turn representing the bones of t skull, the dura mater, and the substance of the brai were highly esteemed in the treatment of diseases each of these parts.

In like manner pith of elder, since it pits wh pressed on, as do the legs of a dropsical person, w used in treating dropsy. And to illustrate by a fe quotations from a work on this curious subject- "Lady's thistle has many prickles, hence it is used stitches of the side. The scales of pine cones r semble the front teeth, hence when boiled in vineg y make a gargle which soothes the toothache. hite coral is very like teeth, therefore it helpeth ants to breed their teeth, their gums being rubbed rewith."

### The Theory of Fermentation.

Is fermentation a process of Life or of Death? big holds that it is a phenomenon connected with th, and that all substances, and especially those ich are albuminoid, as albumen, fibrin, casein; or, uids, as blood and milk, have the property in the sence of air of initiating such movements in the lecules of organic bodies as to cause them to take new forms. According to Pasteur all fermenta- ns are processes connected with life, and fermentable tter never undergoes fermentation without an essant interchange of molecules between it and ing cells, which grow or multiply in assimilating a rtion of the fermentable matter itself.

In the souring of wine, M. Pasteur holds that a owth which he calls *Mycoderma Aceti* forms on the face of the liquid. This little microscopic vege- ole, he says, has the power of condensing the oxygen the air after the fashion of platinum black, or of ood globules, and conveying it to the liquid on ich it rests. Liebig denies this, saying that alcohol uted with water does not contain the elements for formation of the *Mycoderma Aceti*, and yet it is nvertible into vinegar. Pasteur replies that the ter used to dilute the alcohol contains everything cessary for the development of the vegetable, and sserts the truth of his theory, adding that if the ssels in which acetification of alcoholic solutions curs (as in wine and beer making) are steamed or ed with boiling water for a sufficient time, vinegar ll not again form; at least not until a new crop of *ycoderma Aceti* has been produced.

### Aphasia.

THIS disease of the memory or impairment of the a or power of expressing language may be illustra- by the following instances. A gentleman of enty years, when wishing for anything, constantly ployed some inappropriate word. If he desired ad, he asked for his boots, yet would be furious en these were brought. If he wished a tumbler to nk from, he would call for an utterly unsuitable ssel, and *vice versâ*. Yet he was conscious that he d the wrong word, for if another person suggested proper word he at once adopted it. Sometimes substitution is applied to a single letter. An in- nce of this occurred in a learned patient of Dr. ichton's who substituted the letter *z* for *f*, and, if he sired (*Kaffee*) or coffee, asked for (*Katze*) a cat. A gular case was that of Madame Hennert, who asked a table when she wanted a chair, and for a book en she desired a glass, and even when the proper rd was suggested she could not pronounce it, yet conducted her household affairs with accuracy and gularity.

Not only does the defect in question affect the power of speech, but it also extends to the act of writing. The person may articulate fluently and rapidly, using strange words that he has coined, or substituting unsuitable words. He may even know that he is talking nonsense, yet when he attempts to express his ideas by writing he will either write his words in conformation to his use of them or he will write an unintelligible scrawl.

Among other odd examples of this defect is one related by Professor Hammond, in which the person always made the answer *tois* to any question implying the use of figures, though he would correct himself by holding up the right number of fingers. For example, if he meant two, he would say *tois* and hold up two fingers; if he meant seven, he would say *tois* and hold up seven fingers; if he meant eighty-four, he would say *tois*, hold up eight fingers and then four. Another gentleman could not recollect the names of his friends, but always designated them by their ages.

### Human Equality.

PERHAPS of all the erroneous notions concerning mind which the science of metaphysics has engendered or abetted, there is none more fallacious than that which tacitly assumes or explicitly declares that men are born with equal original mental capacity, opportunities and educations determining the differences of subsequent development. The opinion is as cruel as it is false. What man can by taking thought add one cubit either to his mental or to his bodily stature? Multitudes of human beings come into the world weighted with a destiny against which they have neither the will nor the power to contend; they are the step-children of Nature, and groan under the worst of all tyrannies, the tyranny of a bad organization. Men differ, indeed, in the fundamental characters of their minds as they do in the features of their countenances or in the habits of their bodies; and between those who are born with the potentiality of a full and complete mental development, under favorable circumstances, and those who are born with an innate incapacity of mental development, under any circumstances, there exists every gradation. What teaching could ever raise the congenital idiot to the common level of human intelligence? What teaching could ever keep the inspired mind of the man of genius at that level?

### Photographing the Heart's Action.

THE movements of liquids in the Barometer and Thermometer, the passage of spots across the Sun, the indications of the Spectroscope, are registered daily by the photograph. We now add to the many other duties performed by this hand-maiden of Science, that of registering the action of the human heart.

The device by which this result is attained is the invention of Dr. Ozanam. It consists of a thin india-rubber bag to which a short glass tube is attached. Sufficient mercury is poured into the apparatus to fill the bag and a portion of the tube, and the instrument is placed over the heart of the person to be examined. Thus arranged, every pulsation of the heart is indicated by a corresponding movement of the mercury in the tube, and by suitable photographic apparatus, provided with a moving sensitive slip of paper, a perfect registration of the extent and rate of the pulsations is obtained.

As an earnest of the discoveries this ingenious device is to yield, we are told that the photographic image thus obtained shows "that the column of mercury (representing, of course, the blood in the arteries) bounded with one leap to the top of the scale, and then descended again to its original level by three or four successive falls. Four descriptions of dicrotism have in this way been proved to exist, the fall of the pulse sometimes taking place in successive horizontal lines and sometimes in ascendant lines, the column reascending two or three times before falling altogether."

### The Earth of Tantah.

TANTAH is a village on the delta of the Nile where for ages the inhabitants have constructed their dwellings out of the mud or ooze brought down by the river. As these mud huts have succumbed to the attacks of time, new habitations have been constructed on the débris of those that have fallen, until at last each hut is mounted on the apex of a small mound formed out of many generations of huts. The occupants of these primitive edifices have from time immemorial been the family of the builder, together with the cows, asses, and other animals that ministered to his wants. Living together thus in the closest communion, and differing but little in relative position in the scale of animality, all the occupants have discharged their excreta on the floor of the habitation until the earth composing it has become exceedingly rich in organic matter and highly valued as a fertilizer.

This fertilizing earth has been recently analyzed by Auguste Houzeau, who finds that though the earth at the surface contains almost precisely the same amount of nitrogen as that taken at a depth of many feet, they differ essentially in that the nitrogen is all in the form of nitrate of ammonia in the latter, while in the former it is in the condition of uric acid, urea, and similar organic substances. The organic matters have, therefore, in the slow lapse of time, been converted into nitric acid and ammonia by the agency of the air acting through a suitable medium; and though we may despise the lowly Egyptian and abhor the manner in which he lives, we must nevertheless give him credit for utilitarianism, since he has discovered the greater fertilizing power of the older deposits, and will never employ the new if he can obtain the old earth of Tantah.

### Tea Drunkards.

DR. ARLIDGE, one of the Pottery Inspectors in Staffordshire, has put forth a sensible protest against a very pernicious custom which rarely receives sufficient attention either from the medical profession or from the public. He says that the women of the work classes make tea a principal article of diet instea an occasional beverage; they drink it several tim day, and the result is a lamentable amount of sickn This is no doubt the case, and, as Dr. Arlidge rema a portion of the reforming zeal which keeps up s a lively warfare against intoxicating drinks might vantageously be diverted to the repression of this serious evil of tea-tippling among the poorer clas Tea in anything beyond moderate quantities is as tinctly a narcotic poison as is opium or alcohol. is capable of ruining the digestion, of enfeebling disordering the heart's action, and of generally s tering the nerves.

### Comets and their Tails.

IN discussing these erratic bodies Professor Zöl starts with the fact that fluids as water, mercury, solids of nearly all kinds, give off vapor of low tens though in too small a quantity to be recognize any tests with which we are at present acquain It therefore follows that the masses of matter scatt throughout space are ultimately surrounded wit atmosphere of their own vapor. If the volum such masses is too small to exert sufficient attrac force to retain this vapor, the whole mass ultima assumes the vaporous state. Professor Zöllner th that many of the small comets are such masses o por, while others are fluid, consisting of water or haps of liquid hydrocarbons, an idea which is f fied by the character of the spectra of certain ne as well as of some of the smaller comets.

Regarding the self-luminosity of comets and the mation of their trains, Professor Zöllner says, t are but two causes which can produce the first of t results, viz., elevation of temperature and electri tion. Setting the first aside as being utterly inadeq under the circumstances, the author thinks that electricity developed by the solar rays, either in process of evaporation or by the mechanical and lecular disturbances they produce, is amply suffi to cause the luminosity and also to form the t The explanation here given of the formation of tails or trains of comets is exceedingly ingenious it not only applies in those instances in which the is directed from the sun, acting under these cir stances by repulsion, but it also accounts for the that in some instances the tail is directed towar sun, there being under these circumstances elect attraction instead of repulsion.

### Memoranda.

CONCERNING American asphaltum, Professor Newberry says: All my observations on asphalts resulted in the conviction that, without excep they are more or less perfectly solidified residual ducts of the spontaneous evaporation of petrol In many instances the process of the formatio asphalt may be witnessed as it takes place in na and in our oil-stills we are constantly producing v es of asphalt. These are, in some instances, indis-nguishable from the natural ones, and in general ffer from them only because our rapid artificial stillation at a high temperature differs from the milar but far slower distillation that takes place ontaneously at a low temperature.

The plague of flies at present raging in Paris, and hich has been attributed by some to the great num-er of bodies of animals and men that remained for ng unburied during the siege, is now the subject of iscussion among the French entomologists. M. lanchard, of the Academy of Sciences, says they are egetable and not animal feeders, and thinks their normous increase is owing to the destruction during e siege of the birds that formerly fed on them and eir eggs.

The salts of platinum and iridium furnish an indeli-e ink for writing or designing on paper, wood, or her similar surfaces, when used as follows: The riting or design, having been executed by a pen, is bmitted to the action of vapor of mercury, which rows the metal into a state in which it resists all emical agents except a few which would also destroy e organic surface on which the writing or design is ecuted. (A. Merget.)

The oxygen light of Tessie du Motay, which has en for some time past in operation upon some of e principal boulevards of Paris, has been found satisfactory in several particulars, and we are formed that the lights have been removed. In dition to the use of burning gas with oxygen, this ocess requires the introduction of a super-carburetting paratus. It would seem that practical difficulties her than the cheap preparation of oxygen gas must overcome before an oxygen light can be made suc-ssful.—(*Journal of the Franklin Institute.*)

The sweet exudation that appears on the leaves of e alder, maple, rose, and some other trees, has been amined by M. Boussingault, who finds that it is mposed of about 55 per cent. of cane sugar, 25 of verted sugar, and 20 of dextrine. In the healthy ate the sugars elaborated by the leaves of these ees, under the influence of light and warmth, pass to the tissues of the plant by the descending sap, t in certain diseased conditions these saccharine oducts accumulate on the upper surface of the aves, either because they are produced in excessive antity, or because the movement of the sap is hin-red by the presence of an excess of dextrine. This seased state, M. Boussingault thinks, is not the re-lt solely of meteorological conditions, though they ert a certain influence; neither is it produced by e puncture of the leaves by insects, since the most reful watching failed to detect their presence until er the exudation had commenced.

A gunpowder pile-driver has been used in the con-uction of a new wharf at League Island. From e account of its performances it appears to have given perfect satisfaction. It is constructed in such a manner as to utilize both the projectile force and recoil.

A new and powerful thermo-electric battery has been invented by Noë, of Vienna. The alloys used are as yet kept secret. It is stated that ten of the elements of this battery are equal to one Daniell cell, and twenty equal one Bunsen cell. Seventy-two elements arranged for intensity decompose water rapidly, two series of thirty-six each operate a Ruhmkorff coil, and four series of eighteen produce powerful electro-magnets. If all that is said of it be true, we have at last arrived at the time when electricity may be turned on like steam, water, gas, or any other agent in common use.

A remarkable instance of tolerance by the human system of the excessive use of tobacco is afforded in the case of Mr. Klaës, of Rotterdam. This gentleman, who was known as the "King of Smokers," has just died in his eightieth year, and is said to have consumed during his long life more than four tons of tobacco. The ruling passion was apparent in the will of the deceased, and in his eccentric request that his oak coffin might be lined with the cedar of his old cigar-boxes, and that a box of French corporal and a package of old Dutch tobacco might be placed at its foot, and by the side of his body his favorite pipe, together with matches, flint and steel, and tinder.—(*Lancet.*)

Old iron ships are patched up with cements and thus made to appear as good as new, but fortunate is the voyager who lands safely from such a vessel when she is heavily laden.

A new mill has been invented by Mr. T. Carr of Bristol, England, for pulverizing various substances. It consists of a cylindrical iron box provided with a rotating axis to which projecting radii are attached. The material to be pulverized is dropped through the box, and in its transit, being frequently struck by these rapidly moving radii, it is broken into fine fragments or powder just as a mass of dry earth is broken when we toss it into the air and strike it with a stick as it falls. Clays, ores, and various minerals are by this means pulverized to any required degree of fineness. The machine has also been adapted to the manufacture of flour, which is said to be superior to ordinary flour in that it is not "killed" by the squeezing and pressure to which it is submitted in an ordinary mill.

Lithofracteur is an improved form of dynamite in which the latter is mixed in certain proportions with other explosives, the character of which is not yet known.

At a recent meeting of the Anthropological Institute in London, Mr. J. Bononi exhibited and described a new instrument for measuring the proportions of the human body. The instrument is said to be specially applicable to the identification of criminals.

Washerwomen spoil everything with soda, and nothing is more common than to see the delicate tints of lawns and percales turned into dark blotches and muddy streaks by the ignorance and vandalism of a laundress. It is worth while for ladies to pay attention to this and insist upon having their summer dresses washed according to the directions which they should be prepared to give the laundresses themselves. In the first place, the water should be tepid, the soap should not be allowed to touch the fabric; it should be washed and rinsed quickly, turned upon the wrong side, and hung in the shade to dry. When starched in thin-boiled but *not* boiling starch, it should folded in sheets or towels and ironed on the wr side as soon as possible.—(*Scientific American.*)

The lignites of Monte Bamboli in Italy have nished evidences of the existence of another fossil forming a link between the gorilla and the baboons

The knowledge and power of man are coincide for, whilst ignorant of causes, he can produce effects, nor is Nature to be conquered but by s mission. (Lord Bacon.)

# HOME AND SOCIETY.

## Domestic Ethics.

It is a sad but a terribly common thing, whether in material or spiritual forces, to waste power. Whatever be true in the physical world, we see this waste going on in moral dynamics every day and all about us. In religious asceticism, for instance, what a wondrous amount of laudable but barren effort, self-denial, perseverance, and all heroic virtues has been laid out by ill-judging saints in denying themselves essentially innocent comforts or pleasures, or forcing themselves to as essentially useless or hurtful practices. The evil is the greater when it attacks our forming period, and perverts not only our habitual actions but the underlying tendencies and mental tone which shape them. It is of the last importance, in early training, to get all the moral force of the growing character concentred on vital distinctions and essential rights and wrongs. No energy should be wasted in changing the accommodation power, so to speak, of our mental vision, and magnifying matters of mere convention or accidental relation into inherent duties. Yet this is what we do every day with our own children. Setting aside the radically false or foolish tendency of much of the theoretically religious and ethical teaching of the home circle—due to mental limitation or moral perversity on the part of the elders—there is still grave fault to be found with a great many very virtuous and right-thinking parents. The artificial tone of modern life has introduced an artificial standard into domestic ethics. Very rare is the family whose sliding scale of duties, especially for the young folks, is radically healthy and rational, whose system of obligation and merit, reward and punishment, is not sadly conventional and modeled for the most part on a mere regard for the personal and material convenience of the family. The consequence is that little and in themselves unimportant things get raised factitiously to the rank of grave moral virtues or faults; really important tendencies or phenomena get neglected or winked out of sight. The worst of it is that the very outcroppings of youthful temperament which are the most normal and promising, if rightly directed, are often most ap get nipped in the bud and parentally clapper-cla because they interfere with the convenience of o people. Baby Anna,—restless, prying, merry, deli ful little midget!—is at this moment busily occu in hauling out all my papers from a drawer of desk, and presently, her curiosity satisfied in direction, will give a tug at books, or tableclot something which will make wreck of my wri apparatus and illustrate Hood's idea of “the so of the Niger” with a spilt inkstand on the pa carpet. If I am a blockhead I shall scold and haps punish the evil-doer. Good sense will bid wipe up the spot, and pick up the papers, than and cheerful for the strong vitality which fills all little limbs with happy life and for the active ob vant temperament which, God willing, shall some make her a blessing to her children, her depende her readers, or her fellow-laborers in all good wo Neddie has just come home with shockingly m boots gained in racing “cross lots” on the way f school, and a woeful rent in his trowsers from shi ing up the apple-tree in the front yard. Mam neat soul is outraged at the one, and the pare pocket aches at thought of the “V” needed to m good the other. But what shall we care about b and trowsers when the full-grown lad is winning h and doing his duty on Western plains, tracing arteries through the heart of the continent, or se God's wonders face to face on the dizzy crests of Sierras?

On the other hand, how much of petty vanity meanness, or sensuality, or trickery, or malice sloth, either gets entirely passed over in the l people's training, or assumes some shape so plea to the parental heart as to win actual praise reward. And how often do we find others— often are we ourselves—wise enough to take abs stand-points and broad views, and praise or p according to that which is really good or hurtful the youngster's nature, and not merely for our pitiful comfort, vanity, or convenience?

### Tent Awnings.

To live in a "new place" in the country where ur newly-purchased trees are in bulk and stature as e useful but unornamental bean-pole, to see your nder grass scorch and your springing vines shrink in e August heats, to be driven into the house from e veranda whose ten feet of projecting roof seems arcely to shut off one javelin of the sun, this is to elt in longings for the flesh-pots of Egypt—the ick brick walls and watered streets of the city whose ust you shook off when you bought your rustic radise. For Nature is so slow in her processes in ese latitudes. In three years, she gives you turf; six years, a hedge; in ten or twelve or twenty years, ees. But in those twenty years baby grows up, and u are a grandmother, and these things seem of less nsequence.

Now see how ingenuity shall circumvent nature, nd cheat time, and make naught of money. An vning and virtue are happiness below. Nor needs one of those fine, frippery, floating canopies that ust be furled in a tempest, and treated with much spect, and that cost a hundred dollars or so, which w of us can afford to spend for canvas and iron ds. No, send first to your woods for a dozen cedar-osts, and, if you have no woods, send to your neighor's. A cedar-post will be no more than a mullein-alk to him, and he should be grateful to you for earing them out. Have these posts firmly set in ne ground four feet outside your veranda-posts, ur or five feet apart, and four feet shorter than the eight of the veranda. Buy Amoskeag awning of a vely cool blue and white, at thirty cents a yard, and aroon awning bindings at a dollar a piece of interinable yards. Measure the breadths long enough to each from the plate above the veranda-posts to the top f the awning-posts, and to that length add sixteen nches more for the flap. Cut this flap into deep scolps which the wind will catch and flutter, and bind hem with the red braid. Sixteen inches from the ottom run a small seam the whole length of the wning, binding it with the braid. To the under side f this seam sew carpet-rings here and there, through vhich a large wire should pass to be fastened at every wning-post, and to hold in position the lower edge of he awning above the flap. Face the upper edge an nch deep with strong ticking, through which work ut eyelet-holes which must be passed over hooks crewed twelve inches apart in the plate above the eranda-posts—and there is your awning, done! It nust be confessed that the corners will at first seem 'scarers." But much laying on of paper patterns, nd turning of breadths end for end, and fitting the rosswise seam to a stay of wood nailed from veranda-ost to awning-post, will result in a neater corner han Wall street knows.

The flesh-and-blood awning, so to speak, which is the text of this homily, is forty-five feet long, fourteen feet broad (covering the front and ends of a large veranda) and seven feet deep: a giant of awnings. Yet it was made on the sewing-machine in two days, and the whole cost was less than twenty-five dollars. And for that sum what was not gained? To the cottage a suite of rooms was added, and the luster of the mornings, the hush of golden noons, the splendor of sunsets. For there was no hour of the day and no day in the week when that broad shaded veranda was not habitable. Always a breeze stirred there. The tender vines, that had been blighted by the fierce sun, took heart in the protection of the friendly canopy, and out of very gratitude climbed like Jack's bean-stalk, clothing every post and rail of the veranda with green luxuriance. Between the floating, ever-changing line of the awning and the delicate border of trembling leaves, the far-off woods and nearer meadows always lay framed, a lovely picture. The stout, plain home-made shelter defied sun to fade it, or storm to shrink it, or wind to tear it. For four months of every year it was the comfort of a household which could not have afforded a costly umbrage while it waited, like a thousand others, for its trees to grow.

Our great poet made a lovely rhyme which he called "The Planting of the Apple-tree." But "The Planting of the Awning-posts" is a subject not a whit less poetic, for what gracious living may not follow it? And if a great harvest of tent-awnings grows next summer from this little seed, doubtless the singer will come who shall celebrate the gain to mankind.

### Croquet.—III.

THE want of uniformity in the rules has already been referred to in these columns. There is, moreover, a great lack of appreciation of the fine points of the game. To rush one's own ball through bridge after bridge as rapidly as possible, without regard to the relative positions of the balls of friends or foes, is far from good playing. While the necessary imperfections in the majority of grounds prevent that accuracy of execution which is possible in billiards, the combinations of numerous opportunities for aiding a friend or discommoding an enemy demand an amount of mental activity much greater than is required to see all the good shots on a billiard table.

A player should always look before taking a croquet to see how the balls will be left for the next player.

It is a good plan to always keep your friends together and enemies separated as much as possible. Never place an opponent near one of your partners if the opponent plays before the partner; but on the other hand, whenever it is convenient, give your partners some opposing ball to work with.

No good player having a poor player for a partner will under ordinary circumstances run the bridges faster than his partner; but will rather aid the partner in every possible way, and use any spare playing in bothering opponents.

Probably no one stroke is as useful to an expert as the splitting stroke in loose croquet: so, for the benefit of such as may not fully understand it and its uses, we present a diagram illustrating the principles of the blow and some applications of it.

Oftentimes it is desirable in taking roquet-croquet or loose croquet to give to the two balls motions in directions diverging from each other, in order to do which it is necessary to know exactly what blows of the mallet will give these directions. In fig. 1 A is the playing ball and B the secondary ball. As a fact, B will follow a line passing through the centers of both balls; hence the playing ball must be placed accordingly. Next, having in mind the direction A C in which A is to move, strike a blow with the mallet about in a line dividing the angle B A C equally—as represented by A D, which is a little nearer in the direction of the line A B.

Fig. 1

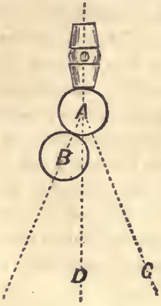
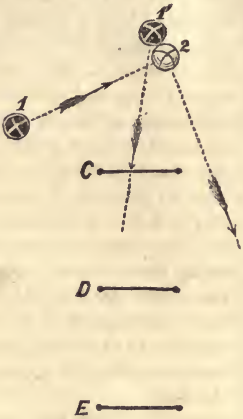


Fig. 2



A simple application of the splitting stroke may be seen in fig. 2. Balls 1 and 2 are both in position for bridge C, and 1 is to play. 1 roquets 2 lightly, then roquet-croquets with 2 by a splitting stroke, and runs the bridge, carrying 2 outside and beyond it. 1 again roquets 2 and gains the privilege of another roquet-croquet, when, as the splitting stroke is unnecessary now, 2 not being for bridge D, both balls can be driven through the bridge together, and the operation of roquet and roquet-croquet repeated as long as the player can play with success. The same result may be accomplished by croqueting 2 on one side of the bridge, and then running the bridge with 1; but the splitting stroke, if properly executed, is generally most advantageous, as it often gives the player a continuance of play not otherwise to be secured.

Fig. 3 illustrates a case that often occurs in slightly varied forms, but which is frequently overlooked. Ball No. 1 having run bridge C is in position for D. It roquets 2, sending it to $2^1$, and at the same blow runs D and comes to position $1^1$, from which E cannot be run. 1 being roqueted, 2 may take a roquet-croquet for the purpose of gaining position; and if such an attempt should not prove successful 1 may roquet and roquet-croquet 2 again before running E, because the first roquet was made previous to r ning bridge D, and hence there is no rule to forbid

Fig. 3

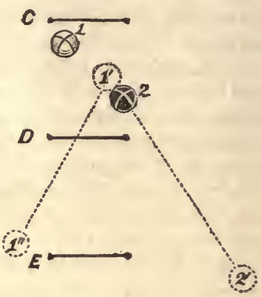
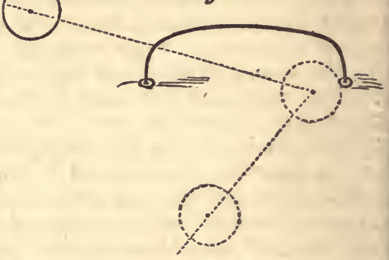


Fig. 4. It often happens that it is desirable to ru bridge with a ball so situated that there is not suffici space between the piers of the bridge for the bal pass obliquely. This may be accomplished by pl ing on to the more distant pier and depending on the bound to carry it through as seen in fig. 4. This only be done with certainty when the bridge is upr and rigidly fixed in the ground, which, frequentl not the case in light soil. The uprightness and fi ness of the bridges is very ingeniously secured by adoption of sockets, now offered in the market, sisting of wooden pins having a hole in the top of to receive the iron bridge. The increased size of th gives a bearing in the ground so great as to se permanence; and with this device the bridges ma readily removed and replaced.

Fig. 4



## Other Games.

THE game of lawn bowls does not require sepa apparatus, as it may be played by using two set croquet balls when there are four players; or, if two play, they may have a very good game with set. Suppose a game of four players on a large gro Place an odd croquet ball, or any block approxima in form to a ball, in the center of the ground, t hub; divide the sixteen croquet balls equally an the players, giving the eight dark balls to two on side, and the light balls to the other two.

Let the players take positions on four sides of hub ball, equally distant from it, the partners opp to each other, and bowl one ball at a time in tu the hub.

All the balls having been bowled, the score is ounted by the position of the balls with relation to he hub, wherever it may rest at the end of the bowlng. Each light ball that is nearer the hub ball than *ny* dark ball counting one on the score of the light ide, and *vice versâ*. Only one side can score anyhing on the same bowling, and as many bowlings ay constitute a game as the company agree upon.

The scoring and general principles are similar to the vell-known game of "Squails," which is played on a arge table with small disks of wood. For a merry ound game at the sea-side or mountains nothing is nore enjoyable than squails, and no other active game f equal merit is nearly as compact, it being all conained in a small box a few inches square.

In order to make the game most enjoyable the disks hould be made of some material as heavy as boxwood r ebony, in which case a set will cost about $2.00. There are cheap sets, made of light soft wood, sold or 50 cents, but they are not very satisfactory.

### Gardening for the Month.

DURING August the flower gardens are in the eight of their glory—Annuals, Perennials and Bedding-out plants vieing with each other in grace of form and beauty of coloring. The sub-tropical plants, and all the ornamental-leaved are very popular in every country and produce a charming effect when grown *en masse*.

The *Coleus* are the most gorgeous of all the variegated tribe, and are so easily grown and so rapidly increased by hybridization that each new year brings us something more beautiful than the one preceding.

"Her Majesty" well deserves its title. Its leaves are of a distinct bronzy red with a narrow golden margin, and its growth is more vigorous than that of many other varieties. "Baroness Rothschild" is also very beautiful.

Our own florists have been very successful in raising new *Coleus*, and the varieties offered this season are quite numerous. For ornamental purposes there are no plants that surpass them, and as pot plants they are magnificent.

August is the best month in which to start cuttings of them for window gardens. Make the cuttings of two, three, or four joints, and remove all but the two or three upper leaves; then place them in clear sand, which must be kept moist all the time. If possible, cover them with a glass shade. Thus treated they will grow rapidly, and, by the time they are moved into the house, will make fine plants.

*Begonias*, *Cannas*, *Achyranthes*, *Centaureas*, and all plants of the succulent species can be easily multiplied in this manner. *Heliotropes*, *Geraniums*, *Salvias*, *Monthly Roses*, *Carnations*, and all the desirable plants for in-door decoration can be made to strike root at this season.

If Annuals, like *Balsams*, *Zinnias*, *Stocks*, etc., are pruned now, pinched in, and trained to stakes, their beauty will be greatly increased. *Asters*, also, can be made to grow into finely-shaped plants by pinching off all the little shoots towards the bottom of the stems, and then mulching the roots with stable litter, and giving them a weekly dose of liquid manure. Under this treatment the flowers will be much larger, and the colors brighter. *Zinnias* and *Balsams* are both inclined to run to stalks and leaves, but judicious pruning will remedy all this, and improve the quality of the seeds.

Succulents are the latest fashion in plants. They are well adapted to withstand the heat and drouth of our summers; and, when arranged in oval or oblong beds, they present a very attractive appearance. The *Echeverias* possess great beauty of form and color of foliage, and the indescribable color of *Echeveria metallica* is very attractive. The old-fashioned *Houseleek* belongs to this class of plants. The *Sempervivums* and *Sedums* are also of the same family.

All of these plants are tender, and would not survive a hard winter. But at the South they would produce a pleasing effect during the whole year, and, after being set out, would require no care, excepting to divide the roots occasionally as the bed became too full for healthy growth.

These plants are as yet but little employed in fancy gardening, it being only a year or two since they were first introduced to the notice of amateur gardeners.

## CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

### The Jubilee.

THE Boston Jubilee of 1872 will be, we are assured on all hands, the last of its race. The statement seems quite probable. The evils and inconveniences of these monster undertakings are evident enough—expense of time, money, and pains, excitement, confusion, interruption of ordinary and more legitimate business, the unfair prominence given to clever and energetic but not artistically significant people, and the unpleasant air of charlatanry or vulgarity which indirectly and unfairly comes thereby to attach to musical enterprises in general. These, we repeat, are the patent evils of the Jubilee. It may be well, in justice to the managers, to recapitulate some of its advantages as noticed in the few opening days of the celebration. First and most important, because most durable, is the influence on musical interest and enthusiasm among our people. This influence is palpable, important, and, we are inclined to think, thoroughly normal and good. Any intelligent inhabitant of the pretty outlying towns near Boston can tell how the young people of his district have been for a year past, if not since the last Jubilee, steadily practicing, by sections and in associated choirs, under competent leaders, and in good solid music—no flummery, but honest Bach and Handel, Mendelssohn and Haydn. "In our district," said a young man, the other day, as the long and heavily-burdened evening excursion train crept slowly homeward towards the Auburndale hills, "there were, before the first Jubilee, but about twenty choral unions—now there are over one hundred and ninety, and these have steadily kept up their organization and increased their membership since the last festival." He added, too, that the testimony of the Boston music publishers went to show an immense increase in the sale of the best choral and oratorio music, not of lighter material. "These young people," said Mr. Gilmore, "came down from the country to hear the anvil chorus, but when they went back they took with them the score of 'He, watching over Israel.'"

So much for practical influence and popular culture. In the matter of abstract art, the festival cannot, in the nature of things, help showing many glaring weaknesses and mistakes, yet some results, we must think, have been gained. Admitting all the idleness, and remissness, and incompetence, which can be charged on the chorus,—granting, as asserted by one correspondent, that half of them are wasted by their cramped position away off in low-browed and distant corners of the building, or, as stated by another, that immense numbers spend their time in flirting and munching in the corridors, or sitting idly talking and gazing on the chorus benches, it is still clear, at least it was to us, when we heard the "Feste Burg" and the "Marseillaise," that a well-drilled chorus, counted by thousands, in a more rationally arranged auditorium, is, or could be, capable of producing results in majesty and breadth of effect, in richness, smoothness, and splendid color of tone, which can be reached in no other way, and are worth great pains and cost to secure. Spite of all the criticism passed on the orchestra, we persist in thinking their work a most enjoyable element of the jubilee. It is the first time we have ever heard an orchestra one thousand strong, but we hope sincerely it may not be the last. In this case multiplication of instruments has results undeniably fruitful in artistic beauty. Dynamically speaking, it has not much effect. Thomas's orchestra of fifty, in its confined recess or apse at the "Garden," makes more *noise* than Zerrahn's thousand fiddlers in the Coliseum. In precision and "snap," too, it must be confessed that the New York Maestro, with his merry men close about him—within striking range almost of his baton—has the advantage. But then the tone, the fiery-sweet yet smooth and unctuous quality of those two hundred first violins—the massive, solid, but thoroughly integral quality of the *fortissimo* and the *tutti!* *Quando adspiciam*, says the poet; when shall we hear again just that indescribable, penetrative, yet mellow quality which wailed and throbbed in the "Tannhauser," or sighed and laughed alternately in the sensuous melancholy of the Strauss waltzes? And even in the more technical regards of time and accer how wonderfully the fiery little Viennese carried the through his famous "pizzicato," the quick stacca notes, picked out, guitar fashion, by all the strings the band, yet each as clear, brilliant and distinct as shower of pearl-drops from a broken thread.

We might, if space allowed, speak in detail of t foreign bands and the soloists, of Abt and Leutr and Godfrey and Bendel—but these are good thin which run at large; we might have them, and probab may, in New York or San Francisco, London Paris. The Jubilee, as a monster choral and orche tral gathering, we shall not so easily have again. W wish it might be done over again, with all the light past experience, with less speculation and claptra with more conscientious, enlightened art, and car ful maturity of preparation. For in the element size, properly utilized, we believe there inheres influence favorable, if not essential, to grandeur effect, and we cannot avoid a lingering hope th "somehow, somewhere," we may see the experime of 1872 tried over with all its good results and better, and without any of its blunders.

### Two Modes of Prison Management.

THE late report of the Special Commissioners State Prison matters in Connecticut brings into cle relief two distinct modes of prison management und what is essentially the same system—the system know as the congregate in distinction from the solitary—t system by which men are congregated for labor in t day-time, and separated in cells at night.

These two modes are exemplified in the State Pr on at Wethersfield, and the House of Correction charge of Mr. Z. R. Brockway, at Detroit. In bo these the men labor together in shops in the day-tim and are locked in single cells at night. In both go order is maintained; and in neither is seen the effe of crowding and of political jobbery which Sing Si exhibits. But here resemblance ends; for the ma agements are conducted in very different expectatio of results. The first thing to be sought in any pris is discipline, subordination; without it there can neither peace nor progress. But the discipline m be merely that of repression, by the application physical or moral force without, or it may be the r sult in good part of self-control. The discipline o well-ordered regiment is largely that of self-control.

The prisoners at Wethersfield are kept in good o der, they are made to work steadily, they are secu they are fed very well, and very rarely suffer corpo punishment. The main objects are their securit their maintenance in health, and the getting fro them labor enough to make the prison self-supportin The reformation or elevation of the men is little co sidered. In the first place they are clothed in a pa ti-colored dress, an unnecessary humiliation in a pr on so well guarded. They are confined in cells thr feet and a half wide by seven feet long and seven fe high; some of them damp, none of them ventilate xcept by the grated door; none of them light nough. The cells are warmed in winter by stoves in e corridor. There is gas-light in the corridor, but is not sufficient to give light enough for reading at ight in the cells; even in the cells most favored the risoner needs to stand at the grated door and hold p his book to be able to read. The gas, except a w burners, is turned off at eight o'clock. The daily fe of the prisoner, in winter say, is as follows: He aroused when it is fairly light, takes his night-bucket, lls into line, lock-step with his file, carries his buck- to the yard, goes to the shop to wash, and returns his cell to breakfast; marches again, always with yes cast on the ground and in silence, to his work, orks in silence and with eyes cast down; goes to inner in his cell, back to the shop again in the same rder, until, before dark, he is locked into his cell for e night. There he must remain, in winter, from alf-past four to five o'clock in the afternoon till sev- n o'clock the next morning; all those weary hours in small cell, the air of which must be frightful before orning, with scarcely any opportunity to read, if he esires to read. This is the daily and hopeless round. n Sunday the men go to the chapel for one service, nd a few of them for a Bible lesson. There is a mall library, and every noon the chaplain goes round distribute books, and then and on Sunday converses ith those who wish to talk with him. But it will e seen that in this routine there is little mental oc- pation, little to arouse the intellect or moral nature, nd much to degrade the man and make him sullen nd merely doggedly obedient. The aspect of the rison is hopeless, and the men have the real "hang- og," "prison-bird" air.

The Detroit House of Correction is not what a rison should be, but it is an improvement on the one Wethersfield, and its whole moral atmosphere is in riking contrast to the other. The prison itself is etter ventilated and more wholesome. There is a as-burner in each cell, and the inmates are permitted read till nine o'clock. They do not wear a parti- olored uniform. Their hair is not cropped. Gen- ral silence is enforced, but neither in marching nor work are they compelled to look down. Care is ken not to destroy any self-respect that remains in em. A few men work at shoemaking under a con- ract, but it is drawn to suit the warden; and the men re perfectly under his control, and not under the con- ol of the contractor. The majority of them work at air-making, which business the warden himself carries n. There are two large shops, full of buzzing, whirl- g, and noisy machinery, in which are eighty men ach, with only one overseer in a shop. The men peak to each other when necessary about their work, nd to the passing observer appear very much like a hopful of any mechanics busy with and interested their work. They seem to work cheerfully. It is he warden's aim, in the shop and out of it, to teach hem self-control. The women of the institution ork in separate shops at chair-bottoming. It should be said that the prison is not only self-supporting, but that it pays yearly a handsome surplus, which is expended in improving the prison, and in adding to the means of reforming the inmates.

There is a large chapel, with seats above for the women and below for the men, so arranged that the sexes cannot see each other, but all can see the speaker's platform. The only exercise in which all join is that of singing. There is preaching in the chapel every Sunday morning by different clergymen, so that variety is insured and the attention of the prisoners is engaged. In the afternoon there are Bible classes in the same place, in which most of the inmates take part, the exercises being made interesting by volunteer teachers from town. Two evenings in the week there is a school in the chapel, curtains being drawn above and below, dividing the prisoners into classes. There is a general school-teacher and a singing-master. The instruction is by officers of the prison, and partly by the competent prisoners. The elements of learning are taught to the ignorant, but to teach reading merely is not the object. The object is to awaken the dormant intellect, to busy it with new thought, to give it food for something else besides recollection of old crime and the plotting of new. Thus self-discipline is gained by keeping body and mind in profitable activity; employment induces cheerfulness, and a spirit of progress is aroused. The classes are instructed in reading, spelling, arithmetic, algebra, grammar, and even in geology. On one evening in the week there is a writing-school; occasionally lectures are given, or readings from good authors. Every Saturday at five o'clock all quit work and assemble in the chapel to listen to a lecture. During the past winter a course was given in mental philosophy, with blackboard illustrations, which was keenly enjoyed. There is a very good library, and the spare time of the prisoners is largely devoted to reading and study. The discipline is strict, the fare is varied, the cells and workshops are well ventilated. It is a prison, but one managed with high and Christian ideas. Thus the establishment is a place of industry and of study. The whole week is a busy one. To occupy mind and body both so wholesomely is to insure good order and cheerful obedience, and to bring the prisoners into a condition where they will be susceptible to good influences.

The women, in their department, are specially cared for, both as to the amount of work and the sort of discipline and instruction fit for each person. It is sought to waken feminine tastes in these degraded creatures. For example, they have, besides their working dress, a citizen's dress, with suitable personal adornments, to be worn on Sunday and on other public occasions. It teaches them cleanliness and cultivates personal respect.

Ruined women are sent to this institution from the city and six neighboring counties under a sentence of three years. For their reformation a House of Shelter has been built opposite the prison, a pretty cottage, without bolts, bars, or cells, which will accommodate twenty inmates, and is under care of a matron. Promising girls are transferred from the prison to this house, and, if they behave well, places are found for them in respectable families. They learn there to do housework, sewing, to sing and to behave. Their fare is plain but good. The table service, including napkins, is like that of a well-kept boarding-house. They also have readings once a week at least, and receptions occasionally, at which ladies from town are present, and some of the well-behaved girls from the prison. The life they lead in the House is natural, simple, and under the kindest, most encouraging influences. Escapes are very seldom; occasionally a girl will run away to the city, but return, finding her old, low haunts and associates disgusting to her awakened sense of decency and refinement. The incorrigible are returned to the prison. A large per cent. are reformed.

Of course many of the prisoners are on short sentences for minor crimes, and return again and again. A large number of them are those—as the United States convicts—on long sentences and for the gravest crimes. The short-sentenced men and women are the most difficult to deal with, and make as a rule the least improvement. The warden favors indeterminate sentences. "So firmly convinced am I," Mr. Brockway says, "of the necessity of different sentences for the reformation of prisoners or restraint of crime, that, were all hope of securing the change cut off, I would resign my office and enter upon some other occupation at once."

### The New Life of Abraham Lincoln.

WHEN, at the close of our great civil war, the man who had been the central figure of that four years' history, came to his tragical end by the bullet of an assassin, his name was already one of the most famous in the world, and his character and the romance of his life familiar as a household word in many lands. But his sudden and dreadful death, at the very summit of his greatness and in the moment of his most wonderful success, increased the popular eagerness to know him, and secured for every incident with which he was never so remotely connected a ready audience and credence. There was never such a chance for a biographer or eulogist who wished to turn an honest penny by a timely literary venture, or to make a momentary fame by linking his own name with that illustrious one the immortality of which was sure already. And hardly ever was there an atmosphere so suited to the generation of mere myths and unreliable traditions. Every editor, every politician, every minister was, from the necessity of the case, a biographer, eager to say something new or something more about the great man for whom the world was mourning. Writers of very diverse gifts "went for him" as a subject, and dealt with him according to their several ability and will. One or two of the works written at that time survive as having permanent fitness and value. But even these did not p tend to be complete. And every year which h elapsed has made more evident what was ackno ledged, by at least one writer, at the time, that t figure of Lincoln must stand in better historical p spective before it could be perfectly appreciated a rightly drawn. History cannot be written by sho hand reporters. Biography, especially, cannot written till the life which is the subject of it has be still long enough for men to recognize its value, a to measure its significance by its withdrawal from t scenes of earth and time.

There was room, therefore, in due time for a n life of Abraham Lincoln, to be written by dispassi ate and honest hands. And if it seemed to Colo Ward H. Lamon and his literary and friendly advis that the due time had come, and that his were hands that ought to write the story, he certainly h some justification for so thinking. There had be time enough for history to furnish some useful a effective contrasts, against which as a backgrou the portrait could be placed. And the developm of the new political ideas, to which the civil war a its results had given prominence if not origin, h furnished occasion for a more careful study of administration under which the war was carried and of the character of the man who guided and c trolled that administration. It had become m and more evident that, great as were the subordina of the President (and some of them were very gre he was himself far greater than them all—chief no name alone, but in reality. And those who had b near his person, in any office howsoever inconsideral might be pardoned for a disposition to magnify tl office, and to conceive that what they did not kn about the famous President was not worth knowi It is often to be noticed that, with the lapse of ti an oracle which at first claimed only to be resp able and interesting, will set up a claim to be clusive and infallible.

And so it is not difficult to see, how Colonel Lam who during Mr. Lincoln's Presidency held an offic the District of Columbia which must have brou him into somewhat frequent intercourse with President, and who, indeed, had come with him fr Springfield to the Capitol, should feel that there re on him a certain biographical duty. And certainl was in possession of a mass of material so volumin so original, and so fresh, that in this respect, at le his fitness for the work was remarkably compl Moreover, Mr. W. H. Herndon, who was Mr. I coln's partner in the practice of the law at Springfi and was of course closely intimate with his partne a business way, until the beginning of his Presiden career (when the intimacy was evidently interrupt added to Colonel Lamon's material the valuable do ments which he had himself collected, and the me randa which, with painstaking and lawyer-like abil he had recorded from the oral testimony of liv witnesses. Mr. Herndon, indeed, is accredited

Colonel Lamon with a share in the authorship of this volume which makes it very largely his own. To which of these gentlemen the literary merits of the volume, which are striking and in many ways admirable, are due, is not apparent. But it will be to many persons a surprise that either the military or the legal profession should have produced a fitness for purely iterary work of such singular excellence.

We have endeavored to give the fullest credit to his volume for its merits. As far as the story of Mr. Lincoln's childhood and early life is concerned, down o the time when his political life began, it has never been told so fully, with such spirit and zest, and with uch evident accuracy, as by Colonel Lamon. The tory loses nothing of effectiveness from being told ometimes in the very words and letters of the men who shared with Mr. Lincoln the back-woods experience of his early manhood. Mr. Dennis Hanks, for nstance, is introduced with so much unadorned simplicity of style, and indeed is so openly made game of by the author, that one cannot help wondering what Mr. Hanks himself will say to it. The book treats him with that kind of freedom of which, if a newspaper should be guilty, it would become "the fighting editor" to be on his guard expectant of a hostile visit rom the enraged and disappointed victim.

One reminiscence of the same period (during the Black Hawk Campaign), deserves to be quoted, not because it has the least connection with the biography, but as an altogether unique and enjoyable illustration of an unstudied and unaffected literary style. "One night in Warren county," says Mr. Lamon's correspondent, "a white hog—a young sow—came into our lines, which showed more good sense, to my mind, than any hog I ever saw. This hog swam creeks and rivers, and went with us clear through to, I think, the mouth of Fox River: and there the boys killed it, or it would doubtless have come home with us. If it got behind in daylight as we were marching, which it did sometimes, it would follow on the track and come to us at night. It was naturally the cleverest, friendly-disposed hog any man ever saw, and its untimely death was by many of us greatly deplored, for we all liked the hog for its friendly disposition and good manners; for it never molested anything, and kept its proper place."

But Colonel Lamon's accuracy is sometimes more apparent than real; and an occasional inconsistency on one page is contradicted by statements on another. We quote, for example (from page 3), the somewhat petulant exception taken to an assertion made by one of Mr. Lincoln's biographers, who "has entered most extensively into the genealogy of the family," and who says "that the father of Thomas was named Abraham; but he gives no authority for his statement, and it is as likely to be wrong as to be right." If Colonel Lamon had been anxious for an authority, he might have turned with advantage to the appendix of his own volume, where a biographical sketch is given in fac-simile of Mr. Lincoln's own handwriting, in which he refers to "my paternal grandfather, Abraham Lincoln." The point is wholly unimportant. But it may be useful as a corrective to the tone of patronizing infallibility in which Colonel Lamon sometimes indulges. But, on the whole, the life among half-savage frontiersmen, in a malarious wilderness, remote from any elegancies and sometimes from many of the decencies of civilization, is pictured so that we can perfectly appreciate it. The details of it, even, are so suggested that they cease to be picturesque and romantic, and become realistically repulsive and forlorn. Sorrowful as the picture is, it is impossible to doubt that it is essentially true. The society in which the foremost man of recent history passed his childhood, had doubtless some of the worst characteristics of that described (for example) in Mr. Eggleston's *Hoosier Schoolmaster*, or caricatured in the "Pike" literature of which Colonel John Hay's ballads are the best-known examples. It was not merely rude, it was in some respects savage and vicious. Now and then were to be found men and women like Mrs. Sarah Lincoln, the step-mother of the President,—characters of rugged strength and religious devoutness and native delicacy; but, on the whole, the society was such that it is by a kind of miracle that Abraham Lincoln could grow up, out of it, to manhood with a soul so little stained and disfigured by these early associations. Once or twice a lame attempt is made to glorify the generous virtues of the "Clary's Grove boys," and the Armstrongs and the Offutts, of whom the young Lincoln was an intimate companion. Mr. Herndon expressly assures us that they were a "jovial, healthful, generous, social, true and manly set of people." His testimony, however, is somewhat impaired in value when we discover more exactly his own ideal of healthfulness and truth. "They were skeptics all," he assures us blandly, "scoffers some. These scoffers were good men, and their scoffs were protests against theology,—loud protests against the follies of Christianity. . . . Being bold, brave men, they uttered their thoughts freely: they declared that Jesus was an illegitimate child. . . . They riddled all divines, and not unfrequently made them skeptics, disbelievers as bad as themselves." But while we cannot refuse to Mr. Herndon the comfort of his own persuasion, and while of course we must admit that there were some admirable characteristics to be discovered even in such gangs of coarse and frolicsome barbarians as he describes, yet we must doubt if, on the whole, they were the safest schools of virtue. The goodness and greatness of the President who graduated from them were in spite of, and not in consequence of, their discipline. To argue that such bad discipline must produce such good result, is as unsound as, on the other hand, to argue (as Colonel Lamon seems disposed to) that the result could not have been good because the discipline was bad; and that the coarseness and profaneness of the boy could not have been changed into that manly and religious soberness, as of a conscious instrument of the providence of God, of which the world has been the admiring witness.

And this brings us to the chief objections which must be made against this biography, and we regret to say that they are very grave objections. Colonel Lamon, though complaining of the ideal portraits of Lincoln, as painted to represent some preconceived opinion which the biographer had formed, is evidently working out a prejudice of which he is himself the victim. The Lincoln whom he knew, or fancied that he knew, was such an one as the education of New Salem and Springfield, and associations with Armstrongs and Hankses and Herndons ought logically to have produced—a more or less vulgar, ambitious, scheming politician, with a melodramatic conviction of the hollowness of the world ever since "the only woman whom he ever loved" died out of it, and a Byronic unbelief in the distinctive truths of the Christian revelation; a man without "the enthusiasm of humanity," and with a mocking hypocrisy of conduct, from the restraint of which he was glad to find relief in a more congenial ribaldry and open skepticism. The most mournful part of the business, too, is the evident sincerity with which the author paints his picture. "Thou thoughtest that he was altogether such an one as thyself," is the remonstrance with which a just and thoughtful criticism must rebuke the biographer.

Fortunately, however, the great figure with which Colonel Lamon has concerned himself, refuses to conform to the portrait as he has painted it. Even on his own showing the attempt to make of Lincoln a half-lunatic infidel is a failure. It defeats itself. If Colonel Lamon and Mr. Herndon had been content to argue such things of the Lincoln whom they knew fifteen or twenty years ago in Illinois, it might have been difficult to disprove their argument. When they assert them of the Lincoln whom the world knew for five years at Washington (and of whom the world was as competent to judge as they are), they attempt too much. It is easier to disbelieve their judgment, however honestly they may hold it, than it is to disbelieve the evidence of his public life, lived as it was under the almost omniscient scrutiny of the eyes of the whole world. What Abraham Lincoln was when he lived at New Salem and wrote an anti-Christian tract (which the friend to whom he showed it, somewhat violently but most judiciously, put in the fire) is one thing, and it may be necessary for an impartial historian to record it. What he was when he died at Washington with those most Christian words of the Second Inaugural upon his lips, and that most Christian record of five years of patient tenderness and charity behind him, is quite another thing. Evidently there is no room in the philosophy which underlies this volume (the philosophy of Colonel Lamon and of Mr. Herndon—the philosophy which these gentlemen would persuade us was the controlling power of Mr. Lincoln's life) for any such radical change of character as would explain this transformation, and make of the free-thinking attorney of an Illinois village the religious statesman o the nation's Capitol. That he could have learned an more than they did from the sublime events in whic the providence of God had given him a part so muc more considerable than theirs, seems to these gentle men quite incredible. That he should not have as sured them of a change, of which he had hardly ha the leisure to assure himself, in which indeed he ha not had occasion formally to scrutinize himself, seem to them in a high degree absurd. And so they go o piling up their negative testimony from witnesses— whose competency as experts, to say the least, is mor than doubtful—to persuade the world that he was a unchristian man.

So that the question comes back again for a ne definition and settlement, What is it to be a Chri tian man? It would be amusing if it were not mela choly to see the innocence with which this book a sumes that there is no intermediate ground betwee the severity of perfect orthodoxy and the antagonis of utter disbelief; that faith is the same thing wit opinion, and subscription to a creed the essential thi in Christian character. What if it were true that, many important matters of doctrine, he differed fro the received opinion of the majority of the Christi world? That fact would neither make him nor u make him a Christian man. But if, while holding, f example, "the theological opinions of Theodore Pa ker," as Colonel Lamon says he did "substantially, he pretended, out of a base expediency, to occupy different position; if, for the sake of "a morbid a bition, coupled with a mortal fear that his populari would suffer by an open avowal of his Deistic convi tions," as Mr. Herndon thinks he did, he "permitt himself to be misunderstood and misrepresented some enthusiastic ministers and exhorters with who he came in contact," if he was not only "a wily po tician," but a consummate hypocrite,—that fact wou settle the question at once. The eagerness with whi this volume strives to cover Mr. Lincoln's memo with an imputation so detestable is one of the m pitiable exhibitions which we have lately witnesse Fortunately the *animus* of this endeavor is too app ent to make it very dangerous. The world will p fer to receive the evidence, which Mr. Lincoln's wh career as a public man furnishes, that with a prayerf trustful, grateful spirit he leaned upon the Father our Lord Jesus Christ for wisdom and for strength his high duties, and that his trust was not in vain. T is what he said about himself, at any rate. In t simple and impressive words with which, as he sto upon the platform of the car at Springfield, on his w to Washington, he said good-bye to his old frie and neighbors, he commended them to "the God our fathers," he asked that they would pray "wi equal sincerity and faith" for himself. If he wa believer in that Pantheistic philosophy which resol providence into fate, and denies the personality God, such a request was a pretence and sham, a the frequent invocations of the merciful help of a I ne Father, with which his public documents abound, ere worse than meaningless. This man, whose for-veness of injury, whose pitying love for his enemies d the enemies of the government which he adminis-red were so conspicuously patient and unselfish, ved and died, Mr. Herndon would persuade us, in e conviction that such forgiveness was impossible to e Divine nature; that himself was better than the od whom he pretended to adore. This man who, almost the last State-paper which he wrote, fell, ith a kind of unconscious and instinctive sympathy, to the very words of the Lord Jesus Christ, adopt-g them as if of Divine authority, was a ribald scof-r at the name and claim of the Saviour whom he uoted! If Mr. Herndon and Colonel Lamon can be-eve this, we do not envy them their large credulity.

The question is, not whether Abraham Lincoln was subscriber to the creeds of orthodoxy, but whether e was a believing—that is to say, a trustful—Christian an; not whether he was much accustomed to call esus Christ "Lord, Lord," but whether he was used o do those things which Jesus Christ exemplified and nforced. He was accustomed, as we know well nough, to speak of an Almighty Father, of whom ustice and mercy and sympathy with weak and suffer-ng humanity were characteristic attributes. Who vas it that revealed to men a God like this? Who vas it that once "showed us the Father and it sufficed s?" Whoever it was that made this revelation to nankind, it was of him that this man, even though he new it not, had learned, and it was in his spirit that e acted. Mr. Herndon and Colonel Lamon may trive to demonstrate that he was nothing but a eathen, and a somewhat vulgar heathen, at the best; that the Bible to which he reverently and often appealed was no more to him than the works of Confucius or of Mencius would have been if he could have read them; that the prayers which he declared he offered and which he solemnly asked men to offer up for him were directed to a mere unforgiving destiny; but the result of the attempted demonstration is injurious to no one half so much as to themselves.

One word more. The religion of the Lord Jesus Christ is no more in need of the patronage of a great man than it is in danger from the disparagement of a small one; it ought not unduly to desire the prestige of Abraham Lincoln's discipleship any more than it ought to be unduly afraid, let us say, of the injury of Mr. Herndon's enmity. But it is of very great importance that it should be understood and appreciated, and that an attack upon it, the ignorance of which is only equalled by its insidious malignity, should be promptly noticed and repelled. That such an attack should be made under cover of the good name and great fame of Abraham Lincoln, is an offence against good taste and an outrage on decency of which it is difficult to speak with the customary calmness of mere judicial criticism.

Unfortunately this is not the only outrage upon decency of which the book is guilty. To be sure, in these days of intrusive "interviewing" and impertinent scrutiny into the private and domestic concerns of every one who has the misfortune to be in any sense a public man, it might seem unreasonable to expect biographers to wait for death to break the seal of a secrecy in which the widow of Mr. Lincoln had rights not inferior to his own. Some men would have considered these rights sacred, and would have preferred to leave some things in Mr. Lincoln's history unexplained, if the explanation of them was to be had only by a disregard of ordinary delicacy and a brutal violation of the proprieties of life. If Mr. Lincoln was unhappy in his domestic relations, it is better that history should wait for a knowledge of that fact or lose it altogether, than that the gossip of back-doors and the scandal of a not over-scrupulous neighborhood should be published to the world while the woman is yet living to whom he was a faithful husband for a quarter of a century, and who, whatever may be said of her, has surely suffered much. It is pretty safe to say that no one would have dared to blazon to the world the secrets of Mr. Lincoln's home while he was yet alive. Is it any more honorable, because it is safer, to do it, now that it is only a woman who is to be annoyed and injured? A writer who can show himself so reckless of decency and honor ought not to complain if his readers should presume him reckless equally of truth. There surely rests on us no obligation to believe a story which is told in such a shameless way.

There is much more in the volume which calls for criticism if there were space to give it. But the chief defects and vices of it have already been sufficiently indicated. The theory on which it is written seems to be that Mr. Herndon was the Pumblechook of the great President, his guide, philosopher, and friend, the architect of his fortunes, "him as he ever sported with in his days of happy infancy. Tell me not it cannot be," we seem to hear him saying, "I tell you this is him!" No doubt the book makes an effective portrait of what Mr. Lincoln would have been if the seed which was planted had borne a Pumblechookian harvest—if Mr. Lincoln had become what Mr. Herndon would have had him, and what Colonel Lamon honestly believed he had become. But it makes no allowance for the change which came when, from among the somewhat narrow scenes and rude surroundings of his home in Illinois, he stepped upon a grander stage of action and responsibility. It was not the first instance, and it will not be the last, in which such a change has brought with it the conviction of deeper religious needs and higher religious aspirations, and has wrought in the subject of it a trust and purpose of which he was scarcely conscious, but which was none the less real that it was unconfessed. "New occasions teach new duties," and new faiths as well. And the effrontery with which this volume either denies or derides whatever testimony interferes with the preconceptions of its authors is quite intolerable. To take one example of especial impudence (pages 442–3), we refer to the anecdote related on the authority of the Reverend Dr. J. P. Gulliver, the President of Knox College, a man whose high character it will take something more than Colonel Lamon's unsupported and wanton disparagement to injure. Dr. Gulliver had written and published, while it was still fresh in his mind, his recollection of an interesting conversation with Mr. Lincoln, the tone of which was for some reason unacceptable to Colonel Lamon's prejudices. Accordingly Dr. Gulliver becomes at once "a clerical sycophant," "a little politician," a "Bunsby," preaching "with the cant peculiar to his kind." What business had he, to be sure, to know anything about Abraham Lincoln which Colonel Lamon did not know before? Especially if it gives any indication of a religious spirit on the part of Mr. Lincoln, the story is "most tolerable and not to be endured," and the author of it is to be set down at once as either a silly fool or a conceited knave, or both. The violent and reckless prejudice, and the utter want of delicacy and even of decency by which the book is characterized, in such instances as this, will more than counterbalance the value of its new material, its fresh and vigorous pictures of Western life and manners, and its familiar knowledge of the "inside politics" of Mr. Lincoln's administration; and will even make its publication (by the famous publishers whose imprint imparts to it a prestige and authority which its authorship would fail to give) something like a national misfortune. In some quarters it will be readily received as the standard life of the good President. It is all the more desirable that the criticism upon it should be prompt and unsparing.

### Longfellow's "Three Books of Song."

Mr. Longfellow's new volume associates itself in aim and in quality with the best work that he has ever done. The contents of the *Three Books of Song* are as pure poetry, and on the whole, perhaps, as high poetry as their author, in any previous volume, has offered to the public. We hail this collection of poems with a delight that is lessened by no alloy. We hail the poet, too, and thank him for the still fairer poem of his own blameless and beautiful life. May its wane be as long and as slow as it will be sure to be lovely and benign!

There is a very gracious relationship severally assumed and allowed between Mr. Longfellow and the reading public. It is a truly restful relief to the frequently mutable fortunes of authorship, the uniform welcome by anticipation thus accorded by us all to a favorite poet, and never once disappointed or in any danger of being disappointed by him.

In the present volume Mr. Longfellow, with ingenuous artifice gives us an after-thought to his previous *Tales of a Wayside Inn*, in a collection of narrative pieces entitled here "The Second Day." This constitutes "Book First" of the *Three Books of Song*. (James R. Osgood & Co.) These new tales are marked by all that easy flow of verse and musical tinkle rhyme which commended the first series to its audien of readers. The diffusive, the expansile force perha dilutes the interest of the stories, as stories, undul But sweet sentiment, graceful fancy, and limpid phras with the occasional charm of a picturesque prop name, or a revived obsolete word, aptly introduce very well make up, to the lover of poetry for poetr sake, the lack of concentrated passion and vivacio action.

It was a dawn of cloud, and fog, and rain, that ke the guests at the inn for their second day togethe The tales of this second day having been told, t weather clears, and the guests scatter. The chan is thus, with charming felicity, described:

"A sudden wind from out the west
Blew all its trumpets loud and shrill;
The windows rattled with the blast,
The oak-trees shouted as it passed,
And straight, as if by fear possessed,
The cloud encampment on the hill
Broke up, and, fluttering flag and tent,
Vanished into the firmament,
And down the valley fled amain
The rear of the retreating rain."

The second book is a closet drama, entitled "Jud Maccabæus." The plot is simple and there is litt apparent attempt at development of character. B the revolt and success of the great Maccabee, and t spendthrift and cruel pride and the retributive ove throw of Antiochus Epiphanes, are given in clear ou line. The exigencies of plot hardly seemed to requi that the death of Nicanor should be placed sever years earlier than the actual date. We are almo ready to ask whether a better total impression mig not have been produced if Acts IV. and V. had e changed places. Otherwise "Antiochus Epiphanes would seem a fitter title for this drama.

There is a noble effect of scriptural sentiment a expression ingrained in the verse. The versificatio is rather free from fault than noticeably fine. Do this line mispronounce "Ecbatana"?

"Of Ecbatana. These are the Orontes."

Such a negligence is singular enough to be r marked in Mr. Longfellow's unimpeachably schola like work.

The last book is modestly called "A Handful Translations." The interest of these translation we should say, is rather incidental than intrinsic. they can be accepted as faithful suggestions of origi als really existing, they certainly possess, at least some curious illustrative value. Among them ar some Tartar songs and some Armenian songs. these pieces, as also of the pieces composing the firs two books, several will doubtless be remembered b readers of late periodical literature, as having bee in print before. But, like every proffer from so well established a popular favorite as Mr. Longfellow this fresh bouquet of song, notwithstanding that it con tains some flowers not now first plucked, is sure o s welcome. The fragrance that it yields is as pure it is sweet.

### "A Hidden Life:" By George MacDonald.*

THERE are singers whose voices so interpret famil- r music, that, till they came, we seem never to have ard it before; such heights and depths of meaning, ch beauty of sound do they reveal. Many poets fore Mr. MacDonald have chosen themes like his. etween the covers of this volume there is scarcely a bject which has not been made nobly familiar by s fellows. And yet he says unnumbered things which ve been waiting always for him to say. And if in s verse are memories of Tennyson and Wordsworth d Browning, it holds them only as the wind that stirs summer woods holds the sweetness of all past sum- ers.

In MacDonald's poetry, as in his prose, before and ove all other grace, shines the white purity of his ind. It is something wonderful, ineffable, because nconscious. For this is a man who puts no wall of paration between himself and his kind. Who says,

> "I pray put *me* not in good case
> If *others* lack and pine."

his is a man whose joy in the world is a rapture; hom sky, and air, and sea, and odor, and sound, and ve of women and children thrill with intensity of de- ght. This is a man the very piety of whose soul fills im with doubts and despairs concerning his worth to od. For we must believe that the passions of blood d tears through which, both in his prose and in his etry, he makes tender lives to pass, have their pro- type in his own agonies.

This marvelous clarity makes it difficult to judge IacDonald's work critically, because he seems, ways, less poet and novelist than seer and inspired acher; and because the reverent love which he com- els from all who study him fetters the judgment, or, at ast, hinders its expression. Thus it seems almost easonable to the most uplifted genius of the time to y, what is certainly true, that as his novels are great- defective as stories, so his poems have great lacks s poetry.

In both verse and prose he reveals keen observation, eep moral and spiritual insight, a profound love of eauty, and rare gifts of expression. But this volume f poems, which represents the mental growth of wenty years, shows no more assured or lofty flights the last year than in the first. Indeed, the poem alled "Light," parts of which are sublime, and hich is, to our thinking, one of the noblest short po- ms in the language, was written more than twenty ears ago; while "The Gospel Women" and the Book of Sonnets," which we have not been able eartily to like, seem to belong to a much later time. he studied simplicity of the first touches the bald nd prosaic; and the artificial construction of the second induces obscurity, and seeming effort to say something fine enough for the occasion, which, of course, is only seeming.

The longest poem, whose name the book bears, is a lovely story of rustic life and aspiration. But, notwithstanding some fine passages, it would have been better told in prose than in blank-verse, it seems to us. For the perfect local color would have been not less perfect, the delicate psychical studies not less delicate; while the expression, which is often hampered by the cadence, would have been freer, and such lines as

> "A flush of tenderness then glowed across
> His bosom—*shone it clean* from passing harm"

would never have been written. The "Story of the Sea-shore," which follows, has wide salt reaches and the very sound and fragrance of the sea.

But it is the shorter "Organ Songs," listening to which we seem to hear chords that no man of our day has touched before. Among many, three hymns of praise, flower-like in beauty and fragrance, linger in memory through twilights and quiet hours. They are, "The Grace of Grace," "O, do not leave me," and an "Evening Hymn," whose last two stanzas we give:

> "And when my thought is all astray,
> Yet think Thou on in me;
> That with the new-born innocent day
> My soul rise fresh and free.
>
> "Nor let me wander all in vain
> Through dreams that mock and flee;
> But, even in visions of the brain,
> Go wandering toward thee."

Thoughtful and religious minds will place MacDonald's poems with those of Herbert and Vaughan, as among the needs of their best hours. For if he lack something that those rare souls had, he has something that they lacked. And the love that he kindles will endure, for, as we said, the man is holy.

### Bible Music.

MR. JACOX'S *Bible Music* (Roberts Bros., Boston) justifies its title on the *lucus a non* principle, by being all about music and not at all about the Bible. The author has simply taken a dozen or so of Scripture texts, in which music is mentioned, as hints for rambling but pleasant disquisitions on the subject in its various elements and aspects, in which the proportion of Mr. Jacox to other authors cited is about as one to twenty. The book has no perceptible logical sequence or guiding thought, except that we dimly gather an intent to enforce the same principle as that of Mr. Haweis, the value of music as typifying unconscious thought or emotion, not definite idea. In its construction it is the most bewildering *canto* of scraps and shreds from all possible authors, from Aristotle and Plotinus down to Martin Farquhar Tupper, and Miss Braddon, and reminds one for all the world of a German sausage, which may be cut up in lengths and consumed, or set over at pleasure. It belongs to the class of books which are available for a half-hour's lazy reading any time, and reads backward nearly or quite as well as forward.

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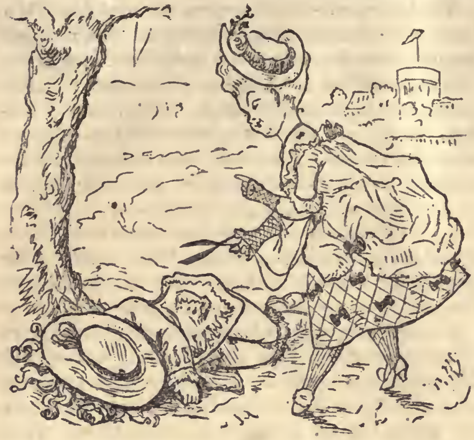
* A Hidden Life and other Poems, by George MacDonald. cribner, Armstrong & Co.

# YELLOW CURLS.

## A SEQUEL TO "BLUE RIBBONS."



I.

"OVER the hills and far away,"
I tripped along with merry song
One morning in the month of May,
And all the birds did sing O !

II.

When looking down, what should I see?
A grassy mound, upon the ground,
And, stretched beneath a shady tree,
My Cousin Clare asleep O !

III.

His face was covered with his hat,
His yellow hair, in the sunny air,
Lay heavy in a golden mat,
Upon the grassy ground O !

IV.

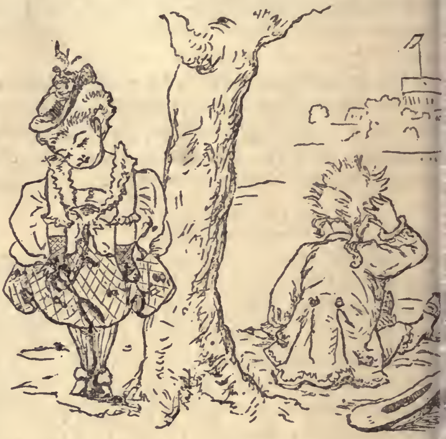
While I am seeking, near and far,
And everywhere, to find you, Clare,
O'er moor and mountain—here you are !
For shame ! you lazy boy you !

V.

You stole some forfeits yesterday,
For ribbon blue—a kiss or two—
And now to-day you shall repay
This little debt to me O !

VI.

So then I severed from the head
Of Cousin Clare his yellow hair—
I pulled—he moved—and then I fled
And hid behind a tree O !

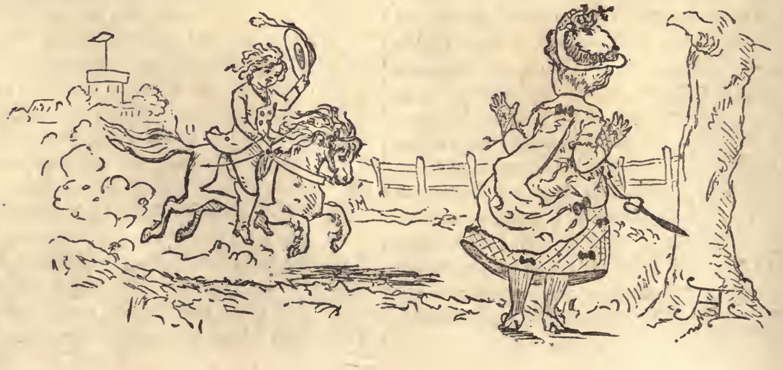


VII.

I turned around, I dropped the shears !
For riding down from Castletown,
My Cousin Clare himself appears
With curls upon his head O !

VIII.

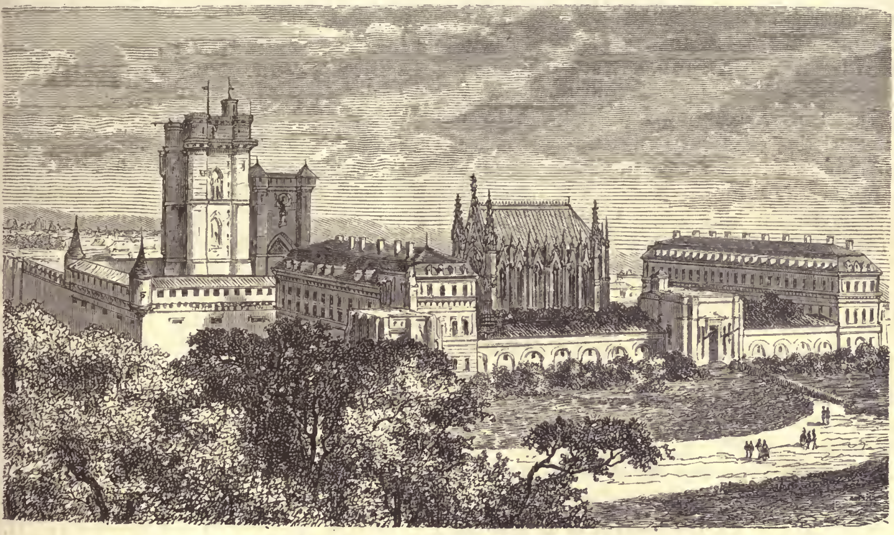
I screamed as I had seen a ghost.
"It isn't you ! What shall I do?
I've cut *his* hair ! Who is it, Clare?
Oh me ! oh me ! now don't you see
What I have done? You are the most
Provoking boy ! I thought t'was you,
Oh ! Cousin Clare, what *shall* I do !"



SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

OL. IV. SEPTEMBER, 1872. No. 5.

# IN AND ABOUT PARIS.



GENERAL VIEW OF VINCENNES, FROM THE WOOD.

You had best sit quietly down here while the glittering lines of carriages, crowded with the poor puppets of this Parisian Vanity Fair, toil along the heated and dusty way. Much, indeed, they know of the shade and grateful refuge of this antique forest of Rouveray. They do not even condescend to pass the cascade at a moderate pace, but, after they have cast a glance at the green expanse of Longchamps, they whip up their beasts and whirl away as swiftly as the poor horses' swollen joints will permit. Give me a quiet ramble in the wood near the grand cascade, and I will forego your promenades amid the glitter.

*Parbleu!* I was indeed dreaming, for the good Bois de Boulogne is no longer as of yore. Where once stately trees waved their boughs one only sees fresh stumps; where the pale moonlight in the odorous evening once made a promenade by the lake and lakelets so delicious, the hand of war has been at work and ravaged rudely. Ah, my Lutetia! was it worth the while to wear the gaud and pay the heavy price?

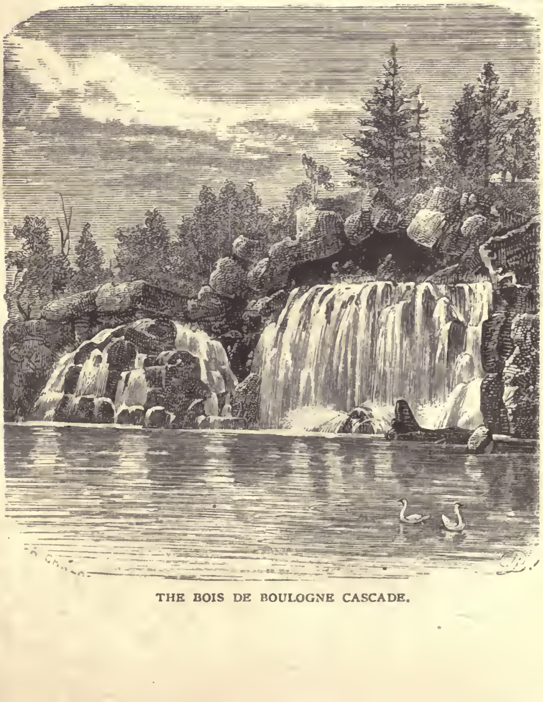
Yet am I glad to see that even the Prussians reverenced the cascade. They could hardly dare to trample roughly on ground where Art had taught Nature some of its profoundest secrets. See how the sparkling water leaps down over the rocks—the miniature cliffs beneath which are caves into which the curious may penetrate and gaze through the spray-veil! Here is the ruggedness and grandeur of a mountain torrent; yet it is only a few steps from the noise and crowding of the city.

Some good Paris burghers, toward the beginning of the twelfth century, made a pilgrimage to Boulogne by the sea. Returning, they received permission from King Philip to build a church like the one they had seen at Boulogne in a little village near the then forest of Rouveray. Our Lady of Boulogne on the Seine soon gave her name to the adjacent wood: hence the Bois de Boulogne of to-day.

No one knows when the old wood was first named, or what monarch first made it his pleasure resort. A great forest spread its

somber shade over all the territory from the tower of the Louvre to the hills of Meudon, and, descending into the plain of St. Denis, overhung the banks of the winding Seine. From Mount Valerien's wind-swept height the pilgrim could see only an ocean of foliage where now Paris rears its glittering avenues. As far away as the eye could reach, a few black towers nestled on a little island, and along the river were scattered a few antique piles of stone. Where now stand the great suburban cities of Passy, Auteuil, and Boulogne, were a few miserable hamlets, inhabited by a wretched peasantry. The wood was dreaded, for banditti made it their home, and cut a throat readily for the sake of a few pence, or the garments the traveler wore. Later, Louis XI. dispelled much of the mystery by hunting in the forest and opening up avenues right and left. Rouveray forest was filled with wild beasts in those days, and the good wives of Paris frightened their children into proper behavior by saying, "A Rouveray wolf will get thee." Talbot's English archers, the Spaniards of the Duke of Parma, the lansquenets of Germany, and the Russian dragoons overran the forest from time to time. The great Revolution wreaked its malice on the vast expanse of park which belonged to the royal domain; and now the Bois de Boulogne, crowded away to the Seine bank by constantly encroaching Paris, and forced outside the fortifications, submits in tamest silence to the honors due
its venerable remains. Francis I. came
the forest to build himself a pleasure-ho
and enjoy a sylvan retreat after his rele
from captivity. He built a vast châte
which Louis XIV. razed to the ground l
afterwards. That great windmill, not
away, whence the gay aristocrats used to l
down on the race-course in those happy d
before the siege, is the only relic of the
mous Abbey of Longchamps, which Isab
of France built on the ground her pi
brother gave her in his "good forest."
day there came a great lightning flash!
was the Revolution, and the Abbey w
were leveled.

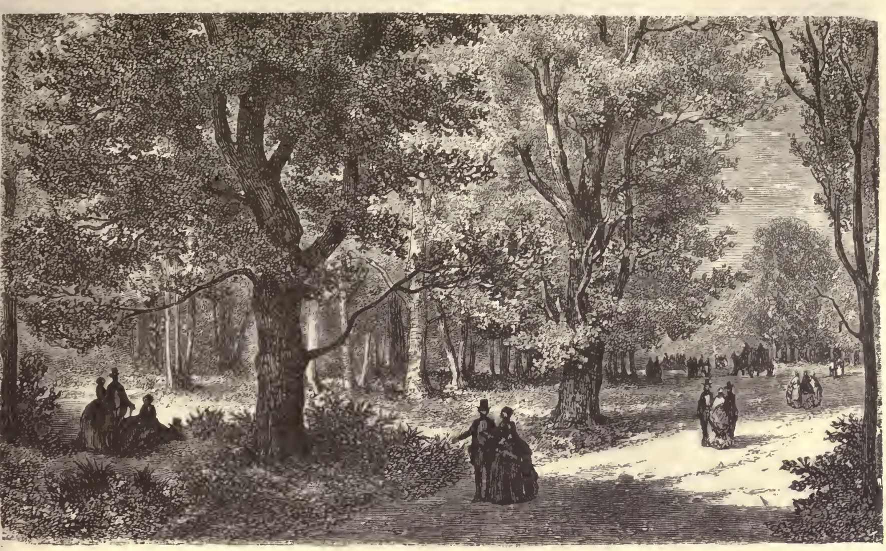
No! even though I may lounge by
cascade and conjure up most venerable
enchanting legends, I must fly. Where is
the mad whirlwind of carriages which on
festal day of the Grand Prize, when "Gla
teur" shook the turf from his heels
leaped like new-come Pegasus, filled ev
square-inch of space from the entrance of
Champs Elysées to the Lake in the woo
Where is all that wild mob of bedizen
coachmen driving spirited horses in landa
victorias, dog-carts, breaks, britzskas,
coupés, crowded with the rich and gilded
all the earth? Where is the sallow Emp
or, wrapped in his hunting-cloak, rattl
along the avenue, surrounded by his polic
Where is the little group of three horsem
sitting motionless upon their steeds as
great army of Paris defiles past them?
might almost imagine it 1867 once mo
and that Napoleon sits by Bismarck
King William again, little fancying t
they are laughing in their sleeves at
coming disgrace!



THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE CASCADE.

Delicious avenues in summer—
and ample enough for all the que
city's two millions of inhabitants—
the Bois de Boulogne. Even after
has broken its denseness, the old woo
fretted into little oäses which run aw
through all the suburbs on its side
the city. It breaks into lovely noo
and corners at Passy, and glorious wa
like the Rond des Chênes near Auteu

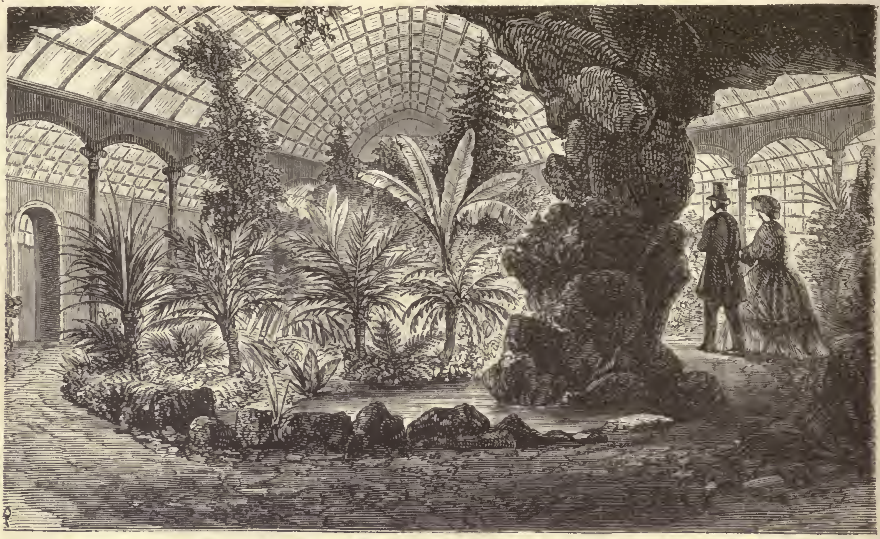
One can hardly help strolling to
Jardin d'Acclimatation, one of the gr
institutions of the Bois de Boulogne,
far from the Maillot Gate, which w
the scene of such dreadful slaugh
during the recent Commune. Only
modern Parisian could have invent
this singular garden. Its foundati
was due to individual initiative—som
thing very rare for France, where



THE ROND DES CHENES AT AUTEUIL.

tom is to demand government interven-
ı in all matters of more than ordinary im-
tance. The Imperial Society for accli-
tion was founded in 1854, with the express
pose of providing grounds where animals
l plants of all climates could be reared and
ustomed gradually to new atmospheres
l weathers. It is sheltered in a gentle val-
traversed by a brooklet, and is provided
h every condition of temperature which
n the most exacting animals could de-
nd, and every variety of soil which the
derest plant could desire. Here the
nchmen flatter themselves that they have
ieved a triumph over Nature: but the
r pelicans shiver by the fountains, and
ret their African streams where the fish
p up so abundantly; the kangaroo al-
nately leaps and mourns with savage
n; and the plants have a delicate air of
lice, as if they disdained to give any trib-
to the enterprise and science of *la belle*
*ance.* Thousands of Parisians visit this
rming garden weekly, and utter their
aint comments on the singular animals
me from afar.

A long avenue leads from the most fre-
ented gate of the Bois de Boulogne to the
nd Triumphal Arch, which stands, tre-
ndous, exultant, at the center of the ra-
s of superb avenues created by the Impe-
l Prefect, Baron Haussmann. Scarred and
ckened by the shells of the Versailles
my, with its glorious bas-reliefs but re-
ntly released from the wooden shrouds in which the Government of National Defense had enveloped them during the Prussian siege, it towers up, "an outlook," as the Parisian loves to say, "over the universe." When the Prussians threw their shells in its direction, as it rose superbly in the crystal air, miles away, the Parisians were seized with a sudden love for the Arch which, for many years, they had professed to call a monument to crime, and did their best to protect it. They remembered that although Napoleon First began it, Louis Philippe, the monarch *par excellence* of peace, completed it, and they cherished it anew. Let us climb to its breezy top, giving the quiet old guardian at the foot of the stairs the regulation fee, and receiving his respectful salute in return. The top gained, we are 162 feet above the grounds at the summit of the avenue which, bordered by the immemorial horse-chestnuts, leads in a straight line to the place where once stood the clock-tower of the Tuileries, but where one now finds only crumbling walls and blackened façades. Each of the ten streets radiating from the Arch have some marks of ruin upon them. Here a grandiose mansion has been dismantled; there a statue swept from its pedestal and broken into unrecognizable fragments. Under the vast central archway, on either side of which are inscribed the names of nearly four hundred triumphant generals and an hundred victories, the Prussian troops strolled laughingly in March of the dread last year, and paused to read and scoff at the names of the heroes now



THE LARGE HOT-HOUSE OF THE JARDIN D'ACCLIMATATION.

passed away. Where shall one find to-day such figures as those in Rude's colossal sculptures on the Arch—those sculptures which represent the departure of the republican armies of 1792 to conquer Europe? The great country is indeed fallen! and all the apostrophes of Victor Hugo cannot raise it quickly. Looking westward, the eye follows the grand avenue of the Empress,—now renamed after the valiant general who held Strasbourg against the enemy as long as Fate would allow,—and all the 300 feet wide space is radiant with carriages loaded with gayly attired people, and with the blue-bloused pedestrians, taking an airing with their families. Villas and superb mansions of the real Parisian type are crowded upon each side of the avenue; an estafette, spurring his jaded horse, occasionally gallops by, reminding one that France is still under military rule.

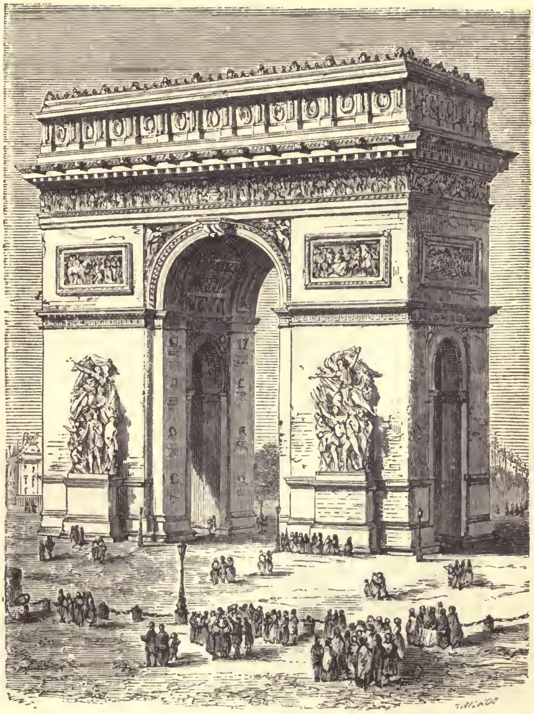
A little over a year ago, on one of those bright days which March accords to Paris, the Arch of Triumph was surrounded by a laughing, joking crowd of ten thousand people. In the distance arose the smoke of battle, and down by the Maillot Gate hovered some haggard and blear-eyed wretches, rebuilding the barricades, which were every few minutes torn down by shot and shell. Away on the hill at Courbevoie, the troops of the Versailles government were massing for a grand attack. Inside the city everything bore the aspect of siege. Thousands of hybrid soldiers swarmed towards the fortifications, with the pallor of uncertain courage on their features, and great artillery trains
went rumbling down to the Maillot Ga
It was the angry struggling of thoroug
desperate men caught into the deadly is
of civil war, which the Parisians applau
ever so daintily with their kid-gloved han
and strained their eyes through their l
gnettes to see. Now and then a shell ca
thundering into the very thick of the cro
and some one was picked up and carr
away, bleeding and maimed; but the m
did not disperse for that reason. "If it w
not for the danger, looking at a battle wo
be really tame work," said a gilded Paris
beauty, who was standing on a carriage-s
with two effeminate fops sitting half tin
ously behind her. And while their breth
slew each other, urged by a madness wh
they could not define, these Parisians loo
on and applauded the winner. The sat
spirit of an artilleryman, who kissed his h
to the ladies in a gilded carriage as his l
tery passed through the puppet-headed thro
and cried out, "*Morituri te salutant*,"
refreshing.

The Prado of Madrid, the Prater of
enna, the Thiergarten of Berlin, the glori
parks of Dresden, the Rotten Row of Lond
all these shrink into insignificance wh
compared with the Champs Elysées,
"Elysian Fields" of Paris. From the d
of the clock-tower of the Tuileries to
central arch of the grand triumphal memo
of France's victories, the distance is exa
three miles. On each side open out imme
streets, which are always span clean;
the shade-trees are so perfectly disposed t

en at noontide the Champs Elysées proper ord a refreshing promenade. If you de- e absolute quiet and an opportunity to ac- aint yourself thoroughly with the beauties this famous promenade, go there at early rn, before lazy Paris is astir—before the ous foreigners and the effete natives have gun to roll up and down the noiseless eet in the small carriages drawn by jaded rses. Sit you down lazily upon a bench ar the Rond Point, on a glorious summer rning, when the birds are going wild with in the bosquets; when the perfume from thickly-sown parterres of flowers surround- the fountains drifts with ravishing effect your nostrils; when the golden sun slowly d lazily throws his rays upon the fronts of great silent stone palaces, as if fearful of akening too rudely the jaded sleepers.

Once upon a time the Champs Elysées was only promenade possessed by the Paris- s. In 1616 Marie de Medicis had great enues, tree-bordered, constructed along the ai de Billy between the Tuileries garden d the "Widow's Alley," which latter, in its ie, was the favorite resort of all the cour- rs and great ladies of the court. The me of the "Elysian Fields" was not given, wever, until 1670, when Louis XIV. nsformed into a garden the naked ace which stretched from the Faubourg nt Honoré to the banks of the Seine. om that moment the Champs Elysées came the favorite rendezvous of all easure-seekers. Governments, stable d unstable, celebrated their accessions power there, and there the mobs as- mbled to hoot at and exult over their wnfall. Twice the victorious Prus- ns have trailed their cannon down the eat triple avenue; and, one rigorous nter day, the body of the great Napo- n was escorted in solemn procession ng this cosmopolitan way. There the ttalions of the National Guard gave eir oath of allegiance to the Republic arly a quarter of a century ago; and ere clangorously rode the stately cui- ssiers of Napoleon III. when he went take possession of the Tuileries after e violation of his "sacred honor." The nner in which the gardens are laid out rather English than French. The two perb sculptures of restive horses which orn the pillars on each side of the en- nce from the Place de la Concorde e almost the only remains of the lux- ous palace which Louis XIV. built, his declining years, in the vale of Marly, and whose walls are now level with the ground. For miles in and around the Champs Elysées all the streets are crowded with expensive restaurants, with panoramas, with gay theaters, and with the unending series of cafés, their weather-stained awnings, with the immense black letters upon them, stretched above the long rows of yellow-painted iron chairs and the little round white-topped tables where the Parisians sip the savory vermuth at noon and the aromatic black coffee at sunset. To the left, as one ascends toward the Triumphal Arch, is the vast and homely Palace of Industry, which served for the Exhibition of 1852, and in whose huge halls the material artists of the modern Babylon hang the fruits of their yearly toil.

Not far away, in the Rue Bayard, day and night works Gustave Doré, now painting, now rapidly sketching in his great sketch-books the designs which are to electrify the world. He is a little man, with dense black hair and ruddy complexion; with healthy chest and sinewy arms; and with a confiding, friendly manner which at once wins every one to him. His jet black moustache shades clear-cut and firm lips, indexes to a character which has always held him above the level



THE TRIUMPHAL ARCH OF THE STAR.

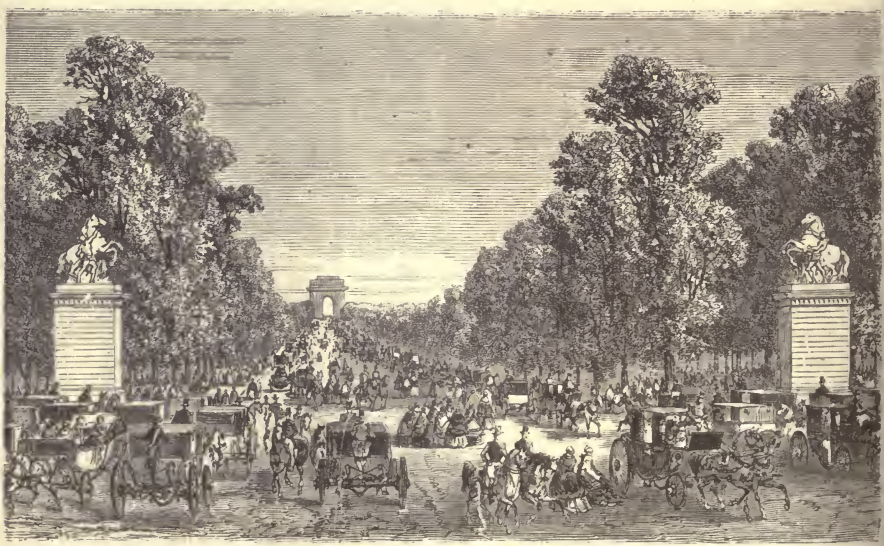
of the grosser Parisian temptations. His whole heart and soul are in his work. He has had lights specially prepared in his great rambling studio, so that he may paint when he desires; and at the very moment that his admirers are swallowing their nightcap cup of coffee, and stupidly gazing at the procession of painted beauties along the Boulevard des Italiens, he is sketching vigorously, or pacing up and down in the studio, overmastered by some new conception which he dare not yet confide to paper. Doré has a horror of the French passion for holidays, and once told a friend that his severest trial was on New Year's Day. "It is not the money for the presents," he said, "but the time spent in this inane round of calls, which I give grudgingly." When once you have passed the Cerberus who guards the gate of Doré's Paradise, you will thenceforth have free entrance. But the aforesaid Cerberus is of a decidedly suspicious and hostile turn of mind, and to the many Doré is as inaccessible as was the milliner Wörth on one of his "thought-days," when he was devising costumes for the court ladies of the Second Empire.

The promenade properly called the Champs Elysées stops at the Rond Point. Beyond it is only a great avenue, bordered by superb houses. The princes of diplomacy and finance live in these aristocratic-looking mansions, in the little gardens, and on the quiet side-streets; and the American nabobs hire the upper floors of one-half the houses in all the vicinage. The bombs which Grandpapa Thiers showered so liberally upon quarter alighted quite as often in the *sal* from which American families had but lat fled, as in the homes of the Parisians to manor born.

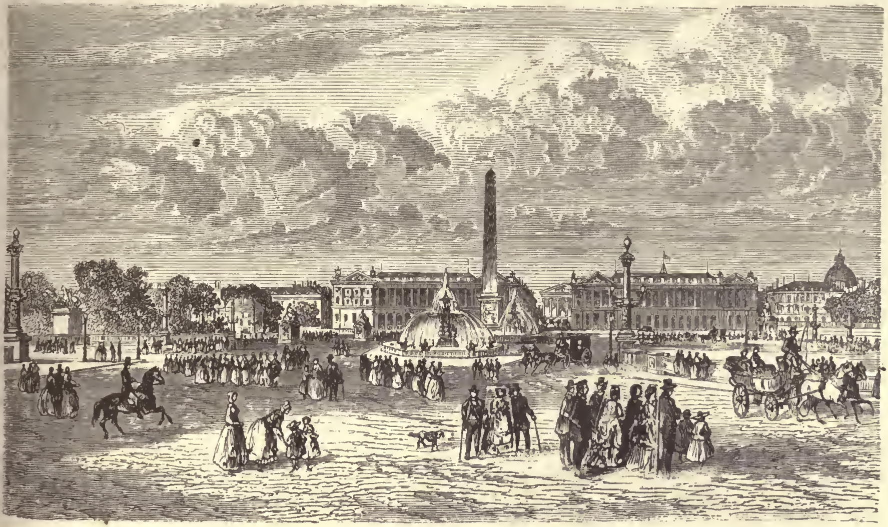
Upon each side of the avenue, below Palace of Industry, charming little no amid the dense foliage are given up to "concerts of the Champs Elysées." H one finds the real reflex of Parisian exte life; the foam of Gallic thought is served to the music of rattling chansons at same time that the decorous waiter bri you a glass of beer, or the tall tumbler fi with coffee, and politely hints that a fee be received with thanks. At one end of garden an elegant pavilion is erected, floods of gaslight are lavished upon its terior.

Here, on decorated couches, are seate dozen beauties, mainly gathered toget from the "middle world," who translate i the free and racy idioms of Lutetia the sations of the moment. For the ornametion of these gardens—where the nigh gales of tarnished plumage sing all thro the summer evenings—the richest garc of Holland and Belgium have been ravis of their glorious rhododendrons and azal almost every leaf and blossom of which fabulous sums. The costliest and, elsewh the rarest shrubs are here planted wit reckless profusion which only the eye of tree-lover can fully appreciate.

One can always escape, even from an a noon's heated promenade in the Champs



THE CHAMPS ELYSEES.

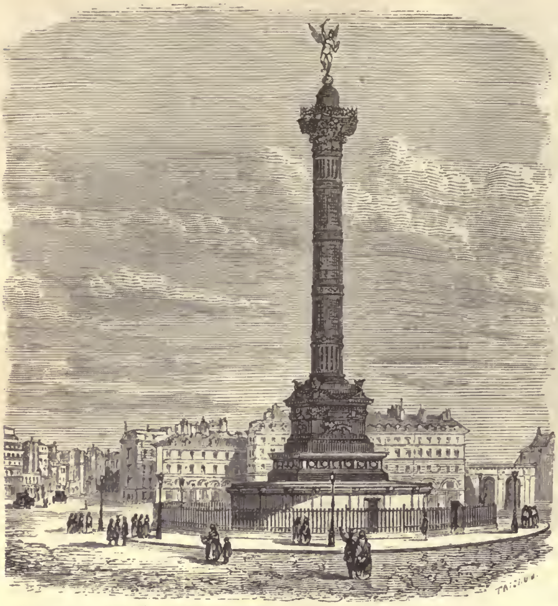


THE PLACE DE LA CONCORDE.

es, into the great expanse of the Place de Concorde, in the midst of which stands the elisk of Luxor,—a sublime protest against e shams of modern architecture. By its se- re simplicity it seems to dwarf everything ound it. The rich colonnades of the pub- buildings which extend along the side the square next the Rue de Rivoli seem erile when one lingers at the Obelisk's ot. Just across the square, directly oppo- e the entrance to the Champs Elysées, is e gate of the Tuileries garden, around ich in Napoleon's time groups of swart lgerian soldiers were always wearily linger- g. The great fountains scatter their spray en to the garden wall, and over the smooth vements the incipient Parisian trundles his oop and trails his mimic cannon from morn dewy eve.

The Place was originally called the "King's lace"—for in the days when it was of infan- le proportions Louis XV., who was then ouis the Well-beloved, lay ill at Metz. He as not sensible enough to die and avoid the isgrace which even then began to over- adow him; but on his return to Paris he esired that a new square should be made in hich to place the equestrian statue which e court Tammanyites of the period had oted him. Architect Gabriel undertook to eate the square, and a sculptor surrounded e hero, who was mounted on a fiery steed, ith figures emblematic of Force, Prudence, d Justice. Some wicked wag wrote a lit- e epigram in which he expressed his won- erment that the sculptor had placed Vice on horseback and the Virtues on foot; and Louis no longer admired the statue. Gabriel, overcome with despair at the odium the unfortunate sculptor had drawn upon his naissant square, constructed the great buildings with sculptured arcades which to-day serve as "ministries," and retired from the work much disgusted with himself. In 1770 the Place became the "Place Louis XV.," and the fireworks set off to celebrate the marriage of the Dauphin with a certain Marie-Antoinette frightened the great crowds into a veritable Parisian panic, in which twelve hundred persons were trampled to death.

Then came 1792! The great Place lost its statue of Louis XV., and only a few months later a flesh and blood Louis lost his head there. In somber procession thereafter came the Queen and Madame Roland, Charlotte Corday, the Duke of Orleans, the Girondins, Danton's lion form, and Camille Desmoulins—the fanatics, the royalists, the reactionists. It was *Place de la Révolution* then, and the Guillotine stretched out her bloody arms and showed her glittering teeth to all Europe. The terror smote all men; even to the remotest corners of the earth it penetrated; society seemed crumbling! "One less this morning," said the gamins and the fair ladies, as they hurried to see the thrilling spectacle of a poor wretch writhing in the sturdy executioner's embrace. The "Place de la Concorde" was dedicated in October, 1795, and under Louis Philippe's reign the obelisk which Charles X. had longed for in vain was hoisted upon its pedestal.

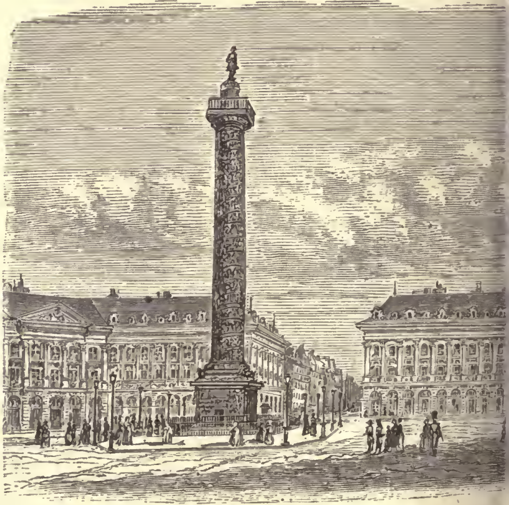


THE PLACE DE LA BASTILLE.

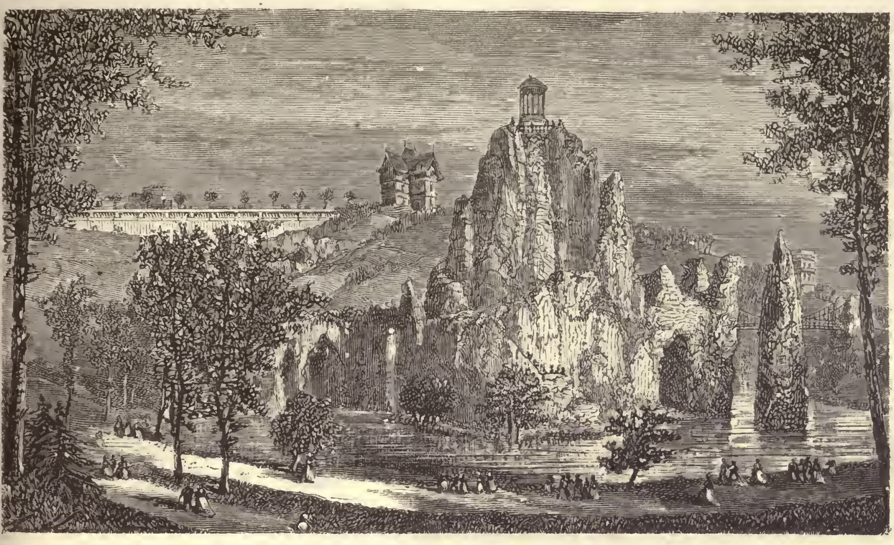
The statues dedicated to the great cities of France, which grace the various nooks in the "Place de la Concorde," suffered seriously when the war-storm of May, 1871, rolled over the queen city. Poor Lille has her head knocked off, and stray bullets scarred the face of Strasbourg, before whose form each patriotic Parisian had offered up his bravado-incense during the Prussian siege. The poor city-goddesses all had their faces veiled when the Prussians made their triumphal entry.

The Place Vendôme was of but little interest to the traveler before the events of 1870 and 1871 brought its unfortunate column into so great notice. The bastard son of Henry IV.—César de Vendôme—built a hotel on the space now occupied by the square, and gave his name to the Place which Mansard long afterwards built for Louis XIV. The Revolution overthrew Louis's statue, and the sad-colored retreat was subsequently named the Place of Conquests, and the Place of Pikes. The latter sobriquet, one can readily imagine, was given it in Robespierre's time. The column, which the Commune of 1871 cast down upon a manure heap, was made from Austrian cannon, and finally posed upon its pedestal in 1810. The Allies could not tear it down with their clumsy material of 1815. The Revolution of 1830 cost the column its figure of the man in the "gray riding-coat," and the Imperial Cæsar w trampled upon last year by the mob Belleville and La Villette. "It was grand moment for the scum!" said French general of the Thiers army.

But the French general had his gra moment when the "bloody days of Ma were upon the anguish-stricken ci The Communal headquarters dissolv like a vision, and the commanders the Army of Paris resumed their offices in the darkest corner of the Place. There grimly sat a cour which decided almost instantaneou on the fate of the hundreds of wretcl "brought in" by the Versailles soldie The piles of the dead, newly execut by the ferocious generals' orders, cumbered the passage of those w were continually marched in to be sh Behind that dreadful line of barricac which had so long protested against t authority of M. Thiers, his chassep finally gratified his vengeance. A wo man, clad in his blue blouse, entered t fatal Place with his arms bound behi him and six soldiers hounding him on. H wife stood outside, holding her screami child and staggering under the agony. quick, sharp report, and the "Communis was dead. The aristocratic shop-keepers the Rue de la Paix rejoiced. Here a there throughout the city, ten thousand de men lay mouldering. They were cart away in carts; they were buried in hea and petroleum and lime were thrown ov them. Marquis de Galifet had singled many to be shot because they prayed



THE PLACE VENDOME.



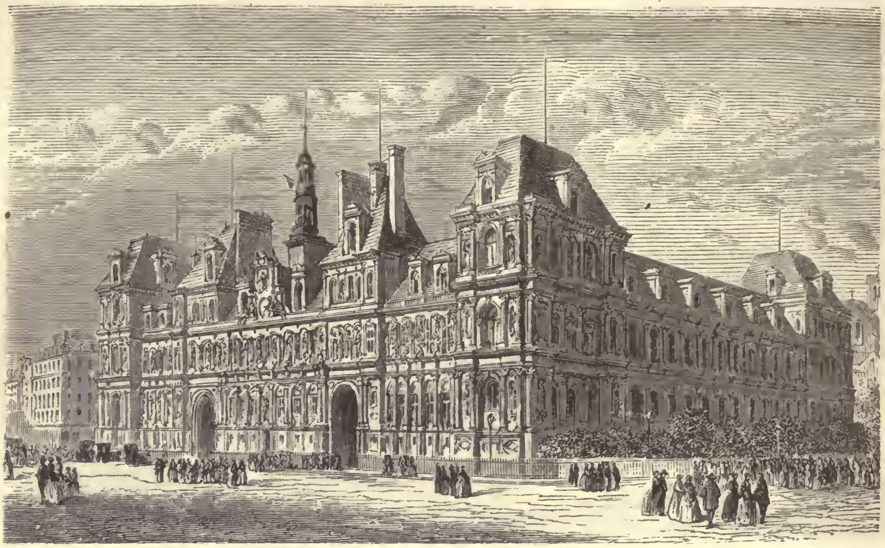
THE BUTTES CHAUMONT.

e. "These fools really wish us to be mer-
ul," said a soldier.

To sum up the Place Vendôme, it is classi-
l, solemn, majestic, and tedious. Half a
zen walks through it weary one's eyes.
ere are only the fantastic and grotesque
ces grinning from the walls of the mansions
relieve the tedium; and even they seem to
ve caught the ennui by perpetually looking
on it. Once in a while they had a sensa-
n, when a suicide plunged headlong from
column's top to its base, and the little
ys ran to pick up his skull-bones.

There is another square of historic interest,
the Place de la Bastille, which has been
ptized anew in the blood of Revolution.
ound the superb column of July, from
ose summit Mercury seems about to spring
ily away, raged a deadly and gigantic strug-
—almost as grandiose as that which shook
foundations of the Bastille in the old
ys. The model of the great elephant
ich Napoleon First had intended to place
the square was long ago removed. It
d served for many years as an asylum for
the rats in the quarter, and Victor Hugo
owed us the interior of the Colossus with
e Gavroche of his *Les Misérables* living
it. The revolutions of 1848 and 1871
ve given the old Place a dignity in the
rkman's eyes, which neither the stranger
r the aristocrat of Paris can comprehend.
ere the blue blouses feel at home, and
ere they meet to converse on their griev-
ces and commemorate their dead. An
ndred thousand workmen sometimes meet
in this vast space, and make the heavens ring with their protests. All through the terrible seven days when MacMahon was slowly cutting his way into the heart of the Commune, the red flag floated in the hand of Mercury, far above the reach of the invader.

At the extreme east of Paris, many years ago, the robbers, thieves, and cut-throats of the city had established their pet rendezvous, and an honest man could hardly venture across the ground now occupied by the Park of the Buttes Chaumont without risking his life. Paris understood the difficulty, and met it bravely. A thousand workmen were let loose upon the dangerous ground. The hills were leveled, artificial earth was heaped above the gypsum which formed the sub-soil of the Buttes, and the enormous blocks of stone which had encumbered the lake were blown into air. Nearly sixty acres of sterile soil were transformed into a smiling park, and the four acres covered by the lake were fed by great reservoirs. The vast quarries, in which hundreds of vagabonds had hidden from justice nightly, were thrown open to the light of day, and the cliffs were tamed into more than their original picturesqueness, crowned with towers connected by bridges. Alpine plants, Himalayan cedars, and all the rich floral decorations so common to Paris gardens were thrust into the soil. A forest came as swiftly as Ariosto's enchanted wood. The vagabonds "moved on." The Park and its surroundings were held for some time by the Communists in May last, but the soldiers of the provinces finally encompassed them



THE HÔTEL DE VILLE.

and slew great numbers. The view over all Paris from the cliffs is superb, and summer retreats crown the once so desolate heights.

If you have time to mount the high tower of the old donjon of Vincennes on a clear summer day, when the great forest near by sends up its pleasant odors, and you can hear in the distance the hum of travel and traffic just inside the city's walls, you will be richly rewarded. Away on the fertile plain you will have queen Paris before you, with the winding Seine glittering like a silver belt among the massive avenues, and the huge towers piercing the foliage in every direction.

It is a dizzy height: it were best to lie down on the broad stones and lazily call up a few pictures from the great arsenal's history. This tower is the only one left of the nine surrounding the citadel which Philippe de Valois began and Charles the Wise completed. The vast fortress, which is protected by works extending miles away in every direction, contains within its walls an artillery arsenal, barracks, a cannon-foundry, an armory, an army bakery, a fine old chapel, and many residences. The slouching soldier, in his red breeches, is seen everywhere. A civilian is the exception in all the villages round about. The little hamlets seem to be peopled by soldiers.

As you arrive at the great vaulted archway, a sentinel approaches you suspiciously, and you are only rescued from his clutches by the old guardian of the porter's lodge, who soon finds a way for you to enter. Before you is the ancient royal residence, with quaint façades; on the left is the chapel which Charl
V. built in imitation of the Sainte Chapel
in the Palace of Justice, and on the rig
the lonely tower, which seems disconsola
and anxious to vanish from this glaring pre
ent. Its walls are nine feet thick in sol
stone, and the tower rises nearly 160 feet in
air. Coming up, you probably looked in
the cell where Mirabeau languished so lo
and whence he wrote those immortal lo
letters to his wife,—letters whose tenderne
whose sweetness, whose ineffable grace a
pathos, have redeemed him in the eyes of t
world for many of his grossest sins. It i
tiny cell, and the window is so high up t
the strong man could hardly even have go
glimpse at the dear old city in which he h
done so much of hard and memorable wor

Do you hear that humming, that rumbli
which the breeze now and then brings to t
donjon? That is the roar of the beast Pa
turning in its lair. Beyond the forest at y
feet is a vast field crowded with rich garde
which extend even to the horizon. Lit
stone-built villages, with their old churc
resting picturesquely in their very midst,
scattered thickly as leaves in autumn.
that immense plain, dotted with bosquets
trees and flowering shrubs, you may see t
playful Marne rippling merrily along and h
ing itself from time to time in the bloomy fie
or turning back to review its own course, a
making little peninsulas here and there.
you see that superb old town, not far fr
the great intrenched camp beyond the an
of the fortifications? There my friend

ne lived, in a little château surrounded with cient trees. One day—it was in 1870— sat on the lawn watching the mothers the bank throwing their urchins into the ooth water, and scrambling in themselves their bathing-suits, teaching the young rapaud how to swim, and then rescuing him, en Eugene said :—

"Being a Frenchman, I may be preju- ced; but I cannot conceive how the Prus- ns can ever cross the French frontier."

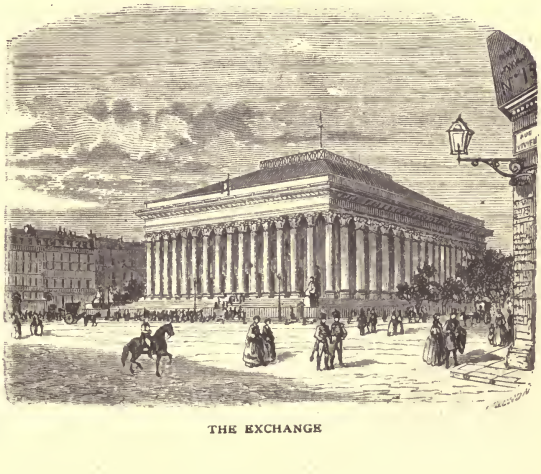
Exactly four months after the Prussians t on Eugene's lawn, and watched the bro- n branches which their troops had cut in ilding their pontoon bridges slipping away the lazy current. They ate Eugene's tés—he was a great gourmand, was Eugene and drank his wine; and a huge dragoon reatened to slap his face because he in- lged in sarcasm.

All those grand roads in the forest were arked out by the hand of history. The ormans made some, the English others; ere is even a route cut by the Cossacks, en they bivouacked very near the great âteau. On yonder hill Charles VII. built famous "House of Beauty," and put gnes Sorel in it. Nearly all the great ngs before Louis XIV. made the old wood rendezvous for their loves, and you may ance upon the ghosts of Marguerite de alois and Madame de Pompadour if you ander in some of the thickets. Many of e old foresters will point out the very tree der which "Louis the Good"—the only ouis good for anything that France ever ssessed—used to administer justice *à la* lomon. Lakes, islets, grottoes, temples, steeple-chase field, and the lovely Marne nks make up a panorama from which one rns with regret.

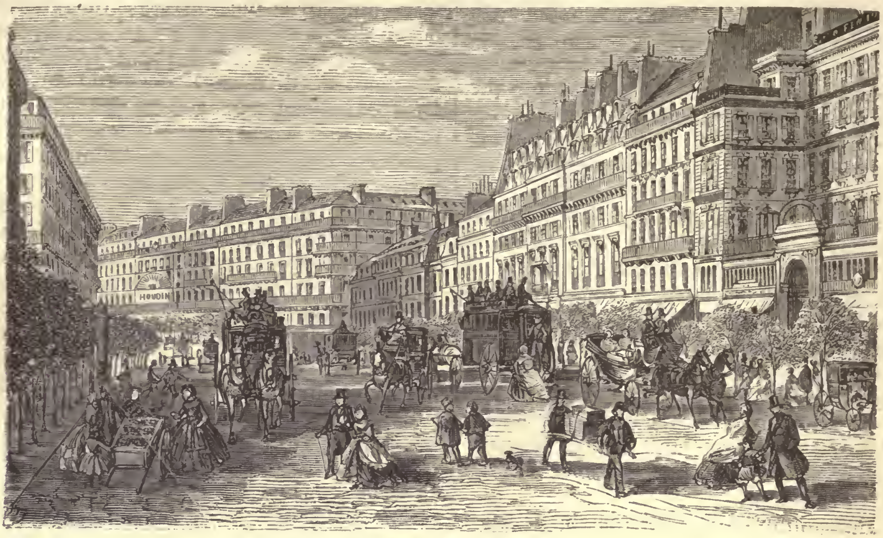
It was a good thing for the old fort- ss-château that Henry IV. laid hands on it in 1591. He embellished it as ne of the elder kings had thought of ing, and Louis XIII. and his palace- ilding successor made it the most cel- rated resort of royalty in Europe.

The great treaty of the Pyrenees was gned behind those frowning walls, which nceal a superb antique reception hall; d Mazarin died there. The Bastille ok a heritage of prisoners from Vin- nnes in 1784, after the fortress had ased to be a state prison. Dukes, unts, mistresses, foreign adventurers, ligious fanatics, poets, and historians ere crowded into the cells, and were lit- e heard of afterwards. An air of mystery hung over the fortress: the guardians never disclosed the names of any prisoners who were within; and the processions of the sentenced always occurred at night. Poor Mirabeau managed to get his letters to the outer world; but the majority of the prisoners suffered total separation from daylight. The pretty Duke of Enghien, who was brutally dragged out of his bed at dawn by the minions of Napoleon I. to be executed, was shut in that corner where the great aqueduct tower rises majestically. He was the last of the Condés, and many of his race had seen the interior of Vincennes before him. The last prisoners the old château received before these present troublous times were the ministers of Louis Philippe, in 1830, who would persist in endangering their lives during the riots by howling "Patience!" to the angry mob. They did more harm than good, so he packed them all off to jail in a body, to be released only when the riots were over. Shortly before the fall of the Orleans dynasty, the château was the resort of a brilliant circle of literary and scientific men, and the soirées of Vincennes were celebrated throughout Europe. The Revolution growled one evening while the Orleanists were entertaining their friends as usual, and the next day there was no longer any Orleans dynasty regnant in France. Vincennes lost its glory, and was degraded to an arsenal and military station. It was the terror of the incipient insurrectionists. Every time they desired to make a barricade, they remembered the long rows of cannon they had seen parked in Vincennes court-yard, and they reflected.

Let us take an omnibus and rattle down through the Place of the Throne to the Boulevards. This is the *octroi* man who touches



THE EXCHANGE



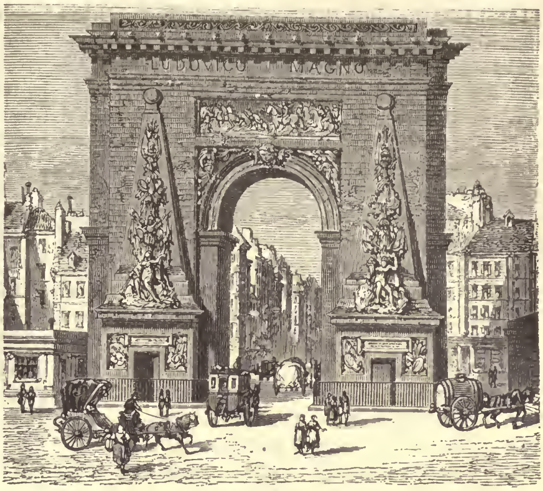
THE BOULEVARD MONTMARTRE.

his hat as we approach the gate of the fortifications, and because we are in a covered carriage he pokes his head in to see if we have any dutiable goods. No! And a thousand pardons! but Monsieur of course knows the custom. Even an egg or a ten-penny nail must pay the Paris dues. All along the way the old women have established veritable museums, which they call markets. A sheet is spread on the ground and held down at each corner by stones. Spread upon this carpet are hundreds of trinkets, useful and useless, which the passers-by do not even deign to look at. No one ever saw any one buy anything from the old women, who sit quietly at their posts knitting until long after dark; yet they are well-fed and happy.

Rattling through the Place of the Bastille, we rapidly descend boulevard after boulevard. It is evening, and the grand movement has begun. People swarm everywhere like ants. They cannot all keep the sidewalk, and the streets are crowded. The benches along the curbing are occupied by the nurse-maids, with dozens of gayly dressed children playing about them. There is a band clashing as merrily as if Paris had not just received its baptism of fire; and a gaping provincial is showing his mother and sister the bullet-marks on the houses. The favorite excursion an hour hence will be to the ruins of the Hôtel de Ville by moonlight, and I promise you we can excite our imaginations there. To the Café Riche, then, and a seat in the corner, thus: "Waiter! cups of coffee—fragrant, strong, restoring; only two lumps of sugar, please." And now a momen repose before we walk across to the Rue Rivoli, and thence to the Hôtel de Ville.

Are you dreaming? Has the coffee-p fume, combined with the fresh air of eveni turned your head? Or do you sit so tr quilly, lost in reverie, because you see, a do, fleeting yet thrilling pictures from the tory of the old Hôtel de Ville? Do you s for instance—

A great square, flanked on three sides odd narrow houses of mean and shabby ar tecture, and on the fourth side the brilli façade of the huge municipal hall wh Francis I. inaugurated? The statues of risians who have done honor to their nat city stand in the elaborately carved nich and the rich designs of Dominique Bocca and of Ducerceau glitter in the sunlig There is an eager, brutal crowd in the squa surrounding a scaffold, and from time to ti the dull thud of the guillotine knife is hea then a yell goes up from the mass. "V geance! and give me a cup of wine!" si the exhausted patriot who comes out from Hôtel de Ville, his wooden sabots clank on the pavement. "Whom else have we kill to-day?" The slaughter continues u the executioner's arms are gory. Inside vast hall we can see men sleeping on floor, evidently worn out by hard la Their hairy chests, their rude garments, t clumsy attitudes proclaim that they are the *people*. That row of sleepers, frien the first Commune of Paris, and it holds Hôtel de Ville. The mystic odor of



THE PORTE SAINT DENIS.

ffee has transported us backward to e great Revolution.

Another scene — not this time so oody, but tumultuous. The same uare, but the odd old houses have elded here and there, and new ones, assive, Corinthian, have crept in. The vements are crowded with a frouzy, kempt mob, and banners are raised erywhere. "Bread or lead," "To e by labor or to die by fighting"— ch are the mottoes. The Hôtel de ille is closed, and the curtains are awn. The mob must nevertheless ve its provisional government, now ting in solemn council within, come rth and show itself. Hurrah! the ilding is invaded—the superb stair-ses are crammed with market-women the rich carpets are trodden upon by e sabot. Suddenly a window opens; e lithe figure of Lamartine appears; the loved accents of his voice are heard. ood! my brothers! he has promised, and e republic is saved! Let us all embrace m. And now the glimpse at the Hôtel de lle in 1848 flits away.

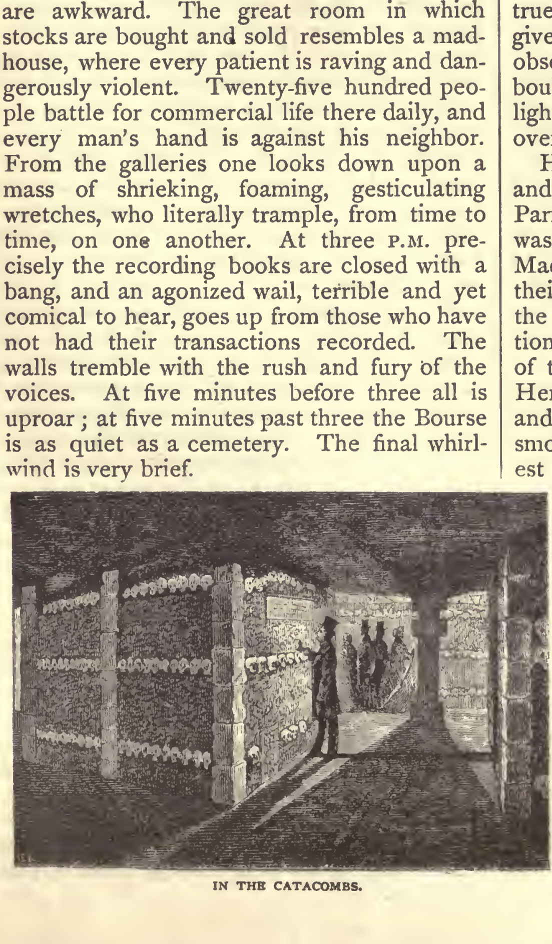
Another. A bright May-day—the sky blue that which reaches over Naples bay, and crystal atmosphere in all the countryside— t not in desolate Paris. Dense smoke ngs over the proud square, which has now t off its antique robes and is resplendent th the architecture of the Second Empire. e Hôtel de Ville is as yet unscathed by ot or shell, and men are still standing, solute and pale, at the barricades. The omen have taken guns too. Suddenly a eet of flame envelopes the great hall: the me is up, and the grand old structure ich went unharmed in '93 and '48 must ccumb to '71. A series of dull explosions heard; a few half-mad men rush to feed flames; an approaching platoon fire is ard; there is a hasty retreat, a butchery, d the Versailles troops are masters of the ace de Grève and the burning ruins of the ôtel de Ville. Here lies a half-scorched rpse, and there a heap of dead men are ouldering. A stray shell struck them wn a few minutes ago. There is an l woman kneeling in agony over the dy of her husband. The man's hair is y; his face is kindly: I would not kick n, were I a soldier. Yet there is a brute urning the inanimate clay. The army too late to save anything from the ruins, d a mad fight is beginning just beyond. rward!—Now it vanishes, and that was the Place de Grève and the Hôtel de Ville in 1871.

Let us go and see the ruins. Verily, the moonshine on the walls should be a glorious inspirer of new pictures. But they are too full of horror. Here we are at last, gazing on the monument which insurrection left behind, and which is to stand as a solemn appeal and warning through the years to come. Lovely were the halls, with their sheeny decorations—their wealth of vases and jewels and laces and paintings—of porphyry and porcelain, of gold and silver. It was dazzling when the Emperor's prefect "received" in the vast *salon*, and the rich and grand of all the earth jostled each other that they might catch a glimpse of the splendors. It was gorgeous when the American visitor marched curiously in accompanied by a melancholy usher, who showed him where Robespierre sat, and where the celebrated vase was placed. The American reverently cut a piece from one of the curtains when the usher was not looking, and turned away much impressed. It was grand, even in its confusion, when the Commune of '71 sat grimly in council there, and the "delegates" to the various departments received their blue-bloused visitors in the most luxurious chambers, and offered them pipes and glasses of wine. And even now the crumbling walls are grand. There is an old Parisian of 1600 something, with his poll blackened and one eye put out, looking wofully down from the pedestal from which he seems just ready to fall. All the labor of demolishing the houses which surrounded the Hôtel in 1836—the five years-long labor—was not in vain. The

Hôtel is gone, but the square remains, and is magnificent!

O stones of the Place de Grève! could ye but cry out! None of ye are so new that ye have not seen a new revolution; none so old that ye can tell of the first revolt. Even when the Hôtel had but one story and was a clumsy unadorned structure revolt raged around it. The workmen have made this square the rendezvous of misery—the Mecca of protest—the altar of sacrifice, and every score of years they baptize it anew in their own blood and that of their richer brethren. "What a lovely ruin!" says a Parisian girl in the crowd of gazers; "isn't it delightful to have a real historic relic at one's very door?"

Coming back from the material municipal ruins, let us look for a moment at the financial. This unlovely square, with the long narrow streets leading from it in all directions, is called Place de la Bourse, because the Bourse, or Stock-Exchange, stands in it. The building is massive, but far from beautiful; the roof is heavy, and the pillars in front are awkward. The great room in which stocks are bought and sold resembles a madhouse, where every patient is raving and dangerously violent. Twenty-five hundred people battle for commercial life there daily, and every man's hand is against his neighbor. From the galleries one looks down upon a mass of shrieking, foaming, gesticulating wretches, who literally trample, from time to time, on one another. At three P.M. precisely the recording books are closed with a bang, and an agonized wail, terrible and yet comical to hear, goes up from those who have not had their transactions recorded. The walls tremble with the rush and fury of the voices. At five minutes before three all is uproar; at five minutes past three the Bourse is as quiet as a cemetery. The final whirlwind is very brief.



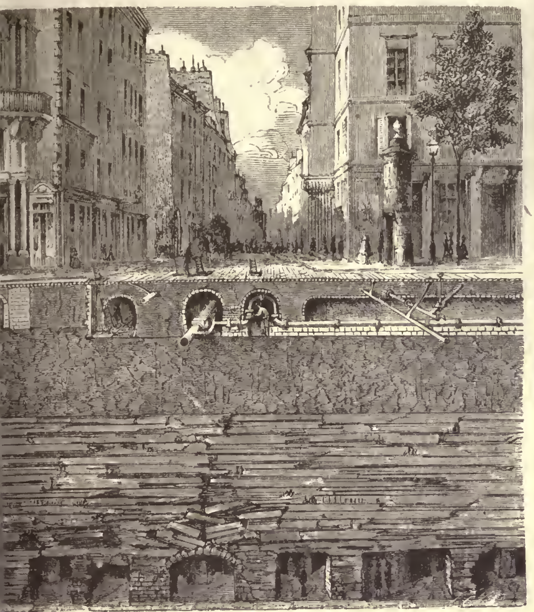
IN THE CATACOMBS.

The Paris Exchange was originally held
the open air, and during the Revolution t
refuge in the Palais Royal's court-yard. T
present Bourse was begun in 1808, on
foundations of an old convent, and finishe
1827. Statues of Commerce, of Cons
Justice, of Industry, and Agriculture—b
the latter looking very ill at ease in Pari
decorate the stairways; Pujol's frescoes,
the grand hall where the commercial derv
es dance and howl, are interesting but
strong. The Bourse was held by the o
party during the Commune until it was
longer wise to resist, and the red flag went
over it. Some bloody fighting occurred i
vicinity, and it bears its share of bu
marks. It was a costly building,—eight
lions of francs coming out of the pocket
the State and Paris before it was complet

A clever Frenchman says: "One
compare the boulevards to two hemisphe
The antipodes are the Places of the M
leine and the Bastille—and the equator is
Boulevard Montmartre." This is emine
true, and the Montmartre boulevard
gives the typical Parisian life to the woul
observer much sooner than do the g
boulevards. It is always the most g
lighted at night; ever the most active, bo
over, energetic street in the great city.

Here are many of the most splendid sh
and here the cafés in which the literatur
Paris is concocted. The Commune o
was born on this boulevard, in the Ca
Madrid; new operas and comedies re
their first criticism here; and here, d
the Second Empire, the men in blouses
tioned themselves whenever a manifest
of the popular displeasure was felt neces
Here vice puts on its most attractive
and the gilded mob surges up and dow
smooth walks, every one telling his prof
est secrets, not only to his accompa
friend, but loud enough to be hear
all. No one listens,—every one t
It is Babel. All languages reso
beer and coffee are asked for with tw
different accents. The shops all
in articles of luxury; the shopke
are the only people who seem unh
in the midst of the reckless gayety
is so characteristic of the Boul
Montmartre.

In the Rue St. Denis, opposite th
arch which stands almost in the m
of the modern boulevard, one catc
glimpse of Paris as it was thirty
ago, and hurries away, glad that h
not live there then. But there is



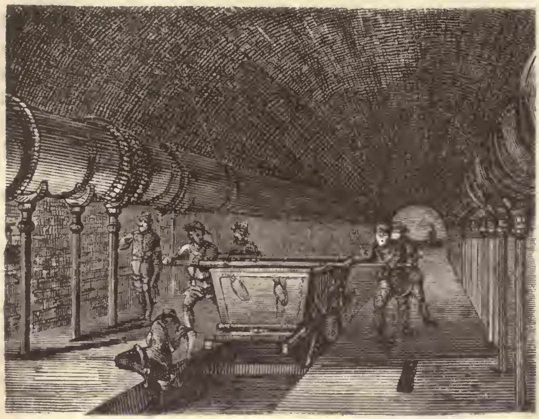
SUBTERRANEAN PARIS.

ng very picturesque in the straggling, irreg- r street, with the cobble-stone pavements, market-women's carts posted directly be- e the shop-doors, and the shop-windows ed full of wooden shoes, baskets, onions, ning tools, cheap clothing, and all the aphernalia of a Cortlandt street trade. e never can fancy buying potatoes on grand boulevards; it seems to the nger who haunts these glittering ave- s habitually that everything is made ready order instantaneously by some magic pro- s, and that no one ever buys potatoes. occasional run into the old streets is re- hing: it brings one back to the every- round and return of life's necessities, ch he had fancied himself almost emanci- ed from.

he Catacombs of Paris, which are really ch more curious and interesting than those Rome, acquired new fame during the days he Commune. It was said—but every knows how little dependence is to be ced on a journal's *on dit* in Paris—that a e number of troops from one of the forts ch the rebels held took refuge in the omy mazes of these catacombs when they that their cause was lost. All the en- nces were therefore carefully closed, and unfortunate wretches were left to eat each er, or to perish the moment they appeared he entrance.

he exact origin of the Catacombs is lost in the night of Time. In the fourth century robbers and petty cut-throats used to burrow in the chalk formations underlying Paris, and the easy manner in which passages could be worked enabled them to construct many miles of subterranean galleries. In these they hid their stolen goods, and, when pursued, took refuge. The superstitious people of the day, finding that the robbers suddenly disappeared, believed them in league with the devil, and, devoutly praying, returned trembling from a fruitless chase. Isambert, one of the most famous of the robber chieftains who thus made the earth open and swallow them up, has bequeathed his name to history, although it is not known exactly when he lived. It was not until the foundations of the Observatory began to give way that the inhabitants of more modern times found that the earth was hollow beneath them. Explorations were made, and many valuable lives were lost in the vain endeavor to discover all the exits and ramifications of this wondrous subterranean labyrinth whose construction had extended over a period of ten centuries. Sometimes a *savan* would prick up his courage and go a long way into some hitherto unexplored passages, never to reappear again. Mayhap he stumbled into some hidden pool, or his torch went out, and in vain groping to find his way back he miserably perished.

The Parisians are allowed a peep into the Catacombs from time to time, and strangers generally accompany the men who work in those somber regions, and who make a weekly descent. It is quite an undertaking to visit the chambers where the most interesting relics are stored. Some morning you find yourself waiting with three or four hundred others at the great entrance in the Rue d'Enfer. Throngs of old women, with the "full and complete History of the Catacombs," din the excellence of their wares in your ears. They also offer you something which you must take—a tin candlestick and one or two candles—to light your way, and possibly an oil-cloth cloak to protect you from the damp. At a given moment the uniformed functionary of the government appears, orders the entrance to be cleared, and descends a few steps. He cries out to the men below to count the "ladies and gentlemen" as they go down, and they will be counted again while they are on their way back. It would be comparatively easy to



VIEW IN A COLLECTING SEWER.

lose one or two of them;—that would reflect discredit on the administration.

Now you begin the descent—down a long flight of solid stone steps which wind around a pillar. From time to time the lugubrious procession pauses, to allow some one to recover from dizziness, or because some lady cries out that a wretch is dropping candle-wax on her garments. At last the bottom is reached, and one finds himself in a long, narrow passage, slightly vaulted above. A pale face gleams out from a niche on the side of the passage. It is that of one of the workmen. His lips move—he is counting the visitors once more. The passage is not very high, and one is compelled to walk in a stooping posture. Gradually, however, it widens, and we arrive at the Ossuary, and read, over our heads—*Memoriæ Majorum.*

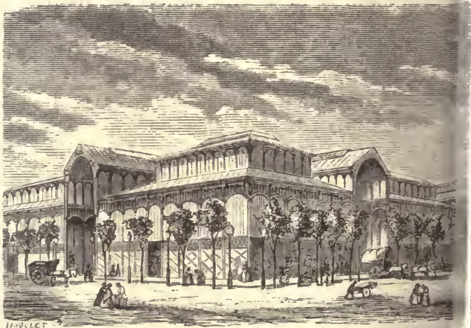
It is estimated that at least seven millions of skeletons have been placed in the Catacombs since they were first really invaded by the moderns. The Ossuary, which the guides now light up with glaring torches, contains all the skeletons and scattered bones which have been collected in old cemeteries, churches, and monasteries since 1785. An epoch long and grandiose—that from the time of the Cæsars until 1861—is represented in this vast vault. The Merovingian kings are cheek-by-jowl with those who perished in the Place de Grève in *La Révolution*, and beggar and prince have given their skulls to make a monument. Twelve masons are employed every day in the year in this vault in arranging and sorting the bones. The walls are made entirely of skulls, vertebræ, knee-joints, and arm-bones. The polished skulls grin horribly at one as he passes, and one can almost fancy them endowed with life. During great revolution cartloads of b were shot down into the Catac nightly, while priests chanted masses over them, and the bodies then decomposed by chemical cies, that one might get at the b as speedily as possible. Look! he another inscription, very prettily do bones—*Sicut unda dies nostri fluxe*

Stone tablets at every division i vault show the section of Paris which the bones were taken. In vault great pillars have been plac prop up the falling roof, as once or the inhabitants above have been fied by an ominous shaking of the If the roof should give way now!

But it does not, and we turn to farther on, the bones of the "Victin the Combat at the Château of the ries, August 10, 1792," and farther on from the "Combat of the Place de C August 28 and 29, 1798."

So we pass on from chamber to cha leaving passages on either hand which been chained up, lest our curiosity t plore them prove fatal to us. Aga are all counted, and after we have shown, literally, miles of bones, we ar ered into the open air by clambering flight of steps, and find ourselves in a quarter of the city—surrounded by ol men who persist in following us, and our candlesticks away from us. The feeling as if one had been buried alive.

There is one other excursion whic must not fail to make under Paris. Thursday you will take the ticket whi minister has procured for you, and go of the entrances to the sewers, at a previously agreed upon. You clambe a short flight of steps, and find yourse long gallery, moist and filled with unpl



THE CENTRAL MARKETS.

dors. A narrow sidewalk at the left and ght borders a canal which is deeper than it wide; a muddy and impure liquid flows owly by. On each side of this Stygian anal there is a line of rails, and you are inited with your companions to step into the ar which stands at the end of one of these nes. A huge lamp in front of the car lights e dreary way, and the workmen push you long, explaining, as the wheels roll swiftly nder their sturdy pressure, the various pecuarities of the route. All along the sewer re placed the blue and white placards anouncing the names of the streets under hich you are passing. If that immense mel tube just above your head which runs the hole length of this novel underground pasge should crack, you would be swept away a torrent, for that is the principal conduit r the city water. The odor is not as horrile as you imagined on entering; the system f ventilation throughout the sixty leagues of ewerage under Paris is perfect. The guides hirl you along until their boots finally splash the pool, the little railway is submerged, nd you turn instinctively to jump from the ar. But nothing has happened; you are nly arriving in the old sewers, and from ose terrible labyrinths you suddenly turn bliquely away, and arrive at the great colcting sewer, where a broad and sleazy curent of unnamable mixtures flows slowly toard the Seine. "Think of it!" says Nadar, we spend four hundred millions of francs early in poisoning our fishes!"

While you are sound asleep, enjoying our first, or two-in-the-morning nap, the arket world of Paris is astir, and the Cenral Market Halls, situated near the fine old church of Saint Eustache, resound with the clamor of peasants fresh from the country. Thousands of wagons are concentrated toward the same point, but there is no crowding, no blocking of the ways; for each market-wagon has its station where it must unload, and has a special hall to go to. The Central Halls consist of twelve superb pavilions, built of iron, glass, and bricks, and each hall is filled with numerous stalls. Since Paris, in a year, eats something like 110,000 "beef-creatures," 46,000 cows, 169,000 calves, and 840,000 sheep, 10,500,000 pounds of butter, 232,000,000 of eggs, nearly two millions of cheeses, and an absolutely incalculable quantity of vegetables, the central dispensary is naturally a busy place. The grape-merchants sell more than 25,000,000 pounds of this delicious fruit yearly. Everything in the markets is conducted with the utmost precision, and a little army of policemen promenade day and night in the great buildings. The bareheaded serving-maids, with basket on arm, come twice a day to bargain for the breakfasts and dinners of their employers; and from sunrise until late at night there is a vast humming arising from the buildings, which can be heard at some distance. The market-women are proverbial for their quick wit and business talent. Do not try to jest with them; your American idioms will betray you, and they may say something crushing. Stop a moment! here is a little booth filled with flowers. Let us buy some breast-knots. Pansies—and green leaves—five sous? Ah! now we shall not remember the smells of the Catacombs and Sewers. Let us go and stroll in the Tuileries garden.

## FREDERICK DENISON MAURICE.

THERE is a significant contrast in the poition which Mr. Maurice held in England nd America. His death has passed here vith but slight notice, but it is rarely that the ournals in England unite in so high a trioute. The names of those to whom is given ere the highest position in the recent literature of England, are those who have turned o him as to a great teacher and master. Mr. Tennyson not only placed him in a most ntimate relation to himself and his children, out has written to him, in verse of a rare and eserved metrical art, the expression of his riendship; to him was given the welcome to is home:—

> "Come, Maurice, pay one visit here,
> For those are few we hold as dear;
> Nor pay but one, but come for many,
> Many and many a happy year."

Mr. John Sterling, so long ago as 1829, said of him, and the reference is to nearly the whole work afterward gathered in the literary memoirs of Sterling, "When I have done any good, I have seldom been more than a patch of sand to receive and retain the impression of his footstep." When Charlotte Brontë came up to London from the remote Rectory of Haworth, she went to hear him at Lincoln's Inn, and wrote that "if she might live in London, she would always go to hear him." Bunsen wrote from Dresden with enthusiasm of some of his just published sermons, and afterwards in the Hippolytus speaks of him as "the Semitic exponent of the deepest elements of English thought and life, in the field of philosophy and theology." Mr. Tom Hughes inscribed to him his *Tom Brown at Oxford* in words expressive of "ever-increasing affection and reverence," and spoke of him as one who had been an apostle to him, and quite recently referred to his call to the chair of philosophy at Cambridge as, for many in England, the most important event in the closing year. Prof. Garbett in his Bampton lectures does not hesitate to speak of him as "the most philosophical writer of the day." Mr. MacDonald has recently dedicated a book to him as "a man honored of God," and has written of him as

> "Of all Thy men, late left, the most divine."

But these names, to which many of no less fame might be added, are nearly all names better known here than is that of Mr. Maurice. Those who have read with intellectual sympathy the In Memoriam of Tennyson have yet given no attention to that profound theological thought which has left its clear impress upon Mr. Tennyson's whole work. Those who have found in the novels of Mr. MacDonald the beginning of a new school in literature are still unacquainted with the master whom he recognized. Those who gave a public welcome to Mr. Hughes would receive with the utmost surprise his announcement of the call of Mr. Maurice to a chair of philosophy as the most important event in the annals of a year in England.

It is difficult to account for this contrast. Is it because the wardens at our gates are all of the sects, and this man in thought and spirit was truly catholic?—or do we all willingly or unwillingly join in the throng of a school or party to follow its leaders, to repeat its phrases, to bear its devices, and this man always refused to allow his name to be used in connection with any school or party?—or have we come to believe that the sole end of intellectual power and attainment is embraced in science, and that as limited to the process of the physical world and the mind of man as involved in that process, so that in Hegel's distinction, the first field, that of nature alone, is recognized, but the other fields of logic and of spirit are rejected, and this man was then occupied wholly with subjects of curious but useless inquiry whose interest has expired, and his life was wast among their superstitious vanities?

The mere study of the history of mode thought would require a fuller recognition the position of Mr. Maurice. If it be sa that an influence so wide and profound m be largely personal, then how strong m be the personality, and what more may said? It was a life of wide relations, though there was one single thread throu thought and work, one single tone not l until "he beat his music out." It may n often be said of one man as of him—he w the writer of books which have left their i press upon his age, he was the founder of stitutions which are the embodiment of spirit. It was not a life withdrawn from t world, but in the very center of its activiti Working upon the subjects occupying m deeply his own age, and expressing his s cerest conviction upon them, he was alwa at the front, and the only isolation was fr his advance. He says in one of his earl works, "No man, I think, will ever be much use to his generation, who does n apply himself mainly to the questions whi are occupying those who belong to it. antiquary I dare say leads a much easier a quieter life than one who interferes with contemporaries and takes part in their spe ulations. But his quietness is his rewar those who seek another must be content part with it." The best work is that whi each may do working in his own age in sy pathy with its struggles and aspirations, a in conflict with its meanness and falseho and thus the best work is done for oth and later ages. But he who holds aloof fr his own, is still more aloof from comi ages. Such a life should surely not pa without some brief review.

Frederick Denison Maurice was born 1805. He was the son of a Unitarian min ter. His early life brought him in conta with Puritanism and Quakerism and Met odism, the great historic forces in Engli religious thought. This must have furnish many elements to fit him for his work. H education was pursued at both the great n tional Universities. This brought him in personal association with the best men the Universities in his day. At Cambrid he met John Sterling, who was always afte ward most intimately associated with hi and Julius Hare, and Monckton Milnes, w as a peer has the style of Lord Houghto and Richard Trench, now Archbishop Dublin, and with these there grew up friendship which continued through lif

; university course was characterized by t independence and sincerity of convic- ı which was always to hold its own way vavering and unbroken. Although "pass- the examinations of the University with highest distinction," he left it on the eshold of honors which in a national uni- sity are the open avenues to every place. vas simply a conviction of duty, and obe- nce was imperative. He would not even ɔw his name to remain on its roll, which uld admit of his return to the place which might claim. Then he went up to Lon- ı, as nearly all young Englishmen of her culture go. John Sterling soon fol- ved him, and together they made adven- e in literature and journalism. They be- ne owners and editors of *The Athenæum*, n a new weekly literary journal, and each the intervals was engaged in writing a vel, soon to become the form in which the rature of this Victorian age in England s to find its highest achievement. But this rk, passing into the hands of a publisher, not appear until after the course of Mr. urice had wholly changed. Carlyle, in t essay of singular literary art, the *Life of hn Sterling*, says of the articles in *The henæum* that their character soon began to ract notice in London, and describes rling's work as "crude, imperfect, but gularly beautiful and attractive,—good ding still;" but Sterling himself always ognized his obligations to Maurice, and ting to Hare said, "Of what good you e found in the *Athenæum*, by far the ger part is attributable to him."

But the thought of Maurice was changing. e obstacle to his graduation at the Uni- sity had been his refusal to subscribe to Thirty-Nine Articles. Now he was led only to subscribe to them, but in 1828 took orders in the Church of England. t he still shrank so strongly from the risk any distrust, that he refused to return to mbridge, and entered his name at Oxford, m which he graduated. Sincere in his usal to subscribe to these Articles, he was cere again in his subscription to them. t he had come to hold them as the articles a church to which there belonged an or- ic life; he held them, if the distinction y serve to express it, as a doctrine, and t as the definition of a dogma, and instead finding their acceptance a bondage, as in ne formal limitation of thought, he found a th whose acceptance was freedom.

He became the curate of a country parish, ere he remained until 1839. He was then made the chaplain at Guy's Hospital in London. This field of work left its impress upon his thought, and in his writings at that time appears a sympathy with the suffering of men, with the sorrow and pain of the world, the crying of its anguish and its grief, but there comes out also a larger and higher conception of humanity. There was also the society of doctors, towards which he was always drawn, because "they believe in health." He then became the chaplain at Lincoln's Inn, where again he was brought into the society of lawyers and judges of courts, and at last, quite recently, he became the incumbent of St. Peter's chapel in Vere st., under the crown patronage,—"bringing to the very homeliest close the long-sustained series of his pastoral work." Through all this period, which extended to the very close of his life, to visit the sick, to counsel the erring, "to increase the store, and mend the shelter of the poor," to wait at a wedding and a funeral, to gather persons for confirmation in the church,—to be the minister of his people,—this was his chief work and this "his primacy."

He held two academic positions. For a brief interval he occupied the chair of Professor of Divinity and Modern History in King's College, London. From this he was removed in 1853, on the publication of certain writings which he would in no way modify. It is from this incident and the following controversy which stirred the religious newspapers that he is known here, rather than by the large services of a long life. The position which he took was never changed, and he says at a later time in reference to it: "I have long felt that I cannot preach the gospel of Jesus Christ, in the length or breadth of it, while I am compelled to lay down limits of space and time for the operation of God's grace and Redemption." In 1866 he was made the Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Cambridge.

At one time he delivered the "Boyle Lectures," and again the "Warburton Lectures." But the mere catalogue of his writings would fill one of these pages. Lectures, sermons, essays, tracts, letters, were sent forth on nearly every subject which agitated most deeply, during a period of forty years, the thought of England, and their influence was nearly always apparent on the life of England. He somewhere says of one of the earlier Fathers, that the titles of his writings are of interest, as indicating the thought of the age in which he lived and his relation to it, and this may apply as well to his own writings. Among the titles of them are, *The Kingdom of Christ; The Religions of the World, and their relation to Christianity; Learning and Working; The Church a Family; The Claims of the Bible and Science; Lectures on Education; The Doctrine of Sacrifice; The Prophets and Kings of the Old Testament; The Unity of the New Testament; The Conflict of Good and Evil in our day; The Workman and the Franchise; The Commandments considered as Instruments of National Reformation; The Ground and Object of Hope for Mankind.*

His writings always betray a certain indifference to form. They have often, hardly one would say a crude, but still an unformed character. It is not a lack of appreciation of art, for that appears in a very high degree, nor is it a disdain of the art of composition, but it is the characteristic of one who, having a word to utter and a message to give, is chiefly intent upon that. There is thus no regard for a formal rhetoric, and no cadence of tone nor balance of words, and no antithesis is allowed to divert him from the object of his thought. The expression is thus rarely obscure, although often involved. The style is simple and homely, while yet often interrupted by phrases and passages of singular beauty, and sometimes rising into great eloquence. It most frequently has the form of a direct address, as if of a person to a person, and there is a reluctance to use any other form. There is humor and strong irony, and sometimes a rare satirical power, but this always has a side of truth and is never unkindly.

There is constantly evidence of the most ample and thorough scholarship. The lectures on Literature, on Church History, on Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy, show a thorough study of the original works which pass under review on these subjects. There is a catholic spirit which enables him to give a fair representation of the most opposite systems and a large sympathy which brings him near to men. There is a broad grasp of the spirit of an historical period, and the character of historical movements, which can only come from a knowledge of the working of spiritual and moral forces in the world. It is not the knowledge nor the acquisition of the schools. It discerns that which is substantial from that which is accidental. It is quick to penetrate any pretense and is not imposed upon by any form. This appears in the estimate of historical characters, and
thus in the brief period of the Church
which his lectures extend, there is a dist
of the garb of the philosopher which Ju
was fond of assuming, and of the elabo
rhetoric with its measured antithesis w
Tertullian uses, and the only expressio
personal sympathy is with a man of far g
er simplicity of character, who, mo
through all the conflicts of his age and i
stir, was occupied with the most profo
subjects of theology, Clemens of Alexan
In the following period the name which
tracts him most is that of Athanasius,
placing upon the work of Gibbon the
value which all scholars give to it, he no
the fact that the historian, although wr
from a negative or averse position, yet le
Athanasius the central figure in his his
In modern literature there is most freq
reference to Shakespeare, and especial
his historical plays, and then to Milton
Wordsworth. But he seems consta
drawn to the literature of his own time,
one of his latest works gathers many c
finest illustrations from the most recent
tings of Mr. Browning and Mr. Swinb
and George Eliot.

In the review of his writings, it woul
ceed our limits to attempt more than a
indication of the value of the more in
tant of them. There are some, as thos
*The Claims of the Bible and Science*, an
*The Workman and the Franchise*, whicl
though containing fragmentary passages
suggestions of value, can hardly be sa
add much to the subject. But simply
suggestiveness he might regard as of hi
merit, and consistently with his w
thought he held suggestiveness as the
quality in any writer. *The Kingdom of C*
is one of his earlier works. But its val
impaired by its diffuse and cumbersome s
and one often in the process of thoug
detained too long from the conclusion, a
seems thus only an effort toward the l
conception which came in later years.
his work on the Gospel of St. Luke wa
terwards published as in some way a su
tute for this earlier work. But it is of v
for its apprehension of opposing systems
schools of theology, and their reconcili
is found in a higher unity. Its aim is
application of a Christian principle tc
whole organization of society. The vo
called *Theological Essays* throws light
the relation of his thought to the histc
development of many subjects of whi
treats, but it is not on the whole the be
the fullest expression of it. His wor

hics, while holding the chair of moral phisophy at Cambridge, appeared in two lumes, on *The Conscience* and on *Social orality.* There is no work on its subject the whole range of English literature, alough the attainment of the English mind s been far higher here than in any other partment of philosophy, which may be ought into comparison with this in its ope or constructive power. The works iich present only a dry mechanical notion, that of Whewell, or simply the application some abstract propositions, are poor and rren in comparison with it. It is in direct nflict with the advocates of a so-called inciple of independent morality, which is ther, in the isolation of man from all relaons, a principle of immorality. It traces the ocess and realization of a moral life and der in the family and the nation and huanity—a principle of domestic and politil and universal morality. The developent of a universal principle is sought in e great historical periods of the modern orld. It is necessary to notice a volume to hich a sequel afterwards appeared, entitled, *hat is Revelation?* It was called out in a ntroversy with Mr. Mansel, and is scarce equal as an argument to many essays hich appeared during the discussion followg Mr. Mansel's lectures, and one may not gret that he fails to give in any formal atement a reply to the inquiry which is the tle to his volume. He wrote many preces and introductions to books, but these ad rarely more value than usually attaches this style of literature. A preface to a ramatic work by Mr. Kingsley is chiefly to e noticed for its justification of a clergyman s a writer of dramas, which one would think ould depend wholly on the quality of the ramas.

An English critic has described his *Hisry of Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy,* its intellectual character, as his great work. n comparison with his really great work, hich is in Theology, and his work there we elieve has been very far beyond that of any an of his generation, this history only illusrates the extent of his scholarship and the ruth of his philosophical principles. The efect of the work is obvious, as it often berays rather the reflection of the historian han the central aim and principle of the sysem or age of which he writes; it retains riental forms and systems of thought which elong rather to merely religious speculation han to the development of philosophy; it is lso disposed to connect the thought of the great masters of philosophy too closely with the problems of this age, whenever they may throw any light upon its tendencies, and while this is full of suggestion, yet the men of whom he writes suffer by it a detachment from their own age. It is no disparagement to say that it is inferior to the histories of some German writers, for this has been the field of their highest critical power. But the sketches of the philosophy of Plato, of the metaphysics of Aristotle, of the Mediæval philosophy, of Spinoza and Hobbes, are perhaps the best in English literature. It is comprehensive, and there is scarcely any great name omitted from the period which it embraces. It is thoroughly realistic, and the idea is apprehended as becoming real. Mr. Maurice says justly in his preface that he has always written as a theologian. And still this gives to some of these sketches a singular and profound beauty. Thus in the record of this "search after wisdom," Plato becomes a prophet of the human soul, an interpreter of its deepest aspiration and desire, but they are longings which have their object and fulfillment only in Him who has come into the world: thus Spinoza is striving through forms of thought, with inherited elements of knowledge and with the questions of his own age, toward the perfect revelation of God. The characterization of a man or system is often gathered up in a single phrase or sentence. He says of Socrates, "It was evident that he had been able to minister to other minds because he knew so well what was passing in his own, and had sought out every principle as the solution of an actual difficulty." The Republic of Plato—illustrating a subject constantly recurring in philosophy, "the relations between the mind of man and the constitution of society"—is not "imaginary," but its aim is to "ascertain the conditions of political unity," to "search out the idea, and to trace what notions are inconsistent with it, or have sought to make themselves part of it." There is a thorough appreciation of the position and influence of Locke, but he says of him, quoting his own phrase: "All the most earnest questionings of men, in every age and in every direction, had, according to Locke, 'begun at the wrong end.' From Socrates to Spinoza, nearly all searchers after truth, to whatever schools they might belong, pagans or Christians, Nominalists and Realists, Dogmatists and Skeptics, Catholics and Protestants, had been losing themselves in an 'ocean of being.'" After saying that it had been Plato's great object to explain what

he meant by an "idea," and how it differs from a "notion," he adds of Locke, "He does not indicate in any one syllable of his essay that he had a glimpse (we do not say of Plato's meaning, but) of the possibility that he had a meaning." Voltaire he characterizes as "the skeptic of the salons," Savonarola is "the Dominican Reformer, the enemy of ecclesiastics and artists, the ruler and prophet of Florence." Hobbes he describes as the most "courageous of Dogmatists." Richard Hooker is justly represented as "the English politician of the sixteenth century." The brief sketch of Edwards has for us a special interest; it is historical, and thus brings Edwards into a relation with his age; it is critical, and his real work and service are not obscured by the reflected admiration of a domestic and provincial tradition. It gives more attention to Edwards than is usual in a history of thought of a foreign writer. He says of Edwards: "Belonging to the eighteenth century, to the times when happiness was represented as 'our being's end and aim,' his conception of God fades from that of a supremely righteous into a supremely 'happy Being.' We are not substituting a phrase of our own for his; it is the one he has chosen. And it is not (what phrase could be, in so clear and logical a writer?) an insignificant one. It is the antecedent of a long series of consequences. This happy Being is removed from all participation in the miseries of his creatures. To conceive his bliss as in any way affected by them is impossible, is profane. Think what a rent must come from the mixture of this new cloth with the old garment. The righteous Being must desire righteousness; he must punish unrighteousness. But the serenely happy Being cannot be disturbed by the sight of what is wrong, cannot be afflicted by the sufferings of the wrong-doer. He can only rejoice that a law which he has created can execute itself. Think next of this conception standing side by side with the faith that the Man of Sorrows is the express image of this being; that he who bore all griefs for the sake of man is His only begotten Son." But this, the writer adds, is not the only instance in which the eighteenth century conception of morality exercises its most baleful influence over Edwards. "He is most anxious to prove that his doctrine does not interfere with human responsibility or even human liberty, in the right sense of these words. His great distinction of physical and moral necessity will be quite sufficient, he hopes, for this purpose. So long as he is occupied
in refuting his opponent, he uses that c
tinction ably and effectually. But when
great distinction is to do its positive wo
when the New England doctor undertakes
explain *what* choice men are able to ex
cise—*how* they become responsible for th
failures—he has no resource but to introdu
a machinery of motives which are presen
to the man, which act first upon his und
standing and then upon what is called
will. No doubt these motives interpose
convenient barrier between the will of m
and the will of God. No doubt it may b
comfort to some to think we are not dire
ly under the government of God; we
only under the government of motives. I
certainly an old Puritan would not ha
found any comfort in the confession of su
mediators. He would have said: 'Th
motives are new Gods which our fath
knew not.' He would have cried to the tr
God to break such idols in pieces."
represents "the Puritan faith of Edwards
weakened by his faith in Locke." The h
tory of philosophy carefully traces the inf
ence of the moral speculation of an age up
its political character. It would not just
the scheme of a philosophical library whi
should include the philosophy of natu
and omit the philosophy of politics. H
own work on the prophets and kings of t
Old Testament is a contribution to politi
literature of the highest value. His politi
principles led him to the strongest symp
thy with the United States in the late w
The brief reply which he wrote to the pap
of Mr. Carlyle closed with the inqu
"whether the corner-stone of society w
slavery, or one who died on the cross t
death of a slave." No period in history
tracted him more than the Puritan age, a
the development of Puritan principles
America. Thus he says in a characteriz
tion of Milton, "He knew through the failu
of his own age that freedom did not depe
upon these human agents. Every step
his painful discoveries had led him more
see that it belongs to the spirit of man; th
parliaments and protectors can give it as l
tle as kings—preachers as little as prelate
that all may do something to crush
weaken the hearts in which it should dwe
and grow; that all may do something
strengthen it in those hearts, if they will co
fess a God who demands obedience of h
creatures as the condition of their freedo
The sense of this union was never so stro
in Milton as in those evil days on which
complained that he had fallen. The me

who were flushed with insolence and wine howed him how indifference to the one nvolved the loss of the other. 'Paradise Lost' and 'Paradise Regained' embodied is conception of their separation and their econciliation. There is the greatest possible contrast between the lofty and various music of a poem, and the vulgar actualities f a colonial existence; yet it seems to me ometimes as if New England were a translation into prose of the thought that was working in Milton's mind from its early morning to its sunset."

The life of Mr. Maurice was one of wide ctivity. In the true spirit of the workman, he worked with faith and freedom towards the ealization of his idea. It was a life of unceasing toil. He was the founder, and from ts institution until his death the Principal, of the Workingmen's College in London, the irst ever opened in the city. He had here at last the support of Messrs. Davies and Hughes and Ruskin and Rossetti and Woolman. He was the actual founder and always the foremost promoter of Queen's College for women. He was one of the earliest advocates of the organization of workmen, and the institution of a principle of co-operation instead of competition in labor. It illustrates the extent of his service that at dates of wide interval he delivered the opening lecture to the "Metropolitan Evening Classes for Young Men;" he gave a series of lectures on "the co-operative principle of organization for workmen," and a series on learning and working which is an argument for the education of adults.

If one would compare with the wild and wicked schemes which furnish epigrams for some of our labor reformers,—men whose only labor is to sow tares on every new and open field,—if one would compare with these the expression of truths whose recognition alone can save men and nations, which though they may often seem only the tradition of an old imposture, or a worn-out wisdom, have yet given strength to all noble civilization, he may turn to the slight book of Mr. Maurice on *The Commandments as Instruments of National Reformation.* The spirit in which Mr. Maurice worked may be traced in a brief passage from the Letter which formed the preface to his lectures at the opening of the Workingmen's College. "We have never doubted that the country must look for its blessings through the elevation of its working class; that we must all sink if that is not raised. We have never dreamed that that class could be benefited by losing its working character, by acquiring habits of ease or self-indulgence. We have rather thought that *all* must learn the dignity of labor, and the blessing of self-restraint. We could not talk to suffering men of intellectual or moral improvement without first taking an interest in their physical condition, and their ordinary occupations; but we felt that any interest of this kind would be utterly wasted, that it would do harm and not good, if it were not the means of leading them to regard themselves as human beings made in the image of God. We have never thought that we could help them to be individually wise or individually good if we forgot that they were social beings, bound to each other by the ties of family, neighborhood, country, and by a common humanity. We have never thought that we could make them understand what that common humanity means, or even what is implied in any of these subordinate relations, unless we could speak to them of a Son of Man in whom they have a common interest. We have believed that in order to do that we must go deeper still; that the Son of Man must be the Son of God; that there is no brotherhood for human beings if there is not a common fatherhood." The life formed through ceaseless work in this spirit justifies the words of Dean Stanley, in his memorial sermon in Westminster Abbey. "It was a life not of peace, but of constant warfare, of war against all that was mean, and base, and false. It was a life not of peaceful ease, but of incessant, unwearied toil—a bush ever burning, and, as it burned, consumed with its own inextinguishable zeal for God's house and God's honor, burning with a fiery flame that consumed the mind and body that enclosed it."

But Mr. Maurice's great work has been in theology. The best presentation of this, on the whole, is in the volumes on the Old and New Testaments. These are, *The Patriarchs and Lawgivers* and *The Prophets and Kings of the Old Testament;* and *The Unity of the New Testament*, which includes lectures on the Gospel of St. Matthew and the writings of St. Paul; *The Gospel of the Kingdom of Heaven*, being lectures on the Gospel of St. Luke, the Gospel of St. John, the Epistles of St. John, and *Lectures on the Apocalypse*, or book of the Revelation of St. John the Divine.

These, although written at wide intervals, and without any unity of design, form a complete series. To them may be added the volume of sermons on *The Doctrine of Sacrifice*, and the volumes of sermons preached at

Lincoln's Inn, which, however, are very unequal in their value.

In these writings on theology, the being of God and the spiritual nature of man, and the fact of sin and suffering and death in the world are assumed, as the writers of the New Testament assume them. They are assumed as truths that bear with them their own evidence. The Gospel is, then, a revelation of God to man, and its witness is in the conscience and the consciousness of men.

This revelation at once fills and transcends his thought. There is a constant fear that his own notions may mix with it, that it may become confused with them, and impaired by modifications which he may impose upon it. There is a distrust of the strictly intellectual process which aims to hold the being of God and his revelation of himself in the limitations of some system, and of the tendency to substitute some 'notional' conception of his own, for the reality which has been unveiled, the truth which has been revealed to him and in him.

This led him to receive the words of the Scriptures in their plain and literal significance. He would strive to apprehend them, though they seemed alien to his own preconceptions. He would not wrest them to suit his own notions. He would not admit a second meaning, a duplicity of phrase, so that he could attach his own notion to the direct and express import of the words, in order thereby to carry it through with them. He was impatient of any mystical and allegorical interpretation and of any dogmatic construction which, under the name of proof texts, would detach words from their place, in conformance to some scheme, and would tell us what they mean, not leave them with what they say. "Theoretically," says Mr. Hutton, "he held that all inspiration was subject to human conditions, and therefore that its records are liable to error," but "he found so much that was in the highest degree instructive in the very aspects of Scripture that rationalistic critics had fixed upon as embodying conspicuous error that he shrank painfully from admitting an error, even when he was quite unable to find a truth." But he was concerned with no theories as to the nature or method of inspiration, and while he might not have been willing to apply the term strictly to any book, these theories simply did not occupy him. He reads the book, and is too intent on the message it brings to give much heed to the style or the character of one who bears it. The object of faith was Him of whom it spoke, the eternal Word, and it was for those who sought the groun of their faith in the letters of a book, to fea when they found the mutations to which was exposed and to take counsel with cri ics and schools. It was not by the vindica tion of the authenticity of book or manu script that the truth was brought to chang the life of men and nations.

The substance therefore of his theology i that it contains a revelation of the being God to man. It is the revelation of a divin Will and a divine Love, which was *before a worlds.* It is the revelation of one wh comes as the Lord of Life and the conquero of death. The right attitude of him who i to receive it is indeed that of a perfect hu mility. How high must be the faith tha goes out toward it, and how deeply one wit hope and love! The voice to whom its ut terance is given may be exultant, but ye tremulous with the burden of its joy, and ye it may be with dread lest it should falter, o suffer its message to be marred or impaired.

It is this divine Will that is manifest in th Christ, and this love that leads to his comin into the world. It is revealed in Him wh is the eternal Word, who was 'in the beginning,' who was with God, who was God, wh comes into the world.

The life of man therefore is revealed as i God. Its true source and ground is in Him The life of the individual in its true and human character is formed in a relation to a Spirit, and while in this relation there is th life and freedom of the spirit, it is not simpl an exclusive life, but is in relation to a Hol Spirit which is given to all men. Man is a human being not as determined in physica relations merely, but in other and higher relations. Thus humanity is constituted in th Christ. He is the head of every man. Th light of the Spirit is that one light whic lighteth every man. The Christ enters int the travail of time, and bears the sorrow o humanity, for he has tasted death for ever man. The development of the individual i his highest individual power has its ground i the same relation in which humanity has it ground. The relation thus of every man t God through the Christ and the Spirit is an immediate and organic, a living relation. It is in the Christ that humanity is brought into relationship with God, and the foundation of its life is revealed in God. The Son of God has become the Son of Man. The manifestation of God is in the Christ. Thus Mr. Maurice, in the teaching of the Church, came to attach a very high value to the ancient order of its services in which the services of

ndays of Advent are succeeded by those
the Epiphany.

The revelation of God is in the being of
Father and the Son. The words denote
deepest of human relationships. They
nnect the sacredness of the common life
men, and its hourly duty, and the devel-
nent of law and order in human society,
h the being of God. There is always
s true blending of things divine and human,
s union of heaven and earth in their life.
us Mr. Maurice dwells on the simple and
mely duties of common life and common
ationships. In a sermon on "the sacred-
ss of common morality," on the 15th Psalm,
notices the fact that the highest dignity
the ancient ritual is made to illustrate the
egrity of common life.

The power of the Christ is manifested in
s Kingdom. It is the Kingdom of Hea-
n which has come and is coming. This
ngdom, in the parables which set it forth,
likened not to imagery drawn from flowers
d fields and waters, which attract the eye
the enchantment of nature, but to types
awn from the simple and common incident
d relation of life, which are invested with
sacred significance, and become signs of a
iritual energy. This Kingdom is real; it
alone substantial. It comes with power,
t the power of a divine redemption from
il. It is a kingdom over the spirits of men,
d in its life of the spirit alone is freedom.
ne signs of this Kingdom—for this is the
ore significant phrase, which is translated
racles—are the signs of the coming of a
iritual power in whose realization there is
e manifestation of a higher order which is
conflict with the disorder of the world;
signs are the healing of the sick, the deliv-
ance of the captive, the raising of the dead,
e giving of sight to the blind. How else
ay human words describe it, than as the
ingdom of righteousness and peace and joy
the Holy Ghost?

The Christ comes as the Redeemer of the
orld. It is a redemption from evil. It is
redemption which is not subject to the lim-
tions of space and time: to become so
ould involve it in fatal limitations. It is a
demption unto life. The Redeemer of the
orld is the Word by whom the world was
ade, and is the Lord of Life. The life
hich is given unto man is an eternal life.
is not a life which is wholly derived from
nd involved in physical conditions; it is not
oncluded in the limitations of time, but is
bove the category of time. It is unseen and
hid with God; it meets the inmost desire of man "in life, more life;" it is here and now, and not transient nor distant; in the words of St. John, "this *is* eternal life, to know Thee." and "he that believeth *hath* eternal life."

The Redeemer of the world is the Judge of the world. The judgment is not merely an ultimate event, but a process. It is a judgment whose law is laid in the relation of the Christ with humanity. It is borne on through the whole course of the life of men and of nations. It is not a remote and detached incident which appeals to the imagination, but it is the work of one in righteousness going forth to its execution, who is near to men and nations, and its appeal is to the conscience of men. It is not simply an object of dread, but of intense desire, and thus the Prophet prays, "Arise, O Lord, and judge the earth." It verifies the words, "now is the judgment of this world." The revelation of God is in His righteousness. It is this which the conscience of man alone can be satisfied in. It reveals sin, and it promises no indulgence for it, but only deliverance from it. The phrase—righteousness—is deeper and simpler and more scriptural than the more abstract word justice, though the latter is more satisfactory to certain abstract systems. It refers to the satisfaction of a righteous will, one who will establish righteousness on the earth. The satisfaction of a law is still abstract. There is no recent writer who has held so strenuously the language of Scripture, of judgment, of righteousness, of those fires which destroy the evil that is of itself consuming the lives of men and nations.

The Christ thus is represented as coming, and always coming in the world. In the ongoing of its redemptive life, is the dawning of the days of the Son of Man. Thus his coming, or, in the deeper phrase, his appearing, is made by the apostles a motive of duty. In the Lincoln's Inn Sermons, among the most suggestive is a separate course on the Advent and the Eucharist as illustrative of each other.

In the coming of the Kingdom of Heaven and the coming of the Christ, the theology of Mr. Maurice is simply the recognition of the evident language of the writers of the New Testament. Thus the words of St. Matthew, referring to the close of a series of events in connection with the coming of the Kingdom of Heaven and the coming of the Son of Man: "Verily I say unto you, this generation shall not pass away till all these things be fulfilled," as they are of the deepest import, are plain and can be evaded by no sophistry. They are followed by the solemn assertion, as if to draw attention to the words themselves:—"Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall never pass away." The words accompanied by so emphatic a preface, and then this most solemn conclusion, cannot be avoided. And it is of slight consequence what theory of inspiration any may hold, if it will allow him to discard their direct import, and attach a meaning to suit his own notions. It has often fallen in with the theory of expositors, which here has usually little more justification than the theory of paganism, to take the figurative language literally and the literal figuratively. But these words are plain; they can only be met by sheer denial, and this, with some other guise, is the usual course. They are in the theology of Mr. Maurice words of the deepest truth. They justify the solemn asseveration which follows them. It was the end of the old world, it was the beginning of the new, it was the dawning of the days of the Son of Man. Those who receive these words can give them no slight or indifferent significance. They must change the face and form of this world, and the relations of men, and the whole process of the history of man. They must bring him who shall receive them into new relations. They denote that which is enduring, though the heavens shall pass away, and are beyond any dream of the future which the imagination may hold. They create a spirit of life beneath this body of decay. They become the strongest incentive to duty; they must blend with the highest motives of action.

Mr. Maurice is fond of connecting his own field of work in theology with that of physical science. He has no fear of Darwin, but finds in his statements a lesson of the humiliation of man. Perhaps, after it has long been said of man that he is but "a worm of the dust," there may be no fear of a more exact designation of his place in the physical order, while if he be shut up in the physical order, the theory is simply beastly, and if this term in the common language of men has any moral quality, the theory invites its reproach. But Mr. Maurice connects his work with that of science, so far as their course may be illustrative. In a preface to the last edition of the *History of Philosophy*, when the inquirer asks, "Would you admit the discovery of a fixed star, or of any geological or mathematical principle, to be a revelation?" the answer is, "It seems to me that every man to whom such a discovery
has been made, feels that to be the right a
simple description of it." "Discovery a
revelation are more nearly synonymc
words than any which we can find in the la
guage."

An English writer quotes the statement
Mr. Hutton of the great fundamental pr
ciple of Mr. Maurice's writings as follow
that "all beliefs *about* God are but ina
quate intellectual attempts to justify a bel
*in* Him, which is never a merely intellect
affirmation, but rather a living act of t
spirit, by no means confined to those w
consciously confess his presence. Gra
this, and it follows that all attempts to lir
our living relations with God by beliefs abo
Him—whether those beliefs are negati
and deny his power to reveal himself at
to beings so narrow, or positive, and affi
to express his essence exhaustively in a nu
ber of abstract propositions—are mistak
Only when a belief *about* God helps to
plain a more real belief *in* Him, and only
far as it does, has it any true value." Th
defines, perhaps, a process rather than
principle, and while it is true of the thoug
of Mr. Maurice, it is simply in itself the l
and justification of the invisible church, a
in some form is admitted by the grea
catholic theologians of every historical a
visible church.

The apprehension of a revelation in t
Christ of the being of God is never set asi
Thus Mr. Maurice holds strongly its diff
ence from every religion. This is consi
ent with the phraseology of the New T
tament. The Christ does not come as t
founder of a religion, nor were the apost
engaged in the institution of a religion. F
ligion is only a cultus, or the sum of the a
and thoughts and emotions of man conce
ing God. But this is the revelation of t
being of God to man. The defect of an a
may be in a spirit which is too religio
as St. Paul describes men of Athens. Th
one may notice in Comte how a strict
turalism is joined with the invention of
complex and imposing ritualism; and in
cent writers who assume that man in t
limitations of human thought cannot kn
God, there is joined with the same natur
ism a vague and weak emotional pietis
He would not oppose morality and religio
would hold righteousness as of far high
significance than religion.

Thus also he is unwilling to use the phra
Christianity, which is also alien to the la
guage of the New Testament, because it m
suggest the reception of a system, and r

e reality which has been revealed, and it ay seem to indicate a notion or system of otions which appeal primarily to an intel-ctual affirmation, and come to be held and sisted on as a substitute for the Christ. A rmon in the series at Lincoln's Inn is enti-ed "Christ, not Christianity, the deliver-nce of mankind." There is nowhere a deep-and stronger assertion of the truth to which e Quaker and the Puritan have borne wit-ess, and which has given to them an histori-al power. Their special literature has no ronger statement of the great principles ey held. The truth of the one was of the resence of a Spirit which lighteth every man at cometh into the world, but this is here pprehended in connection with other truths f the Fatherhood of God and the redemption f the world, the omission of which gives to uakerism its limitations. The truth of the ther was the presence of a divine Will, which manifested in righteousness, but the lim-ation of the Puritan was in the represen-ation of it largely or specially in relation to imself, and not in its purposes toward the hole world. But the church is itself a itness to the redemption of the world. He ays in the recent preface to the *History f Philosophy*, "The conquest over any bru-ality, the formation of any wholesome anners, the establishment of any political ife among Hindoos, Chinese, Persians, or reeks, are witness to the same selector who alled the Jews to be a family and a nation, ho gave them laws, who inspired their rophets."

If this revelation be received by any, it must affect all the relations of life, and all hings must become transfigured in its light. It is the fulfillment of that which the story and tradition of man has prefigured in all its types; it is the goal toward which the search of Philosophy has been directed; it is the end and rest of all the prayer and aspiration of the religions of the world. It changes the aspect of nature, and to the earth it gives a glory through its decay. It gives a significance to history, which becomes the education from God of the world. It discloses the true law of human society, and moulds the whole ethical conception of the relations and destination of man.

Mr. Maurice regards it as the gravest defect in theology, that it should start from the fundamental assertion of original sin and build on that, instead of proceeding from God. The antecedent which moulds it then is the sin of man, and not the revelation of Him who was before all worlds and reveals himself as coming into relations with humanity. It apprehends primarily Adam as the head of the human race, and not primarily the Christ who is revealed beyond its physical process, as the real and eternal head of the race.

In regard to Mr. Maurice's representation of the eternal, a late writer says that when asked what he meant by eternal as distinguished from endless, he replied in effect that it was related to endless as the spiritual source is related to the outward form; as, for instance, the depth and truth of a principle are related to its durability and influence over human society; as the vital germ of a tree that lives for centuries is related to its length of days; in a word, as the constitution of anything is related to its outward duration. "Eternal" properly applied solely to God. "Everlasting" is simply our translation of the divine essence into the language of time; it only bewilders the imagination with a futile effort to strain back into the past beyond our reach, or forward into the future beyond our ken. If the language of time is used, everlasting is the translation for the eternal, but not a very instructive translation, since we lose by not keeping to the qualitative essence of God, rather than insisting on the quantitative duration. But the word "endless" he repudiated altogether, because it is applicable to things clearly *not* divine, signifying duration, which, though it *has* begun, will never cease. Thus he maintained that "eternal life" and "eternal death" meant nothing more or less than life "in Him who is eternal," and death "from Him who is eternal,"—life in God, and death from God. As St. John says in his report of the prayer of Christ, "This is eternal life, to know thee, the only true God." This distinction is in the main correspondent, in another form, to the distinction of the real and the spurious infinite, or the qualitative and quantitative infinite of Hegel, one of the most substantial distinctions in human thought. In Mr. Maurice's *History of Philosophy* there is only a brief reference to Hegel, and the work which has been so careful and exhaustive in its course, closes at the beginning of the last great period in philosophy. Nor is there any indication in his writings that Mr. Maurice has even read Hegel. The aversion to one who proceeds so rigorously in the formation of a system may have repelled him. There is in the writings of Maurice a constant conflict with pantheism, as with materialism. No language can express more strongly the personal being of God and his relation with men. But he does not believe that pantheism can be met by placing God at a distance from the world which he has made, or by failing to recognize his presence with individuals or with nations. It is rather when the remoteness of God and his judgments and his separation from humanity are assumed, that the way is open for pantheism and materialism. I believe that Hegel may himself be taken at his word, and instead of being a pantheist or panlogist, or whatever the last word may be which is invented to define his position, he has sought the reconciliation of thought with Christian truth and life. And the most profound development of philosophy has always been ancillary to a Christian faith. The ethical conception of Plato, the speculative thought of Aristotle have become a basis of Christian doctrine. But apart from this there is a spirit working in every age, and the correspondence in the position of Hegel and Maurice will indicate in history their relation as great contemporaries. The theology of Maurice, more profound than that of Hegel, is more consistent also with that which is true in the philosophy of Hegel. Hegel certainly starts from the conception of Christianity strictly as a religion, but the position of Maurice here is in higher consistency with the ethics, and in fact, the whole speculative thought of Hegel. There is in the work of each a significant correspondence. Hegel opposes the conception of God as a great Being dwelling at a distance from the world which he has made,—the conception which prevails in the thought of the last century,—and would maintain his connection with the world: Maurice dwells on the truth that He has come into the world, and that His is the redemption and the judgment of the world. Hegel holds the eternal not as a continuation, in some indefinite form, of time, but as real and substantial: Maurice speaks of an eternal life which is given to men here and now. Hegel protests against the conception which by a sheer lift bears the whole work and fulfillment of the Christ into another world, which is a "world beyond:" Maurice has only to say that the Son of God has become the Son of Man, that God has manifested himself to the world. Hegel speaks of the higher order and larger freedom and better life, as the coming of God into the world: Maurice speaks of the coming of the Christ in the crisis of history, the days of the Son of Man. Hegel speaks of the life of the spirit as lifted above the categories of death an destruction and decay: Maurice speaks c the Spirit which is given to men, that the may walk and live and dwell in the spiri Both are indifferent to the extreme critic tendency of the age, regarding it as a wea and false tendency, a morbid hyper-criticis which diverts the attention from a large an substantial truth. Both trace the proce of a Christian life and principle in histor and in the development toward a univers morality. Both apprehend the moral ord of the family and the nation as the ver ground and condition of human moralit Hegel holds that the finite and the infinit are not separate, as if each was terminabl to the other, but the finite is involved in th infinite: Maurice has to say that the unio of heaven and earth is made, that the heaven and the earth are and are becoming one i their life: while both write of that highe beatitude, which still has expression in th words, "Behold I come quickly, and my reward is with me, to give to every man as hi work shall be."

There has been no recent work in theolog and perhaps none in the whole domain o thought, of greater strictly intellectual powe than the *Dogmatik* of Rothe. One is impressed by its profound speculative deptl by its architectonic power in the upbuildin of its spacious thought. It is characterize by the most patient and exact learning, b the highest critical acumen, by the constructive art which, working through the stud of physical and spiritual forces, builds s vast a system with so free and resolute spirit. But at its close the horizon is stil that of earth, the prospect has narrowed instead of widening, and the ways where hop has looked are closed, and faith has to bea many burdens through far and uncertai tracts, and even love at last yields to th conquest of death. But in the theology o Maurice, faith walks with hope and love, an it speaks of that which the spirit in ma longs for,—righteousness and peace and jo in the Holy Spirit, and the deepest relation of life, no more transient as of time, becom sacred as the type of divine and eternal relationships, and as the vision widens it passe beyond time, and the glory which invest humanity is that glory which He, who bein the Son of God, became the Son of Man, ha with the Father before the world was.

One of the most recent of the writings of Mr Maurice is a slight book of profound though on *The Ground and Object of Hope fo Mankind.* There is a revelation of a groun nd object of hope for men. It is a hope hich looks beyond time. And what hope, f all that has illumined human eyes, is as hat of a deliverance from evil, and a conuest of death? What else can bring such noral strength to men? He that hath this ope purifieth himself. This hope is no illuive dream, but is in Him who has revealed imself as the Deliverer of the world and the Conqueror of death. Mr. Maurice died in April, when the church in her Easter season commemorates the resurrection. The words spoken over him were those of the last great beatitude, and the hope which he has claimed for humanity: "If we are planted in the likeness of His death, we shall be also in the likeness of His resurrection."

## ONE DAY AT ARLE.

One day at Arle—a tiny scattered fishing hamlet on the north-western English coast—where stood at the door of one of the cottages near the shore a woman leaning against the intel-post and looking out: a woman who would have been apt to attract a stranger's eye, too—a woman young and handsome. This was what a first glance would have taken in; a second would have been apt to teach more and leave a less pleasant impression. She was young enough to have been girlish, but she was not girlish in the least. Her tall, lithe, well-knit figure was braced against the door-post with a tense sort of strength; her handsome face was just at this time as dark and hard in expression as if she had been a woman with years of bitter life behind her; her handsome brows were knit, her lips were set; from head to foot she looked unyielding and stern of purpose.

And neither form nor face belied her. The earliest remembrances of the coast people concerning Meg Lonas had not been over-pleasant ones. She had never been a favorite among them. The truth was they had half feared her, even as the silent, dogged, neglected child who used to wander up and down among the rocks and on the beach, working harder for her scant living than the oldest of them. She had never a word for them, and never satisfied their curiosity upon the subject of the treatment she received from the ill-conditioned old grandfather who was her only living relative, and this last peculiarity had rendered her more unpopular than anything else would have done. If she had answered their questions they might have pitied her; but as she chose to meet them with stubborn silence, they managed to show their dislike in many ways, until at last it became a settled point among them that the girl was an outcast in their midst. But even in those days she gave them back wrong for wrong and scorn for scorn; and as she grew older she grew stronger of will, less prone to forgive her many injuries and slights, and more prone to revenge them in an obstinate, bitter fashion. But as she grew older she grew handsomer too, and the fisher boys who had jeered at her in her childhood were anxious enough to gain her good-will.

The women flouted her still, and she defied them openly; the men found it wisest to be humble in their rough style, and her defiance of them was more scornful than her defiance of their mothers and sisters. She would revenge herself upon them, and did, until at last she met a wooer who was tender enough, it seemed, to move her. At least so people said at first; but suddenly the lover disappeared, and two or three months later the whole community was electrified by her sudden marriage with a suitor whom she had been wont to treat worse than all the rest. How she treated him after the marriage nobody knew. She was more defiant and silent than ever, and gossipers gained nothing by asking questions. So at last she was left alone.

It was not the face of a tender wife waiting for a loving husband, the face that was turned toward the sea. If she had hated the man for whom she watched she could not have seemed more unbending. Ever since her visitor had left her (she had had a visitor during the morning) she had stood in the same place, even in the same position, without moving, and when at last the figure of her husband came slouching across the sands homeward she remained motionless still.

And surely his was not the face of a happy husband. Not a handsome face at its dull best, it was doubly unprepossessing then, as, pale and breathless, he passed the stern form in the door-way, his nervous, reluctant eyes avoiding hers.

"Yo'll find yo're dinner aw ready on th' table," she said to him as he passed in.

Everything was neat enough inside. The fireplace was clean and bright, the table was set tidily, and the meal upon it was good enough in its way; but when the man entered he cast an unsteady, uncomprehending glance around, and when he had flung himself into a chair he did not attempt to touch the food, but dropped his face upon his arm on the table with a sound like a little groan.

She must have heard it, but she did not notice it even by a turn of her head, but stood erect and steadfast until he spoke to her. She might have been waiting for his words—perhaps she was..

"Tha canst come in an' say what tha has to say an' be done wi' it," he said at last, in a sullen, worn-out fashion.

She turned round then and faced him, harder to be met in her rigid mood than if she had been a tempest.

"Tha knows what I ha' getten to say," she answered, her tone strained and husky with repressed fierceness. "Aye! tha knows it well enough. I ha' not much need to tell thee owt. He comn here this morning an' he towd me aw I want to know about thee, Seth Lonas—an' more too."

"He comn to me," put in the man.

She advanced towards the table and struck it once with her hand.

"Tha'st towd me a power o' lies," she said. "Tha's lied to me fro' first to last to serve thy own eends, an' tha'st gained 'em—tha'st lied me away fro' th' man as wur aw th' world to me, but th' time's comn now when thy day's o'er an' his is comn agen. Ah! thou bitter villin! Does ta mind how tha comn an' towd me Dan Morgan had gone to th' fair at Lake wi' that lass o' Barnegats? That wor a lie an' that wor th' beginnin'. Does ta mind how tha towd me as he made light o' me when th' lads an' lasses plagued him, an' threeped 'em down as he didna mean to marry no such like lass as me—him as wor ready to dee fur me? That wor a lie an' that wor th' eendin', as tha knew it would be, fur I spurned him fro' me th' very neest day, an' wouldna listen when he tried to straighten out. But he got at th' truth at last when he wor fur fro' here, an' he browt th' truth back to me to-day, an' theer's th' eend fur thee—husband or no."

The man lay with his head upon his arms until she had finished, and then he looked up all white and shaken and blind.

"Wilt ta listen if I speak to thee?" he asked.

"Aye," she answered, "listen to more lies!"

And she slipped down into a sitting posture on the stone door-step, and sat there, her great eyes staring out seaward, her hands lying loose upon her knee, and tren bling.

There was something more in her moc than resentment. In this simple gesture sh had broken down as she had never broke down in her life before. There was passio ate grief in her face, a wild sort of despai such as one might see in a suddenly-woun ed, untamed creature. Hers was not a fa nature. I am not telling the story of a gentl true-souled woman—I am simply relatin the incidents of one bitter day whose trag close was the ending of a rough romance.

Her life had been a long battle again the world's scorn; she had been either o the offensive or the defensive from childhoo to womanhood, and then she had caugh one glimpse of light and warmth, clun to it yearningly for one brief hour, an lost it.

Only to-day she had learned that she ha lost it through treachery. She had not dare to believe in her bliss, even during its faires existence; and so, when light-hearted, hanc some Dan Morgan's rival had worked agains him with false stories and false proofs, he fierce pride had caught at them, and he revenge had been swift and sharp. But had fallen back upon her own head now This very morning handsome Dan had com back again to Arle, and earned his revenge too, though he had only meant to clea himself when he told her what chance ha brought to light. He had come back—he lover, the man who had conquered an sweetened her bitter nature as nothing els on earth had power to do—he had com back and found her what she was—the wif of a man for whom she had never cared, th wife of the man who had played them bot false, and robbed her of the one poor glea of joy she had known. She had been har and wild enough at first, but just now, whe she slipped down upon the door-step wit her back turned to the wretched man withi —when it came upon her that, traitor as h was, she herself had given him the righ to take her bright-faced lover's place, an usurp his tender power—when the fresh sea breeze blew upon her face and stirred he hair, and the warm, rare sunshine touche her, even breeze and sunshine helped her t the end, so that she broke down into a sharp sharp sob, as any other woman might hav done, only that the repressed strength of he poor warped nature made it a sob sharpe and deeper than another woman's woul have been.

"Yo mought ha' left me that!" she said

’o mought ha’ left it to me ! There wur er women as would ha’ done yo, there r no other man on earth as would do me. knowed what my life had been, an’ how vur hand to hand between other folk an’ . Yo knowed how much I cared fur him what he wur to me. Yo mought ha’ let be. I nivver harmed yo. I wouldna m yo so sinful cruel now.”

‘Wilt ta listen ?” he asked, laboring as if breath.

‘Aye,” she answered him, “I’ll listen, tha canna hurt me worser. Th’ day fur t’s past an’ gone.”

“Well,” said he, “listen an’ I’ll try to tell . I know it’s no use, but I mun say a rd or two. Happen yo didna know I ed yo aw’ yo’re life—happen yo didna, but true. When yo wor a little lass gath- n’ sea-weed on th’ sands I watched yo en I wor afeared to speak—afeared lest ’d gi’ me a sharp answer, fur yo wor ready ow wi’ ’em, wench. I’ve watched yo fur urs when I wur a great lubberly lad, an’ en yo gettin, to be a woman it wur th’ ne thing. I watched yo an’ did yo many turn as yo knowed nowt about. When wur searchin’ fur drift to keep up th’ fire er th’ owd mon deed an’ left yo alone, ppen yo nivver guessed as it wor me as aped little piles i’ th’ nooks o’ th’ rocks so yo’d think ’at th’ tide had left it theer—ppen yo didn’t, but it wor true. I’ve stay- round th’ old house many a neet feared mmat mought harm yo, an’ yo know yo vver gave me a good word, Meg. An’ en Dan comn an’ he made way wi’ yo as made way wi’ aw th’ rest—men an’ women ’ children. He nivver worked an’ waited I did—he nivver thowt an’ prayed as I d; everything come easy wi’ him—every- ing allus did come easy wi’ him, an’ when seed him so light-hearted an’ careless bout what I wor cravin’ it run me daft an’ ind. Seemt like he couldna cling to it ce I did, an’ I begun to fight agen it, an’ hen I heerd about that lass o’ Barnegats towd yo, an’ when I seen yo believed hat I didna believe mysen it run me dafter t, an’ I put more to what he said, an’ held ck some, an’ theer it wor an’ theer it ands, an’ if I’ve earnt a curse, lass, I’ve tten it, fur—fur I thowt yo’d been learnin, care fur me a bit sin’ we wor wed, an’ God nows I’ve tried to treat yo fair an’ kind i’ y poor way. It worna Dan Morgan’s way, know—his wur a better way than mine, th’ n shone on him somehow—but I’ve done y best an’ truest sin’.”

“Yo’ve done yo’re worst,” she said. “Th’ worst yo could do wor to part us, an’ yo did it. If yo’d been half a mon yo wouldna ha’ been content wi’ a woman yo’d trapped with sayin’ ‘Aye,’ an’ who cared less for yo than she did fur th’ sand on th’ sea-shore. What’s what yo’ve done sin’ to what yo did afore ? Yo cannot wipe that out and yo cannot mak’ me forget. I hate yo, an’ th’ worse because I wor beginnin’ to be content a bit. I hate mysen. I ought to ha’ knowed”—wildly—“he would ha’ knowed whether I wor true or false, poor chap—he would ha’ knowed.”

She rocked herself to and fro for a minute, wringing her hands in a passion of anguish worse than any words, but a minute later she turned on him all at once.

“All ’s o’er between yo an’ me,” she said with fierce heat; “do yo know that ? If yo wor half a mon yo would.”

He sat up and stared at her humbly and stupidly.

“Eh ?” he said at last.

“Theer’s not a mon i’ Arle as is not more to me now than tha art,” she said. “Some on ’em be honest, an’ I canna say that o’ thee. Tha canst get thee gone or I’ll go mysen. Tha knows’t me well enow to know I’ll ne’er forgie thee for what tha’s done. Aye”—with the passionate hand-wringing again—“but that wunnot undo it.”

He rose and came to her, trembling like a man with the ague.

“Yo dunnot mean that theer, Meg,” he said slowly. “You dunnot mean it word fur word. Think a bit.”

“Aye but I do,” she answered him, setting her white teeth, “word fur word.”

“Think again, wench.” And this time he staggered and caught hold of the door-post. “Is theer nowt as ’ll go agen th’ wrong ? I’ve lived wi’ thee nigh a year, an’ I’ve loved thee twenty—is theer nowt fur me ? Aye, lass, dunnot be too hard. Tha was allus harder than most womankind; try an’ be a bit softer like to’rds th’ mon as risked his soul because he war a mon an’ darena lose thee. Tha laid thy head on my shoulder last neet. Aye, lass—lass, think o’ that fur one minnit.”

Perhaps she did think of it, for surely she faltered a little—what woman would not have faltered at such a moment ?—but the next, the memory of the sunny half-boyish face she had clung to with so strong a love, rushed back upon her and struck her to the heart. She remembered the days when her life had seemed so full that she had feared her own bliss; she remembered the gallant speeches and light-hearted wiles, and all at once she cried out in a fierce impassioned voice : "I'll ne'er forgie thee," she said—"I'll ne'er forgie thee to th' last day o' my life. What for should I? Tha's broke my heart, thou villian—tha's broke my heart." And the next minute she had pushed past him and rushed into the house.

For a minute or so after she was gone the man stood leaning against the door with a dazed look in his pale face. She meant what she said : he had known her long enough to understand that she never forgave—never forgot. Her unbroken will and stubborn strength had held her to enmities all her life, and he knew she was not to be won by such things as won other women. He knew she was harder than most women, but his dull nature could not teach him how bitter must have been the life that rendered her so. He had never thought of it—he did not think of it now. He was not blaming her, and he was scarcely blaming himself. He had tried to make her happy and had failed. There were two causes for the heavy passion of misery that was ruling him, but neither of them was remorse.

His treachery had betrayed him, and he had lost the woman he had loved and worked for. Soul and body were sluggish alike, but each had its dull pang of weight and wretchedness.

"I've come to th' eend now surely," he said, and, dropping into her seat, he hid his face.

As he sat there a choking lump rose in his throat with a sudden click, and in a minute or so more he was wiping away hot rolling tears with the back of his rough hand.

"I'm forsook somehow," he said—"aye, I'm forsook. I'm not th' soart o' chap to tak' up wi' th' world. She wor all th' world I cared fur, an' she'll ne'er forgie me, for she's a hard un—she is. Aye! but I wur fond o' her! I wonder what she'll do—I do wonder i' my soul what she's gettin' her mind on!"

It did not occur to him to call to her or go and see what she was doing. He had always stood in some dull awe of her, even when she had been kindest, and now it seemed that they were too far apart for any possibility of approach at reconciliation. So he sat and pondered heavily, the sea air blowing upon him fresh and sweet, the sun shining soft and warm upon the house, and the few common flowers in the strip of garden whose narrow shell walks and borders he had laid out for her himself with much clumsy planning and slow labor.

Then he got up and took his rough w ing-jacket over his arm.

"I mun go down to th' *Mary An* he said, "an' work a bit, or we'll ne'er her turned o'er afore th' tide comes in. T boat's a moit o' trouble." And he sig heavily.

Half-way to the gate he stopped befo cluster of ground honeysuckle, and per for the first time in his life was consciou a sudden curious admiration for them.

"She's powerful fond o' such like bit things—posies an' such like," he "Thems some as I planted to please on th' very day as we were wed. I'll tak' or two. She's most fond on 'em—fur su hard un."

And when he went out he held in his h two or three slender stems hung with tiny pretty humble bells. Who kn whether some subtle influence at wor soul or body, or even the air he breathed, not prompt the novel mood.

. . . . . . .

He had these very bits of simple bloss in his hand when he went down to where *Mary Anne* lay on the beach for rep So his fellow-workmen said when they the story afterwards, remembering even trivial incident.

He was in a strange frame of mind, they noticed, silent and heavy and abs He did not work well, but lagged over labor, stopping every now and then to the back of his hand over his brow as i rouse himself.

"Yo look as if yo an' th' missus had a fallin' out an' yo'n getten th' worst o' bargain," one of his comrades said by of rough jest.

They were fond of joking with him ab his love for his handsome taciturn But he did not laugh this time as he usu did.

"Mind thy own tackle, lad," he said du "an' I'll mind mine."

From that time he worked steadily am them until it was nearly time for the tid rise. The boat they were repairing had b a difficult job to manage, as they could work between tides, and now being hur they lingered longer than usual. At the minute they found it must be moved, an were detained.

"Better leave her until th' tide eb said one, but the rest were not of the s mind.

"Nay," they argued, "it'll be all to o'er again if we do that. Theer's plent ne if we look sharp enow. Heave again, ls."

Then it was that with the help of straining d tugging there came a little lurch, and en it was that as the *Mary Anne* slipped er on her side one of the workers slipped th her, slipped half underneath her with cry, and lay on the sand, held down by the ight that rested on him.

With his cry there broke out half a dozen hers, and the men rushed up to him with ghtened faces.

"Are yo hurt, Seth, lad?" they cried. Are yo crushed or owt?"

The poor fellow stirred a little and then oked up at them pale enough.

"Bruised a bit," he answered them, "an' k a bit, but I dunnot think theer's any bones oke. Look sharp, chaps, an' heave her . She's a moit o' weight on me."

They went to work again one and all, so lieved by his words that they were doubly ong, but after toiling like giants for a while ey were compelled to pause for breath. falling the boat had so buried herself in e sand that she was harder to move than er. It had seemed simple enough at first, t it was not so simple, after all. With all eir efforts they had scarcely stirred her an ch, and their comrade's position interfered th almost every plan suggested. Then ey tried again, but this time with less effect an before, through their fatigue. When ey were obliged to pause they looked at ch other questioningly, and more than one them turned a trifle paler, and at last the sest of them spoke out.

"Lads," he said, "we canna do this rsens. Run for help, Jem Coulter, an' n wi' thy might, fur it wunnot be so long ore th' tide 'll flow."

Up to this time the man on the sands had in with closed eyes and set teeth, but when heard this his eyes opened and he looked .

"Eh!" he said, in that blind stupid fashion. What's that theer tha's sayin' Mester?"

"Th' tide," blundered the speaker. "I or tellin' him to look sharp, that's aw."

The poor fellow moved restlessly.

"Aye! aye!" he said. "Look sharp— mun do that. I didna think o' th' tide." nd he shut his eyes again with a faint groan.

They strove while the messenger was gone; ey strove when he returned with assistance; ey strove with might and main, until not a an among them had the strength of a child, d the boldest of them were blanching with fearful, furtive excitement none dared to show. A crowd had gathered round by this time—men willing and anxious to help, women suggesting new ideas and comforting the wounded man in rough earnest style, children clinging to their mothers' gowns and looking on terror-stricken. Suddenly, in the midst of one of their mightiest efforts, a sharp childish voice piped out from the edge of an anxious group a brief warning that struck terror to every heart that beat among them.

"Eh! Mesters!" it said, "th' tide's creepin' up a bit."

The men looked round with throbbing pulses, the women looked also, and one of the younger ones broke into a low cry. "Lord ha' mercy!" she said, "it'll sweep around th' Bend 'afore long an'—an'—" and she ended with a terror in her voice which told its own tale without other words.

The truth forced itself upon them all then. Women began to shriek and men to pray, but, strange to say, the man whose life was at stake lay silent, though with ashen lips about which the muscles were tensely drawn.

His dull eyes searched every group in a dead despair that was yet a passion, in all its stillness.

"How long will it be," he asked slowly at last—"th' tide? Twenty minutes?"

"Happen so," was the answer. "An', lad, lad! we canna help thee. We'n tried our best, lad"—with sobs even from the uncouth fellow who spoke. "Theer is na one on us but ud leave a limb behind to save thee, but theer is na time—theer is na—"

One deep groan and he lay still again—quite still. God knows what weight of mortal agony and desperate terror crushed him in that dead, helpless pause.

Then his eyes opened as before.

"I've thowt o' deein'," he said with a queer catch of his breath. "I've thowt o' deein', an' I've wondered how it wor an' what it felt like. I never thowt o' deein' like this here." Another pause and then—

"Which o' yo lads 'll tell my missus?"

"Ay! poor chap, poor chap!" wailed the women. "Who on 'em will?"

"Howd tha noise, wenches," he said hoarsely. "Yo daze me. Theer is na time to bring her here. I'd ha' liked to ha' said a word to her. I'd ha' liked to ha' said one word; Jem Coulter—" raising his voice—"canst tha say it fur me?"

"Aye," cried the man, choking as he spoke, "surely, surely." And he knelt down.

"Tell her 'at if it wor bad enow—this here—it wor not so bad as it mought ha' been—fur *me*. I mought ha' fun it worser. Tell her I'd like to ha' said a word if I could—but I couldna. I'd like to ha' heard her say one word as happen she would ha' said if she'd been here, an' tell her 'at if she had ha' said it th' tide mought ha' comn an' welcome—but she didna, an' theer it stands." And the sob that burst from his breast was like the sob of a death-stricken child. "Happen"—he said next—"happen one o' yo women foak say a bit o' a prayer—yo're not so fur fro' safe sand but yo can reach it—happen one o' yo ha' a word or two as yo could say—such like as yo teach yo're babbies."

Among these was one who had—thank God, thank God!—and so, amid wails and weeping, rough men and little children alike knelt with uncovered heads and hidden eyes while this one woman faltered the prayer that was a prayer for a dying man; and when it was ended, and all rose glancing fearfully at the white line of creeping foam, this dying man for whom they had prayed lay upon his death-bed of sand the quietest of them all—quiet with a strange calm.

"Bring me my jacket," he said, "an' lay it o'er my face. Theer's a bit o' a posie in th' button-hole. I getten it out o' th' missus's garden when I comn away. I'd like to hold it i' my hand if it's theer yet."

And as the long line of white came creeping onward they hurriedly did as he told them—laid the rough garment over his face and gave him the humble dying flowers to hold, and having done this and lingered to the last moment, one after the other dropped away with awe-stricken souls until the last was gone. And under the arch of sunny sky the little shining waves ran up the beach, chasing each other over the glittering sand, catching at shells and sea-weed, toying with them for a moment and then leaving them rippling and curling and whispering, bu creeping—creeping—creeping.

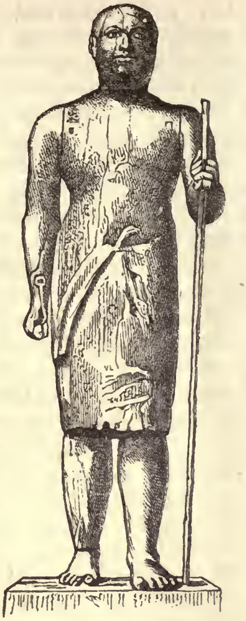
. . . . . . . .

They gave his message to the woman h had loved with all the desperate strength o his dull yet unchanging nature; and when th man who gave it to her saw her wild, whit face and hard-set lips, he blundered upo some dim guess as to what that single wor might have been, but the sharpest of then never knew the stubborn anguish that, following and growing day by day, crushed he fierce will and shook her heart. She was a hard as ever, they thought; but they wer none of them the men or women to guess a the long-dormant instinct of womanhoo and remorse that the tragedy of this one da of her life had awakened. She had said sh would never forgive him, and perhaps her ver strength made it long before she did; bu surely some subtle chord was touched b those heavy last words, for when, month later, her first love came back, faithful an tender, with his old tale to tell, she would n listen.

"Nay, lad," she said, "I amna a feathe to blow wi' th' wind. I've had my share trouble wi' men foak, an' I ha' no mind t try again. Him as lies i' th' churchyard love me i' his way—men foak's way is apt to be poor un—an' I'm wore out wi' life. Du not come here courtin'—tak' a better woman."

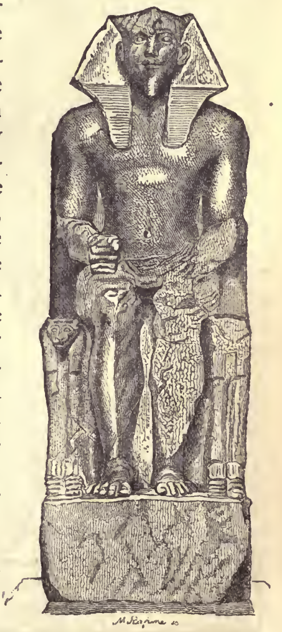
## SCULPTURE.

It is not easy to understand why so little, worth reading, has been written about Sculpture. A considerable number of pleasant and instructive books exist in Italian, German, French, and English, about painters and pictures and famous buildings, but, excepting Winckelmann's book on Ancient Art, and that small portion of Vasari's delightful *Lives* which has to do with the early Italian sculptors and with Michelangelo, it would be hard to name anything excellent, written in any language, on the subject of statues and statuaries. The student bent on historical investigation can gather from the Greek and Roman writers a mass of dates and biographic anecdotes, but these make dry reading, an it has not thus far been found easy to brin the details into a living picture. The o writers are full of wonderment and childi admiration, and the moderns have so lon looked at the works come down to us fro the antique world through the eyes of the contemporaries, that they do not use the own judgment, but say what they are taug to say, and speak, as it were, from behind mask. It is refreshing, then, to come upo so frank and spontaneous an expression that of Benjamin West when he first saw t Apollo Belvedere—"He looks like a youn



RA-EM-KE : WOODEN FIGURE OF EGYPTIAN OFFICIAL, 4000 B.C.

Mohawk warrior!" This is truer and more striking than all that has been said of the Apollo by the tribe of critics and writers of travels who have filed before the god in long procession all these years. It is pleasant, even, to hear of so cold-blooded and selfish a man as Napoleon warmed into so much sympathy as he showed—if the anecdote be true—when, alluding to the expected arrival of the Venus de Medicis at the Louvre, he rubbed his hands, and said to those about him, "She is coming!" There is so much perfunctory admiration, so much custom-made eloquence, that we are glad of even a little disgust, occasionally, and think the better of Sir Isaac Newton for saying of Lord Pembroke, "Let him have but a stone doll and he is satisfied." And now and then we may be in such luck as to find ourselves looking at the statues in the Vatican or Naples Museum with some companion whose learning has not smothered his mother-wit, and from him we get a hint of true insight worth more than any professional criticism. Even a child may let fall a useful suggestion, and a man anxious to escape either from his own ruts or from those of guides and guide-books will get all the light he can, no matter how small the taper, or even if it be a stable-lantern. It was a child of twelve years who looked with us at Steinla's print of the Sistine Madonna, and remarked that the Pope's tiara is too big for his head. The same boy said of a copy of a fresco by Benozzo Gozzoli—"St. Augustine Preaching," published by the Arundel Society—that all the many figures have the same mouth. The copyist in this chromo-lithograph has subordinated himself to the original, for this sameness is a fault of the painter. Much has been written about Dürer's famous print, the "Melancholia," but nothing so to the point as what a bright woman once said in reply to the question, "What does the rainbow mean?"—"'Tis Hope," she said, "for without it, Melancholy would be Despair." So, Brownlee Brown—a mild-beaming, but penetrating light, too long withdrawn from us—once showed how the Infant Christ in the (Bridgewater) Virgin's lap, and the foremost Cupid in the "Galatea," are the same figure almost without variation. And, letting his genius flow, how many wise and clear-sighted things he said to us about the statues in the Naples Museum, as we sat together on that noble balcony at Castellamare overlooking the enchanted bay with her coronal of Capri, Ischia, and Vesuvius. Even his jests had more sense in them than some other men's soberness, and the Venus Callypyge was effectually demolished by his styling her, "Venus catch-a-flea!" To see the statue, and to see it in Naples, is to make the pun irresistible. If the reader demur at these illustrations, and condemn them as trifling, we ask him only to accept them as hints of our meaning, that light may be thrown sometimes by an unstudied, or even an unconscious, frankness. There is too little trusting to insight, too little spontaneousness, far too little speaking just what is felt. The attitude-takers and the Sir Oracles have things too much their own way. Real independence in judging, coupled with penetration, is most rare to be met, and there seems less of it called out by pictures and statues than by other things. There are people whose genius is not to be questioned when they come to study human nature, science, or, even, some forms of art itself, but who are quite balked in presence of a statue, and either stand before it tongue-tied, or say nothing memorable. Gibbon and Milton, with all their majestic learning, travel through Italy without making an observation upon any work of art that can be remembered; and, though Gibbon's turn of mind would not lead us to ex-

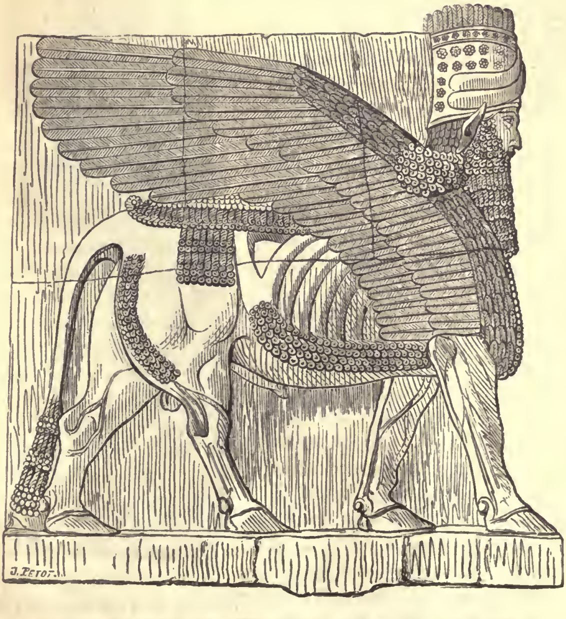


SCHAFRA : COLOSSAL STATUE IN DIORITE, OF A PHARAOH OF THE 4TH DYNASTY.

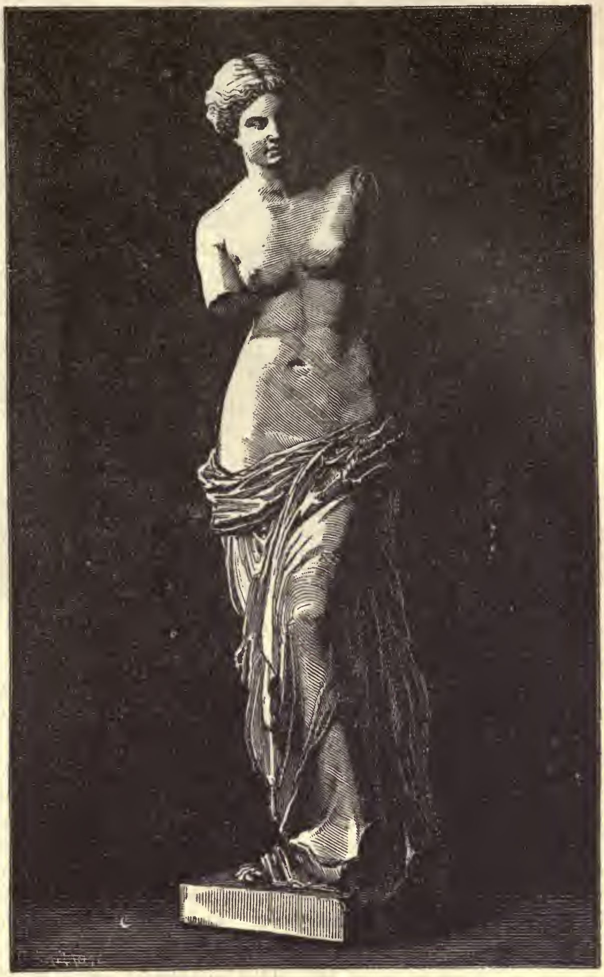
pect much from him in apprehension of the beauties either of nature or of art, surely it might have been hoped that Milton, one of the most delicately-tuned souls to impressions of beauty that was ever created, would have left some record more particular than we get from his poetry at large of the impression the antique art must have made upon his imagination. Standing in the "Tribune" at Florence, Gibbon says in his ponderous way: "In the gallery, and especially in the Tribune, I first acknowledged at the feet of the Venus of Medicis that the chisel may dispute the pre-eminence with the pencil, a truth in the fine arts which cannot on this side the Alps be felt or understood." And Milton's letters give no hint that he ever saw any of the wonderful things wrought by Art in Florence, Rome, or Sienna. He speaks of nothing that he saw of this kind in either of these treasure-houses, though, when he was in Italy, many of the most precious works of antiquity were but lately discovered, and must have been much talked of; while many of the more modern, but equally precious, works, were still existing in perfection,

> "or had yet not lost
> All their original brightness."

Lesser men are, in their proportion, no less disappointing. Cellini's autobiography is mostly taken up with the author's own exploits and works, and has scant mention of contemporary artists, with no critical, only prejudiced, judgment of their performances; while his treatise on Sculpture is only a collection of recipes for the mechanic parts of his profession. One would have been glad to hear something from Montaigne, as to what he thought of the great statues, but his Journal is concerned only with men and manners, and has as little about the arts in it as the Journal of Dürer in the Netherlands, or those letters of the great German painter which he wrote from Venice, where he was when she wore her crown of glory, yet saw nothing, or speaks of nothing but passing trifles and raw details of his own labor. To come down later: here are Addison's little book, *Travels in Italy;* De Staël's *Corinne;* Göthe's *Italian Journey*—yet we get no help from these writers either to understand the famous statues better, or to know how the men themselves were affected by them. May it not be true that, since the so-called Revival of Learning opened up new channels for thought, and gave new opportunities and new motives for investigation into human affairs; and since the Reformation released so many spirits that were in prison, and set men astir in the weighty business of bettering the world pictures and statues have been growing less and less interesting to educated thinking men and women, so that, nowadays, the most earnest peoples, which I take to be, without prejudice, the English Americans, and Germans, are mainly indifferent to the whole subject of art, except as a science of an extinc fauna, so to speak, of which they with more or less industry collec specimens to be shelved and labeled in museums, but any type of which with vitality enough to keep it aliv from one generation to another, they are utterly barren to reproduce Some peevish, ill-conditioned peo ple, among whom Mr. Ruskin is th best known, have tried to show tha this indifference to art is one of th fatalest signs of the degeneracy o this age, and Mr. Ruskin is espe cially pleased to find in America incompetency to produce anythin good or great a confirmation of hi favorite doctrine, that we are of a nations the most God-forsaken an vulgar; but, it may be, those wh look down on us from a higher ele vation than Denmark-Hill can dis



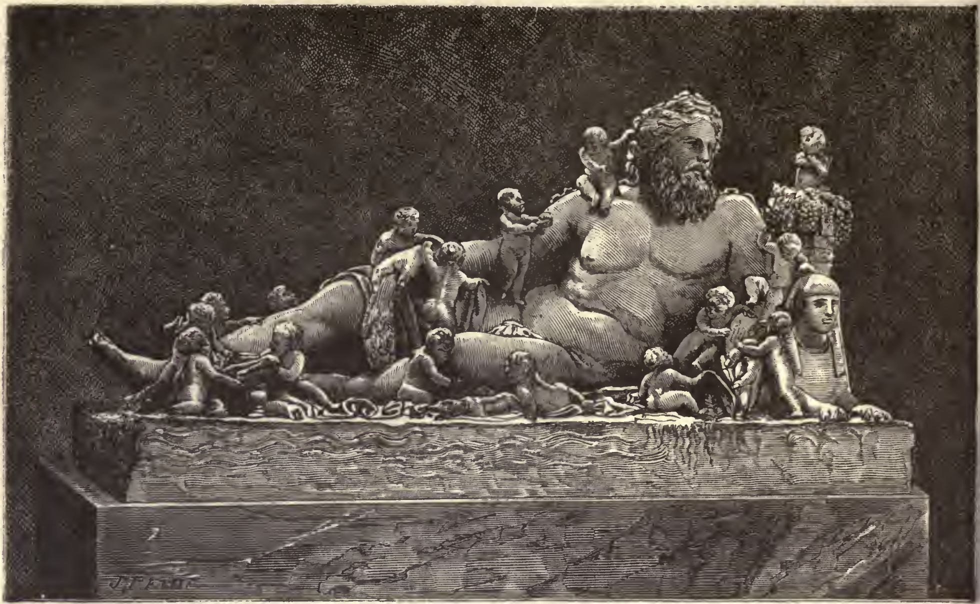
COLOSSAL MAN-BULL FROM KHORSABAD, CARVED IN ALABASTER.



THE VENUS OF MILO

cern some better reason for this state of things. Certain it is that, from whatever cause, there has come about a great change in the direction taken by the world's energy, and in the objects of the world's delight. We do not doubt there is as much genius in the world as ever there was—that as many noble statues lie prisoned in the marbles of Carrara and Paros as ever were called out by Phidias or Angelo; but the world has no longer any strong desire for them, and the genius that is potent to charm them from their magic sleep, either sleeps itself, or is set about other tasks.

To the men of the last century "statuary" stood for Greek and Roman statuary; to them there was and could be no other. The only exception was the work of Michelangelo, and perhaps, a little later, that of Canova and Thorwaldsen; of Canova especially, who nearly ruined the taste of his generation, if, indeed, the easy conquest he made did not show that there was little taste to ruin. But to our fathers the Gothic sculpture; the early Italian work in bronze, marble, and terra-cotta; the French sculpture of the Renaissance, were as if they did not exist, or, if looked at at all, excited no interest, certainly no admiration. Flaxman, the most poetic of those who wrote upon art in that time, and the only sculptor with any poetic gift in him that has been born in England in these later days, had naturally some power to understand the beauty and sincerity of the Gothic sculpture. Walpole's interest in the Mediæval work was little more than antiquarianism, and Scott showed how little he really felt the meaning of it by building Abbotsford, as if to show that Strawberry Hill was not the worst that could be done. Meanwhile the abbeys, churches, and cathedrals, with all the other precious monuments of this rich, poetic time were going to decay for lack, as much as anything, of a sacred poet. Mr. Eastlake, in his clever and valuable book on the *History of the Gothic Revival*, has given the names of those who have assisted in bringing us back to the appreciation of this early art; but even after Gothic architecture began to be studied and imitated, the fact seemed slow in getting into our minds that the Gothic sculpture is as admirable as the architecture of which it made a necessary part. And so, for a long time, we went on building in what we were pleased to call the Gothic style, but with never a statue even upon structures of great cost, which is something as if a painter were to offer us the skull of a beautiful woman and ask us to take it for a picture of so much grace and fairness. And even when the necessity of decoration as an essential part of Gothic architecture came to be felt, it was not statues that were chosen, but leaves and flowers, and where these were not copied directly from the conventional work of the Mediæval stone-cutters, they were copied as literally as possible from



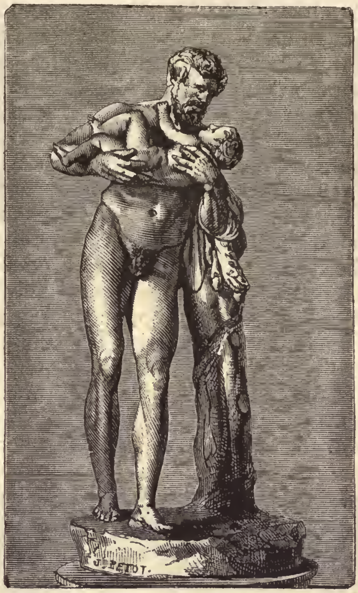
THE NILE. (ROME, MUSEUM OF THE VATICAN.)

nature, and hence had no unity with the architecture to which they were attached. The most notable of these experiments were those connected with the building of the New Museum in Oxford and with the Academy of Design in New York, but in neither case was the result wholly fortunate. The Oxford Museum was intended to be enriched with statues in addition to the sculptured decoration of the windows and capitals, but the design has never been completed. Our own building is finished externally with the exception of the spandrel over the main entrance, but both money and enthusiasm ran dry before the internal ornamentation could be completed. There were some of us who thought that the best result of our American experiment promised to be the getting the stone-cutters out of their ruts, and giving them some feeling of their business. But the time proved not ripe; and the beliefs and enthusiasm of a few youngsters could not budge the work-a-day world from its settled ways of thinking, or, rather, not thinking, on the subject.

The trouble, however, lies much deeper than a mere want of attention. There is the same fallacy—in degree the same, though it must be allowed different in form—in trying to bring up a style that had its reason for being in another state of society and manners, in another religion, in fact. The Gothic sculpture, like the Egyptian, the Assyrian, and the Greek, is finished, and if we will have sculpture with life in it, we must make our own. However, it will no be denied that all this coquetting with th Middle Ages has resulted in our learning good deal about that time, and has, to tak the detail that belongs to our subject brought into full light for judgment and enjoyment the Gothic sculpture, the only riva of the Greek, that like a noble rival teache us, in admiring herself, to admire anew he great ancestress.

The greatest light on this question of th Art of the Middle Age has unquestionabl come to us from a Frenchman, the now celebrated Viollet-le-Duc, whose Dictionary o Architecture—*Dictionnaire Raisonné de l'Architecture Française du XI. au XVI. siècle* par M. Viollet-le-Duc, Architecte du Gouvernement, Inspecteur Général des Edifice Diocésains. Paris. A. Morel—is a work i ten volumes, profusely illustrated. The publication was begun in '58 and finished i '68. The same author's *Dictionnaire d Mobilier Français*, in 3 vols., begun in '5 and composed of articles that did not properly find a place in the Dictionary of Arch tecture, is just completed in '72. Althoug the books in English, French, and Germa relating to the arts and archæology, th manners and customs of the Middle Age would make a considerable library in themselves, yet in the two monumental works jus nentioned, the whole subject is treated philoophically for the first time, and the book is true text to which all the other works on he matter may serve as illustrations.

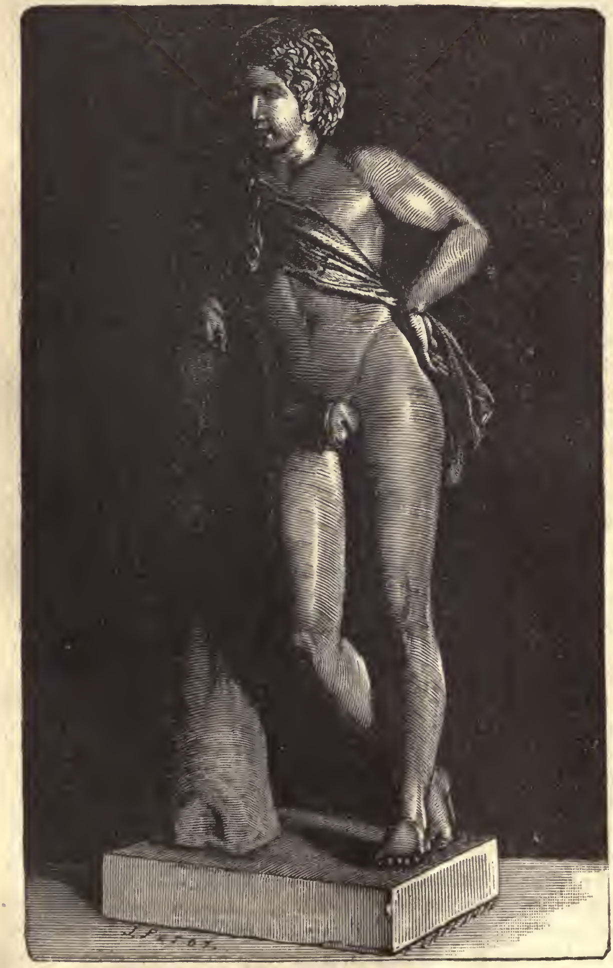
The young architect who should start in iis profession with these two dictionaries for iis library, and who for ten years should read n no others relating to his profession, would ind himself amply furnished with learning, houghts, and suggestions for a platform on vhich to build his experience drawn from proessional life and practice. The translation of the *Dictionary of Architecture* into Engish, and its publication unabridged, with all he illustrations,—a project already underaken, we believe,—would make an epoch in he study of architecture. We touch lightly iere upon this book, which, looked at as the vork of one man, is almost a prodigy in the iistory of literature. What adds to the wonler of it is, that the illustrations, many and 'arious, some of them very daring in concepion, and of extreme difficulty in the execution, ll come from the hand of the author of the ook. As in his intimate knowledge of the rt, archæology, manners and customs, and of the literature, too, of the Middle Ages, he nust be without a rival in Europe, so we hould say there must be few draughtsmen iving who could hope to equal him in this ower of conceiving a complicated subject, ind drawing it with such masterly simplicity is to make it comprehensible to an intelligent child. Our immediate concern with he book comes from the article on "Sculpure" in the eighth volume of it. This article, read in connection with the articles 'Animaux" and "Flore," gives, even to one who has not studied the subject in the nonuments themselves, a very satisfactory view of the whole matter, while to a traveled student it supplies the means of bringing all his observations into a settled order, and the clew to much that was difficult to understand.



THE FAUN WITH A CHILD. (MUSEUM OF THE LOUVRE, PARIS.)

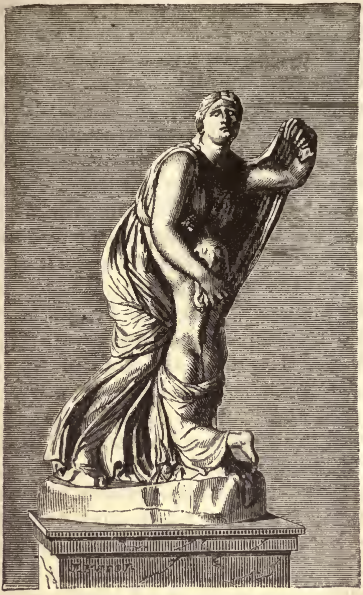
This article on "Sculpture" in the *Dictionnaire* is perhaps the first formal statement of the true character of Gothic sculpture, its origins, its intention, and the sort and degree of artistic merit reached by its makers. We are here introduced into a new world, where nothing reminds us of the classical time except as all forms of excellence are related, and one set of qualities explains another, and helps its impression. For so long a time we have heard talk of the Ideal in art, and its association with the Greek sculpture and with Italian painting in the sixteenth century has become so fixed in the world's mind, that it is not without misgivings we listen to a teacher who shows us—a rival we were about to say, but the Gothic is not a rival to the Greek, she is a sister, or a fair descended daughter. And the world is richer for the knowledge, from which it has so long been held by want of study, and by too blind trusting to the teaching of others.

This new conviction—new, we mean, to the world at large—that there is no fixed ideal, but that it varies with the history and condition of the race, and must be studied in its separate developments, has prepared us to look more candidly and with less of prepossession and conceit into the art of other races. The gain is immense, by which we are released from a servile admiration, almost amounting to worship, of the work of one people, produced at a certain period, and are made conscious of beauties and excellences in works resulting from other and very different conditions. It is not many years since the art of the Eastern nations—the architecture of the Indian peninsula—the art of China and of Japan—were reckoned monstrous, or, if admirable at all, then simply so for their curiousness. Now, the Indian architecture is the known mother of the building of Europe, and the arts of China and Japan are classed and discriminated, and, in the analysis, the art of Japan is found the source of new and surprising impressions; an exquisite sense of the beauty of nature appears, and the once fixed ideal is acknowledged to have flowed into a new mould. We must even consent to stay our steps before the statues made by these peoples, and no longer pass them by with idle contempt, but reflect upon their meaning, and study their execution. The ivories of Japan have been the source of the only living interest in the art of sculpture that has been known to this jaded time of ours. After making the regular guide-book round of all the so-called "studios," English, American, French, Italian, German, and finding only dullness in invention and a monotonous manufacture, we welcome these exquisitely finished, lively transcripts from a real and contemporary mode of existence. The same charm is found in the bronzes and marbles of certain Frenchmen, M. Cain, M. Mène, M. Fremiet, who have made so many studies of animal life an character ; to them we may add the strikir busts illustrating what we are pleased to ca barbaric societies, which have made an inc vidual reputation for M. Cordier. Outsic of Japan, indeed, there is not in our time ar art that has so much real vitality in it as tl French, though in so wide a field, and wi the public for which it has to work in chaotic and unsympathizing a condition, r wonder that the actual permanent result so small for thought, or even for enjoyment.



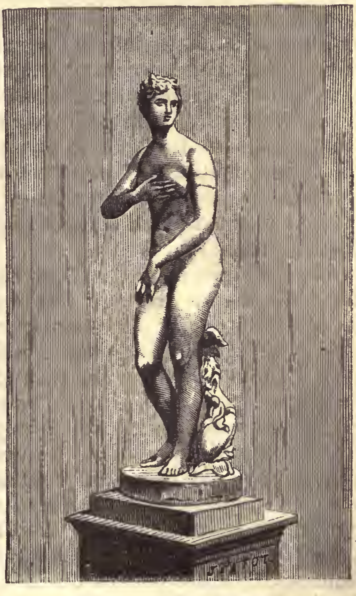
THE FAUN OF PRAXITELES. (ROME.)

The means are amplest and most easi accessible for study of the classic art. Lo don, Paris, Munich, Florence, Rome, Napl —a man who would see what the Greel and Romans have left us must visit all the places and spend much time. There a precious relics scattered over E rope in other places, in priva collections and public gallerie that a student cannot well affo to leave unseen ; but life is shor and the great collections a enough to make us feel how cr elly brief is the time allotted for getting anything like a cor plete survey of what has been r covered from time and the barb rians. The British Museum h the Townley collection, consistir of statues, busts, fragments of de orative carving, bas-reliefs, ar terra-cottas, gathered by Charl Townley, Esq., a wealthy Engli gentleman, in the course of a lor residence in Rome, from 1765 1772. Although he was all h life a collector, and much of h antique treasure was gathered f him after his return to Englar by his agent in Italy, yet the bu of it, the important nucleus which after purchases were on more or less precious addition was the result of a fortunate spe ulation. In company with Gav Hamilton and Jenkins the En lish banker at Rome, he embark in an adventure by which tl greater part of the marbles which the modern English colle tions are composed were suppli to his countrymen. They right guessed that the site of Hadrian Villa at Tivoli was by no mea an exhausted mine ; and, havi obtained permission from tl Pope to search the grounds und

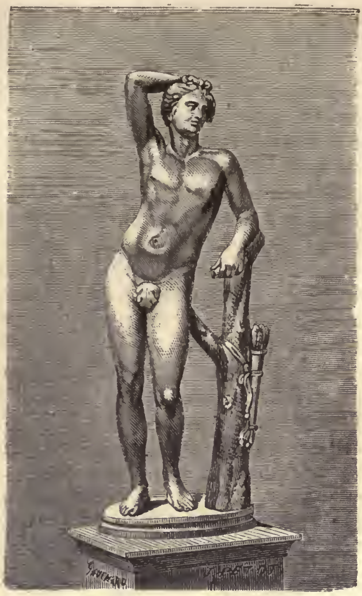


NIOBE. (FLORENCE.)

ertain conditions, they met with success eyond their hope. For something over irty years Mr. Townley's collection was ne of the most interesting resorts for schol-s and students in London, to whom it as made accessible in the most generous ay, but at his death in 1805 it was purased by the British Museum. This purase preceded by a little the enrichment of e museum by the acquisition of the Elgin arbles, a treasure which carried the name the museum to the top of honor, and gave e first impetus to the national feeling in vor of that monumental institution. But e purchase of the Townley collection was greater importance in one particular. The llection was more popular, and more easily mprehended, owing to the more perfect ndition of the pieces, and thus served better educate the mass of the people. For a ng time, too, the Elgin marbles were shabily housed, and were practically known only professional men and students; even now ey are ill placed, and difficult to get into ue relations with. The best arranged colction of statues we have seen is that in the aples Museum, for there one can see the est statues on all sides, and yet at a good disnce from them; while in all other galleries at we know the statues are ranged along alls, and only one view is possible—beside hich, the rooms being mostly long, it is not asy to see them from as far off as is best. owever, this remark must not be taken too positively. Some of the rooms in the Louvre are convenient, and the Venus of Milo is admirably placed. The Vatican and the Capitoline are magnificent for light and space, but, even here, one is forced to be content with seeing the greater number of the statues from only one point of view. The chief value of the Townley collection is rather educational and antiquarian than artistic, for in this respect there are few notable pieces. But the so-called Clytie, bought by Mr. Townley in 1772, from the Laurenzano collection in Naples, has perhaps, of all the classic sculptures not of the first rank, had the widest circle of admirers; the cast from this bust is especially well known and loved in our own country. It is, no doubt, a portrait bust and not treated ideally, either; the head of a lovely woman, a creature not too bright or good for human nature's daily food. There are a few other pieces in the Townley collection which were most highly valued at the time of their purchase—some of the best marbles in the artist's eye were added later to the gallery by gift or purchase—but have lost relative, if not positive, rank since, owing to the growth of the great European collections; yet the gallery, as a whole, makes for the student an excellent introduction to the study of classic sculpture, if we cannot at once plunge into the splendid sea of the Vatican, or the Naples Museum. Of course it is always best to go at once to the best, if it be possible.



THE VENUS OF MEDICI. (FLORENCE.)

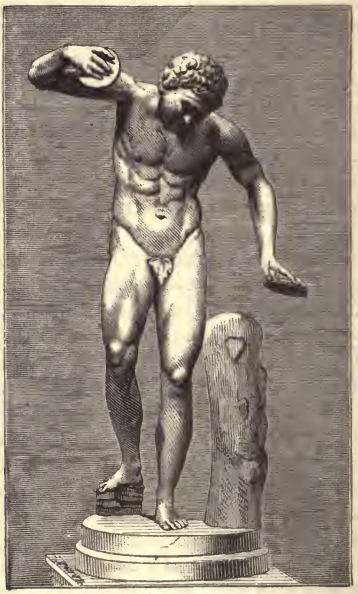


THE APOLLINO. (FLORENCE.)

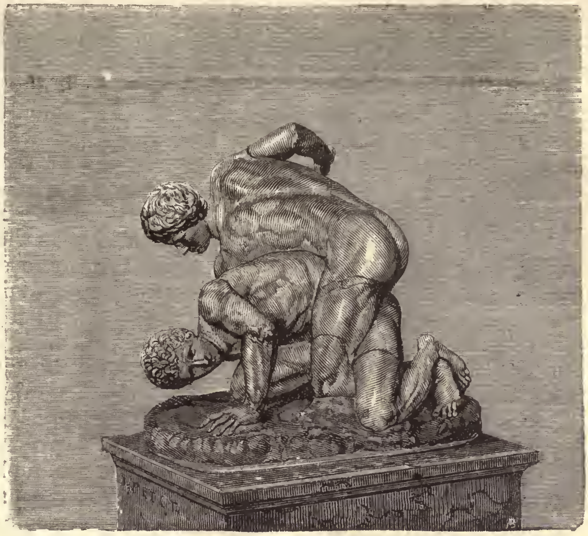
Of the Elgin marbles we cannot speak here at any length. They stand more in need of long and tranquil study than any other marbles that have come down to us, for one plain reason, that there is so little left of them. Even the professional student must often feel his powers severely tasked in the effort to comprehend them. Every one who has sat long before them must ardently desire to see them placed where the light would do them justice, and distance bring them into true relation with his sight. Without grudging them to England, we may at least wish that they were in a land whose climate more nearly resembled the Greece they were saved from; and even in England it would seem as if a better light might be found for the most precious art-possession of the people than is had in the low, ill-lighted room that contains the Elgin marbles.

We may speak in passing of the Egyptian statues in the British Museum, the finest collection with which we are acquainted, and with the placing and lighting of which no fault can be found. They are easy to study and enjoy—especially, as we remember, though 'tis ten years since, is the cast of the face of the seated colossus of Rameses II. well placed, so that it is seen on mounting stairs. It is supported on the opposite wall, and you can contemplate it at ease, leaning upon the iron rail of the stair-landing. In this long and stately gallery are a number of noble specimens of the Egyptian gods and goddesses; but, after long study and familiariz of the eye with these simple, tranquil for we find, on turning to the immense coll tions of the smaller figures, the amul house-gods, figures buried with the de etc., both in the British Museum and in Louvre, that the same dignity and calm in the small ones as in the great. Nor n we leave the British Museum without look at the Phigalean marbles, two friezes from interior of the sanctuary of the Doric tem of Apollo built on Mount Cotylion, at a li distance from the city of Phigaleia in A dia. The subjects are the battle of the C taurs and Lapithæ and that of the Gre and Amazons. They belong to the age Pericles, and are thence contemporary the sculptures of the Pantheon; but they greatly inferior to these in artistic quali and derive their chief interest from the portunity they give us of studying the di ence between Greek art in its perfectio the leading State of Greece, and the contemporary art of the Peloponnesus.

The glory of the Louvre is the Venu Milo, the most beautiful—beyond comp —of all the marble goddesses come d to us from the Greeks. The French h had the good sense to leave the statue most as it was found, nor have attem those restorations which, often unintelli in design, and always of inferior w manship, spoil our enjoyment of too n famous statues. The only restoration is



THE MUSICAL FAUN. (FLORENCE.)



THE WRESTLERS. (FLORENCE).

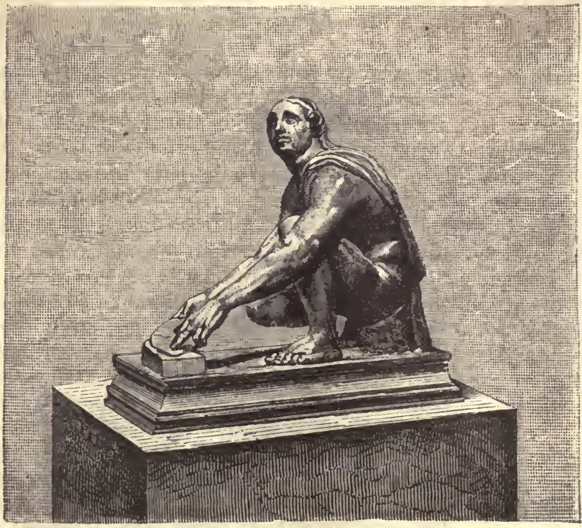
he left foot, and the casts have advantage of being without even slight addition. The probable tion of the arms, which were found with the statue, has long n a problem difficult of solu- . The statue was not only in adly damaged condition when arthed, but one of its injuries, , namely, by which the left foot been nearly destroyed, had n repaired in ancient times, so : the goddess must, it was evi- t, have suffered a double over- ow. When found in 1820 by a sant of the island of Melos in ging in his field, this was its con- on. The body was broken into pieces, the naked trunk with head and the remaining por- s of the arms being one, and abundantly draped lower limbs, n the base on which they stand, the other. e end of the nose was gone, both arms e lost—the left one up to the shoulder, right, as far as the middle of the upper . Add, that the surface of the body orroded in a singular manner, and that drapery is sadly marred and worn, and it be seen that the beauty that remains st be great, to triumph, as it easily does, r such apparently cureless ruin. About years after the statue had been discover- there were found, near the place, a por- n of a left upper arm, and a left hand hold- an apple, and this find gave rise to a ory that the Venus had originally held golden apple of Paris in her left hand. nce the other name of "Venus Victrix," which she is sometimes known. It was llingen who first suggested that — like eral figures upon antique medals, and, ably, like the magnificent bronze "Vic- ia" of the Museo Patrio at Brescia, who, eathed with laurel, and, with her left foot ported by a helmet, holds with her left nd a shield, resting upon her thigh, which e is about to inscribe with the names of the tors in some battle—the Venus of Milo ce held a shield in a similar manner, if not a like purpose. So Millingen thought, d Ottfried Müller, Welcker, and many her good scholars and antiquaries thought th him.

A German professor, Mr. Wittig, has re- ntly endeavored to bring additional proof support of this interpretation, by making actual model of the Venus restored, lding a large oval shield with both hands, supporting it on the slightly raised thigh, raised, as Wittig thinks, for the purpose of so supporting it, as in the "Victoria" of Brescia. Professor Wittig believes firmly in the former existence of a shield, and almost makes us believers in it, too, but, to our thinking, the use he has found for it is not satisfactory. He explains it to be the shield of Mars, into the polished surface of which, as into a mirror, Venus is looking, to admire the beauty by which she conquered the God of War. This motive would answer well enough for a small statue, and is not, indeed, displeasing in the little bronze Venus from Herculaneum, in the Naples Museum, which, from the general resemblance of the attitude to that of the Venus of Milo, has been thought, by some, a miniature copy of it, and to have furnished a clew to the attributes and action of the marble statue. But it is too insignificant a motive for a figure larger than life. In the Herculaneum bronze, Venus holds a small hand-mirror in her left hand, or, rather, held it, for all that is left is the handle, and with her right arranges her hair, lightly adjusting the curls. On the whole, the resemblance to the Venus of Milo is not very striking, and it would be found impossible to make the action of the larger figure correspond with that of the smaller. Professor Wittig, with the queer German professional squint at women, says that he hit upon his explanation of a shield-mirror while searching for a motive that should spring from the eternal principles, not only of human nature, but of female human nature, and so made Venus admiring her beauty in a looking-glass! But why might not the shield have been the shield of Achilles made by Vulcan, at the request of Venus, for her son? This theory would have dignity as well as nature on its side, and it would certainly be a high satisfaction if we could be justified in connecting this splendid manifestation of the divinity of the goddess with "the tale of Troy divine."

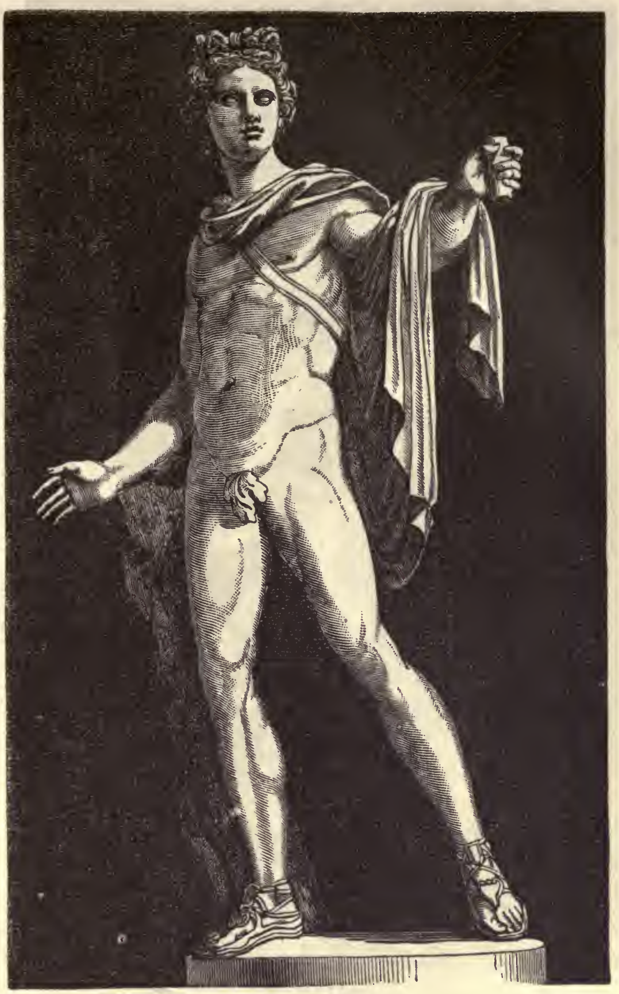
The objections to this theory of the shield seem to have but little force, while the theory itself has some strong points in its favor. Those who have carefully examined the original marble have discovered—what, indeed, is very evident in certain lights, and may easily be seen even in the cast—that there is on the left thigh an appearance as if a portion of the marble had been broken off. When we first discovered this for ourselves, having the mind occupied too much with the theory that the left hand originally held up the victorious apple, we explained this mark upon the left thigh as the place where the right hand had once been attached in the act of holding the garment from slipping down to the ground. The action of the left leg, raised as it is, and evidently supported by the foot resting upon something—in the Brescia "Victory" 'tis a helmet—seemed consistent, for it is an every-day instinctive way of arresting a down-slipping garment. The action, too, serves to call attention to the fact that the body has been but recently uncovered, while the apple in the left hand explains sufficiently the motive for the exposure. It is true that the raising of the thigh
would have retained the garment in its
without the assistance of the hand, th
the movement of the hand adds emph
and also gives the suggestion of a m
impulse; but any theory that should no
count, or endeavor to account, for the
on the thigh, would be, to say the least
satisfactory.

The Louvre collection of ancient ma
is a rich one, and a famous, but we ca
here speak in detail of any other marl
contains beside its chief glory—the Ven
Milo. The most rapid survey, how
ought at least to point out the "Melpom
the "Huntress Diana"—among the an
statues of action, the most cheerful
spirited,—and the "Faun with a C
We may speak, too, in passing, of th
mirable fitness of the Louvre gallerie
the use to which they are now put, o
playing works of art. This plan of a
cession of quadrangles with handsome c
and with the possibility of abundant
from all quarters, with generous stair
ample windows, and entrances so dis
as to make access easy from whichever
of the vast structure one approache
makes the Louvre the finest museum
ing in the world.

The Gallery of the Uffizii at Florenc
a collection of ancient statues, not
large, but including a few pieces whose
has run over the whole world. The
of Niobe and her children is, on the w
the most deeply interesting, but it s
greatly from the impossibility of getting
view of the figures that brings
into unity. But, if one shoul
gin to complain of the scrapp
of the great museums, one
never be able to finish. W
hardly a single piece of sta
of the ancient world in the
for which it was originally des
and, even of the more m
pieces, there are few that are
situations they were meant
Michelangelo has been fort
in this respect, it must be
knowledged, but, even now
rumor runs that the David
whose making and the trium
with which it was brought fro
marble-yard of the Duomo t
Palazzo Vecchio, 368 years
Vasari gives such a picturesqu
count—is to be housed in the
tional Museum, and the great s
deprived of one of its most in



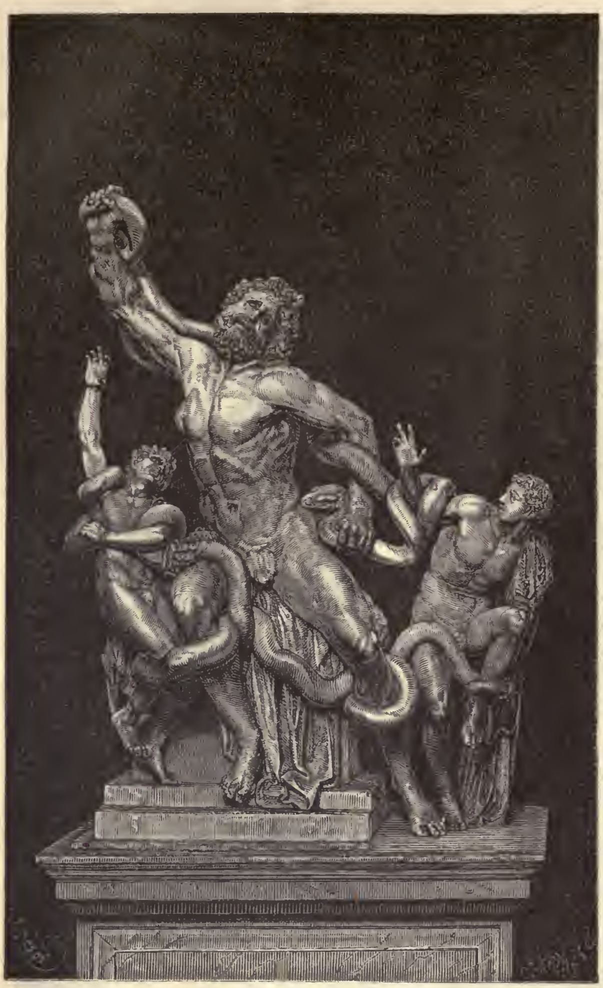
THE ARROTINO. (FLORENCE.)



THE APOLLO OF THE BELVEDERE. (ROME, VATICAN.)

ttractions. It would seem
ing not impossible to erect
where a pediment in which
figures of the Niobe group
be placed in their original
ions—at least it would be
h while erecting such a pedi-
for casts of the group, so
they might be studied in
sort as they stood in the
l of their sculptor. We be-
it was the English architect,
Cockerell, who, on a hint
Pliny, made a drawing show-
heir probable arrangement in
ediment of the temple from
h they were taken. This
esting drawing hangs in the
obe" Room of the Uffizii,
mpanied by an ample writ-
xplanation.

the "Tribune" are five cel-
ted statues, which, with the
e group, make up the choi-
antique treasure of Florence.
se are, the Venus de Medici,
Wrestlers, the Apollino, the
der, and the Satyr—this last
red by Michelangelo. It is
late to attempt to say any-
about the Venus. The ex-
le of Hawthorne, who per-
ed himself that he admired
face, and whose account of
esitating fear with which he
drawn on to the room that
ained the wonder of which
world had so long whispered
im is in his most delicate
, may serve to show us that
finest mind may see in a
of art the sentiment it brings. After
ing what our greatest poet next to Emer-
says of the Venus, it seems not a little
uming to declare "there's no such
g." The face of the Venus of Milo has
unquestionable beauty, but that of the
us de Medici is, at the most, pretty, and
ty without sentiment or expression. It
ainly is to be regretted that the arms
ever restored: it is impossible that the
lern ones can be in the position of the
ing originals. Whoever has a cast of the
us without the arms will own how much
figure gains by this negative approach to
true attitude of the statue. The "Apol-
" is one of the loveliest youthful figures
us by the ancients; the Faun of the
itol cannot disturb the impression of young beauty that it leaves upon the mind. The "Wrestlers" is full of life and vigor, and the student ought to look long at the marble to value and enjoy its manipulation. Manipulation is a word that has lost its meaning in sculpture nowadays. The thing being gone, what need for the word? The meaning of the "Arrotino," the Italian name for this statue, which the English call by various names, "The Grinder," "The Spy," "The Cincinnatus" (sharpening his plowshare!)—was long a puzzle, and there have been many ingenious explanations. We who are old were brought up in the belief that it represents either the slave who revealed the plot of Catiline, or the slave who overheard the conspiracy of the sons of Brutus for bringing back the Tarquins; but there was



THE LAOCOON.

always the sense that the name was a guess, and that something remained to be discovered. As Viardot says, in his pleasantly written, useful little book, *Les Merveilles de la Sculpture*:* "None of these conjectures could be true of a work of Greek art, and they have been proved to be false by conclusive evidence. Among the engraved stones in the collection of the King of Prussia, there is one described by Winckelmann which represents the torture of Marsyas. Before the condemned, who is already bound to the tree, is the figure, exactly resembling the Arrotino of the Scythian ordered by Apollo to flay his unfortunate ri The same personage, in the sa attitude, occurs in many *bas liefs*, and on the reverse side numbers of antique meda There is no doubt that this A tino of the Tribune is the thian sharpening the knife which he is to flay Marsyas.

The ancient medals and c with the multitude of small b zes of their gods and godde which the Greeks and Ron have left us, have an impor use in settling by compar many disputed points, for wh without their aid, no solution c be found. The Greeks and mans, as well as the Egypt and the peoples of the East, evidently very fond of these s figures—not merely what should call statuettes, but fig from an inch to three inches h They wore them suspended their necks, placed them in shrines, put them perhaps inte hands of sleeping children o ressed them in their own. S relic of this is left us in the its of old Catholic countrie our own day; or, if we will the fact more nearly as it was may look over any extensive lection of Indian, Chinese Japanese curiosities, and fin the multitude of small image the gods of these peoples, in iv in bronze, in jade, a modern c terpart of the ancient cus In the excellent Egyptian collection of own New York Historical Society, there large number of these miniature gods goddesses of old Egypt, as of course i the great European museums. In Na however, is the finest assemblage we seen of little figures of the divinities of Greeks and Romans; they fill shelf shelf in that rich museum. These mini figures are the ballad-poetry, the antholo the art of sculpture; they often serv explain and illustrate the larger litera The action of the Apollo Belvedere has probably been misunderstood all these y It is more than probable that the god not hold the bow in his left hand—the hand, as we see it, is a modern restoratio but the ægis, with which he is in the ac striking terror into the Celts who have d attack his temple at Delphi. A small nze statue of Apollo in the Stroganoff seum in St. Petersburg bears so close a mblance to the Apollo of the Vatican as suggest to the most careless spectator a e connection between them. The movent of the body, the action of the limbs, is nearly the same in each, that one must e been suggested by the other. Now, bronze has in its left hand the remains of ægis, and it seems most probable that motive was that of the original statue. advantage it has over the more comnly accepted view of the action of the god hat it substitutes, for the somewhat vulgar nishment at his own exploit, or admira, at least, something more natural and oic. But it leaves the statue still open to charge of theatricalness, a defect which kes itself felt more and more as we come it with the works of an elder age.

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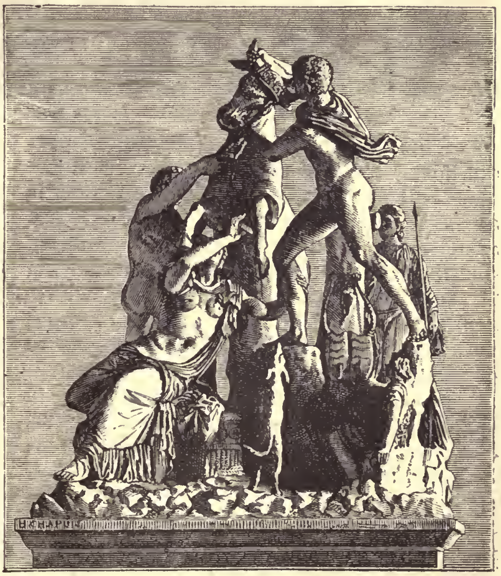
* From this the cuts used in the present article are borrowed. An English translation is published by Scribner, Armstrong & Co., in their *Illustrated Library of Wonders.*

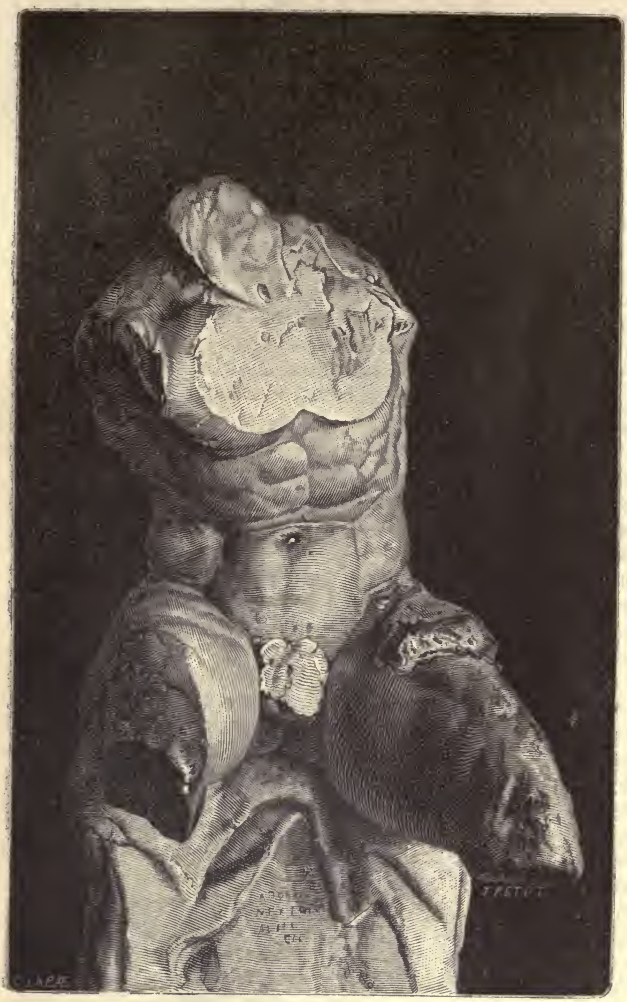
n view of what may be said to be now the erally accepted theory of the original ac of this famous statue, it is a curious codence, at least, that the "Perseus" of nova, which was thought worthy to take place of the Apollo in the Belvedere en the great successor of Alaric, Napoleon, ried that statue off to Paris with the rest is Italian plunder, was avowedly imitated n the Apollo, and Canova had probably acity enough to feel that he had found nething better for his hero to do with his nds than the antique sculptor had for his. , if it was sacrilege in Napoleon to disb a statue for which Michelangelo had sen a shrine, what shall be said of the lians who thought a statue by Canova it substitute for the treasure they had t? This blind infatuation for the works Canova—an infatuation which proves v little the Italians really understand enjoy the ancient sculpture—still keeps Perseus, together with his vulgar Box-, in possession of one of the four pavins of the Belvedere, thus giving it an ual place with the Laocoön, the Apollo, d the Mercury.

The Vatican Museum of Sculpture is a rld in itself, and, when to it are added Museum of the Capitol and that of the teran, it will be seen that the pages of a gazine are not the place in which to atmpt even a running description. The ver of pictures and statues finds in the tican so rich a pasture, that he would dly rest in it, studying, learning, admir, with no thought of an outside world. e rooms, too, are of such magnificent proportions, and the views from the windows and balconies so charming, that these gods and goddesses seem to be once more in Olympus, and we admitted to their company. It is hard to turn away from the Belvedere; how many times we make the circuit, would not be told. The exquisite neatness, the unbroken silence, the delicious coolness and airiness, even when a fiery heat beats blinding outside, the marble rooms opening by noble archways one from another without monotony, and each with its own separate interest—what a memory is that of the Vatican! All Rome centers about it. But one ought to take it calmly and slowly. An entire day out of the shortest visit ought to be given to the frescoes of Raphael, of whose beauty no one can have a conception till he has seen them; another day for the Sistine Chapel, so disappointing at first, but it ends by taking the soul captive; then two days, at least, for the sculpture, the largest and most splendid collection in the world. But no one who can give more time than this, and who has any love for works of art, will feel that in four days he can be said to have more than glanced at the treasures of the Vatican.

The Capitoline Museum is more easily seen, and it has in it some of the finest statues in the world. Here are the Faun of Praxiteles, the Marble Faun of Hawthorne—what an immortality to have connected one's name so worthily with such a statue—the "Dying Gladiator," the "Antinoüs," the "Ve-



THE FARNESE BULL (NAPLES)



THE TORSO OF THE BELVEDERE. (ROME, VATICAN.)

nus of the Capitol." The collection of portrait-busts of the Roman Emperors, with the other collection, called the Philosophers, is the most interesting in the world, only the arrangement is too crowded to admit of isolating each head sufficiently while studying it. In turning the leaves of memory, we remember most distinctly—if one could forget Hadrian, whose damnable iteration gets to be wearisome after the thousandth portrait—the so-called Marcellus, the nephew of Augustus, and the Julia, daughter of Titus. The poet in us easily accepts the Marcellus; the Julia, in the grace and refinement of her head, and the *esprit* that betrays itself in her face, throws a new light upon the Roman woman. This lady would have been at home in a French *salon* of the end of the last century.

The famous statues of the C itoline are so famous that need not dwell upon them ; o we must not leave the muse without calling the reader's tention to a sarcophagus in last of the three rooms on lower floor devoted to inscr tions, fragments, and sarcopha The subjects carved in high rel on the sides and ends of this s cophagus are connected w Achilles and the Trojan W On the left end is the parti with Deidamia, on the right arming of Achilles. On the fr is the finding of the hero among the daughters of Ly medes, and at the back is Pri begging for the body of Hect These scenes, especially the covering of Achilles, are favor subjects, often found carved these funeral chests, and pain on the walls of Pompeii, but sarcophagus of the Capitol not, like the most of them, jo ney-work. This is romantic, classical treatment; one w ders why it did not catch H thorne's sympathetic eye. Ac les has been living among th girls, dressed as a girl, shar their games, partaking their tas behaving so modestly and creetly that no breath of su cion has ever disturbed the l air of the women's apartme But, when Autolycus-Ulysses ters with his peddler's pack peddler's song,—

> "Will you buy any tape
> Any lace for your cape,"—

and the maids leave their looms and their taffs, and gather round the masquer, under the gauzes of Cos and the embroide mantles and fillets and trinkets Achi catches the gleam of armor, the flash c sword and the clang of the artful trum makes his heart leap under his wom garment as he answers with the war-cry while all the other girls run scared to t stools and samplers, one sweet-face, his v chum, who has worked beside him at loom all these weeks, and told him all innocent secrets, comes timidly up to h touches him upon the shoulder, and lo with smiling reproach into his eyes. Ne s subtle expression caught in the marble h such truthfulness. 'Tis as if Shake- eare had turned statuary. If, after the fash- of the Middle-Age painters, this girl had en made with an interpreting scroll rolling t of her mouth, upon it must have been itten, "Oh! you handsome mischief!"

The Lateran Museum is more interesting hæologically than artistically. One noble tue called "Sophocles" is its chief treas- : we are told that the museum owes its gin mainly to the desire to make a fitting me for this companion to the "Æschines" Naples. It may sound profane to an Ital- of "taste," but would not Canova's vul- statues of the Belvedere give place with opriety to this majestic impersonation of oral and mental repose?

The collection of marble sculpture in the useum at Naples is not too extensive to be sily mastered; but there are the bronzes, ge and small, the terra-cottas, and the ses, which, in a way, belong to the family: ese departments make an almost inexhaus- le field of study. Bronzes like these the dent will find nowhere else, and they y well be suffered to hold him long. The rchytas," the female head with its applied glets of wrought bronze, called by the snomer, Tolomeo Apiione; the Berenice; so-called Seneca (misnamed, perhaps, t a portrait of somebody, as we may know the repetitions); the bearded or Indian cchus, called Plato, and pleasing us with t name—these, with another bust or two, e us a new notion of the capabilities of onze. They have more strength and indi- luality than any bronzes we know, except tain Italian masterpieces of the sixteenth ntury. Of equal interest are the full- gth figures,—"The Dancing Faun," "The unken Faun," "The Sitting Mercury," The Racers," and, though small, a statuette the table, the so-called Narcissus. We got to name among the busts a head of ana in which, as in several of the bronzes, eye-sockets are left empty for the inser- n of silver and jeweled orbs which could doubt wink, on occasion, like good Catholic gins. This Diana evidently had the gift prophecy as well as of winking, for, if you p behind her, you find the remains of the tal tube which, with one end in her mouth, d the other in that of the attendant priest, ade the goddess discourse most excellent usic, by the governing of a few ventages d stops.

Passing from the rooms of the bronzes to e halls and corridors that hold the world-famous marbles, we see the colossal sitting Apollo ("Apollo Musagetes," Apollo in the dress of a Muse), a gracious figure, in spite of the somewhat barbarous mixture of materials —the body, draped from the throat to the feet, is of porphyry, the head, feet, and hands, delicately carved, are of white marble. Another figure, more curious than beautiful, is the Ephesian Diana, a singular mixture of archaic and artistic treatment. The figure is evidently modeled upon the most ancient representations of the goddess, and resembles a mummy in the rigidity of its attitude. The head, however, is exquisitely refined and full of animation, while the hands and feet are most beautifully shaped, and sculptured with great delicacy. All but the head, hands, and feet is of yellow marble—these are of a fine-grained black marble, hard to tell from bronze. But how to speak of the works reckoned great, the objects of every visitor's immediate curiosity. The glorious "Hercules," out of whose body stream strength and abundant life! well might such a hero lift up the weary world on his broad shoulders, and rock it to rest there, with all its weight of care and woe. Before this god the soul, perhaps, is not lifted up, but the tired body forgets that it is tired, and feels that it could go to sleep at his feet as under the shadow of a mighty oak. By the side of this simple grandeur the Farnese Bull at the other end of the gallery looks a toy. In other rooms are the "Æschines," once called "Aristides," of which it is hard to say whether it be, or be not, equal to the Sophocles of the Lateran; the serene, majestic "Minerva;" the "Flora," which makes one think of Titian's picture, though it is doubtful if it were not meant originally for a Venus; the "Antinoüs," too fat, but fair; the charming Faun with the little Bacchus on his shoulder; the "Venus of Capua," the rival of the Venus of Milo, less injured than the Paris goddess, though without the arms, which have been supplied, and a Cupid added, to make a group which, being avowedly a make-up, is extremely unsatisfactory. Here, too, are the sitting statue of Agrippina, a mate for the one in the Capitoline Museum; the "Psyche of Capua," beautiful even in mutilation; the "Esculapius," the good physician; the bust of Homer; the bust of Socrates; then, some bas-reliefs, as fine and full of interest as can be found anywhere. When one goes day after day to this stately museum and studies the fresco-paintings from Pompeii, the bronzes, the marbles, the almost wearying collection of painted vases, the terra-cottas, the glass—what a surprise is the beauty of this glass in form and color!—when he perceives the artistic feeling running over into kitchen pots and pans, decorating lanterns, steelyards, lamps, armor, he learns under one roof how splendid was the gift with which these ancients were dowered, he feels that in their passing away the world is poorer; we cannot do with our hands, for all our steam and machinery, what they did with their hands alone.

Here ends, abruptly enough, our sketch, too vaporous and flimsy, of what is left us of classic sculpture. Poor as we are, we are yet too rich to know our treasures well, except at the price of years of patient study. Yet, what we have, scattered as it is over Europe, is not the thousandth part of what once existed, perhaps of what still remains buried under the Italian soil. Every day something new is found. Any day a priceless treasure may be unearthed. Although the Italian government keeps jealous wat over all diggers and delvers, and forbids t exportation of works of art, yet, by pro approaches, and with the good-will of t Italians for Americans, we might make worthy collection of antiques for our Met politan Museum—though it is hardly to hoped we can at this late day, and with su rich competitors in the field, procure a masterpiece. We wish it were in our pov to make them for ourselves.

We had hoped to give a little space to Gothic sculpture of France and Germa and England, to the early Italian sculptu and to that of the Renaissance. The subj is a persuading one, but the land is far rich to be represented by any bunch of gra brought Caleb-fashion out of its overflow abundance. At some future day we may permitted to offer our readers a few scatte notes.

## AFTER THE DARKNESS, LIGHT.

We're a seafaring people—we Ellesport folks. Most of us drift away at some time in our lives, and those who stay at home just hold to the shore with half a hand, ready to be swept off by a wave of chance or sore need. Some of us own ships, some build them; but the most by far only pull at the ropes when they are done, and so go sailing away to the ends of the earth. Others still—and these are mostly women, of whom I am one—bide at home to keep the fires warm and the lights burning against our ships come in; to watch and wait and pray. For twice we women pray, if never again: once when the sails fade out from against the sky as we strain our eyes after them; and once with a great rejoicing when the ships come rolling in with every man aboard crowding the bows and we not able to tell one from another for the glad blinding tears. Then the thanksgiving swells and beats in our hearts like a mighty sea, and God knows it all, though never a word drops from our lips.

I think sometimes that the hardest lot of all has fallen to us who bide at home. I've crept out of the house many a night, and crouched under the great rocks which overhang the bay—the wind and rain beating my face like flapping wings, the roar of the surf deafening me to every other sound, though it came from across the Point three miles away—I've crouched there and held my breath when Nontauk light died down and dis peared, lest it should never shine again— who could tell but that the *Sea-Bird* staggering up the channel at that moment the awful darkness and racking gale? Lord! who could tell? But it always ca again—the tiny trembling star for which watched. It rose and blazed into a sun, th died, to blaze again. And long afterwa months perhaps, I knew that in some qu harbor or on a summer sea long leag away, the *Sea-Bird* rode that night whe was wild with fears. So it always is with And then some day when a great calm bro over the water, save where the rippling li point to the shallows; when the sedge alo the marshes is all unbent by wind or sweep tide; when the sea-gulls dip and soar aw fearing no storm, and through the still ai borne the sound of the noon-bell from Ke Harbor with its to-oll toll, to-oll toll, the black cross upon Nontauk Point wh marks where the *Firefly* went down with on board ten years ago, may be seen with naked eye; when we women sit and sing o our work and count the weary months for l than they are, and forget to reckon our ca—then, swooped upon by sudden temp drawn in by treacherous whirlpool, crus by sweeping ice or broken upon hidd rocks, our far-off ships go down. Yes, i hard for us who bide at home. But lif rd at best. At least it is to us, and it may to finer folks. There's disappointment d cruel pain for all; and there's always ath ahead and sometimes worse, God ows. But He puts us in our places, and ne must be women and bide at home, and l not change my lot, though the disappointent and the pain fall heaviest on us women. ere's a content and blessedness comes h it which lightens the load and lifts the art. "It's the ill-clad to windward," says l Alsie Gast, when we women stand down the shore and wait in the stinging sleet or ating rain for the ships which never come; t to my mind it's the strong heart which rries the heavy burden, and we who cant *do*, can yet bear, and wait, and suffer, if ed be.

It was not the *Sea-Bird* at all that I cared , though, now I think of it, every plank d spar was dear to me as a human life; it s not the rich cargo, nor yet a man among e crew, from Sandy Blane, the first mate, wn. Not one of them would I have ckoned from the depths of the sea. It was om Gilfilian himself, master and owner, who ed all my thoughts and prayers. I have need to be ashamed to tell it now, though ce taut ropes and wheels and strong chains uld not have dragged the truth from out my s. His father had owned half the ships d more which were built in the yard and unched in the bay, and, dying, he left all he d to Tom, even to the great gambrel-roof-house at the top of the cliffs behind the lage, sheltered on three sides by the cks which rose from the water, and with a rden in front all mignonette, pansies, and eer foreign plants in summer. But he did t leave him his handsome face—that came Tom's mother, they said—nor his strong m, nor yet his true heart. These were om's own. Rich man's son though he was, took to the sea like the poorest among us, tering the ship by the forecastle, too, and t by the cabin windows. And rich though was himself after old Captain Gilfilian died, still held to his place on the *Sea-Bird*—first for the love of it, but later, when a d year wrecked half his ships, and the rest ought nothing in, when the men he had usted deceived him—for Tom knew little shore ways, and took a man's promise for s written word—when his whole fortune emed to ground and break and float away efore his eyes, and nothing was left but the d house upon the cliffs, then he held to the *a-Bird* as a drowning man holds to a plank, r that was to bring him in to fortune again.

Half-way down the sloping side of the cliff, towards the village, we lived. Father was a boat-builder and had modelled the house, they said, after a ship in a gale. I only know it was low and straggling and not over-steady on its beams, with little, dark rooms within, wainscoted like a ship's cabin, and with a great flapping sail outside which was to have turned the well-wheel—and which perhaps gave to the house its name. It never turned anything that I could see—save every passing head—and was only one of the many inventions which came to nought, instead of making our fortune as father fondly hoped. Over the door was nailed the figure-head of some nameless ship which had gone ashore on Kedge rocks years before—a woman's head and bust, with great staring eyes under the wide forehead. An "eerie" thing Old Alsie called it, and I'm sure it brought no luck to us. Ranged below this, but above the door, were shells and branching coral picked up among the sailors, and I trained a hop-vine, hoping it would hide the woman's face, which stared boldly out upon the town as though it were the open sea. But though the leaves grew thick and green below, above the door they dropped away or the fresh shoots turned aside, and still the eyes stared down.

Mother had been years dead, and father and I lived quite alone. My head and hands were full of cares, but cares are light as feathers when one is young and strong. There was always something to look forward to and reach out after, which made the days go quickly by. I never thought to number, much less weigh them then, and I never thought of life—I only lived it out; and, looking back, I know 'twas very sweet.

From the time Tom made his first voyage he brought something home to me always to hoard and treasure till he came again. Once it was a fan with ivory sticks, which shamed my brown hands and could never lie in the lap of my faded gown; but what did I care for that? Once it was a necklace of India beads, which scented the drawer where I laid them, like spices; and again it was an India muslin shawl, heavy with needlework. Sometimes there drifted home to me letters, stained and crumpled and torn, that had been tossed for months in a sailor's chest or lain unclaimed in a cask lashed to the rock upon some desolate island where passing ships touched at long intervals; and sometimes—with years between—he came, himself; and that was best of all.

But though this will drip from a heart that is overfull, it is not the story of Tom and Nan and me as it should be told. That would begin a dozen or fifteen years back, the night I was just eighteen. Tom was first mate of the *Sea-Bird* then, and home from a three years' cruise; and never an evening passed that he did not sit for an hour before our fire, and never a morning or noon that he did not stand in the door. But he had grown to be a man since he last went away, and I was shy in meeting him, and hid when I heard his step, or busied myself out of sight, or kept close by father, if he came of an evening, until this night, the very last before he was to sail again. Outside, the rain dashed in heavy waves against the window-pane as the wind rose or fell, howling and groaning in the wide chimney in a way that must have given a heart-ache to many a woman down in the village. Within, the fire blazed into a quivering flame, beaten back yet rising again. It lit up the dark, smoke-stained wainscoting of the low room, it brightened the brass mounting of the spy-glass hanging against the wall, it deepened the color of the bitter-sweet berries which I had gathered and fastened in a knot above it, and cast long, trembling shadows, like ghostly fingers pointing across the bare floor.

I had gathered my work in my lap and turned away my face, as I sat in one corner beyond the fire, pretending to be overbusy, because I felt that, though Tom's words were to father, his eyes were on me, and they tangled my skein, and mazed my fingers, and brought the tingling blood to my cheeks. Sometimes I paused with the threads of the net I was tying held loose in my hand when the house reeled and staggered as under a heavy blow. God forgive me! I laughed when the wind rushed down upon the panting flame and scattered the ashes far and wide. How could I cry, how could I even keep the gladness out of my face as I knelt to brush them back, thinking of the *Sea-Bird* anchored in the bay and Tom Gilfilian safe before the fire. Ah, the wind would have sung a different song a month aback!

"It's a fearful night," father said, and when the gale rose higher still he took down his heavy jacket and made as though he would go out. "I'll try for the pier-head," he said, when another blow from the angry blast shook the house. "I can't feel easy in my mind till I'm sure there's nothing out."

"But what should there be?" I asked, listlessly. To me, there was but one ship afloat, and that lay in the bay.

"Why there's the *Saucy Sal* not ye I'm thinking," he answered. "I told R Gast there was a storm abrewin', but yo folks won't heed to their elders," he mu ed, working himself into his jacket and t his hat down under his chin. He tou the door. It flew back with a crash ag the wall. The rain blew in like spray wet my face. "I'll soon be back," he s drawing the door together with all his stre and leaving Tom and me alone. Then a the gale which rattled every shingle upon roof, above the roaring in the chimne could hear the beating of my heart. I a mind to speak and break the silence w bound us, but not a word came at my ding, save that it was a fearful night, and father had already said; so I sat quite with the work fastened to my knee, and d the threads of the net over the needle, tied the knots with fingers that were hea than lead. Once I started when Tom from his seat, but it was only to pace floor and peer out of the window into darkness. I had taken up my work ag when suddenly as he came near he caug from my hands.

"It'll keep till I'm gone again," he s "Do give me a sight of your eyes, He I'm off to-morrow, you know."

He pulled a scarf from his pocket—a bit of silk, all scarlet and gold, brought f some foreign port. He twisted it about head and threw it over my shoulder, laug the while.

"That is because you are pretty," he s when I struggled to get free. Then his grew tender and grave. "But this is cause you are dear," and leaning over chair he kissed me, while I—I could hide the face which flamed like the si scarf.

"When I come home again," he be but the door flew open and the whole h shook and reeled as the storm rushed and with it came father's voice, though form was hidden by the darkness.

"There's a ship in the channel," he c "It's driving straight on to Kedge rocks.

Tom rushed out to meet his voice, a followed. "Hark!" he said, and above roar of the surf which sounded from over Point, above the shriek of the gale, we c hear the boom of a gun, though whethe came from below or beyond the water from the thick darkness overhead, no could have told in the dreadful noise of and storm.

Tom caught me up and set me within

or. “Good-bye, sweetheart,” he whispered my ear, and then, before I could speak or nk even of what they would do, they had left alone. I unwound the pretty scarf, soaked h rain. I was wet and shivering with cold l fright. For one moment it had come to that somewhere in the wide world other arts as warm as mine waited for this doom-ship, as I had waited for the *Sea-Bird.* e fire on the hearth had died down. The ole room lay in the shadow. I knelt and w the dull embers into a blaze and piled wood high above them. Then when the nes shot up into the blackened chimney l the roar of the fire overpowered the iek of the gale, when the shadows melted ay and every corner of the low room was rm and bright, I sat down to wait. How g it would be before father and Tom re-ned I could not tell. Kedge rocks lay yond the Point, three miles away. And en now, tossed by the cruel sea, the ship s sweeping in upon them. No mortal wer could avert her doom. I held my nds clasped tight over my ears to shut out sound, as again above the crackling fire, ove the shrieking gale, came that low, dull om, which told of dire distress. I sank wn upon my knees and tried to pray—for souls whose bodies were past help. vice, three times, and yet again the old itch clock in the corner struck the hour, d still they did not come. The gun had ased to call. No need of ropes or hands even prayers now, I thought, walking the or, while in my footsteps seemed to tread ose other women who in some strange land led at home to wait until the sea gave up dead.

I could not stay alone. They seemed to low me, wringing their hands. I wrapped y cloak about me and ran out into the orm. Every step of the way to the Point knew well. Besides I should meet father d Tom, perhaps. So I staggered on in the ry teeth of the gale, down the hill, turning ten to lie back against the wind, as though ld in strong arms, while I caught my breath d rested for a moment. There was a ght in the window of every cottage, where ey huddled together under the cliff. Every an from each was off to the Point, I knew. ore than one woman's face, haggard and orn with years of watching, peered out into e night.

I was trying for the turn of the road where bends to strike across the marshes, when I ught the sound of familiar voices, and, sud-enly ashamed, I turned and hastened home, borne along now by the wind until my feet fairly skimmed the ground. I was within the house and had hung away my drenched cloak and bound up my dripping hair before father and Tom reached the door. Their white, solemn faces filled me with a strange awe as they stepped over the threshold without a word.

“The ship?” I gasped.

“Gone,” Tom replied. “Gone down with all aboard, Hester, only—”

Father had pushed by me to the fire. I saw now through the sudden tears which swept into my eyes that he wore no jacket. He carried something in his arms wrapped in it.

“Here, Hester,” he said, and laid a little child upon my lap.

I remember how a lock of her long, wet hair curled around my wrist and made me shudder. I remembered it long afterwards, as we recall signs when they have come to pass. Some of the neighbors had followed and crowded now in at the open door, Alsie Gast and Rob among them, so I knew the *Saucy Sal* had come to no harm. The women helped me to strip off the dainty garments, soaked and torn and ground to strings by the waves and the sand which still clung to her hair. They whispered to each other of how it was a foreign brig, they could not tell from where—the sea held the secret well; of how no one was left of all on board, save this child, if indeed life was still in her; she hardly seemed to breathe.

“What'll ye do wi' her an' she lives?” asked old Alsie, while we were rubbing the little limbs which began to warm under our hands.

I looked across the room to father, who stood in the midst of a group of men talking among themselves, yet watching us who held the child. Alsie's voice, shrill and high-pitched, had reached him there. It reached them all and held them silent.

“She is ours,” I answered solemnly, with my eyes still fixed on father's face, and he did not say *no.*

“Sair trouble cooms wi' folks frae the sea,” croaked Alsie.

“God's gifts must bring a blessing,” was all my answer, for at that moment the child opened her wide, wondering eyes into mine, and my heart went out to her. Yes, Nan; I loved you then and always.

## II.

All that night the child moaned and tossed in a fever. I hung over the bed, soothing her as best I could until peace and gentle sleep came to her with the first ray of light. Then, throwing a shawl over my head, I stole out of the house and climbed to the top of the cliffs for a breath of the morning air. The storm was over, but still from beyond the Point came the low, continuous murmur of the surf, while the sea ran so high yet as to sweep in among the huts huddled together under the cliff beyond where I stood. Overhead the clouds drifted asunder, disclosing the deep-blue sky. Ah ! the clouds might float away, the sea forget to moan, the summer sky smile down, but broken among the rocks was the stout ship, stilled forever the throbbing hearts, and at home the women waited.

The coasters, which had put into the bay for safety during the storm, were getting under way again. The hoarse voices of the sailors, as they sang and pulled at the ropes, sounded faintly from over the water broken into waves, upon each one of which a bit of the white clouds seemed to have fallen. Beyond, restless, impatient, lay the *Sea-Bird* with folded wings. At that distance I could discern no signs of departure. With the old red shawl blown back from my head I stood watching her. A few days more and I, too, should have ships at sea. The murmur of the distant surf just then deepened to a roar. But I shut my ears against it. Surely no harm could come to Tom. I remembered his half-uttered words the night before. He would come home again, and with the words, which were almost a promise, there floated into my mind a thought of the child—of this new care and interest which had fallen to me, with no definite hope or purpose in either, only a consciousness that my horizon had suddenly widened, as though I had mounted to a higher place in this one night. The dip of oars caught my ear. More than one boat had been sculling about among the fisher nets, but this grounded beneath the cliffs where I stood, and some one sprang up the rough path among the rocks and reached my side. It was Tom Gilfilian, Captain Gilfilian, for he was master of his own ship today.

I had been pale with watching over the child; perhaps it was the red beams of the morning sun which warmed my face now. He drew me close to him, though no word of greeting passed between us. Down at the foot of the rocks where they dropped into the bay, the water broke and fell with a plash. Up from the fishermen's huts came the sound of voices and the laugh of a child. The jutting, jagged rocks screened and sheltered us, and as I looked again I saw that the S
*Bird* was spreading her white wings to s
away. He wrapped the shawl about me
smoothed back the locks of hair with wh
the wind had played.

"Only time for a kiss and a promise,"
said. "The tide has turned and we are o

I gave him both, with tears and sc
Then in a moment he was gone—down
rocks, over the water, waving his hand b
to me until the rioting waves hid him fr
sight.

"When I go again, it will not be alon
he had said. And I kept that in my he
to comfort me while the weary time di
ged by. The thought would rise sometim
How can I go and leave the child, and fat
who is growing old? But I hoped the
would open. It surely would before
years were past. But when the two ye
had gone by, and Tom returned, no way
opened yet, and so he went again alo
And when other two years had halted
and again he came to claim me, father was
in bed, and the child not old enough to ta
my place. Indeed she was a giddy thi
on whom no care would rest. A pre
winsome child, of loving heart, from wh
the cruel waves had washed all recollect
of other home and friends ; but not like
nor like our Ellesport folks at all—a summ
bird which chance and adverse winds
blown upon our coast. At first it vexed
that I could not fit her to our ways, si
she must live among us, till I remembe
that each in his own place and time
way must work God's will. And some m
bear the burdens while others sing the so
And some must tread in thorny paths, w
others dance. And what does it matter
the end, so that it be all well done?
then—I loved the child.

So she sang about the house, and it che
ed father lying in his bed, and lifted my he
in many a heavy hour. And she spent l
days upon the sands gathering treasures
star-fish and pink-hearted shells, and ma
fingered sea-weed, worthless enough in
eyes; but how did I know that the thing
cherished would not be worthless enough
her?

And so the time went on. It is eas
number the years, now that they are pa
but, oh ! I counted the days, when they w
passing. Tom came and went. Neve
word did I say to father. 'Twould h
grieved him so. And though after a time
child grew out of childish ways, she ne
knew—it is a comfort to me now to beli

hat she never dreamed—that Tom and I had a thought of marrying. Sometimes he besought me to be his wife, even though I must stay behind. But I remembered the aces of the women—all worn with watching and crying—as they strained their eyes out into the storm. No; I could not be his wife and stay at home.

Then father died, blessing me and calling me his good girl, who had been a stay and comfort to him in his last days. And I sobbed aloud, yet not for grief alone. Ah! he little knew how torn asunder, rent in twain, had been my heart—a part at home with him and Nan, and a part searching the wide seas over.

Tom came and found us all alone. The grass was green on father's grave, and Nan had forgot her crying. He claimed us both; but I begged a little time. I had been near to death, and now, while yet the chill was on me, joy seemed more terrible than grief. I could not go to meet it. I could only hide in the shadow till the sun shone out again—if ever it would shine.

And then at last, when the first bitterness was over and I awoke to find myself alone, when I turned to cling to some one in my desolation and found Tom's hands outstretched—there was the child. I had made her desire my will so many years that I could not cross nor grieve her now. I pondered it over in my mind day after day until one night, when we were alone, I said in as careless a way as I could call up, "Nan, dear, the house is lonely now that father's gone."

"Yes." But as she spoke, she smiled, thinking her own thoughts, and giving little heed to what I said.

"How would you like to go away," I went on, "over the water somewhere, to see strange countries and buy pretty things?"

She searched my face with wondering eyes. Then, when the smile had crept from her own, leaving it white and frightened, she fell to sobbing as though her heart would break.

I could not always understand her changeful moods—laughing before her tears were dry, and crying with the smiles still warm upon her lips; so now I waited, growing sad at heart. She held a horror of the sea, I knew—born in her that awful night when it cast her from its arms.

"I cannot go; oh! I *cannot*, Hester; and *I never will*," she said at last, hotly, and, turning from me, sobbed herself to sleep.

I lay awake till morning, trying to plan how I could go and stay, how I could please the child and Tom. I had taken her that night, as sent to me from God, and His gifts are not to be worn for awhile upon one's bosom and then thrown carelessly aside to suit a whim or changing fashion. She was nearer to me than that. It pleases Him that our love should go out even more to those for whom we care—the helpless dependent little ones—than to those who care for us. And if she had been bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh, it could not have torn me more than it would now to part from her. And indeed the pretty, wayward child could not be left behind.

So I turned the matter over in my mind and knew not what to do. Only "*I cannot leave the child*"—that rose above all.

She had forgotten her grief by morning, and, when I awoke her with a kiss, clung to me all bright with smiles.

"Why did you frighten me last night?" she asked reproachfully. "Why did you talk of going away, when you knew I could not cross the sea?" And again with the thought her face grew white. "Promise me, promise me, Hester, that I shall never go." And there arose such a terror in her eyes that I could not refuse.

When she was satisfied and at rest again: "But where would you have gone? and how?" she asked curiously.

"It was only a fancy," I answered. "It is best forgotten." And so we laid it all away.

But I dreaded Tom's coming. What should I say to him? How should I reward his patient waiting?

It was summer and the fire was dead on the hearth, the ashes swept away, and in their place were fragrant boughs of spruce and hemlock; the low room was perfumed with wild violets which Nan had gathered in the woods. Above the old clock she had crossed branches of white, feathery clematis, and the sun streaming in at the door and window made every corner bright and beautiful. But when Tom came and stood before me it seemed as though a cloud had crossed the sun. I could not meet his eye. I sat still in my place and marked the trembling shadows on the floor, and heard Nan singing overhead and the creaking of a passing cart outside going down to the haying on the salt marshes.

"Well, Hester," he said. And that was all.

Perhaps because his coldness frightened me, perhaps because I seemed again to feel the child's arms tightening round my neck and to hear again her sobs I don't know, but what had been uppermost in my mind dropped now from my lips—

"I cannot leave the child," I said.

If I could have told him how I longed to go! If I could have cried! But every word was locked, save that one sentence, and I seemed turned into a stone.

"Then, by the Lord in heaven," he exclaimed angrily, "I'll never come for you again." And he strode out of the house.

Day after day I waited. He will come, I said. But the *Sea-Bird* sailed away. Even then I was not hopeless. I was used to waiting. All would yet be right between us. Nothing could utterly divide our lives. Of that I was sure. If I had seemed cold and unfeeling it was only because I had not been accustomed to telling every thought, and had no ready words in which to clothe them. I had borne a burden for many years with lips shut tight against complaining; and habit is stronger than desire. But now I would write to him. No pride should hold me back. And in the letter was all I should have said and did not, when we stood face to face; and much more that had rolled up into a load I could no longer carry. The next ship which left the port bore it away. Somewhere on the wide ocean it would reach him. So I waited, first in content, then in impatience, and at last in utter despair; for summer faded into autumn and the winter locked us in, and still no letter ever came to me.

At last, when spring came round again, it brought to Nan a letter. Not to me, though I had looked and longed and waited all the whole year through. He had sent her years before such letters as would please a child, which she had read and thrown aside. But this, though it was much the same, she read and read again. First, aloud to me, stumbling and catching at the words, though every one was clear as Nontauk light at midnight,—then to herself, laying it away at last among her treasures. At which I was greatly pleased, for she had been a careless child.

"And give my love to Hester," he wrote in it, at its close, but nothing more to me.

### III.

Twice the year rolled round. It was spring again and time for Tom to come. More letters had reached Nan, with his love always for me, but not another word. That would have been enough, could I have thought it true. But love which goes of itself is never sent in letters; and they were empty words I knew.

Nan never wondered nor seemed to thi it strange that no letters came to me, or th I did not write to Tom. Her head was fill with other fancies. I had done well to st at home. She could never have been l alone or in careless hands, for her pretty fa and winning ways had made her known un the compass which guided every mother's s along the bay pointed straight to our door.

Months aback we had had news of t *Sea-Bird*. Robin Gast had met the stewa of an Indiaman, down the bay, who said th spoke her at the Ladrones. Then we hea of her off Cape Horn; and at last San Blane, who was master now of a sloop whi carried ice and lumber down to Rio, saw h lying in the harbor there, where she had p in for repairs after a gale. So we knew th any breeze might bring her in.

Nan danced and sang about the house, climbed to the low, flat roof, to sit for hou screened by the flapping sail, sweeping t bay with father's spy-glass and making eve speck on sea or sky a home-bound ship. only waited. I dared not hope, though som times the thought thrilled me that if he wou but ask me this once more, I need not no say *no*. Nan was wiser and would hear reason. Or, if she wished to stay, she h but to choose among the score of lovers w were like to turn her giddy little hea Indeed 'twas time she chose, I knew. O strong, clear light of love to guide a woma steps is better than a thousand will-o'-wis to mislead her dancing feet. "Mickle wo ing never a wedding," old Alsie sai But it was only because Nan had tossed h head at Rob. No one could say a light wo of the child. There was Sandy Blane. half thought he had her heart. Though s laughed and danced with the others s would sit for hours by him while he told the times when he and Tom were mates t gether aboard the *Sea-Bird*.

Sometimes I stole alone to the roof watch for a sail. But though my heart ga a great throb as something rose before t glass it was always only a cloud that h dropped between sea and sky, or a puff white smoke from the steamer which r down to Kedge Harbor twice a week; nev the *Sea-Bird*.

Nothing comes at the watching. But o day when Nan was down in the village, an weary of looking for that which never cam I had not turned my eyes towards the sea— I opened the door, wondering what had b fallen the child that she was gone so lon there, before my eyes, as spirits sometim and startle one at midnight, stood Tom lfilian upon the crest of the hill, and Nan ng upon his arm. It pierced me like a ife. Not the surprise. I had looked for n daily. I had waked at midnight and ened for his step. I had thrown the door en at daybreak, my heart standing still as thought, What if he should wait outside? ! no, not the surprise of seeing him before : but a warning of that which was to me. Ah! it had come already. I had ight a glimpse of the child's face as she sed it to his, and I *knew;* I closed the or softly. They had not seen me. I was ak as if raised from a sick-bed. And ough it was high noon I groped my way ross the floor, clutching at whatever touch- my hands until the stairs were reached. ywhere to be covered from sight. Anyere to sink into the darkness and let it le and hold me. Oh! it was hard, it was el, it was more than I could bear. I uld have given the child all I possessed. d I not given her my life? But this—oh! *st* I give her this?

I heard the door open. Nan's voice rched for me. Her foot was on the stairs. prang up and made ready to meet her. e stood in the doorway, all flushed and mbling with excitement.

"Oh! Hester, he has come! Captain Gilan has come home!" she cried, and fell sobbing. I had no need to fear that she uld find me out. Her eyes hardly lit on . I soothed and quieted her, and so lmed myself outwardly. God forgive me for one moment I envied her soft, warm eeks and wet blue eyes as my own wan, own face met me in the glass.

"Come," I said, "we keep him waiting." t she hung back. Shyness was something w in little Nan. I ran down the stairs ickly, lest my courage should fail me. She lowed more slowly.

Tom's back was turned to us as he stood oking out of the window.

"You're welcome home, Captain Gilfilian," said when he did not stir nor move. He rted to meet me when I began to speak, t as his name—a new name for me to use fell from my lips, he stopped, and his manr was as cold as my own, as he touched e hand I gave him when I had crossed the or. Then we sat down to talk of things did not care for, that were miles away m both our hearts—I wishing he had never me, and he, perhaps, that I would go and ave him with the child. And it was all so ange, so like it used to be—the house, the sea, the ticking clock even, Tom and I, too, —and yet not like it used to be at all, that I thought my heart would break or I should cry aloud.

At last Nan, growing bold, crept out to tell in her soft voice of all the changes since he last was home—of who had died, and who married, and who sailed away. And while they talked I watched his face. He had grown older and more grave, I fancied. But he was handsome Tom Gilfilian still, and, though he was twice her age, it would not matter to the child, I knew. And though Sandy and the whole train broke their hearts —and mine went, too—and then the bitter thoughts died down as I remembered that the child had never known that Tom and I had thought of marrying.

When he had gone, and Nan was combing out her yellow hair, she paused every moment to repeat something he had said, her cheeks all the while the color of the sea-weed when it floats under the water, her eyes like the stars that shine in the wake of the ships. Even when her head was laid upon the pillow, she started, when I thought her sleeping, to tell of the pretty things laid away in Tom's chest for her, until I could bear no more, but turned and would not listen. When at last she slept, all the bitter feelings I had trampled down swelled and filled my heart. I could not sleep. I rose and dressed myself in the crimson gown I was to have worn when Tom came home. I braided my heavy hair in the way he liked it best. The blood had flowed back from my heart and reddened my lips, while it throbbed like a pulse in my cheeks. No jewels that he could give to Nan would shine as did my eyes. Nan was sweet to look upon, but I—I was more than that, I knew. And Tom had loved me. He was mine. I would win him back. No shame in the thought, and yet why did my face flame to my hair?

I went to the bed and stood over her. I had turned away impatiently; but in her sleep she lay with her cheek against my pillow. She was thoughtless, giddy; but I remembered how once when I was ill she had risen to watch beside me night after night. I had carried her many an hour in my arms. More than that, I had warmed her back to life when the sea gave her up for dead. Was she not mine—my child? Was I plotting against mine own? "O my God!" I sobbed, sinking upon my knees beside her. "What is this that I would do?"

I folded the crimson gown and laid it away. I took down the braids of hair, and when, in the gray morning light, I crept into the place beside her and she stole her arm about my neck, I did not shrink from the touch. Since one must suffer, it should be the stronger; and that was not little Nan.

The next day was the Sabbath. Nan was like a picture in the lilac gown which Tom had brought her long ago. She was early dressed for church. But though she stood at the window, waiting impatiently for me, when I was ready she was loath to go. And all the way down the hill and along the road she pulled at my shawl and wondered at my haste. In truth my feet were swift to reach the church. There may be nothing in the place. Some say one house is like another to the Lord, and that wherever His people gather, there He is in the midst, be the roof low as the earth or higher than the heavens. He looketh to the heart, I know. And where the door is opened, there He enters in. But surely His own sanctuary must be very near to Him. And in the holy quiet there His Spirit ever broods. It fell on me when we had crossed the threshold. My heart was stilled. I could have wept: but not with bitter tears.

We sat among the singers. Nan, leaning over, watched the people with a face that showed every heart-beat. I knew it well; so I had looked once, years before.

The women who were wont to steal in shyly and alone, walked proudly up the aisle to-day with husband, son, or lover; for the crew of the *Sea-Bird* was made up in our town, and her coming home gave wide rejoicing. There was a friendly nod and whispered word among the women, while the men stroked their hair and sat awkward and uneasy in their unaccustomed places. But when the door swung back and Tom Gilfilian walked up the aisle alone, the whispers ceased and every eye was turned to gaze upon him.

"We praise Thee, O God."

The song of thanksgiving filled every heart as it rose and swelled and died to the strain which Nan should have sung alone. Her voice faltered. I caught up the words

——"that takest away the sins of the world,
Have mercy upon us."

And there was no break or pause. I had been tossed like the sea in a storm; but peace had fallen upon me. And as if a great way off, as I might, had I been an angel in heaven, I could stand calmly now before the people, and, with Tom's dear face raised to mine, chant a Te Deum on his coming home.

When the service was over, Tom and Sandy Blane stood first among the ma waiting at the door. I held back for Nan take my place and walked by Sandy's sid and I tried not to listen to their words a to keep my eyes from following them. I when we reached our gate, I can't tell h or why it was, Tom lingered behind the o ers, and we were left a moment alone. Th when my hand held the gate open, he seiz it quickly and stammered and said, hurried "Hester, when a man has made a fool vow and is ashamed to break it, what is th for him to do?"

What could he mean but his promise lo ago to marry me? My pride flamed hot a fierce. Did he think that I would hold h to it? I caught my hand away.

"You must have known long ago tha was nothing now to you, nor you to me,' answered. I was greatly moved and hu and yet I would not show it; so I walk straight past him to the house.

We did not see him for many days af that—not until he was passing the door o morning and Nan called after and reproach him in her pretty, childish way. I stood l side her, and, leaning on the gate, he star beyond the child and fixed his great da eyes on me.

"I'm waiting for a welcome," he said.

"You need not wait, if that is all," I a swered. Nor need he. Let him come if would and take the child. I could bear th better than this playing at love and lov before my very eyes.

"What are you thinking of?" asked N saucily, when he was silent.

"A woman's ways are past all findi out."

And then I left them. Surely he need n mock and taunt me.

Nan's words followed me: "Hester h vexed you. Don't mind it. She is odd, y know."

But when she joined me she broke out a petulance new to her:

"What have you done to vex him? cannot understand it. You are cross, He ter, and I don't love you."

"Don't say that. Oh! don't say tha And I was crying before I knew it. "Be with me, Nan. I'm tired, I'm sick, I'm—ar thing, only bear with me. I've no one l but you." In a moment her face was hidd in my lap.

"I do love you, Hester, dear, only be ki to him. Be kind to him to please me And I promised, yes, I promised to be kind Tom Gilfilian! But lest I should forget, a cause it seemed best so, I crept away af- r that when he came, and left Nan to meet n. And she was happy as the days were ight, and, like the flowers which bloom in e sunshine for the love of blooming and thout a thought of the time when the sun ll go away.

### IV.

There was to be a picnic down the bay, a nce in the twilight, and a sail home under e new moon. Nan begged to go. Tom d strolled in at the open door and over- ard her pleading.

"They're a giddy lot," I was saying, nd that puff of black smoke in the south a squall-cloud, I'm thinking."

"Oh ! let her go," said Tom. "The cloud's bigger than your hand. It'll be days owing to a storm. And go yourself. Why t ?"

I flushed up at that like a girl.

"My dancing days are over," I answered. Then when I felt his eyes, I laughed to hten my words. "I gave my slippers to child, oh ! years ago," I added. And en I knew he strove to read my face, I de it like an unwritten page, though smil- still.

"And must I stay at home ?" I had for- tten Nan.

"I'll take you, child," said Tom, before ould speak. "That is, if Hester 'll trust ."

I turned upon Nan. "You're afraid of sea."

"I'm not afraid with him." And she crept se to Tom.

"I want to be pretty and fine to-day," said, when she was making herself ready go. "Give me some of your treasures, ester."

"I gave you all I had long ago," I an- ered.

She paused as she pinned up her hair. What could it have been ?" Then she me and laid her cheek against mine. Was it your love and tender care, Hester, ar ? Poor Hester !" she said, stroking cheek with her baby hand.

"Why do you say 'poor Hester ?'"

"I don't know." But still she stroked my eek and "Poor Hester !" she said again, he pretty things all come to me, the cares you. I should not like to be you, Hester, ar."

"No, darling, but that is not likely to hap- n." The tears strove to come with the rds.

"I *must* be pretty, and young, and happy —happy as I am to-day," and, lost in thought, she stood beside me.

"Vain girl !" I laughed, lest I should cry outright.

"No, Hester, not vain ; I am not vain." Nor was my darling child. "But I can imagine almost any change which might come to me, only I cannot think of growing old ; and, Hester, if I were not happy I should die."

I could not bear to see her face so sad. "Come, child, you're late," I said. I took from the drawer where they had been long hidden the beads which Tom had given me. I rubbed them in my hands until the perfume filled the room. Nan came to peep over my shoulder— to dance and clap her hands. "Oh, how beautiful ! For *me?*"

I hung them over her neck. Tom would never remember or know them, or, if he did, 'twould only please him now.

When he came she met him with a mocking courtesy, fluttering the airy whiteness in which she was arrayed. Then, when she stood erect again, something about her dress caught his eye. He put out his hand to take the beads, then dropped it, but he looked at me.

"Yes," said Nan, gayly, "pretty beads. They smell of spices. Hester gave them to me."

Tom's face was dark. "Come," he called to the child, and walked to the door.

"But don't you like them ? What is it ? Hester, what is it that is strange ?"

"Nothing is strange, dear," said I. "You're only full of foolish fancies. Go with Tom."

He stood in the doorway watching us. I would not meet his eye. A doubt had fluttered and struggled in my mind for an instant. Why had his face grown dark ? Whom did he love ? My heart beat in my side like the surf upon the rocks. I looked far beyond them both, and saw that the cloud which had been no larger than my hand had risen and grown snow-white as the sun dropped down, until now, with towers and turrets, gates and walls of shining gold, it seemed a city towards which we were slowly moving. It brought to my mind that other city where we hoped to walk—Tom and Nan and I. How would it be if I were false ? How if I turned against the child ? I went away from them. Back into the low room, where the shadows were gathering, I remembered the child's words, spoken only an hour before : "If I were not happy I should die," she had said. She should live long—a blessed life, since it should be crowned with Tom's love.

"Come!" he called again. But his voice was softened now. I heard Nan's feet upon the door-sill as she followed him. Then I was left alone.

At midnight they came again. I had thrown the door wide open, and the moonlight made a shimmering path to my feet down which they walked like lovers hand in hand. "Like lovers," I said softly to myself.

The day rolled round upon which the *Sea-Bird* was to sail again. Nan crept about the house, drooping, forlorn. It filled me with fears to see how little of strength there was in the child to bear up against an ill wind. What would she do in the stormy years which come to all? What would she do now?

She was going down the bay in the ship, to return in the pilot-boat, with many women who had husbands and sons aboard. Sandy Blane had promised to bring her safely home to me, if I would but let her go. Poor Sandy! I thought, who little knew the truth.

As she tied her hat down under her chin with a little silk handkerchief, Tom crossed the room to me. The wind had turned east, and I shivered as he took my hand.

"And have you nothing *now* to say to me?" Oh, Hester! And then Nan came between us. She was holding the handkerchief down with both her hands. "It will not stay. The wind will take it," she said.

I made it fast; then I turned again to Tom.

"Good-bye," I said.

"And is that all?"

Oh! what more would he have me say? Was it my blessing upon him and Nan he waited for? I put my arms around the child and kissed her. "Oh! be true to her," I would have said, but the words refused to come, so I only went away and left them. Tom would know, I thought, and understand it all.

It was habit made me take the glass after a time and mount to the roof. I had often watched the *Sea-Bird* out and in from there. I was a young girl when father held the glass at first, while I could not tell the waves from the tears which blinded my eyes. My eyes were dry now. Was my heart dead that it had ceased to ache, and only weighed me down as though it were an anchor at which I vainly dragged? Oh! when would I be free?

I watched the boat until I could no longer see the flutter of a cloak against the sail as it sped down the harbor to where the *Sea-Bird* lay; then I went below to count t hours which must pass before Nan came a the months before the *Sea-Bird* would swe in. I tried to think that there would be N to comfort. I tried to fancy how she wou tell me of her hope; but all the while th other days would rise when it was I who we and I who watched the sails grow less, and whom Tom Gilfilian loved.

When the night shut in, late as it does summer, I began to be uneasy. The pil boat should have come in an hour before. looked off from the top of the house. B darkness hung over the bay, from out of whi came no flap of lowering sail, no sound voices. I ran out to the brow of the h On one side the cliff, black in the gloo of night, fell to the fisher-huts among t sands.

Lights were beginning to twinkle the As I looked, Alsie Gast's window blaze Then I remembered that she, too, was have gone down the bay. She must have r turned. While I stood gathering the fea which thronged about me, I heard a step. form emerged from the shadows. It w Sandy Blane. There should be the flutt of a cloak beside him; but there was none

"Be easy, Hester. The child is wel He spoke before he reached me. But wh he came quite near I saw that somethi strange had happened, and grew sick at hea That summer night comes to me now wi its still darkness. I can see again the lo scrawny-limbed oaks stretching out crooke misshapen arms beside the sandy road. can even feel again the strong clasp of h arm as he held me up and bore me back the house.

I had set a candle behind the window th it might be bright to the child when she r turned forlorn. I had planned how t months should be less long and wearisome her than they had been once to me who h only dull work to beguile the lagging hou All this I dimly saw pass through my min rather than felt, as, half-stunned by a blo that was yet to come, I was led and carri to the house.

"This will tell you," he said, putting letter into my hands. But when my hea fingers tried to open it he held them fast. " always thought she loved him," he beg quickly. "And I wondered that she didn make this voyage with him," he went o But his words went in and out my head an caught at nothing. "I tried, Hester, but couldn't bring her home, as I promised."

What was this he was saying? Why d

cry? At last my tongue was loosed. Where is the child?"

Then with his own hands he opened and read out the letter before me. It was in om's handwriting.

"Dear Hester," he wrote, "I never could ite understand how it was with you and e. I looked for a line from you last voy-e; but all that is neither here nor there w, since you did not care for me. But do lieve when I left you to-day I did not ink to take the child away. I hope you'll rgive me; and as for her, *she* is glad to go. l be a true husband to her, so help me od! and I'll bring her home to you as soon ever I can. God bless and keep you, ester. TOM GILFILIAN."

A scrap of paper fell from this to the floor. was from the child.

"I've only a moment while the boat waits, ester dear," she said. "Don't be cross th me, please. I couldn't let him go one. Oh, I'm so happy and so glad! ndy will tell you how we ran across to the oint in the pilot-boat and were married, and thered a few things to last until we touch some port where I can get more. Please rgive us and write soon to your loving, ughty (but oh! not *sorry*)

"NAN GILFILIAN."

There was one thing more. Sandy gave to my hand the certificate of marriage, nich Tom had sent to me.

I did not scream or faint. We women no put our hearts and every earthly hope the mercy of a rope or two and a few orm-eaten planks, bear a deal of sudden rrow or joy. I only laid my face down r a moment upon the words which seemed cruel and yet were meant to be kind.

"Don't, Hester; don't!" Sandie whis-ered hoarsely in my ear. I had forgotten hat this might be to him. "Be calm," he id, when I was calm as death itself!

Presently I rose up. This was no time r crying. I remembered that I had Tom's onor and the child's and my own heart's cret to guard, and great strength was given e.

"It is sooner than I thought," I said. "It omes upon me unawares; but I understand all;" and I stroked the letters in my nd. "They were to have been married ome day, I knew; but not so soon, I had oped. Still they judged wisely. I could ardly have let the child go with him if they ad asked me."

Sandy broke out into bitter words. But I would not listen to him. "It is better as it is," I said. "They knew me well and were wise. There is no one in the world to whom I would more gladly give the child than to Tom Gilfilian. And he'll bring her back to me some day."

Then, in mercy, Sandy left me.

## V.

The neighbors were very kind in that they offered few words of sympathy. In the long hours of summer days when night lags, and fancies and memories crowd the twilight, one and another climbed the hill to sit beside me in comforting silence, or Alsie Gast came to drone a song over her knitting and tell of strange places beyond the sea which she had visited when stewardess of an Indiaman sailing from our port. And though that was forty years before, and the towns must have greatly changed, I liked to listen and fancy that Nan threaded the narrow streets or stood before the flaming pictures in the old cathedrals, herself fairer than any pictured saint. Or she told of ships which had come home when least expected, and of friends returned alive and well when they were thought to be across the sea or fathoms deep below it. The last she kept for stormy nights when the fierce winds drove the waters of the bay far up into the town, as they did more than once that fall. And never a storm raged along the coast when Sandy was ashore that he, too, did not chance to drop in of an evening to spin some sailor's yarn or sing some sailor's song. And always in song or story everybody was safe and happy at last. I wondered sometimes that he bore his disappointment with a smiling face—wondered and pitied, since I had felt the same.

It may have been the strain of keeping up before our little world that after a time made my strength suddenly fail so that I took a little time to be ill—to lie in my bed and close my eyes and loose my hold on life. It might have slipped away one while. I was so weak. But I was not to die. I only seemed to wait and rest and let the waves go by. I rose up stronger and more full of hope.

I climbed to the top of the cliffs one day. I was weak still; but the soft air and a glimpse of the grass lying green in sunny, sheltered spots had tempted me to make the trial of my strength. The sun had dropped down out of sight in the west, where a long, heavy bank of cloud, lifting, disclosed a faint blue line, a dim suggestion of a glorious day to come. Spring had returned. A robin called to its mate from the oak-tree down by the house. It was a year since the *Sea-Bird* sailed away. Another year would bring her home. Another year! and yet 'twould soon go by, and Nan would come again. Once I had heard from her—only once; a passing ship had brought a letter full of her happiness, and yet I fancied that the child's heart longed for home as mine yearned for her. "Oh! come home; come home!" I stretched my arms out towards the sea. Would my desire not bring her back to me? A sailboat slowly skimmed the still surface of the bay, and, rounding the Point, almost beyond my sight, I fancied I espied another sail belonging to some larger craft—one of the coasters perhaps. It was too early in the season for our ships which sailed for foreign ports to come in.

Just below me a boat was fastened to a stake before the fisher-huts, and bare-legged children, clambering in and out and swaying back and forth upon the water, played that they too sailed away as did their fathers and elder brothers. Suddenly the figure of a man appeared from around one of the rocks as he came up the rough path from the shore. Leaning over I watched eagerly for it to appear again as another rock hid it from sight. I was weak, and it gave me a cruel shock. It brought back the morning after Nan came to us, when Tom found me here and took my promise before he sailed away. I knew it was not Tom, and yet I waited with quick-coming breath, but it was only Sandy Blane's flaxen hair and dear, honest face which met my gaze as he sprang from the last ledge to my side.

"So you have dared to venture out, at last," he said. "Are you strong enough?"

He was shocked, I could see. I was greatly changed, I knew. My youth and the little beauty I had owned had slipped away during my illness. Since no one cared for either, why should I hold to them? And yet it pained me now to see that he marked the change.

"It don't matter," I said, answering his thoughts rather than his words.

He moved about uneasily. He seemed to sight some object out to sea, though not a sail was there in sight; the coaster or whatever it was that I had seen before was beating up the bay, perhaps, and hidden in its bend. He picked up a stone and tossed it down to wake the sleeping ripples on the water; then suddenly he turned, the crimson from the clouds above dyeing his face. "But it *does* matter, Hester," he said. "It—it matters to *me*."

The scales fell from the eyes staring
him. Could it be that it was not Nan at
whom he had loved?

For one moment I was glad. For o
moment the knowledge that some one car
for me brought a thrill of joy. I was
left in God's world utterly alone. For o
moment the wall which had seemed to clo
upon the future fell away, and I had a visi
of love and blessed cares which fall to hap
women. For one moment only, then I clu
sobbing to the naked rock.

"It sailed away," I said at length. "
was one summer long ago when my he
sailed out to sea; and it never will co
back."

"But, Hester, I will wait. I have wait
now longer than you know."

I shook my head. "Don't, Sandy, i
death in life. I've tried it."

He wrapped the plaid about me and l
me down to the house without another wo
I only crying weakly as we went. Oh!
was all wrong, all a tangle, and the thre
was lost.

I had been bright and almost happy wh
I climbed the cliffs. Now when he left
my loneliness was more than I could be
There was still a ray of daylight lingering
the west, and something impelled me
mount to the roof. I dragged myself up t
stairs, not knowing why I went; but when
foot left the last, and my eyes turned towar
the point from whence my hopes had be
used to come, changed to blessed realities,
could have cried aloud, I could have fall
where I stood; for there before my eyes, wi
every sail set, beautiful as an angel visita
moved slowly up the bay my pride, my jo
the ship that I had prayed for, my whit
winged *Sea-Bird* home at last! I fell up
my knees with eager arms outstretche
"O God! forgive my weak complaining
take only my joy and heart's thanksgiving
I sobbed and laughed and wept aloud, as
hastened down the stairs. They had co
home! I forgot that the child had lain
my arms and then stolen away my lov
They had come home! I forgot that To
had loved me once and then ceased to ca
for me. They had come home! The we
come filled my heart. There was no roo
for sighing. I made the house ready f
their coming with swift, trembling fingers.
dressed myself as for the Sabbath, the on
holiday I knew. I tied a bright ribbon
my throat. It shamed my poor, pale fac
and the silver furrows in my hair showe
where the share of Time and Grief had bee

t what did I care for that? They had ne home! I recalled the day when Nan l stroked my cheek and said "Poor Hes- !" I was *rich* to-day.

And above all my rejoicing was another —the joy that I was glad. I had asked self through all the weary months, which med as nothing now, "How will it be en they come home? How will you greet m? How will you look on Tom Gilfil- 's wife?"

When it was all over, when there was hing more to do, I waited. I would not down to meet them when they came ore; I would wait here to welcome them. ldenly I remembered that this was not ir home; that it was not my Nan, but Tom filian's wife, for whom I had made ready, l her place was in the great house, above. t even this brought only joy. I thought h pride and pleasure of the great, grand ms thrown open, of the darkened windows' it, of Nan's little feet upon the soft car- s, of Nan's gowns trailing over the stairs, Nan's face framed and smiling down some from among the grim Gilfilians upon the ls—and I was glad, only glad, thank d!

There was a sound of wheels, and though at quite still and my heart forgot to beat istening, I would not turn. It will go by, hispered, it will go on to the great house the hill. And still while I held my breath as glad, only glad.

There was a ringing in my ears, the walls med to reel, the door was thrown wide en, and Tom Gilfilian stood before me with n in his arms. It brought back the night en father crossed the threshold with the g yellow hair of the child streaming to the or.

'Put me down, Tom, put me down, dear. t me walk to her, so!"

Oh! was this my Nan's voice, from which song had gone? were these my Nan's ncing feet which dragged along the floor? s it my Nan's happy face—wan and wast- now—that lay against my knee as she elt before me. "I've come home, Hester ar," she said.

## VI.

We laid her in my bed, my Nan, my little e. Oh, this was not the coming home for ich I had made ready! And there, week er week, she lay, and I knew that the le feet would never tread the soft carpets at the great house; their race was almost n.

"It rests me so to be here," she said one day. "Oh! Hester dear, you cannot know how the sea frightened me when it was angry." And she shuddered as she spoke. "And then those long days and weeks, when the ship lay like a dead thing on the shining water, and the sun glared down upon us red as blood, while the dreadful sharks played all around! It is good to be at home again." And saying that, she slept.

When she awoke it was to call for Tom. She took his brown, strong hand, and stroked it with her wan fingers. Then she reached out after mine and laid her cheek against it on the pillow. She had slept so, many a night years before, and remembering that, I cried. Not for her now, dear lamb—there had something come into her face for which I could not cry—but thinking of those other days long past and gone.

"You don't know how kind he has been to me," she said, taking her eyes from where they had rested on Tom's face, "nor how patient—and, Hester dear, I know it *all.*" And now her face was as that of no mortal woman, but like to an angel's.

"What do you know, dear?" I bent down to meet her voice.

"About you and Tom," she answered.

And when she said that I fell upon my knees and hid my face, while Tom turned away and groaned.

"I didn't know it, Hester," and she raised herself in the bed. "You'll believe me. I didn't know it when I went away. I've come home, dear, to tell you that. It came to me little by little in the long nights when I used to lie awake and dread to hear the water break against the ship. It all came to me then. But you'll forgive me; and you'll not begrudge me the little time I've been so happy."

"Oh, don't, don't!" I sobbed. God knows how willingly I would have lain down in her place!

"And I used to think of other things," she went on; "I've tried you sorely many a time, I've been a careless child."

"Oh! only a comfort—never a burden or a care."

"No, no!" she said, "I see it all. But I'd be a different child, Hester dear, if I could only begin again. *If I could only begin again.* Tom didn't ask me to go away with him."

Tom laid his hand across her lips.

"I want to tell her all," she said, removing it, "surely I may *now.* Oh! let me tell her that it was I who begged to go. I could not bear to stay behind. But I would not do so, dear, *if I could—only—begin again.*"

She nestled her cheek in my palm as though she were about to sleep. She raised Tom's hand from where it rested on her heart and laid it with mine; then, with her lips pressed close against it, and her dear eyes fixed on his, she "began again;" but oh! not *here.*

### VII.

We were rowing home in the twilight from the Point and Sandy Blane's wedding. I had no heart to go, and we left before the merry-making. But Sandy would have it that I should be there to see him married to the dear girl who was so like me, he had often said. Though, when I looked upon the bright, fresh face, and heard the merry voice, I could not see in what the likeness lay.

We were rowing home in the twilight—Tom and I—and as the darkness dropped down softly, hiding every point and sharp, bold rock, a peace fell with it which possessed my soul. I thought of Nan, upon whose resting-place the snows of five winters had fallen. Dear heart! she was not there; but somewhere, yet not far away, she waited till we came. Often she seemed so near that I thought a hand outstretched might touch her. To-night her trailing garments swept the water as we went on.

Of what she said that night when she lay dying no word had ever passed 'twixt T and me. He went away. He had but n returned. The romance of our lives v over, our love lay in our youth. He was longer young, and with me the summer a the spring were past. Only a day or tv and then the end. I clasped my hands fore me, and with my head thrown ba listened to the dipping oars and the sile which uttered words.

After a time I felt his eyes. Then spoke.

"Once when we were driving before a ga in coming home," he said, "as we seemed plunge into the sea, I saw the child rise fore me. Hester, she smiled. But wh we changed our course and turned to back she stood in the wake of the ship a sobbed and wrung her hands. What di mean?"

"It was a fancy," I answered; dream." And again the dipping oars me ured the silence between us.

He spoke again. "I've thought to g my place to Sandy, and so stay at home."

The water rippled through my fingers a dropped my hand. My heart was not qu dead. It throbbed at that. The spring a summer might be gone; but autumn h some sunny days, perhaps, for me.

He laid the oars across the boat. T shadows hid his face, but his hands, c stretched, clasped mine as the tide bore on.

## ASCENT OF GRAY'S PEAK.

Six hundred miles west of the Missouri, in the heart of Colorado, the Rocky Mountains culminate in Gray's Peak. Other peaks, it is true, dispute the supremacy of this lately measured giant among giants; but their claims to pre-eminence are based on bold guesses or uncertain measurement. So far as the facts are known, Gray's Peak overtops them all; and we who are about to scale its rugged sides, are happy in the belief that those pioneers of science,—the men of barometers and theodolites,—will find in all this wilderness of lofty summits no spot higher than that from which we hope to see the sun rise to-morrow morning.

Our guide is Charley Utter, who furnishes the twenty-eight saddle horses and the double wagon required by our somewhat numerous party. Dressed in his trapper-suit, Charley presents a figure well worth looking at.

Buckskin coat and pantaloons,—the la ornamented by a leather fringe and two br stripes of handsome bead-work; the for bordered with a similar fringe rimmed b band of otter fur, and embroidered on back and sleeves with many-colored bea the handiwork of a Sioux squaw, and a won ful specimen of Indian skill; vest of bu skin tanned with the hair on, and clas with immense bear-claws instead of butto pistol, knife, and tomahawk in belt, the b buckle of Colorado silver and very large broad-brimmed hat and stout moccasins these are the externals of this famous Ro Mountain guide. His personal traits shall have opportunity for studying by way.

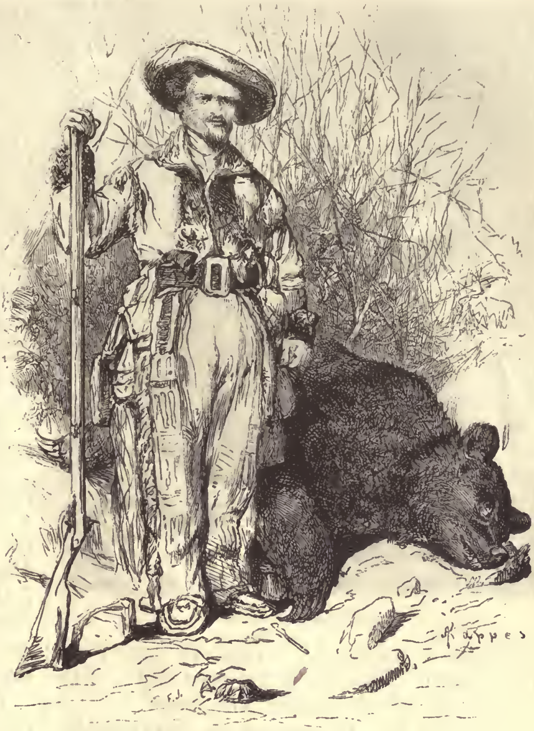
It is high noon before the ladies of company are lifted into their saddles fr off the big rocks which surround the pic e Barton House of Georgetown, and arty files up the main street of the toward the mountain, the wagon ng the way.

ne Vale of Chamouni serves as a t of departure for the Alpine tourist; ke manner, this valley of George- , Colorado, is a center from which nountain trails diverge to the regions e the clouds. It is shorter and very narrower than its European coun- rt, and six thousand feet higher above ea. On three sides it is closely shut the mountains (that is, the town , the fourth side abutting on the hills, miles distant. At the head of the y are two cañons cut through the tains by tributaries of Clear Creek. the road forks, the left branch strik- he base of the mountain and follow- he general course of the defile ; the , running along the bed of the adja- cañon. We of the wagon take the , allowing our team to walk slowly the tortuous defile, while the riders impatiently forward.

mewhat worn by previous travel, in of our party, myself among the er, have chosen to make the first of our trip a "straw ride," engaging ley's Pioneer Express for the purpose. me, over well-made level roads, a straw suggests unlimited jollity and no small nt of pleasure. On the steep and rocky of Colorado it is quite a different affair. clean, elastic cushion is very taking at but after crossing a score or more of river ms, jolting over innumerable stumps boulders, and climbing a steep hill or we find our straw and ourselves confus- heaped in the back end of the merciless -bottomed wagon, and our anticipated ort sadly lacking. The only way to a "straw ride" tolerable in these , is to get out and walk.

a turn in the road we come suddenly a primitive and altogether unexpected ate, whose large lettered warning of for non-payment of tolls is rendered tory by the absence of a keeper. Far- on we discover a man wearing a tin labeled Toll, doing special duty as mender. To our surprise he levies er toll nor fine. His friend "Commo- Decatur" is with our friends ahead, he us, and we enjoy free passage in conse- ce.

little more steep climbing and we reach ichest silver mine in the territory—the Terrible. Here we overtake our friends, who, after their lively gallop, are content to allow their horses to fall into an easy walk while they enjoy the beautiful scenery. In the front rank of the cavalcade rides a stranger whose general appearance is in singular contrast with that of the gentleman and lady on either side. Erect in his high pommeled Mexican saddle, firmly seated, and graceful in gesture, he seems a model of equestrianship. This must be the peripatetic toll-gate's "Commodore" we say, and hurry on to make a closer acquaintance with him. Our suspicions prove correct.

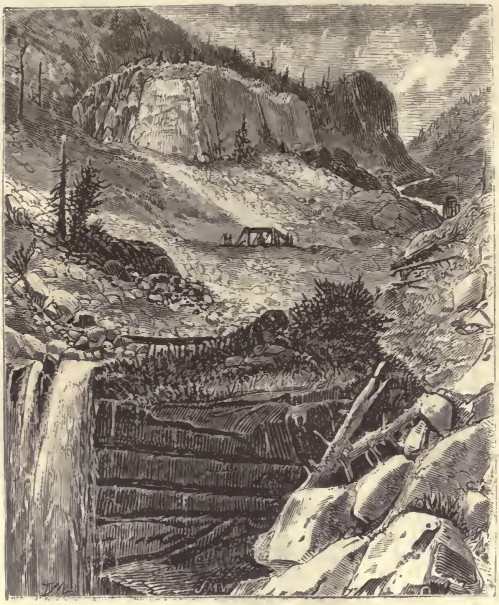

CHARLEY UTTER, THE GUIDE.

"I heard you were all going to climb Gray's Peak," he remarks, "and I thought I'd come along to help take care of the ladies."

His proffered services are cordially accepted, and a place is made for him in the straw, he gallantly exchanging his horse for a seat in the wagon to be near his adopted wards, who soon discover him to be a decided "character," and a very entertaining companion.

Soon after, another addition is made to our company.

"Well, Hamil, where to?" asks the Commodore as we overtake him on the road.



THE TERRIBLE LODE.

"How!" [short for How are you?] replies Hamil, "Bound for the post office. I'm postmaster of this district, you know."

Directly the postmaster — non-commissioned, I take it—stops at a large rock by the roadside, and, removing a flat stone, takes out a handful of letters.

"Anybody coming up from Georgetown," he explains, "just brings the letters for a few ranches hereabouts, and sticks them in here. We know where to look for them."

Making a nest in the straw for him, we invite our new acquaintance to join our expedition, which he consents to do on the assurance that we have blankets enough and to spare.

An hour of pleasant riding brings us to Bakerville, a promising town of two houses, where the advance of our party are already going into camp. We are anxious to go further but do not wish to desert our friends: it would hardly be politic; besides the provisions are in their saddle-bags, and to go on alone is to run a serious risk of missing our supper. The Commodore declines to express an opinion. Hamil advises us to press forward.

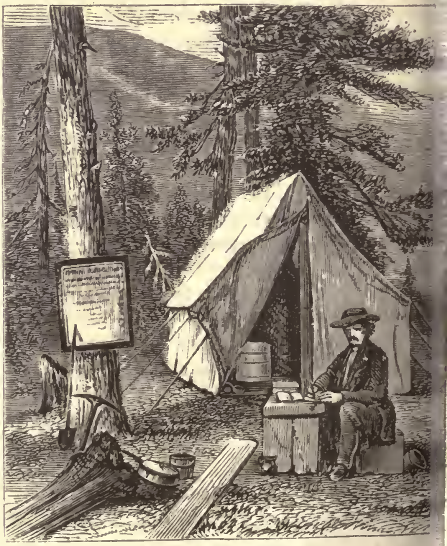
"You won't see sunrise from anywhere in particular if you stay here," he said, encouraging our doubting stomachs with the probability of getting something to eat in a miner's cabin at the foot of the mountain. Gaining a few recruits, we drive on, followed by cheerful shouts of "Babes in the wood!" "You'll lose your supper!" a
the like.

The laugh is soon on our side, howev
for the Commodore remounts his hor
and, significantly bidding the campers go
bye, trots off to join us. From Bakerville
Gray's Peak the road is very steep and sto
and all save the ladies walk most of the w
five miles at least, to relieve the jaded hors
The increasing rarity of the air tells alike
man and beast as we toil along, making
more than two miles an hour.

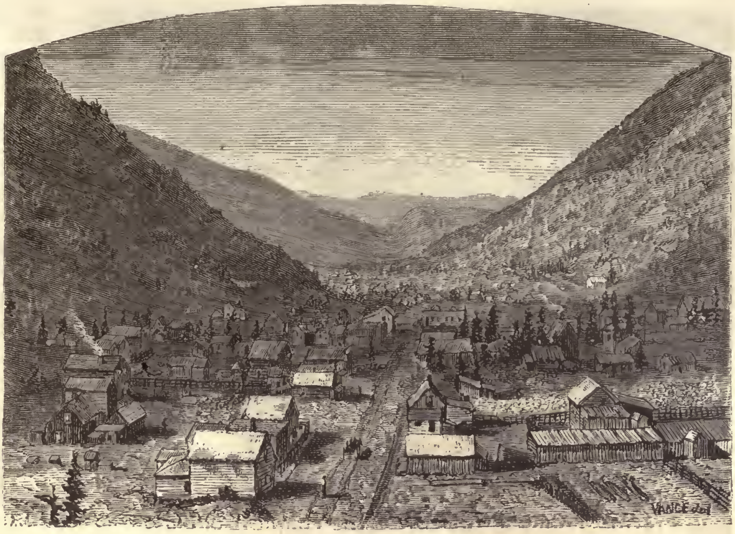
It is long past sunset when we draw n
our journey's end. Our tired horses h
stopped for a "blow" at the summit c
steep incline, when the dusky silence is b
ken by a shrill bark, almost human in its
miliar greeting, that echoes among the cra

"That's your supper-bell, ladies," the Co
modore remarks, and we push on again.
a little while we espy, through an opening
the timber, the "haven where we would b
Here among the mountains, twelve thous
feet above the sea, a few hardy miners h
come to dig for silver, and we are to thr
ourselves on their hospitality: what can t
offer us for supper?

Our welcome is the heartiest. Help
the ladies from the wagons, and showing
to the fire, our hosts place all they hav
our disposal with royal hospitality. Tha
to the fruit and vegetable canners, the la
of these isolated miners is amply stoc
with all the necessaries and not a few of
luxuries of a city kitchen; and before
rise from our supper of steak and vegetab



A ROCKY-MOUNTAIN TOLL-GATE.



GEORGETOWN.

coffee and biscuit
canned fruits, well
pared by a colored
k, we are quite
mored with frontier

n the Alps, two
ousand feet lower
n where we sit qui-
sipping our coffee
n the thermometer
5° Fah., we should
in a region of per-
ual snow. Mount
sta in the Sierra
vada, although no
her than Gray's
k, is clad with snow
ice a mile below
summit. Mount
shington, six thou-
l feet lower than
camp to-night, is often visited by snow-
ms in mid-summer. In Switzerland, but
tle farther north than this, the vine dis-
ears at an elevation of eighteen hundred
fifty feet, and only on the sunny slopes
alois can it live two thousand feet above
sea. Near the foot-hills in Colorado, at
eight of over five thousand feet, grapes
grown with comparative ease. At an ele-
on of about six thousand feet the high-
l zone of the Alps begins, the upper limit
rees; herds never go higher, nor are cha-
to be found beyond that line. Here in
Rocky Mountains, five thousand feet
er than that, we find large forest trees.
Georgetown, 8,450 feet above the sea,
v in summer would seem as strange as
he sunny pavements of New York.

ray's Peak, the topmost pinnacle of the
ra Madre, does not reach the line of
nal snows; and it is only within a thou-
l feet of its summit that snow lingers
in summer, and then only in deep ra-
s into which the sunshine rarely pene-
es.

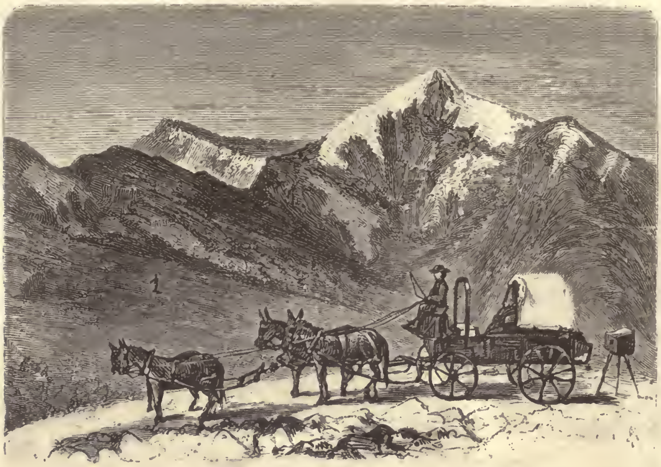
hat is the cause of this paradoxical cli-
e?

n the summits of several mountains which
visited in this range we found the trees,
cially the stunted nut-pines, inclining in
general direction and bare of branches
he opposite side, or having them twisted
nd toward the leaning direction of
trees. Our guide explained the pheno-
on as due to the persistence of the wind
ne direction; and as the trees lean to-
l the north, it is evident that the pre-
vailing winds are southerly. Coming thus for long distances over the dry and heated plains of Colorado and New Mexico, the wind is warm and dry; and to this cause probably the moderate climate of this region, and the absence of snow, are to be attributed.

Taking advantage of a deserted cabin, we set about making ourselves comfortable for the night. We pile fresh logs on the roaring fire and prepare for bed, hoping to get a little sleep before starting on our early morning tramp up the mountain. Suddenly the cabin door is flung open and the Commodore announces the approach of the company we left behind, who have reconsidered their decision and followed after us. We must go down to the settlement to welcome them. The supper-table and all the rest of the furniture have been turned out of doors, and our friends are busily preparing for a dance. The ladies of our company are the first that ever "nighted" on the mountains, and the occasion is too important not to be duly celebrated. Already one of the party is off on a five mile ride for a miner of local fame as a violinist. He returns with his prize in an incredibly short time, and the sound of revelry by night proclaims the opening of the ball.

Terribly jaded by our toilsome journey, we "pilgrims"—as the Easterners are called—find ourselves unequal to long indulgence in such violent amusement, and after a dance or two we return to our quiet cabin.

A couch of boughs has been made ready for the ladies, and they are soon snugly dis-



GRAY'S PEAK.

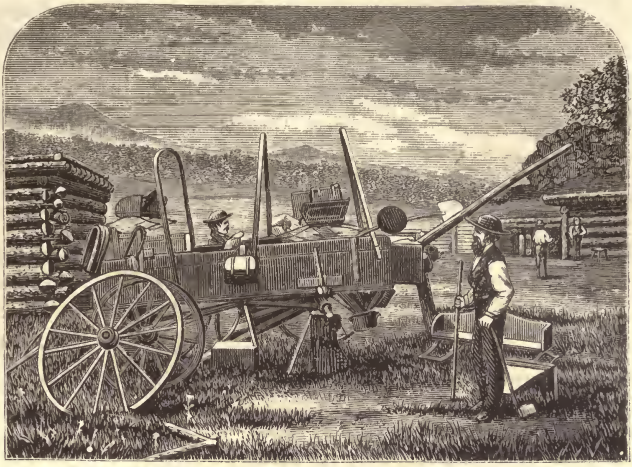
posed of for the night, or, rather, the couple of hours that remain for resting before we must be on our way again, if we hope to reach the summit before the sun. The gentlemen spread their blankets on the cabin floor or in the glare of the crackling fire of pine brush outside.

After a brief but refreshing sleep, we rise, saddle and water our horses, and proceed to awaken the ladies. They are up and ready, and in a few moments are mounted and on the way toward the main road. It is so dark we cannot see the trail; indeed we can scarcely follow the men who are exploring the way on foot. As we are blundering along through the bushes, thinking we must be near the road, a terrific whoop bursts upon the still night air, followed by the clattering tramp of invisible horses. The ladies scream, an ominous clicking of revolvers is heard, then a merry greeting of familiar voices. The Indian ambuscade of our startled imagination turns out to be only a bit of frontier humor from our friends at the miners' camp, who, fearing we might oversleep, have kindly volunteered to call us.

The darkness is intense. Nothing is visible on the mountain we are to climb but a few patches of slightly illuminated snow far ahead and above us. Trusting to brute instinct to keep the path, we press on, doubting often whether we are anywhere near the trail. My wife, unable to see an inch, imagines the road to be worse than it really is, and is constantly dreading the stumbling of her horse into some frightful abyss, as he plods unwillingly along, rolling and slipping among the loose stones in a manner that she declares to be sheer carelessness. At last she becomes too nervou endure it longer, and in on making the rest of the cent on foot. We are loss how to dispose of horse; but our friend Ha again offers his well-ti assistance, and volunteer return with the animal to camp. Glad to get rid of animal, yet sorry to lose pioneer postmaster's go natured companionship, file along once more, mak such progress as we can the darkness.

All nature sleeps, and d ly too, in this region of d lation. As we crawl al the stony trail the murmu of a mountain brook sounds faintly in the tance, as it leaps forward, heedless of blinding night; the lonely wail of an echoes among the rocks far below; all save the horses' trampling is still. Far ab a patch of snow reflects from its edge a b of silvery light. Is it the phosphores snow sometimes seen among the Alps night? The luminous border widens as ascend, until its secret is revealed. Thro the defile of a deep cañon the moon, hid f us, threw a flood of light on the snow- illuminating its whole expanse; but ow to our tortuous approach we could see the lower edge of the field at first, view widening as we advanced. Che with the thought that something of fam nature exists in this region of darkness desolation, we stumble along as fast as p ticable, until we reach a level space cov with hardy sage brush. We are now at foot proper of Gray's Peak. A rugged su loafed mass of rock rises from the deep ley on our left, and through the cañon b side the fast disappearing moon lights up precipitous peak we are about to scale. is not smooth like the walls of Yo-Semite, a ridge ending in a rocky pinnacle, but a fused mass of shattered rock. Original must have been a cluster of high, needle- cliffs or peaks, which, crumbled by time frost, have fallen piece by piece until not is left but their ruins. It is the stoniest s we have ever seen, with promise of the gedest climbing; still there are no glacie be crossed, no icy precipices to be scale the elevation would naturally imply; notwithstanding our immense altitude, re ration is not painful, nor even difficult.

As the moon sinks down, the ıck shadow creeps rapidly up e mountain, overtakes us, and on all but the very tip of the ak is shrouded in darkness. nce more in night, we toil uprd over the loose stones, ly pulling ourselves along m one projection to another. e second night, however, is short duration; before we ch the end of our toilsome ent, streaks of gray have ben to light up the ebon sky, l the birds of the valley have en the signal of awaking nae,—timid at first, melancholy ıost, but growing stronger l cheerier as the darkness es, until the clear air rings their sunrise song.



A BREAK-DOWN IN THE MOUNTAINS.

inking to the ground at almost every , prostrated by fatigue in spite of our uent rests, we climb on till we reach the mit.

s shown in the engraving (from a photoph taken 14,000 feet above the sea) this ntain is double-headed. The peak on left is Gray's, the opposing rocky summit g known as Evan's Peak. Even the topt summits of these peaks are bare of w, or only spotted with it here and there eep gorges, sheltered from the sun. At period of our ascent have we felt the test inconvenience from cold, though no more warmly than customary in rgetown. Here on the summit the thermeter (in August) indicates a tempere of 45° Fah. At an equal elevation e Alps the rocks are buried hundreds eet under everlasting snow. The bracing air restores our sunken energies with wonderful rapidity, while the sense of victory, and an exciting prospect, make us forget our weariness—everything indeed save the brightening east. There is no twilight in these elevated regions, no dense and vaporous atmosphere to refract the light, no clouds to reflect the descending sea of radiance. The day does not dawn; it *breaks*, the sun cleaving the horizon as by a single stroke. Standing on the stony ridge of the summit, ten feet wide by perhaps thirty long, we overlook a sea of mountains whose barren crests are lighted up one by one as morning descends. By degrees the shadows are driven from the valleys, and the broad mountain-parks, thousands of acres in extent, appear in the distance like tiny patches of bright green moss. Toward the east, the outstretched plains lie in calm repose like the quiet waters of a great sea.

# A VISIT TO THE BIRTHPLACE OF WHITTIER.

ARLY this morning,—a veritable midsum- morning,—we started on a pilgrimage ne home of Whittier's childhood,—the where the scene of "Snow-Bound" is Already the heat was intense, and we ded the moment when the sun should k through the low clouds behind which ill lingered, and bend his fiery gaze full ı us. There was an almost noonday ıess in the air—

"No bird-song floated down the hill,
The tangled bank below was still;
No rustle from the birchen stem,
No ripple from the water's hem."

And as we drove slowly along we felt the keenness of the contrast between this noon of summer and that "brief December day" described in the beautiful winter poem. To-day no

"——hard, dull bitterness of cold,
That checked, mid-vein, the circling race
Of life-blood in the sharpened face,
The coming of the snow-storm told."

Nor did we look out upon

"A universe of sky and snow,"

but upon green hills and luxuriant woods and sparkling streams, and fields of varying hues of green and gold and red and brown, over which now and then the sunlight gleamed, and lovely cloud-shadows, spirit-like, softly came and went. To one who likes a tropical degree of heat, life is very rich and bright on such a day as this. Cares and sorrows are forgotten for a time, or, if they do cross the mind, they are even as fleeting as those cloud-shadows, and leave no deeper impression.

We drove among pleasant hills, with frequent glimpses of the "shining Merrimack," and through the beautiful Bradford woods, so rich in ferns and fragrant pines, coming out at last upon the streets of quiet old Bradford town. Straightway loomed up before us the famous Seminary, a great unsightly mass of red brick, without a tree or shrub near enough to tone down its glare in the fierce noonday sun. But we forgot its ugliness when we entered the spacious, airy halls, and viewed with delight from its windows the scenes and places which Whittier has made so familiar to us—"the homes of Haverhill," the "Mountain-born" Merrimack, the lakes, the Bradford woods, the hills —not "bleak" now, but green and fair, and softened by a faint purple haze.

We entered our carriage again and drove over an old bridge which crosses the Merrimack, and is most carefully and provokingly covered so as to shut out completely the view of the lovely river. Then we found ourselves in the business street of Haverhill, which would be as uninteresting as business streets usually are, were it not for its fine City Hall, which has a wonderful clock whose "deep sepulchral tones" quite startled us as they fell solemnly upon our ears.

Thence along pleasanter and shadier streets and through roads beautiful with locust-trees, until we came within sight of Kenoza Lake, to which Whittier gave its musical Indian name, instead of that of "Great Pond," as it had formerly been called. Kenoza is the Indian name for pickerel. The lake—

"Fair mirror of the woods and skies"—

is very lovely—so calm and peaceful, sleeping in the embrace of the wooded hills.

Dr. J. R. Nichols, a scientific and literary man of note in this region, and a friend of the poet, has a fine place on the shore of the lake. We drove through his grounds, up a winding road, getting constant glimpses of the lake midst the noble trees, reaching at last the summit of a hill from which the vi
was beautiful. At our feet lay the lake, o
which one or two little boats floated dreami
near by the picturesque towns of Bradf
and Haverhill nestled among the woods a
hills, which stretched away on every si
Driving slowly down, we turned again a
again for a last look at the lake. Very
ting is the poet's description :—

"Kenoza, o'er no sweeter lake
Shall morning break or noon-cloud sail !
No fairer face than thine shall take
The sunset's golden veil.

"Long be it ere the tide of trade
Shall break with harsh-resounding din
The quiet of thy banks of shade,
And hills that fold thee in.

"Still let thy woodlands hide the hare,
The shy loon sound his trumpet note;
Wing-weary from his fields of air,
The wild-goose on thee float.

"Thy peace rebuke our feverish stir,
Thy beauty our deforming strife;
Thy woods and waters minister
The healing of their life."

As we rode on the roads grew wilder
more solitary, until at last we came upo
little school-house, old and brown. H
was kept the "ragged winter school" wl
Whittier attended in his boyhood.

"Still sits the school-house by the road,
A ragged beggar sunning;
Around it still the sumachs grow,
And blackberry vines are running.

"Within, the master's desk is seen,
Deep-scarred by raps official,
The warping floor, the battered seats,
The jack-knife's carved initial;

"The charcoal frescoes on its wall;
Its door's worn sill, betraying
The feet that, creeping slow to school,
Went storming out to playing !"

The "cracked and crazy wall" seems
repaired, but through the windows we
that festoons of evergreen, long since w
ered, adorned the "smoked and dingy roo
We fancied that we could see the poet a
describes himself—a school-boy,—

"His cap pulled low upon a face
Where pride and shame were mingled."

while near him, with

"——— tangled golden curls,
And brown eyes full of grieving,"

stood the charming child whose gentle h
was pained because she had "spelt
word" and "gone above him."

"Still memory to a gray-haired man
That sweet child-face is showing.
Dear girl ! the grasses on her grave
Have forty years been growing !

"He lives to learn, in life's hard school,
How few who pass above him
Lament their triumph and his loss,
Like her,—because they love him."

eaving the school-house, a short drive ught us to the old homestead which ow-Bound" and the pictures have made amiliar,—a low, brown wooden house, the k part painted red, standing close to the l. In front is a fine large ash tree. We not see the old well-sweep which is in picture. Across the road are the barn sheds and a little workshop. We mped out" for several hours in a field r the house, under a large oak tree. and e to the pretty little murmuring brook of "Barefoot Boy."

"Laughed the brook for my delight
Through the day and through the night,
Whispering, at the garden wall,
Talked with me from fall to fall."

e lay on the grass and listened to its sant voice, and tried to imagine the t, a rosy-cheeked, curly-headed, "Bare- Boy," dabbling in its clear waters. And wished that the blessed gift of health ht again be granted him as in that happy , his

"—— boyhood's time of June."

The place was so lovely, the associations were so interesting, that we were loath to leave—the grass was so green, the brook so sweet-voiced. The air was full of warm, delightful summer sounds;—the drowsy hum of bees, the shrill cry of the locust, the distant lowing of cows. We looked and listened, and dipped into *Wake-Robin*, and dreamed dreams, and sang snatches of song.

We cooled our hands and faces in the brook, in which one of the party also cooled his feet, sitting in a most picturesque attitude on its brink and laughingly dubbing himself a "barefoot boy." We gathered lovely ferns which grew on the edge, and pressed them in *Wake-Robin;* then we sauntered to the house, and, standing on "the door-stone gray and rude," begged for a draught of cold water, which was graciously granted us in a tin dipper of astonishing dimensions. In the clear cold water we drank to the health and happiness of the poet dearest to our hearts.

Then our good and patient steed, who had been beguiling himself in a shady nook, was harnessed to the carriage again, and we drove slowly homeward in the pleasant afternoon sunshine.

# FOUND WANTING.

w long wilt thou the mock remain
f dwarfs who leave thee thus behind?
can heroic mould contain
lesser soul than pigmy-kind!
t thou have lived through manhood's prime,
et not have known what living meant?
he grand battle of thy time
o blow have struck, no aid have lent?

u sittest nerveless in the dust,
nmindful of the glorious fray:
lected in their scabbard rust
he weapons that should cut thy way.
hine own untried strength afraid,
or daring to be wholly great,
u offerest, for thine idle blade,
he coward's facile plea of fate.

Fate! what is fate? weak chance, that holds
Distrustful purpose in its bands:
A spider's web, whose flimsy folds
Are spun about a giant's hands!
Wouldst thou but once essay the might,
The godlike stature given thee,
Swift as a strong flame to its height
Thou shouldst leap up erect and free.

But fear the fate thyself may make!
For custom's quicksand yet can drown,
And thine own powers, ungoverned, take
Rebellious force to drag thee down.
Bethink thee that the giant's weight
Sinks lower than the pigmy can;
And tremble, lest heroic state
Dwindle to something less than man!

# AT HIS GATES.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

"It is vanity, my dear, vanity. You must not set your mind upon it," said Mrs. Haldane.

"Oh, but it was delightful," said Norah, "it was wonderful! if you had been there yourself you would have liked it as much as I did. Everybody looked so nice, and everybody *was* so nice, Mrs. Haldane. A thing that makes every one kind and pleasant and smiling must be good, don't you think so? We were all as amiable, as charming, as fascinating as ever we could be."

"And whom did you dance with?" said Miss Jane.

"I danced with everybody. It is quite true. You cannot think how kind the people were. When we went in first," said Norah, with a laugh and a blush, "I saw so many strange faces, I was afraid I should have no dancing at all; so I whispered to Charlie Dalton, 'Do take me out for the next dance, Charlie!' and he nodded to say yes. I suppose it was dreadfully wrong and ignorant; but I did so want to have a good dance!"

"Well, then, that is one," said practical Miss Jane, beginning to count on her fingers.

"Oh, no! it is not one at all. Mr. Rivers came and asked me, and I forgot all about Charlie. He forgot too, I suppose; for I did not dance with him the whole evening. And then there was Ned, and young Mr. Howard, and Captain Douglas, and Mrs. Dalton's brother, and—I told you, everybody; and, to be very grand, Lord Merewether himself at the end."

"Lord Merewether!" Miss Jane was deeply impressed, and held the finge which she had counted this potentate full minute. "Then, Norah, my dear, had the very best of the great county fol

"Yes," said Norah, "it was very only he was a little—stupid. And then again, and Mr. Rivers; Mr. Rivers always coming; mamma made me say I engaged. It did not turn out to be for some gentleman always came to ask but one always shows it in one's face one says a thing that is not quite true."

"Oh, Norah!" said Mrs. Haldane, not that just what I told you? Do think anything can be good or right young girl in a Christian land that makes say what is not quite true? There ma no harm in the dancing by itself, thoug my day we were of a different way of th ing; but to tell—lies——"

"Not lies, mother," said Stephen. "W Norah told Mr. Rivers she was enga he understood, of course, that she did want to dance with him."

"Well," said Norah slowly, "I know. To tell the very, very truth, I want very much to dance with him. dances like an angel—at least, I don't k how an angel dances—Oh, please don't so shocked, Mrs. Haldane; I did not m any harm. He is just simply delightfu dance with. But mamma thought somet —I don't know what. It is etiquette, know; a girl must not dance very often one man."

"And who is this Mr. Rivers?" said phen. "Is he as delightful in other ways

"Don't you remember?" said Norah. is so funny nobody seems to remember me. When we came here first, he was too, and mamma and I met him one da our own old home in London. Mr. Step I am sure I have told you; the boy, I to call him, that was on our side."

"Ah, I remember now," said Step "and he seems to be on your side still, what you say. But who is he, Norah, what is he, and why did he want to dan often with you?"

"As for that," said Norah, laughing suppose he liked me too; there was not other reason. He is so handsome!—jus actly like the hero in a novel. The mo I saw him I said to myself, 'Here is the h He is almost too handsome: dark, with that curls all over his head, and the most beautiful dark eyes. You never saw such beautiful eyes! Oh, I am not speaking because I like him. I think I should almost like him better if he was not quite so—don't you know? If I were writing a novel, I should take him for the hero. I should make everybody fall in love with him—all the ladies, one after another. When one sees a man like that in real life," said Norah, with gravity, "it puts one directly on one's guard."

"Are you on your guard, Norah?" said Stephen, with a smile. The incipient fun in his eyes was, however, softened by a tenderer alarm, a wistful curiosity. The child! Since poor Drummond used to call her so, regarding her as the child *par excellence*—the type and crown of childhood—this was the name that had seemed most appropriate to Norah. And it meant so much—not only Robert's child, who was gone, and had left her to the love of his friends, but the very embodiment of youth and innocence—the fresh, new life, to be made something better of than any of the older lives had been. Should she, too, fall just into the common snare—just into the vulgar pitfalls, as everybody did? The thought disturbed her self-appointed guardian—her father's friend.

"Me!" said Norah, and her colour rose, and she laughed, with a light in her eyes which had not been there before. It was not the glance of rising excitement, as Stephen feared, but only a merry glow of youthful temerity —that daring which loves to anticipate danger. "Oh, what fun it would be! But no, Mr. Stephen; oh, no! that was not what I meant in the least. I am not that sort of girl. Mr. Rivers," she added, with a certain solemnity, "had something to do with that bank, you know. I don't know what he had to do with it. He is Lord Rivers's son, and it is to talk over that that he is coming to see mamma."

"Oh, to talk over that!" said Stephen, half amused.

"Yes, to talk it over," said Norah, with great gravity; and then she made a sudden leap from the subject. "The Merewethers are all staying at the great house — the marchioness herself, and Lord Merewether, and the girls; I think they are very nice girls. But, oh! Miss Jane, I must tell you one thing; she had on her diamonds. I never saw diamonds before. They are like light. They change, and they glimmer, and they make little rainbows. I never saw anything so beautiful! They are like a quantity of dewdrops when the sun is shining— only you never could get dewdrops to keep still in one place."

"And I suppose they are worth a mint of money," said Miss Jane, with a sigh of admiration. "I have never seen them but in the shops, Norah; but I don't think I should like to wear as much as would keep half-a-dozen poor families round my neck."

Norah paused doubtfully, not feeling equal to this question.

"I suppose they belong to the family, and she dare not sell them, and then, perhaps— Would God have made diamonds if He did not mean people to wear them?" she asked, with hesitation. "Oh, do you know, I think I should like so much to wear them, if they were mine!"

"Ah, my dear," said old Mrs. Haldane, "see how vanity comes into the mind. Yesterday you had never thought of diamonds; now you would like—you know you would like—to have them; and from that to trying to get them is but a step, Norah, but a step—if you don't mind."

"I could only try to get them by stealing them," said Norah; "and, after all, I don't care so much as that. Besides, girls don't wear diamonds. But I'll tell you what I should like. I should like to take those lovely things of the marchioness's, and put them upon mamma."

"There, I told you!" said the old lady. "Norah, don't go to these places any more. You have begun to covet them in your heart."

"Oh, how beautiful mamma would look in them!" cried Norah. "Mr. Stephen, is it vanity to admire one's mother? I suppose it must be really; for if there is anything in the world that belongs to you, of course it is your mother. I think mamma is beautiful: even in her black silk, made square, and not so fresh as it once was, she was the most beautiful in the room—I don't mean pretty, like us girls. And if I could have put her into black velvet instead, with lovely lace, like Mrs. Burton's, and the marchioness's diamonds—oh!" cried Norah, expanding in her proud imagination, "she would have been like a queen!"

"Oh, Norah, Norah!" cried Mrs. Haldane, shaking her head.

"And so she would," said Stephen. "Norah is quite right."

He spoke low, and there was a melancholy tone in his voice. He was thinking sadly how she had been buried like himself in the middle of her days—shut out from all those triumphs and glories which are pleasant to a woman. A less human-hearted man in Stephen Haldane's position would no doubt have pronounced it happy for Helen that she was thus preserved from vanity and vainglory. But he had learned to feel for all the deprivations of life. This was what he was really thinking, but not what he was supposed to think. Miss Jane gave a glance of her eye at him from her sewing, half-indignant, half-sorrowful. She had fancied something of the sort often, she said to herself. Stephen, poor Stephen! who could never have a wife, or any other love different from her own. She thought that the other woman whom she had admitted in all the confidence of friendship had stolen from him her brother's heart.

"Well, and if she had," said Miss Jane, with some sharpness, "what good would that have done her? I never heard that to be like a queen made anybody the happier yet."

"I was not thinking of what made her happier," said Norah, coming behind Miss Jane's chair, and stealing an arm round her neck, "but of what would make *me* happier. Shouldn't you like to have everything that was nice for Mrs. Haldane and Mr. Stephen, even if they didn't want it? Oh, I know you would! and so should I."

"You coaxing child! you would make one swear black was white! What has that to do with lace and diamonds?" said Miss Jane; but she was vanquished, and had no more to say.

"Mary and Katie were in white tarletane," said Norah. "They looked so pretty! Clara looked very much the same. You can't have much better than fresh white tarletane, you know; only she had the most beautiful silk underneath, and heaps of ornaments. She is so big she can stand a great deal of decoration; but it would not have done for any of us little things. How anxious I used to be to grow big!" Norah went on. "Now, on the whole, I think it is best not; one does not take up so much room; one does not require so much stuff for a dress; one can do without a great many things. If I had been as big as Clara, now, for instance, I never could have done with those little bits of bracelets and mamma's one string of pearls."

"So you see good comes from evil," said Stephen, with a smile.

"Oh, Stephen, don't talk so to encourage the child! With your upbringing, Norah, and with all the advantages you have had, to give up your mind to such follies! If I were your poor mamma——"

"She is saying nothing wrong, mother," said Miss Jane. "It *is* a great gain to Norah, you know, that she is little, and can get a pretty dress out of twelve yards of stuff, when Clara Burton takes twenty. That is thrift, and not vanity. I am very glad you are little, Norah; big women are always in the way. That Clara Burton, for instance—if she were in a small house she would fill it all up; there would not be room for any one else What does Mr. Rivers see in her, I wonder She is not half so nice as some people I know."

"Mr. Rivers?" said Norah.

"Yes, my dear. They say it is almost a settled thing between the two families. She will have quantities of money, and he will be Lord Rivers when his father dies. They say that is why he is here."

It did not matter anything to Norah. She did not care; why should she? Her very admiration of him had been linked with a gibe. He was too handsome; he was a man out of a book. Nevertheless, she looked at Miss Jane for a moment aghast. "The boy that was on our side!" she said to herself.

"Who are *they*, and what do they know about it?" said Stephen. "People don't make such arrangements nowadays. If this were intended, you may be sure nothing at all would be said."

Stephen made this little speech partly out of a real regard for Norah's cheerfulness, which he thought was affected, and partly to rouse her to self-defence.

"But it would be quite nice," said Norah, recovering her dismay. "Oh, how funny it would be to think of one of us being married! It should be Clara the first; she is the youngest, but she is the biggest, and she was always the one who would be first, you know. She is very, very handsome, Miss Jane. You never were fond of Clara; that is why you don't see it. It would be the very thing!" cried Norah, clapping her hands. "She is not one of the girls that would go and make him vain, falling in love with him. She will keep him in his right place; she will not let him be the hero in the novel. The only thing is, I am a little disappointed—though it is very foolish and stupid; for of course all that is over long ago, and Clara is like my sister; and if Mr. Burton was wicked, I hope he has repented. But still, you know, I have always thought of Mr. Rivers as one that was on our side."

"Hush, child!" cried Miss Jane. "Don't be the one to keep up old quarrels. That is all over now, and we have no sides."

"So I suppose," said Norah; "but I feel little as if he were a deserter. I wonder if Clara likes him. I wonder if—— It is all so very funny! One of us girls! But I must go now to mamma. Mr. Stephen, I will come back in the evening, and tell you what mamma thinks, and if Mr. Rivers had anything to tell her—that is, if he comes today."

And Norah ran away unceremoniously, without leave-taking. She was the child of both the households. Sometimes she went and came a dozen times in a day, carrying always a little stream of youth and life, and freshness into the stagnant places. Stephen laid down his book with a smile at the sight of her; he took it up now with a little sigh. He had sat there all these six years, a motionless, solemn figure, swept aside from the life of man, and Norah's comings and goings had been as sweet to him as if she had been his own child. Now he feared that a new chapter of life was opening, and it moved him vaguely, with an expectation which was mingled with pain; for any change must bring pain to him. To others there would be alternations—threads twisted of dark and bright, of good and evil; but to him in his chair by the window, no change, he felt, could bring anything but harm.

"Oh, mamma," said Norah, rushing into the drawing-room at the other side of the house, "fancy what I have just heard! They say it is all but settled that Clara is to marry Mr. Rivers. They say that is why he is here."

"It is very likely, dear," said Helen. "I thought something of that kind must be intended from what I saw last night."

"What did you see, mamma? How odd I should never have thought of it! I feel a little disappointed," said Norah; "because, you know, I always made up my mind that he was on our side."

"We don't want him on our side," said Mrs. Drummond, with a decision which surprised her daughter. "And, Norah, I am glad you have spoken to me. Be sure you don't forget this when you meet Mr. Rivers: he is very agreeable, and he seems very friendly; but you must take care never to say anything, or to let him say anything, that you would not wish Clara to hear."

Norah paused, and looked at her mother with considerable bewilderment. "How very strange of you to say this, mamma! How very disagreeable—never to say anything, nor let him say anything! But I should hate to have Clara, or any one, listening to all I say. I will not talk to him at all. I will close my lips up tight, and never say a word. I suppose that will be best."

"Not to-day, however," said Mrs. Drummond; "for I see him coming, Norah. You must be as you always are—neither opening your mouth too much, nor closing it up too tight."

"I hate the *juste milieu*," said naughty Norah; but at that moment the door-bell rang, and, before she could speak again, Mr. Rivers was shown in, looking more like the hero of a novel than ever. He was tall, slender, well-proportioned. He had those curls about his temples which go to a girl's heart. He had the most ingratiating nose, the beautifullest eyes. "For one thing," said Norah to herself savagely, "Clara will not go and fall in love with him and make him vain!" Clara had too great an opinion of herself; she was not likely to be any man's worshipper. There was consolation in that.

"It is a long time since we met," Mr. Rivers said; "but you must pardon me for thrusting myself upon you all at once, Mrs. Drummond. I have never forgotten what passed when I saw you last. I doubt whether I ought to speak of it after all these years."

"Perhaps it is better not," said Helen.

"Perhaps; but I should like to say one thing—just one thing. I do not know if you thought my father to blame. He is a quiet man; he never makes any public appearance; he was a sufferer only. He had nothing to do with the bank. He was one of those who were wronged, not of those who did the wrong."

"I have always known that," said Mrs. Drummond; and then there was a pause. ("He is on our side still," Norah thought to herself; but her mother changed the subject abruptly.) "The children have all grown up since you were here. Time has made more change upon them than upon you."

"Do you think so?" said the hero. "I am not sure. Time has made a great deal of difference in me. I am not half so sure of the satisfactoriness of life and the good qualities of the world as I used to be. I suppose it is a sign that age is coming on; whereas these young people, these fairy princes and princesses, who were babies when I was here——"

At this point Norah was seized with one of those irrestrainable, seductive laughs which lead the spirit astray. "Oh, I beg your pardon," she said; "but I was puzzled to think how poor, dear Ned could be a fairy prince! He is such a dear fellow, and I am so fond of him; but Prince Charmant, mamma!"

"If he is a dear fellow, and you are fond of him, I should think it did not matter much whether he looked like Prince Charmant or not," said Mr. Rivers; and then he added, with a smile—"There are other kinds of princes besides Charmant. Riquet, with the tuft, for instance; and he with the long nose——"

Now Ned, poor fellow, had a long nose. He had not grown up handsome, and Norah was strongly conscious of the fact. She felt that she had been the first to laugh at him, and yet she hated this stranger for following her example. She grew very red, and drew herself up with the air of an offended queen.

"They all got *charmant* at the last," she said stiffly; "that is better than beginning by being *charmant*, and turning out very disagreeable in the end."

Mrs. Drummond gave her daughter a warning glance. "It was a pretty party last night," she said; "I hope you liked it. We thought it very grand; we have so little gaiety here."

"Was it gaiety?" said the young man. "I suppose it was; but a ball is always rather a solemn affair to me, especially when you are staying in the house. The horror that comes over you lest you have danced with some one you ought not to have danced with, or left some one whom you ought. I broke away for a little while last night when I saw you, and went in for simple pleasure—but duty always drags one back at the end."

"Duty at a ball! Why it is all pleasure," cried Norah. "It may be foolish and frivolous, or it may even be—wrong; but I never was so happy in my life."

Then the hero of romance turned upon her, and smiled. "You told me it was your first ball," he said; "and that, I suppose, would naturally make it look like Paradise."

"It was very nice," said Norah. His smile and his look drove her back into the shelter of commonplace. Somehow when he looked at her, her energy seemed to turn into exaggeration, and her natural fervour into pretence. Then she plunged into the heart of a new subject with all a child's temerity. "Don't you think Clara is very handsome?" she said.

Mr. Rivers did not shrink from a reply. "She is very handsome—if she knew how to dress."

"Dress! why, she had the lovelies dress——"

"It was all white and puffy—like yours," he said. "Fancy that girl having no mor perception than to dress herself like you What has she to do with shadows, and clouds and mystery? She should be in heavy silk or satins, like the Juno she is."

Norah did not quite make out what thi meant; whether it was the highest admira tion or a covert sneer. She took it fo granted it must be the former. "Yes; know she is like a Juno," she said, somewha doubtfully; adding, with a slightly falterin tone, "and she is very nice too."

"She is your cousin, Norah," said Mrs Drummond quietly; and then the child grew redder than ever, and felt herself put on he defence.

"I did not mean to gossip, mamma. don't know what Mr. Rivers likes to talk about. When any one is quite a stranger how can you tell, unless you are very, very clever, what to talk about? And then I have been with Mr. Stephen, telling them all abou the ball. It is in my head. I can't think of anything else. How pretty the Mere wether girls are! Oh, I beg your pardon I did not mean to go back to the same subject. But I had to tell *them* everything —what people were there, and whom I danced with, and——"

"Mr. Stephen always encourages your chatter," said Helen, with a smile.

"What a sensible man Mr. Stephen must be! May I know who he is?" said young Rivers; and thus a new topic presented itself. Stephen Haldane's name and his story brought up an unintentional reference to the misfortunes which linked the two households together, and which had given Cyril Rivers a certain hold upon them. When this chance was afforded him, he told them, very simply and shortly, what sacrifices his father had made; how he had mortgaged some of his property, and sold some, and was living very quietly now, in retirement, till his children were all educated. "I am sent out into the world, to see how it looks after the waters have abated," he said, laughing. "I have got to find out how the land lies, and if there is any green showing above the flood; but I don't know whether I am most likely to turn out the raven or the dove."

"Oh, I should like to find an olive leaf for you to fly back with!" said Norah, obeying her first impulse, in her foolish way. Mrs. Drummond looked at him very gravely, without any of her daughter's enthusiasm.

"Mr. Rivers must find the olive leaf in some warmer corner," she said. "They don't grow in our garden, Norah. We have none to give."

"That is true," said the heedless girl; "but, if the olive would do, Mr. Rivers, there is one in the conservatory at the great house—a poor, little, wee, stunted thing; but there is one, I know."

Did she mean it? or was it mere innocence, heedlessness? It was not wonderful if Cyril Rivers was puzzled, for even Mrs. Drummond could not make quite sure.

### CHAPTER XXVII.

It was natural that there should be nothing talked about that morning throughout Dura except the ball. All the young people were late of getting up, and they were all full of the one subject—how this one and that one looked; how Charlie haunted Clara all the evening; how young Mr. Nicholas, the curate, whom decorum kept from waltzing, stood mournfully and gazed at Mary Dalton through all the round dances. Things were getting very serious between Mary and Mr. Nicholas; though waltzing was such a temptation to her, poor child, and though she had plenty of partners, she sat still half the evening out of pity for the curate's wistful eyes; and yet he had been ungrateful all the same, and reproachful on the way home. Katie Dalton, to her own great comfort, was still quite loverless and hampered by nobody's looks. "I would not put up with it," she said to her sister; "because a man chooses to make himself disagreeable, can you not be allowed to enjoy yourself? It is not so often we have a dance. I should let him know very plainly, if it were me."

"Oh, Katie dear," said her sister, "you don't know what you would do if it were you."

"Well, then, I am very glad it isn't me. I hate parsons!" cried Katie. This was but a specimen of the commotion made by the ball. The sudden incursion of quantities of new people into the limited little society in which everybody had appropriated a companion to his or herself was at the first outset as disagreeable as it was bewildering. The Dura boys and girls had each a sore point somewhere. They had each some reproaches to make, if not audibly, yet in their hearts. Norah and Katie, who were quite fancy-free, were the only ones who had received no wound. At the moment when Mr. Rivers sat in the drawing-room at the Gatehouse, Ned and Clara Burton were walking down the avenue together, discussing the same subject. They were both of them somewhat sulky; and both with the same person. It was Norah who had affronted both the brother and sister; and to Clara, at least, the affront was doubly bitter, from her consciousness of the fact that, but for the kindness, nay, charity, of the Burtons, Norah never could have come into such a scene of splendour at all. Clara was her father's child, and this was a thing which she never forgot.

"I have never been so fond of Norah Drummond as the rest of you were," she said. "I think she is a heartless little thing. I am sure what she and her mother want is to be revenged on us because we are so much better off. I am sure papa thinks so. It is the shabbiest, the most wretched thing in the world, to hate people because they are better off."

"Trust to you girls for imputing bad motives," said Ned. He was very sulky, and rather unhappy, and consequently ready to quarrel with his best friend. In his heart he had no such bad opinion of "girls;" but at this moment he felt that nothing was too disagreeable to be said.

"We girls know better what we are about a great deal than you do," said Clara. "We see through things. Now that you begin to have your eyes opened about Norah Drummond, I may speak. She is a dreadful little flirt. I have seen it before, though you never did. Why, I have seen her even with Mr. Nicholas; and she asked Charlie Dalton to dance with her last night—*asked* him! Would any girl do that who had a respect for herself, or cared for what people think?"

"Did Charlie tell you?" said Ned with deeper wrath and wretchedness still. "She never asked me," he said to himself; though he would have been ready to dance himself half dead in her service had she but taken the trouble to ask.

"I heard her," said Clara; "and then, as soon as something better came, she forgot all about Charlie. She made Cyril Rivers dance with her, claiming acquaintance because she met him once when we were all little. Ned, I would never think of that girl more, if I were you. In the first place, you know it never could come to anything. Papa would not allow it—a girl without a penny, without any position even, and all that dreadful story about her father!"

"The less we say of that dreadful story the better," said Ned.

"Why? We have nothing to do with it—except that papa has been so very kind. I don't think it is wise to have poor relations near," said Clara. "You are obliged to take some notice of them; and they always hate you, and try to come in your way. I know mamma was quite wild to see you, the very first thing—before you had danced with Lady Florizel, or any one—taking Norah out."

"Mamma is too sensible to think anything about it," said Ned.

"You may suppose so, but I know to the contrary. Mamma was very anxious you should be attentive to Lady Florizel. We are rich, but we have not any connections to speak of; only rich people, like poor grandpapa. I don't mean to say I am not very fond of grandpapa; but the exhibition he always makes of himself at those meetings and things, and the way he throws his money away—money that he ought to be saving up for us. Papa says so, Ned! Why should you look so fierce at me?"

"Because it is odious to hear you," said Ned. "You have no right to repeat what papa says—if papa does say such things. I hope my grandfather will do exactly what he likes with his money. I am sure he has the best right."

"Oh, that is all very well," said Clara. "*I* never had college debts to be paid. It suits you to be so independent, but it is chiefly you that the rest of us are thinking of. You know we have no connections, Ned. Grandpapa and his Dissenters are enough to make one ill. If he had only been philanthropic, one would not have minded so much; but fancy having, every month or two, Mr. Truston from the chapel to dinner! So you are bound to make a high marriage when you marry."

"I wish, Clara, you would talk of things you understand. I marry—is it likely?" said Ned.

"Very likely—if you ask Lady Florizel. Papa would not ask you to go into the business, or anything. Oh, I know! He does not say much about his plans, but he cannot hide a great deal from me. But you spoil it all, Ned," said Clara severely. "You put everything wrong, and make your own people your enemies. Instead of seeing how nice and how sweet and how charming the right young lady is, you go and throw yourself away on Norah Drummond—who leaves you in the lurch the moment she sees some one else better worth her pains."

"And who might that be?" asked Ned. He tried to laugh, poor fellow, but his laugh and his voice were both unsteady. There was truth in it all; that was what made him so tremulous with anger and suppresse passion.

"As if you could not see for yourself, said Clara, herself flushing with indignation "Why, Cyril Rivers, of course. No doub they had decided he was the best man to pitc upon. Lord Merewether was too grand they could not venture upon him—and th marchioness was there to take care of he son. But poor Cyril had nobody to tak care of him. I saw Mrs. Drummond loo at him in her languid way. She has som magnetism about her, that woman. I hav seen her look at people before, and graduall something drew them that they had to go an talk to her. That was how it was last night Of course, Norah thought no more of you She had bigger game. She knew very well if things changed, and Cyril Rivers escape from her, that, so far as you were concerned she had only to hold out a finger."

"You don't seem to make very much o me," said Ned with an angry blush.

"No, I should not make much of—an boy," said Clara calmly. "What could yo do? You would fall into the net directly You are such a simpleton, such a baby that, of course, Norah would not need eve to take any trouble. If she only held u her finger——"

"That is what you mean to do to Charlie I suppose?" said Ned, with concentrate brotherly malice; and then it was Clara' turn to flush crimson, not so much wit shame as with anger. Her complexion wa so beautiful, her white so white, and her re so rosy, that the deeper colour which flushe all over her face in a moment seemed t dye the wavy, downy, velvety surface. He blue eyes flashed out, deepening in colou like the sea under the wind.

"What does it matter to you what I mea to do?" she cried, and turned her bac upon him in her wrath, and went back agai up the avenue without a word of warning Ned, in his surprise, stood and looked afte her. She was like a Juno, as Mr. Rivers ha said. She was the youngest of the whol band; but yet the great scale on which sh was formed, her imperious manner and looks gave her a certain command among them The others were pretty girls; but Clara wa splendid, and a woman. She had to b judged on a different standard. Poor Ned' heart was very sore; he was very angry and wounded, and unhappy; and yet h recognised the difference as he stood an looked after his sister. It was natural tha she should make up her mind to marry who ever pleased her—and break a heart as she ould cast away a flower. There was nothing ut of character in the superior tone she had ken with her elder brother. On the con- ary, it was natural to her; and as for orah, poor little Norah, what would bell her should she come in the way of is queen? Ned went upon his own way own the village with a hankering in his eart which all Clara's worldly wisdom and l his wounded pride could not quite subue. Norah had been unkind to him. She ad danced with him but twice all that long vening. She had danced with everybody ut him. He had seen her—was it a dozen mes?—with Rivers—confound him! And en he wondered whether there was any uth in Clara's theory about Rivers. Had Irs. Drummond herself fallen into that ay of match-making which was natural to others? He breathed a little more freely hen he presumed that it must be she, and e only, who was to blame, not Norah. He rolled on with his hands in his pockets, inking if, perhaps, he could meet her, or e her at a window, or persuade Katie alton to fetch her; there was always a undred chances of an accidental meeting Dura. But he could not with his own ore heart and wounded temper go to the atehouse.

Just as Ned reached the lodge going out, Ir. Rivers entered the gates coming back. Ie had a condescending, friendly way of ccosting Ned which the young fellow could ot bear.

"Ah, going into the village?" he said. I am glad to be able to assure you that obody has suffered from last night."

"I didn't suppose they had. I am going the post," said Ned, surly as a young ear.

"Don't let me detain you, in that case. he post is too important to wait for anyhing," Rivers said, stepping aside.

Ned looked at him, and would have liked knock him down. He thought what an ffeminate puppy the fellow was, what a urled darling—the sort of thing that girls dmire and think very fine, and all men espise. In short, the feelings with which washed-out young woman contemplates he creature who is recognised as "a gentlenan's beauty" were a trifle to those which overned Ned. Such feelings, it would ppear, must be natural. Ned despised the nan for being handsome, and the women or thinking him so, with a virulence which o neglected maiden ever surpassed.

"Do you want me, Burton?" Mr. Rivers said pleasantly, seeing that the other did not pass on.

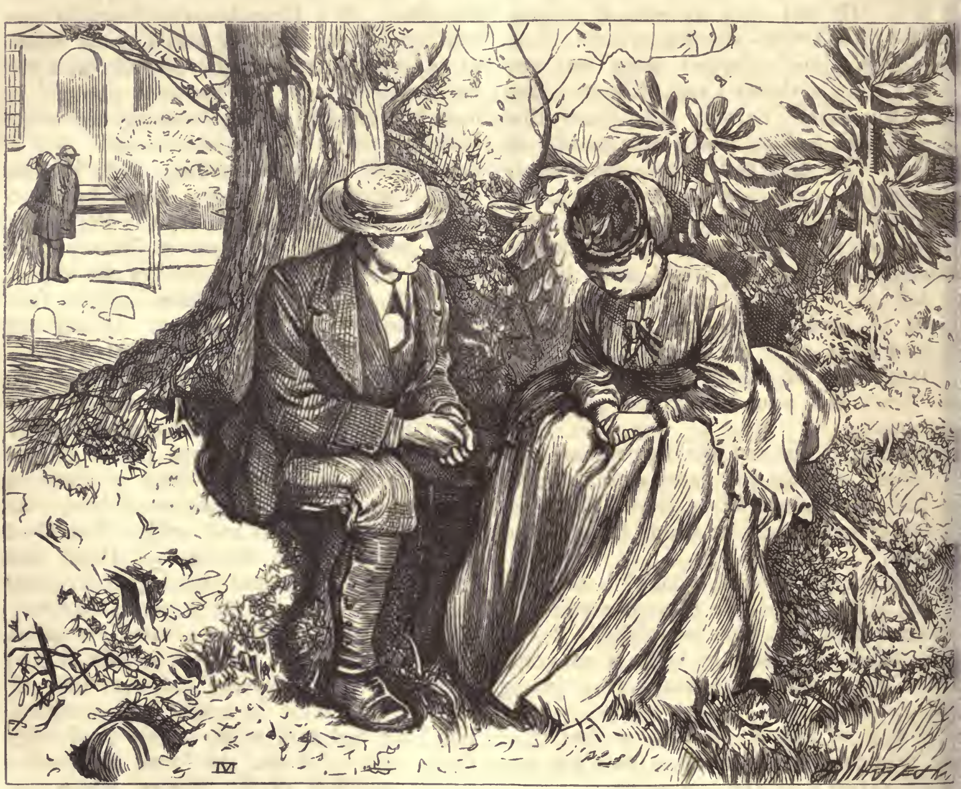
"Oh, good heavens, no! not the least in the world," cried boorish Ned, and went on without another word.

"Country lout!" the hero said quietly, with a smile to himself. If he could but have heard the comments upon him which were passing through the mind of Ned!

Clara, for her part, went home with her mind full of angry thoughts. She had no personal feeling about Cyril Rivers. If she liked any one it was poor Charlie, who was her slave. But Clara knew with precocious worldly wisdom that *that* would never come to anything. It might be all very well for the moment. It was pleasant enough to have him hanging about, watching her every look, attentive to her lightest word. But it never could come to anything. The highest prosperity which the future could bring to Charlie would be advancement in the public office where he was now a junior clerk. And that was no lot for her to share: she, Mr. Burton's daughter, might (her father said) pick and choose among the most eligible men in England. Mr. Burton was in the habit of speaking in this unguarded way. Clara was his favourite in the family, his chosen companion, his almost confidante. He was proud of her beauty and "style," and fond of thinking that, in mind at least, she resembled himself. It was he who had settled that Cyril Rivers should be invited to Dura, and should, as a natural consequence, offer all that remained to the Riverses to Clara. The idea of this alliance pleased his mind, though the Riverses were not so rich as they used to be. "They are still very well off, and the title must be taken into consideration," he had said to his wife. And when Clara returned home she found her parents sitting together in the library, which was not very common, and discussing their children's prospects, which was less common still. It was October, and there was a fire over which Mrs. Burton was sitting. She was a chilly woman at all times. She had not blood enough, nor life enough physically, to keep her warm, and she had been up late, and was tired and not disposed to be on her best company behaviour in the big drawing-room on the chance that the Marchioness might come down-stairs. Mrs. Burton was not quite so placid as she once had been. As her children had grown up there had been complications to encounter more trying to the temper than the naughtiness of their childhood; and it sometimes happened that all the advantage to be gained from a succession of fine visitors would be neutralised, or partially neutralised, by the reluctance of the mistress of the house to devote her personal attention to them. Or so, at least, Mr. Burton thought. His wife, on the other hand, was of opinion that it was best to leave the visitors sometimes to themselves; and this was what she had done to-day. She had established herself over the library fire with a book after luncheon, leaving the Marchioness and the young ladies to driv or to repose as they pleased. And th piece of self-will had procured her a repr mand, as forcible as Mr. Burton dared t deliver, when he came in and found h there.

"You are throwing away our chance Clara," he said. "You are setting the wors example to the children. If the Marchioness had not been resting in her ow rooms——"

"The Marchioness is very well, Mr. Bu ton," said his wife. "You may be sure know what I am doing so far as she is concerned. She does not want me to follow her about and make a fuss, as some people do."



"I have always told you," said Mr. Burton, "that I wished the utmost civility to be shown to people of her rank in my house. Why, Clara, what can you be thinking of? With all the ambitious ideas you have in your head for Ned——"

"My ambition is very easily satisfied," she said, "if you will let the boy follow his own inclinations. He has no turn for business; all that he would do in busine would be to lose what you have made."

"If he makes a good match—if he marri into the Merewether family—I should n say another word about business," said M Burton. Looking at him in daylight, it wa still more easy to perceive the change th had come over him. His clothes, thos well-made, light-coloured clothes which ha once been a model of everything that clothe should be, had begun to look almost shabb though they were in themselves as gloss and as spotless as ever. Anxiety was writte n the lines about his eyes. "Should the hildren do well, Clara—should they do as ve wish them—I should be tempted myself o get out of the business, when I have an pportunity," he said. "It is wearing work, specially when one has nobody to help, obody to sympathise;" and the man who ad been always the incarnation of pros- erity, needing no props of external support, uffed out from his bosom a real sigh.

Mrs. Burton took no notice; she was erfectly calm and unmoved, either un- ware that her husband had displayed any- ing like emotion, or indifferent to it.

"I cannot say that I have ever been ond of these match-making schemes," she aid, "and Ned is only a boy; but there one thing that must be taken into con- deration, whatever you may do in this atter; that is Norah Drummond. If she inks differently, you may as well give up e conflict."

"Norah Drummond!" said Mr. Burton, rinding his teeth. "By Jove! they talk bout a man's pleasant sins being against im; but there is nothing so bad in that ay as his unpleasant virtues, I can tell ou. If all the annoyance I have had rough these two women could be reckoned p——"

"I do not know what annoyance you may ave had yourself," said Mrs. Burton, in her old, judicial way. "I have seen nothing complain of. But now I confess it begins be unpleasant. She has more influence ver Ned than any of us. He danced with er last night before any one else. He is ways there, or meeting her at other places. have observed it for some time. But you ave done nothing to stop it, Mr. Burton. ometimes I have thought you approved, om the way you have allowed things to on."

"I approve!" he cried, with something ke horror.

"How was I to know? I do not say it of very much importance. Ned, of course, ill follow his own taste, not ours."

"But, by Jove, he shan't!" cried Mr. urton. "By Jove, he shall take himself ut of this, and make his own way, if I hear ny more nonsense. What! after all I have one to set them up in the world—after all have gone through!"

He was affected, whatever was the cause. here was something like agitation about im. He was changed altogether from the onfident man of former times. His wife oked at him with a little surprise, and came to this conclusion quite suddenly. She had not noticed it when he was among other people, playing his part of host with an offensive hospitality which often annoyed her, and which the Marchioness, for example, scarcely hesitated to show her contempt of. But now, when there was no one present, when he was free to look as he pleased, Mrs. Burton found out all at once that her husband was changed. Was it merely that he was older, tired with last night's dissipation, not so able to defy late hours, and supper and champagne, as he had once done? She was not a woman to rest in so superficial a view of affairs; but for the moment these were the questions she asked herself, as she looked at him with calm yet undeniable surprise.

"You seem to be excited, Mr. Burton," she said.

"Excited!" he cried; "and good reason, too; with you sitting there as cold as a little fish, never thinking of the interests of your family, talking of Ned thwarting me as if it was nothing! If I were excited it would be little wonder, I think."

"I have no desire that Ned should thwart you," she said; "on the contrary, it is my own wish. He will never make a good man of business. A marriage with one of the Merewethers, or a girl in that position, with your money, Mr. Burton, would be the best thing for him. He might get into Parliament, and do all that I once hoped for you; but what I hoped is neither here nor there."

Mrs. Burton was only human, though she was so philosophical; and this was a stroke in her own defence.

"See that Ned does it, then," he said. "Perhaps it was what I hoped too; but business has swallowed me up, instead of leaving me more free. You ought to make it your duty to see that Ned does what we both wish. What is there to stand in the way?"

"Not much," said Mrs. Burton, shrugging her shoulders. "Norah Drummond—not a very large person—that is all."

"Confound Norah Drummond! A man is always a fool when he thinks of other people. I am finding that out too late. But you may compose yourself about Ned," added the father, with irony. "That little thing has other fish to fry. She is poking herself into Clara's way, confound her! That sentimental ass, Rivers, who is unfit to touch my child's hand——"

"I heard of that too," said Mrs. Burton, in a low voice.

"I should think you did hear of it; but

you never interfered, so far as I could see. He would have danced with her all night, if I had not taken it into my own hands. The ass! a poor little chit like that, when he might have had Clary! But, however, understand me, Clara, this is a woman's business. I want these children settled and put out in life. Ned may be rather young, but many a young fellow in his position is married at one-and-twenty. And, by Jove, I can't go on bearing this infernal strain! I should give it up if it was not for them."

"Is there anything going wrong, Mr. Burton?" asked his wife.

"What should be going wrong? I am tired of working and never getting any sympathy. I want a son-in-law and a daughter-in-law who will do us credit—but, above all, a son-in-law. And I don't see any obstacle in the way which you cannot overcome, if you choose."

"I wonder," said Mrs. Burton, "can I overcome Norah Drummond?—and her mother? They are the obstacles in the way."

"Thanks to my confounded good-heartedness," said her husband.

And it was at this moment Clara came in and joined their deliberations. Little more, however, was said, and she was sent away to seek out Lady Florizel, and do her duty to the young visitors as the daughter of the house should. Mr. Burton went off himself to see if the Marchioness had made herself visible, and do his best to overwhelm her with fussy hospitality. But Mrs. Burton sat still on the library fire and warmed her cold little feet, and set her mind to work out the problem. It was like a game of chess, with two skilfully-arrayed, scientific lines of attack all brought to nothing by a cunning little knight, of double movement-power, in the centre of the board. Either of the schemes on which her husband had set his heart, or both—and one of them was dear to herself also if she would have acknowledged it—might be brought to a satisfactory issue, if this little Norah, this penniless child, this poor little waif, who had grown up at their gates, could but be put out of the way. Was the part of Nemesis, so unlike her childish appearance and character, reserved for Norah? or was the mother using her child as the instrument of a deep, and patient, and long-prepared vengeance? It was the latter view of the question which was most congenial to Mrs. Burton's mind; but whether it was that or fate, the greatest combinations which the family at the great house had yet ventured on, the things most concerning their comfort and happiness, were sudden stopped short by this little figure. It wa Norah Drummond, only Norah, who was th lion in the way.

### CHAPTER XXVIII.

Ned Burton went to the post, as he ha said. He had to pass the Gatehou on his way; and his business was n of so important a description that he shoul make any haste about it, or tire himself wi walking. He loitered along, looking into th windows, sore at heart and wistful. The was no one, to be sure, at Mrs. Drummond end of the Gatehouse. He tried to get glimpse at the interior through the chinks the little green Venetian blinds which veile the lower panes; but they were turned th wrong way, and he could not see anythin He had made up his mind he should be su to see Norah, for no particular reason exce that he wanted so much to see her. But n Norah was visible. At the other end of th house, however, Stephen Haldane's windo was open as usual, and he himself sat withi looking almost eagerly for that interview wi the outside world which his open windo permitted. The summer was over, with a its delights, and soon the window would ha to be closed, and Stephen's chair remove into winter quarters. What a deprivation th was to him no one knew;—but just at th fall of the year, when the transparent lim leaves had turned into yellow silk instead green, and littered the flags under the windo Stephen looked out more eagerly than he wa wont for some one to talk to him. It wa his farewell, in a measure, to life. And Ne was but too glad to stop and lean against th outer sill, keeping always an eye upon th door, and Mrs. Drummond's windows. H was not handsome. He had a large nose- too large for the rest of his face—which h aunt, Mrs. Everest, sometimes comforted hi by suggesting was a sign of character an energy, but which Ned had been used to he all his friends laugh at. The young community at Dura had brought themselves u in all the frankness of family relations, an were wont to laugh freely at Ned's nose, a they laughed at Katie's large teeth, and a while they were children, they had laughe at Clara's red hair. On that last particul they were undeceived now, and gloried in as fashion required; but Katie's teeth an Ned's nose were still amusing to everybod concerned. Poor boy! he had not any featu which was so good as to redeem this impe fection. He had "nice" eyes, a tolerab outh, and was well grown and strong; but obody could say he was handsome. And en, though he was a gentleman in thought nd heart, he was a gentleman of twenty, hose real refinement had not yet had time work out to the surface, and soften away e early asperities. This was why he looked oorish and loutish in the presence of Cyril ivers, who had not only the easy confidence hich springs from good looks, but that initable surface suavity which can only be tained by intercourse with the world.

"You are not shooting to-day," said Stephen, om within.

"No; we were all late this morning. I n't know why we should be such muffs," id Ned. "Merewether had to go off to town get his leave extended; and Rivers is too e a gentleman, I suppose, to take much ouble. That's not fair, though. I did t mean it. He is a very good shot."

"Who is he?" said Stephen. "I have en hearing a great deal about him this orning."

"Oh, have you?" Ned looked yellow as lime leaves which came tumbling about head, and his nose was all that was visible der the hat, which somehow, in his agitan, he pulled over his brows. "He is a n about town, I suppose. He is member somewhere or other—his father's borough. is an æsthetic sort of politician, diplotist, whatever you like to call it: a man o plays at setting all the world right."

'But who does not please Ned Burton, I afraid," said Stephen, with a smile. "I r you all enjoyed yourselves very much night."

'Did we?" said Ned. "The girls did. uppose they don't think of much else. as one grows older, one sees the absurdity things. To think of a man, a rational ng, putting his brains in his pocket, and ng himself up to the cultivation of his ! Oh, yes; we all did our fetish worship, adored the great god Society, and longed offer up a few human sacrifices; though e are enough, I suppose, without any rtion of ours," said Ned, leaning both his s on the window. He heaved such a , that the leaves fluttered and whirled ore the mighty breath. And Stephen ldane suppressed a laugh, though he was very gay. It was hardly possible to help ng amused by this juvenile despair. And poor Stephen going back into those old mories, which looked a thousand years off, ld not but recollect, with a smile and a , similar hours and moments, in which he too had sounded the very depths of tragedy and endured all the tortures of despair.

"My poor boy," he said, with a tone which was half comic, half pathetic, "I feel for you. Did you ever hear of *ces beaux jours quand j'étais si malheureux?*"

Ned looked up in a blaze of sudden resentment.

"I did not think I had said anything funny—though it is always pleasant to have amused you, Mr. Haldane," he said, with desperate politeness. "I am going to the post-office. I rather think I shall have to be postman, and carry out the bags to-day. Good morning. I ought not to have stood so long keeping you from your book."

But Stephen's laugh was very low and tender when the young fellow went on, walking at the rate of six miles an hour. Poor Ned! There was not so much to laugh at, for he had serious difficulties in his way—difficulties of which he tried to remind himself as he turned up the village street, by way of making himself a little more unhappy. But the attempt did not succeed. The fact was that his real troubles counted for nothing in the mixture of misery and anger which filled his youthful bosom. The shadow which filled the air with blackness, and made life intolerable, was—Norah. She had slighted him, wounded him, preferred some one else. In presence of this terrible sorrow, all the doubts about his future career, the serious question about the business, the discussions of which he had been the subject, faded into insignificance. It seemed to Ned even that he would gladly consent to go into the business at half an hour's notice if only that half hour would procure him the chance of making himself more miserable still by an interview with Norah. What a fool he was, poor boy! how wretched he was! and what poor creatures those people are who are never wretched and never fools!

Ned Burton lounged about into half the shops in the village in his unhappiness. He bought an ugly little mongrel from a lying porter at the station, who swore to its purity of blood. Ned, in an ordinary way, knew a great deal more about this subject than the porter did, but it gained him a little time, and Norah might, for anything he knew, become visible in the meantime. He went into Wigginton's and bought a rose-coloured ribbon for his straw hat. It was quite unsuitable; but Norah wore rose-coloured ribbons, and it was a forlorn profession of allegiance, though nobody would ever know it. He went to the confectioner's, and bought a bag of cakes, with which he fed half a dozen gaping children outside. In short, he visited as many tradespeople as Mother Hubbard did. But it was all in vain. No Norah passed by; no one like her went into any of the shops. When he passed the Gatehouse once more, the windows were all vacant still. Then Ned took a desperate resolution, and went and paid a visit at the Rectory. He sat with Mrs. Dalton in the drawing-room, and then he strolled round the garden with the girls. When things had come to this pass, Providence befriended him, and sent a special messenger, in the shape of Mr. Nicholas, to take up Mary's attention. As soon as he was alone with her sister, Ned seized the opportunity.

"Katie," he said, breathless, "you might do me such a favour."

"Might I?" said friendly Katie; "then of course I will, Ned."

"You are always the nicest and the kindest! Katie, I have something to say to Norah Drummond; something I—have to tell her—by herself. I can't go to the house, for it is something—a kind of a secret."

"I'll run and fetch her. I know what you have got to say to her," said Katie, laughing. "Oh, how funny you are! Why didn't you say it right out, you silly boy?"

"It is not what you mean at all," said Ned, with great gravity.

But Katie laughed, and ran across the road.

And this was how the interview came about. Norah came over to the Rectory in all innocence, fearing nothing. She said, "Oh, Ned is here too!" as if nothing had happened. Indeed, she was not aware that anything had happened—only that a game at croquet would be the best way of spending the listless afternoon after the dissipation of the previous night. They sat down on a bench behind that clump of laurels which hid a portion of the lawn from the windows of the Rectory. Mary and Mr. Nicholas were walking up and down, round and round. The red geraniums were still bright in the borders, with all manner of asters, and salvias, like scarlet velvet. The autumn leaves were dropping singly, now one, now another, without any sound; the air was very still and soft, the sun shining through a pleasant haze. A sheaf of great, splendid, but dusty gladiolus, stood up against the dark green laurel. They were like Clara in her full and brilliant beauty—not like little Norah in her grey frock, sitting quite still and happy, thinking of nothing, on the warm bench in the sunshine, with her hands folded in her lap, waiting for Katie to come back with the croquet malle and altogether unconscious of the dark loo Ned was casting upon her from under hard brows.

"I suppose Katie will come when she ready," he said, in reply to some questio "She is not always at your word and bec like me."

"Are you at my word and beck?" s said, looking round upon him with so surprise. "How funny you look, Ned! anything the matter? Are you—going away

"I often think I had best go away," s Ned, in Byronic melancholy. "That wou be better than staying here and having ev desire of my heart trampled on. It see hard to leave you; and I am such a fool always stay on, thinking anything is bet than banishment. But after being crush to the earth, and having all my wis disregarded, and all my feelings trampl on——"

"Oh, Ned! what can you mean? W has done it? Is it that dreadful busin again?"

"Business!" said Ned, with what he wo have described as the hollow laugh of desp "That seemed bad enough when I h nothing worse to bear. But now I wo embrace business; I would clasp it in arms. Business! No! That affected o my inclinations; but this goes to my hear

"Ned," said Norah, growing pale, " must be over-tired. That is it. You sh all day—and then the ball last night. P boy! you are taking fancies in your he You don't know what you are saying. have been over-tired."

Upon which Ned shook his head, laughed again, this time "wildly." He very miserable, poor fellow, and yet it not be said that he was quite indifferen the effect he produced. It gave him a cer satisfaction in the midst of his despair.

"If you were to ask yourself, Norah, is the matter, instead of suggesting so less than the reality—so much less——" began.

Then Norah took courage.

"Is that all!" she said. "Oh, wha fright you gave me! Is it only somethi have done without knowing it? You culous, silly boy! Why can't you tell plainly what it is, without all this nonse You know it is nonsense," Norah contin warming as she went on. "What can I h done? Besides, however disagreeable I m have been, what right have you to mi Nobody else minds. I am not a slave, n be allowed to make myself unpleasant. ere! I will be disagreeable if I like! I not to be always bound to do what is easant to you."

"If you take me up in this spirit, Norah——"

"Yes, I mean to take you up in this spirit. ou have no right to feel everything like a liculous sensitive plant. Why should you? I were a sensitive plant I might have some use. I am little, I am friendless, I am ry poor; I have nothing in the world but amma. But for you to set up to have feel-gs, Ned! you, a boy! that can go where u like, and do what you like, and have aps of money, and everybody bowing down fore you! It is because you have nothing ally to vex you, that you are obliged to vent things. Oh, you wicked, ungrateful y, to pretend that you are unhappy! Look Mr. Stephen, and look at mamma!"

"But, Norah," said Ned hurriedly; "Norah, ar! listen to me only one moment."

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," e said: "I won't listen to you. I have enty of things to bother me, and you have thing. You never had to think whether u could spend this or that—whether you uld have a new coat, or go a journey, or ything; and you go and make troubles cause you have not got any." Here she ade a pause, turning her head away, so that or Ned was more miserable than ever. And en all at once she turned and looked up ndly at him. "What was it I did, Ned?"

This sudden revolution overwhelmed him ogether. He felt the water leap to his es. He was so young. And then he ughed unsteadily.

"What a girl you are, Norah!" he said.

"Was I cross last night? What did I do? didn't mean it, I am sure. I came over ite innocently, never thinking Katie was inging me to be scolded. It was not friendly Katie. She ought to have told me. But, ed, what was it? Tell me what I did."

"Norah, things must not go on like this. cannot do it. It may be as much as my e is worth," said the youth. "Look at ose two over there; they may quarrel some-nes——"

"They quarrel every day of their lives," id Norah, breathless, in a parenthesis.

"But they know that they belong to each her," said Ned; "they know that right or ong nobody will part them. But, Norah, ink how different I am. You may not ind, but it kills me. Once you said you ved me—a little."

"I love—everybody; we, all of us, love each other," said Norah, in a subdued voice.

"But that is not what I want. I love you very differently from that, Norah; you know I do. I want you to belong to me as Mary belongs to Nicholas. Next year I will be of age, and something must be settled for me, Norah. How do you think I can face all this talking and all this advising if I don't know what you are going to do? Give me your hand, Norah; give it me into mine; it is not the first time. Now, am I to keep it always? Tell me yes or no."

"Oh! you hurt me—a little, Ned!"

"I cannot help it," he said; "not so much, not half so much, as you hurt me. Oh, Norah, put yourself in my place! Think, only think, how I can bear to see you talking to other people, smiling at them, looking up as you look at me. Is it possible, Norah? And perhaps I may have to go away to fight with the world, and make my own career. And would you send me away all in the dark without knowing? Oh, Norah, it would be cruel; it would not be like you."

"Please, please, Ned! Mary and Mr. Nicholas are coming. Let go my hand."

"Not until you give me some sort of answer," said Ned. "I have loved you since ever I remember—since I was a boy, frightened to speak to you. You have always laughed and gibed; but I never minded. I love you more than all the world, Norah! I can't help thinking it would be so easy for you to love me, if you only would try. You have known me since we were children. You have always had me to order about, to do whatever you liked with."

"Wait till they have passed," said Norah, in a whisper, drawing her hand out of his.

And then the elder pair, who were engaged, and had a right to walk about together, and hold long private conferences, and quarrel and make friends, passed slowly, suspending their talk also out of regard for the others.

"Are you waiting for Katie?" Mary said. "She is so tiresome; always finding something unexpected to do."

"Oh, I am talking to Ned. We are in no hurry," Norah replied.

And then those full-grown lovers, the pair who had developed into actuality, whom Ned envied, and who had been having a very sharp little quarrel, passed on.

Ned was very much in earnest, poor fellow. His face was quite worn and full of lines. There was a strain and tremulous tension about him which showed how high his excitement was.

"It isn't as if this was new to you, Norah," he cried piteously. "You have known it ever so long. And I cannot help thinking you might love me so easily, if you would, Norah, you are so used to me—if you only would!"

Norah was very sympathetic, and his emotion moved her much. She cast down her eyes; she could not bear to look at him, and she nearly cried.

"Oh, Ned," she said, "I do love you. I am very fond of you; but how can I tell if it is in that way? How can you tell? We are just like brother and sister. We have never known anybody else all our lives."

"I have," said Ned, "I have known hundreds. And there is no girl in all the world but one, and that is you. Oh, Norah, that is you!"

"But I have never seen any one," said Norah again. She spoke so very softly that he could scarcely hear. "I have never seen any one," she repeated, heaving a gentle sigh—a sigh which was half regret for Ned and half for herself. "Dear Ned, I do love you. But how could I tell until I saw——?"

"Ah!" he cried, and let her hand drop in his youthful impatience and mortification. "If that is all your answer, Norah, the best thing for me is to rush away. Why should I stay here any longer? There will be nothing to live for, nothing to hope for!"

"Oh, don't talk nonsense, Ned!"

"It is not nonsense," said Ned, rising up. "Norah, if you hear I am gone you will know why it is. If you hear of anything happening to me, I hope you will be sorry. Oh, Norah, Norah!" he cried, the tears forcing themselves to his eyes, "is it all to end like this?"

He was so young. His despair was real, though it might be too tragical in its outward form. He was capable of going away, as he said, and making himself hugely uncomfortable, and for a time intensely unhappy; and yet perhaps being all the better for it in the end. But Norah, who was not much wiser than himself, was driven to her wit's end by this adjuration, and did not know what to say.

"Ned, don't be so sorry," she said, taking his hand in her turn. "Oh, dear Ned, I do love you; but your people would be very angry, and we are so young. We must not think of such things yet. Oh, I am sure I did not mean to make you unhappy. Don't cry. I could not bear to see you crying, Ned!"

"I am not crying," he said roughly. He had to be rough, he had been so near And just at this moment Katie came smili up with the mallets over her shoulders. could not come down from that elevation feeling into this. "I am afraid I must now," he said, almost turning his back up them. "I am going to the—to the stati now. Merewether is coming by this train

"Oh, Ned, how unkind of you, wh everything is ready for a game!" cried Kat But Norah said nothing as he strode aw giving a nod at them over his shoulder. had not been boorish while he was pleadi his own cause; but he had not the heart be civil when it was over. Cæsars of twer do not pull their cloaks gracefully abc them when they are going to die.

Then Norah suddenly turned upon companion, and metaphorically gagged a bound her.

"How tiresome it was of you to be long!" she cried. "Here we have be waiting and waiting, till Ned's time was u and so is mine. I must go back to mamm

"Why. I have not been gone ten minutes cried indignant Katie.

But Norah, too, waved her hand, a moved majestically away. She could scarc keep from crying. Her heart was full, son thing was quivering in her throat. It not so much her own emotion as the refl tion of his. Poor Ned! how hard it that he should be so miserable! She want to get safely to her own room, that might think it over! She walked across road as if she had been in a dream. did not hear Mr. Stephen call to her in abstraction. She went in enveloped, as were, in a cloud of sad and curious fanci wondering—Was it all over? Would never say any more about it? Would he away, and never be heard of more? Wo it—and the very thought of this thril through Norah's veins, and chilled heart—would it do him harm? Would die?

### CHAPTER XXIX.

MRS. BURTON had taken a very seric piece of work in hand. No wonder that lingered over the fire in the library, or in drawing-room, or wherever she could fi a fire, in those early chills of October, to wa her little cold toes, and to make up her p of warfare. She was a chilly little wom as I have said. She had not much excep mind to keep her warm, and mind is no thing which preserves the caloric thoroug unless it is comforted by the close vicinity other organs. Mrs. Burton had no body to speak of; and, so far as has been seen, not very much heart. Her mind had to fulfil all the functions usually performed by these other properties, and to keep her warm besides; so that it was not wonderful if she sat over the fire.

It was not to be expected, however, that the Marchioness would always be so obliging as to remain in her room till three o'clock; and consequently Mrs. Burton's thinking had to be done at odd moments when the cares of her household could be lawfully laid aside. She was rather in bondage to her distinguished guest; and as she was a little republican, a natural democrat at heart, the bondage was hard to her. She was a great deal cleverer than the Marchioness of Upshire; her mind went at railroad speed, while that great lady jogged along at the gentlest pace. Where the heart is predominant, or even a good, honest, placid body, there is tolerance for stupidity; but poor intellect is always intolerant. Mrs. Burton chafed at her noble companion, and suffered tortures inwardly; but she was very civil, so far as outward appearance went, and did her duty as hostess in a way which left nothing to be desired.

But it took all her powers to master the problem before her. She had an adversary to overcome; an adversary whom she did not despise, but whom everybody at the first glance would have thought too slight a creature to merit so much as a thought. Mrs. Burton knew better. She looked at Norah Drummond not in her simple and evident shape as a little girl of eighteen, the daughter of a poor mother, who lived upon a hundred pounds a year. This was what Norah was; and yet she was a great deal more. She was the commander of a little compact army, of which the two chief warriors, love and nature, were not much known to Mrs. Burton; but which was reinforced by youth, and supreme perverseness and self-will, powers with which she was perfectly acquainted. Ned's love his mother might perhaps have laughed at; but Ned's obstinacy, his determination to have his own way, were opponents at which she could not laugh; and they were arrayed against her. So was the capricious fancy, the perverse individuality of Cyril Rivers, who was a man accustomed to be courted, and not over-likely to fall into an arrangement made for him by his family. Mrs. Burton pondered much upon all these things. She found out that her guest was seen at the Gatehouse almost every day, and she saw from her son's aspect that he too knew it, and was beginning to hate his rival. Then there arose a little conflict in her mind as to which of her two children she should make herself the champion of. A mother, it may be thought, would incline most to the daughter's side; but Mrs. Burton was not an emotional mother. She was not scheming how she could save her children pain. The idea of suffering on their part did not much affect her—at least, suffering of a sentimental kind. She formed her plan at last with a cold-blooded regard to their advantage, founded on the most careful consideration. There was no particular feeling in it one way or another. She had no desire to injure Norah, or even Norah's mother, more than was inevitable. She had not even any harsh or revengeful feelings towards them. To confound their projects was necessary to the success of her own—that was all; but towards themselves she meant no harm. With an equal impartiality she decided that her operations should be on Ned's side. If she could be said to have a favourite, it was Ned. Clara was self-seeking and self-willed to a degree which was disagreeable to Mrs. Burton. Such strenuous sentiments were vulgar and coarse to the more intellectually constituted nature. And Clara had so much flesh and blood, while her mother had so little, that this, too, weakened the sympathy between them. The mother, who was all mind, could not help having a certain involuntary unexpressed contempt for the daughter whose overwhelming physique carried her perpetually into a different world. But what was vulgar in Clara was allowable in Ned; and then Ned had talent in his way, and had taken his degree already, and somewhat distinguished himself, though he was careful, as he himself said, to "put his brains in his pocket," and refrain from all exhibition of them when he got home. Then, it would not have flattered Mrs. Burton's vanity at all to see her daughter the Hon. Mrs., or even Lady Rivers; but it was a real object with her to see her son in Parliament. She had tried hard to thrust her husband into a seat, with a little swell of impatience and ardour in her heart, to have thus an opportunity of exercising her own powers in the direction of the State. It was a thing she could have done, and she would have given half her life to have it in her power. But this had turned out an impossible enterprise, and now all her wishes were set upon Ned. With the Merewethers' influence, in addition to their own, Ned, almost as soon as he had come of age, might be a legislator. With the talents he had derived from her, and which she would stimulate and inspire, he might be of service to his country. It was not an ungenerous aspiration; it was rather, on the contrary, as noble a wish as mere intellect could form. And to attain this it was necessary that Ned should gain his father's favour by bringing a splendid connection to the house of Dura; and that, on the other hand, he should obtain that influence which was his shortest way to the coveted position. What did it matter if a temporary heart-break were the price he had to pay, or even a temporary humiliation in the shape of giving up his own will? His mother decided for him that such a price was a very small matter to pay. She made up her mind accordingly that he should pay it at once, and in its most unquestionable form. That Clara should be humbled, too, and exposed to tortures of wounded pride and mortification, was a pity; but there was no other way.

This, then, was Mrs. Burton's plan: to encourage young Rivers, the suitor whom her husband had chosen for her daughter, to devote himself to Norah; to throw him continually in the girl's way; to make him display his admiration, and if possible his devotion to her; to delude Norah into satisfaction, even response, to the assiduities of her new suitor; and by these means to disgust and detach Ned from the object of his youthful affection. It was a bold scheme, and at the same time it promised to be an easy one. As to what might follow in respect to Clara, the risk would have to be run; but it did not seem a very great risk. In the first place, Clara's "feelings" (a word at which her mother smiled) were not engaged; and in the second place, Cyril Rivers, though he might be foolish enough, was not such a fool as to throw his handsome self away upon a penniless girl without connections or anything to recommend her. There was very little fear that it would ever come to that. He might fall in love with Norah, might flatter and woo, and even break (Mrs. Burton smiled again, the risk seemed so infinitesimal) the girl's heart; but he was not likely, as a man of the world, to commit himself. And if after her end was served it might be thought expedient still that he should marry Clara, why a flirtation of this kind could make very little difference; it might put a stop to Mrs. Burton's ideas at the moment, but it need not effect them in the future. She made this plan, with her toes warming at the library fire, and she did not confide it to any one. Such schemes sound a great deal worse when they are put into words than they feel in the recesses of the bosom that gave them birth She felt very well satisfied when she had thu settled what to do. It seemed the minimu of pain for the maximum of advantage; an then it was a kind of pain which Mrs. Burto could not but contemplate with a certai mockery, and which she could but faintl realise.

At luncheon that day it turned out, as sh supposed, that Mr. Rivers was not one o the shooting party. He had been writin letters, he said; he was going to call at th Rectory in the afternoon to see Mr. Dalton In short, he had an appointment. Mr. Dalto was a member of the Anthropological Societ to which he also belonged.

"I wonder if I might ask you to do some thing for me," said Mrs. Burton. "It is jus to leave a note at the Gatehouse. Yo know the Gatehouse? Mrs. Drummond's, jus opposite the Rectory."

"Certainly. I know Mrs. Drummond," said Rivers. He answered very promptly feeling that there was a covert attack intended, and that this was meant to remin him of the allegiance he owed elsewhere. Hi reply had thus quite an unnecessary degre of promptitude and explanatoriness. " have known her for many years. In fact, called there yesterday." He felt it was expedient for his own independence to asser his freedom of action at once.

"Then you won't mind leaving my note, said Mrs. Burton. "We are getting up picnic for Wednesday, you know; and should like Norah to be with us. She ha rather a dull life at home, poor child."

"That is the pretty girl you were dancin with, Mr. Rivers," said Lady Florizel, "wit dark hair and hundreds of little flounces. should have said she was too little for s many flounces, if she had consulted me."

"That is the mistake girls always make, said the Marchioness, "especially girls wh are not in society. They follow the fashio without ever thinking whether it suits the or not."

"But, under correction, I think it did su her," said Mr. Rivers. "Do not let us ca them flounces—call them clouds, or lines soft white mist. I am not sufficiently learne in *chiffons* to speak."

"Oh, but you are delightful on *chiffons!* said Lady Florizel. "Men always are whe they know just a little. Sometimes, yo know, one can actually derive an idea fro you; and then you make the most deliciou mistakes. Clara, let us make him talk *chiffons* it is the greatest fun in the world."

"I have more confidence in my maid," aid Clara. She was not in the habit of con-rolling herself or hiding her emotions. She ontracted her white forehead, which was ot very high by nature, with a force which rought the frizzy golden fringe of hair over er very eyebrows—and pouted with her red ips. "Besides, Mr. Rivers has something etter to do," she said, getting up from the able.

She was the first to get up—a thing which illed the Marchioness with consternation. lara was a girl of the nineteenth century, eeling that her youth, and her bloom, and iotous, luxurious beauty made her queen of he more gently toned, gently mannered ompany. She broke up the party with that out and frown.

Rivers went away with the note in his ocket, believing devoutly that it had been ntended for a snare for him, a way of inter-ering with his freedom. "Let her wait at east till I am in her toils, which will not be ust yet," he said to himself while he went own the avenue; while Clara pursued her other, who had gone to put on her bonnet o accompany the Marchioness on her drive, p-stairs.

"How could you, mamma?" she cried. 'Oh, how could you? It is because you hink nothing of me; you don't care for e. To ask the Drummonds at all was bad nough; but to send Cyril Rivers to ask hem. It seems too bad even for you."

"Clara, what is Cyril Rivers to you?"

"To me?" Clara faltered, stopped short, as silent, gazing at her mother with blue, ide-open eyes, which astonishment made ound. Even to a dauntless girl, accustomed o speak her mind, the question was a hard ne. She could not answer, "Papa means im to marry me. He is my property; no ne has any right to him but me," as she ight have done had she spoken at all. t requires a very great deal of hardihood o put such sentiments into speech, and lara, with all her confidence, was not quite old enough. She gazed at her mother ith angry blue eyes, speaking with them hat she could not say in words; but all she ould do audibly was to murmur again, "To e!"

"Yes, to you. I don't know what right you have to interfere. If you consider that you have any just right, state it to me; and if I find it reasonable I will tell you what I am doing; but, otherwise, not a word. In the circumstances composure and patience are the best things for you. I am acting, and I shall act, towards Mr. Rivers according to principles of my own, and a system of my own; and I don't mean to be interfered with, Clara. You understand that."

"I shall speak to papa," said Clara, in her anger. "I shall just tell it all to papa."

"Do, my dear," said her mother calmly, and put on her bonnet. It was clear that now, at least, there was not another word to be said.

Clara went away in her anger to Lady Florizel for sympathy.

"Mamma has made up her mind to ask those people," she said. "And I hate them. They are low people—people that ought not to be asked to meet you."

"Oh, as for us, never mind! They will not hurt us," said Lady Florizel, shrugging her shoulders; "but I thought you told me you were great friends with the people in the village before the ball."

"That is the worst of all," said Clara. "We are great friends. They were all the company I ever had before I came out. But now, when I don't require them any longer, they have grown disagreeable; and yet there is the old habit existing all the same."

"Poor Clara!" said her new companion, "what a bore for you! Village companions are so apt to be a bore. But I am sure if you were to talk to your mamma she would find some way of getting rid of them. That would be the best."

"Why, it is she that is asking them," said Clara.

And it became more and more apparent that her injury was past help; for in the face of her mother's invitation what could even papa do?

Mr. Rivers carried the note with much fidelity to its destination. "I should not have ventured to come," he said, when he went in and met Mrs. Drummond's look of suspicion, "but for *this*. And I hope it will find favour in your eyes. I suppose I am to wait and take an answer? And it will be a favourable answer, I hope."

Helen and her child had been talking of him before he appeared, and Norah had been a little agitated, half-pleasurably, half-painfully, by her mother's warning.

"I do not like him to come so often," Mrs. Drummond had said. "Whether he means anything or not, I would much rather he did not come."

"Mean, mamma! What could he mean, except to talk to you a little? I am sure he does not mean anything," Norah had cried, with the premature confidence of her age.

And then he had made his appearance, and with the knowledge of that brief discussion in her mind she was embarrassed, and felt as if he must read all about it in her eyes.

"May I tell you what it is, Miss Drummond?" he asked, turning to her, while her mother opened the note, and sinking his voice. "It is a picnic to the old tower of Dura. I suppose you know all about it. It is to be on Wednesday, and I hope you will come."

"Oh, a picnic!" said Norah, with a flush of joyful anticipation. "I never was at a real grown-up picnic. I should like it so much, if mamma thinks we may."

"But perhaps you could influence mamma."

"No, no. I don't think it. I would rather not bother her," said Norah, with a little hesitation, feeling all her embarrassment return. "Of course she must know best."

"Oh, of course," said Mr. Rivers. He smiled as he looked at her, and Norah, giving a wistful, furtive glance at him, was suddenly seized with spontaneous wonder as to what he meant—a question not arising from what her mother had said, but from herself. The thought sprung up in her mind unawares, bringing with it a blush. What could he mean? Why did he come so often? Why did he wish that she should have this new pleasure? What could it matter to him? There would be plenty of people at the picnic—young people, nice people, pretty people, people all dressed in purple and fine linen—who would be much more like him than Norah. And why should he care? A delicious doubt, a delicious suspicion came into her thoughts. Could it be possible? Might it really, really—? She shut some little trapdoor down upon it resolutely in her mind, and would not look at, would not consider that suggestion; but it ran through all her veins when she cast it out of her thoughts. Could it be possible? And this was not Ned Burton, a boy whom she had known all her life, but the hero of romance himself—he who looked as if he had walked out of a book. It flattered her—she could not tell why. She cast down her eyes, for he had been looking at her all the time, and it seemed to her as if he must be able to tell her thoughts.

But he did not. He took up the cotton with which she was working, and wound and unwound it upon his fingers.

"I have to run over to the Rectory," he said. "Perhaps I had better do that now and come back to get my answer. Perhap then I might have a cup of tea? This room is the very sort of room to drink tea in. Th first dish of tea must have been made here."

"It is not so old as that."

"Oh, it is as old as we like to believe it, said Mr. Rivers. "Don't disturb Mrs Drummond. I will go away now, and i half an hour I shall come back." And h let himself out like a child of the house assuming a familiarity to which he had no any right.

Norah sat quite tremulous, yet perfectl quiet, after he was gone, wondering, an trying to stop herself from wondering—feeling somehow that this must be that powe of which she had read, which made th strongest and best of men subject to a girl— and feeling that it was not possible, seein the girl was "only *me*."

"It is another invitation," Mrs. Drummond said, with a little sigh. "You mus decide about it, Norah. It will be a pleasur to you, and it seems hard you should no have a little pleasure. But, on the othe hand, my dear, after all you told me abou Ned, and how Mr. Rivers——"

"There is nothing about Mr. Rivers mamma."

"Perhaps not, perhaps not, dear. I do no say there is—anything, Norah; but still it i not comfortable that he should come so often There is the note. I will not say yes or no my darling. You shall decide whether w shall go or stay."

Norah read the note over with glowing eyes. The blood came hot to her face It seemed to open up before her a da out of Paradise. The children had mad picnics among themselves often enough t Dura Tower. They had gone in the heigh of the summer for a long day; the boy walking, the girls packed into Mrs. Dalton' pony-carriage, or the little donkey-chair, whic lived in the village. Bread and butter, an fruit, and hard-boiled eggs, and bottles o milk was what they used to take with them and they would come home laden with garlands of the lush woodbine, with honeysuckle in sheaves, and basketfuls of those fragile wild flowers which never survive the plucking, bu which children cannot resist. These old day rose before her with all their sweetness. Bu this was different;—one of the Dura carriage to take them up; a few hours among th woods, and luncheon out of doors, if it wa warm enough; "to show the Marchiones and the young ladies what little antiquitie we have." Perhaps the grandeur and the glory of the society would make up for the absence of the brilliant summer, and the freedom of the childish party; but yet—— She looked up shyly at her mother with cheeks that were crimson upon her dark eyelashes.

"I suppose, mamma, it would be selfish of me to want to go?"

"That means you do want to go, Norah," said Helen, shaking her head softly, with a half reproachful smile.

"Is it wrong?" said Norah, stealing behind her mother's chair with a coaxing arm round her neck. "I never saw anything like it. I *should* like, just this once. Our old little parties were such baby affairs, mamma. That donkey-chair, what fun it was! And oh! do you remember how it always ran away, and that time when little Jenny fell asleep? But this will be grand—something to see. And you will like the drive; it is such a pretty drive; and the woods will be lovely. I never was there in October before."

"You coaxing child, as Miss Jane says; you want to go."

"Yes, please, mamma."

And Norah dropt a little curtsey demurely, like the child she was no longer. And yet as she stood there in her grey frock, she was so very like a child that Helen had to rub her eyes and ask herself what was this wonderful difference. Yesterday or so Norah had trudged along among the boys, taking her share, pushing them about, carrying her own basket in all the *bon camaraderie* of childhood. Now she was the princess, drawing their wistful looks after her, breaking poor Ned's heart, attracting the other hero out of his natural sphere. How was it? The mother sighed a little, wondering, and smiled, with a sense that the world, which had so long neglected her, was offering to her, to herself, not to Norah, the sweetest, strangest flatteries. She was anxious as to how it might all end, and sometimes was unhappy; and yet she was pleased—what mother ever was otherwise?—"to see her bairn respected like the lave."

And then Mr. Rivers came back for his cup of tea.—What did he want, haunting the old house? He came back for the answer, he said; and called himself Mrs. Burton's man, and the penny-post, and made very merry over the whole transaction. But in all this he made it very apparent that any excuse for coming was sweet to him. And Norah laughed at the joke, and cast down her pretty eyes, and her colour went and came like the wind. What did he mean? Did he mean anything? Or was it for mere amusement that on every pretext possible he came to the Gatehouse?

## CHAPTER XXX.

There was, however, another point to be considered before Wednesday, and that was the question of dress, which convulses a poor household when unusual festivities are in progress. Mrs. Drummond's black silk was, as Mrs. Dalton said, "always nice." It had lasted from Helen's prosperous days till now; it had changed its form half-a-dozen times, and now, thanks to the beneficent fashion which prevailed of short walking-dresses, had "come out quite fresh," as Norah declared in triumph. But Norah did not possess that *toilette fraîche* which is indispensable for a young lady at a picnic. Her grey frock was very pretty at home; but amid all the shining garments of the great young ladies, their perfect ribbons, and hats, and boots, and gloves, all those wonderful accessories which poor people cannot hope for, how could she look anything but a poor little Cinderella? "My dress would do, mamma—it is not the dress," Norah said, looking at herself in dismay in the old-fashioned long glass in its ebony frame, as they discussed this matter, "and all that I have is well enough; good enough, you know, very nice for common wear. Short dresses are a blessing, but then they show one's boots; and the cuffs, and the collars, and the ribbons! Perhaps we ought not to have said we would go."

"That is what I feared," said Helen. "It is hard you should not have a little amusement when it comes in your way; and then there are other things to think of; but to live among people who are richer, much richer than one is one's self——"

"What are the other things that have to be thought of?" said Norah, with that sudden fantastic jealousy of ulterior motives which affects the young.

"My dear Norah, I am not mercenary. I would not sacrifice your happiness for any worldly motive. I would not even suggest ——But, my darling, you must see people—you must have it in your power at least to meet those whom—you must go into the world."

Norah gazed at her mother with dilated eyes. They had come down into the drawing-room after their inspection of the poor boots and gloves that suggested Cinderella. And the child was standing against the light, against the old brown-grey curtains, which threatened to crumble into dust any day, and yet held out miraculously. The round mirror made a little picture of her standing there alone, like an old miniature in dim enamel. But Norah was not dim in herself at that moment—her brown eyes were dilated and shining—her cheeks mantled with the overwhelming blush of mingled indignation and shame. "To meet—people!—oh! mamma, mamma, how can you! —is it all true, then, what people say?"

"Yes," said Helen, gravely, "or at least it is half true. I am ashamed, and yet I should not be ashamed. I want you to meet those who can appreciate you, who may love you, Norah, and make your life happy. Why should you look at me so indignantly? it is my duty. But I do not wish to speak of it to you."

"Then I am going—to be inspected—to be offered in the market—to be—oh! mamma, I would rather die!"

"You are going for nothing of the kind. I shall have to put away my companion and friend who was such a comfort to me; and send you back into the place of a silly, impatient child."

"So I am," said Norah, throwing herself at her mother's feet, and hiding her tears and burning cheeks in Helen's gown. "So I am; oh, mamma, can't I work or do something? is there nothing, nothing in the world for a girl, but *that?*"

"Hush, my darling, hush!" said Helen, and it was upon this group that some one came in suddenly, whose indignation was prompt at the sight and unhesitating. It was Dr. Maurice, who had come down from London, as he did periodically, to see the child, whom he considered as his ward; and who instinctively, seeing tears, made up his mind that Norah had been suffering cruelty, and that the mother was in fault.

"What is the matter?" he said. "Norah crying! I have not seen her cry before since she was a baby—there must be a good cause."

"She is growing a woman," said her mother, "and learning something about life, poor child; but fortunately this time the cause is not very grave."

Norah sprang to her feet and dried her tears. She had divined long ere now that her old friend loved her a great deal better than he loved her mother. And Norah was ready to take up arms for her mother, *à outrance*, night or day.

"No, it was not very much," she said, all glowing with tears and blushes and excitement; "it was something you will laugh at—you will think it so like a silly woman. Yo
know you hate us all, Dr. Maurice, and tha
is what you will say."

"Yes, I hate you all," said the doctor
looking at her with eyes that softened an
brightened unconsciously, and a voice tha
sounded caressing in spite of himself.

"I know it," said Norah. "Well then, Dr
Maurice, this is what I was crying about
We are going to a picnic with the Burtons
and the Marchioness of Upshire, and al
kinds of fine people. And I was crying be
cause I have not got a pretty dress."

Dr. Maurice gave a short laugh, and the
he turned away his head, and his eye
glistened under their heavy brows. "Po
child!" he said, with a tremble in his voice—
if it had been any one else probably he woul
have sneered, as Norah said, at the frivolit
of woman's nature; but, because it wa
Norah, his heart melted within him, and th
water came to his eyes.

"When is it going to come off?" he sai

"Oh, to-day—at one o'clock they were t
call for us. Dear doctor," said Norah, loo
ing up at him laughing, yet with the tea
still on her eyelashes, "won't you say tha
after all, I look very nice in my grey frock?

"Go away, child," he said, almost angrily
"go and dress yourself and let me look
you after. I want to speak to your mamma.

When she heard this Helen was afrai
She believed in Dr. Maurice because he ha
been substantially kind, and because he wa
her husband's friend; but she did not lik
him, and she had that fear of him which cam
from the conviction that he disliked and di
trusted her.

"Why is this?" he said, as Norah we
away. "Mrs. Drummond, I thought yo
knew that I look upon Norah as if she wa
my own. She should not want anything
you would let me know—I think you oug
for Norah's sake to get over any feeling—
and put pride aside."

"It is not so easy," said Helen, with
smile. "Pride, if you call it so, sticks ve
close. You are very, very kind——"

"I am not kind—I don't mean to be; b
I look upon Norah as if she were my own

"She is not your own, Dr. Maurice," sa
Helen with spirit. "I cannot put a feeli
in the place of a right. Nothing in the wor
would make me appeal to a stranger f
finery for my child. We can live with wh
we have of our own."

"Pride, pride!" said the doctor hastil
"I don't mean to give offence; but I am n

stranger—I have known the child from her cradle. Why shouldn't you be so yielding—so kind if you will—as to tell me when she wants a dress? My little Norah! she has been a delight to me all my life. If I had my will, she should rustle with the best."

Helen was angry, but she was moved. A man who loved her child could scarcely shut her heart even by disliking herself. She put out her hand to the surly critic who had never trusted her — "Thanks," she said, "many thanks. I accept your love for Norah; but I could not accept anything else. Why, you must know that! My child, Robert's child, appealing to your charity! Dr. Maurice, I am not ungrateful, but surely Cinderella's frock is better than that."

The doctor was silent, he could not reply. "Poor little Cinderella!" he said; but just then there appeared a vision at the door, which took away his breath. Men are poor creatures where a woman's dress is concerned. To Dr. Maurice, who knew no better, Norah's pretty rose-coloured ribbons, the little end of rose-coloured feather, which relieved the black in her hat, and the fresh little pair of grey gloves, which she had indulged in, made Cinderella at once, without more ado, into the fairy princess. "Why, good heavens, child, what would you have more?" he said, almost with offence. He had been taken in, he thought, and betrayed into an unnecessary warmth of sympathy. It is true that, after a little, even Dr. Maurice saw points which might be improved: but he could not look upon Norah's toilette with the instructed eyes which Clara Burton and Lady Florizel turned upon it; and it was the other girls, the Marchioness, the ladies who knew, not a mere man, ignorant as a baby, whom Norah feared.

However, it was grand to see the carriage glide up to the door, and the ladies get into it. Mrs. Ashurst and her niece were in it already, two highly respectable persons with claims to belong to the county. The Rectory people were not asked, and Katie stood at the window and watched with somewhat wistful looks, waving her hand as they drove away. And Dr. Maurice put them into the carriage, and stood on the steps with his hat off watching them too. There was a splendour about it certainly, whether it was delightful or not. Norah thought of the donkey-chaise laden with children, and for a moment sighed; she had worn brown holland in those days—but now brown holland all embroidered and decorated was a great deal too expensive—far more costly than her grey—and she had not cared what she wore then, which was far better; whilst now she felt that Miss Ashurst was looking at her, and saw that her cuffs were rather coarse in texture and her feather nothing but a tip. Neither was the drive very lively in the society of these respectable ladies, the younger of whom was older than Norah's mother. But when the carriage approached the end of the pilgrimage, Norah's sky began to brighten. All the others had already arrived, and on a green knoll in front of the old tower the luncheon was being arranged. It was a prettier, gayer sight than the old parties with the donkey chaise. Lady Florizel and her sister were standing at one of the windows in the tower with Ned Burton, looking down; but among the trees near the gate Cyril Rivers was waiting on the outskirts of a group, looking round with evident anxiety, waiting to open the carriage door and hand the ladies out. "I am so glad you have come," he whispered into Norah's ear. His very face brightened up at the sight of them. There is no girl living who could withstand such delicate flattery, and that not from any nobody, not from an old friend and faithful slave like Ned Burton, but from the hero, the prince of romance. Norah's heart grew light in spite of herself; she might be indifferently dressed, she might even look as she felt, a poor relation: but this distinction all the same was hers—the prince had found Cinderella out, and none of the others could get a word from him. He took them to Mrs. Burton, who was doing the honours of the old tower to the Marchioness, and who received them very graciously, giving thanks to some heathenish deity of her own for the success of her plans; and then he found a shady spot for them where they could command everything. "I suppose you do not care to go over the tower," he said. "I know it as well as my A.B.C.," said Norah; and then he placed them under the great ash-tree and took up his own position by Mrs. Drummond's side.

Mrs. Burton gave thanks to her gods for her success. She looked up and saw Ned's eyes peering out of the window above as if he were about to swoop down upon her. "What are you doing, Ned?" she said in momentary alarm.

"Getting this for Lady Florizel," he said, holding out a tuft of wild-flowers from the old wall. And Mrs. Burton thanked that fetish, whoever he was. But she did not see that between the line of Ned's hat and his nose were a pair of eyes glancing fiercely down upon the ash-tree. If lightning could have come out of mortal eyes, that tree would have shrivelled up and borne no more foliage. The spell was beginning to work. Perhaps Cyril Rivers would not have so committed himself had he not believed that the Burtons had made some scheme to detach him from Norah's side, and to slight and scorn her. He thought they had attempted to make him privy to a plot against her comfort and honour, and that she had been asked here on purpose to be insulted by that impertinence of society which women cannot struggle against. This was the conclusion he came to, and all that was chivalrous and kind was stirred within him. If everybody else neglected them, he at least would show that a man's proper place was by the side of the weak. And then the weak who had to be succoured was so pretty, so charming, so sweet! A man's generous impulses are immensely strengthened in such cases. Miss Ashurst, who was as well born as anybody there, and as well dressed, was really neglected by the whole company: but Mr. Rivers did not feel himself impelled to her side by his desire to succour those who were in need.

"Look there, papa," said Clara Burton, going to her father and thrusting her hand through his arm, "only look there!"

"Rivers!" said Mr Burton, gazing through the branches, "with that girl again!"

"And whose fault is it? Mamma's! It is all mamma. I told you; she actually sent him there—sent him to their house!"

"I will soon put a stop to all that; don't be disturbed, Clara," said her father, and he went off with great vehemence to where his wife was standing. He put his hand on her arm and drew her away from the Marchioness. "One moment—a thousand pardons," he said, bowing to the great lady, and then turned to his wife with the air of a suppressed volcano, "Clara, what on earth do you mean? there's Rivers with those Drummonds again!"

"He has been with them ever since they came, Mr. Burton; probably he will drive home with them. He seems to have made himself their attendant for the day."

"But, good Lord, Clara! what do you mean? Do you mean to drive your daughter out of her senses—don't you intend to interfere?"

"I am acting for the best," said Mrs. Burton, "and it will be at your peril if you meddle. Take it in hand if you please; but if the work is to be mine I must do it my own way."

"But, Clara, for Heaven's sake——"

"I have no time for any more, Mr. Burto
I must be allowed to work, if I work at al
in my own way."

And with this poor satisfaction Mr. Burto had to be content. He went away fumir and secretly smarting with indignatio through the groups of people who were his ow guests, gathered together to make him merr A mixture of rage and bewilderment fille his bosom. He could no more bear to hav his Clary crossed than Mrs. Drummon could bear to cross Norah; and his wife silence was far beyond his comprehensio Clara met him as he came up, with a flu tuating colour, now pale, now crimson, an her white low forehead almost lost under th fringe of hair. She clasped his arm energe ically with both hands. "Tell me, papa what has she got to say?"

"Well, Clary, we must not interfere. You mother has her own way of acting; she say it is all right. There are dozens more tha would be glad of a look from you, Clar For to-day we are not to interfere."

Clara, who was not in the habit of di guising her feelings, tossed his arm from he pulling away her hands; she was half wil with injured pride and self-will. She went u to the group under the tree with anger in he step and in her eye.

"Oh Norah!" she said, "I did not kno you were coming. Good morning, Mrs. Drummond. Mr. Rivers, I thought you were altogether lost. You disappeared the momen we set you down. I suppose you had something more agreeable in hand."

"I had nothing in hand, Miss Burton except like everybody else—to amuse myself I suppose."

"And you have found a charming way o doing that, I am sure," said poor, jealous, foolish Clara; her face was flushed, her voic slightly elevated. She could not bear it; i it had been one of the Ladies Merewether or even one of the Daltons from the Rector —but Norah! It was more than she could pu up with. Mrs. Drummond, who was decorous, the very soul of good order and propriety rose up instinctively to cover this little outbreak. "Let us walk about a little," she said. Let us hide this unwomanly self-betrayal, was what she meant.

Norah, too, was wounded and ashamed though without feeling herself involved. Clara was "in a temper," Norah thought. They all knew that Clara in a temper was to be avoided. She was sorry Mr. Rivers should see it. "Oh Clara! isn't it strange to be here with everything so different," she id. "Don't you remember our pranks on e grass when we were children? and your ony which we all envied so much? How ld it is in some ways to be grown up!"

Clara took no notice of this conciliatory eech, but Mr. Rivers did. "I hope it is ot less pleasant," he said.

"I don't know—we walk about now, inead of running races and playing games. o you remember, Clara——"

"I have not time to talk over all that old onsense," said Clara. "The Marchioness calling me;" and she turned sharply off d joined her mother, who was with that eat lady. She was quite pale with anger d dismay. She walked up to Mrs. Burton d looked her in the face. It was *her* oing! and then she drew back a step, and ood behind, doing all she could to make r vexation visible. She wanted to punish r mother. The others had all dispersed to groups; but Clara stood alone, determined to be unhappy. Mrs. Burton, howeer, was not punished at all; her scheme d succeeded. Her daughter's temper uld not last above an hour or two; and r son was safe. He was walking about with ady Florizel, "paying her," as Miss Ashurst id, "every attention," under her satisfied es.

The picnic ran its course like other piccs. It was very delightful to some, and very retched—a day to date from, as the unhapest ever known—to others. Cyril Rivers d not, as Mrs. Burton had predicted, leave e Drummonds all day. Had he suspected at this was the very result she aimed at, d that Ned's lowering brows and unhappy oks were the very things the party had en given for, the chances are that he would ve resisted the temptation which was stealg over him; but he did not know this, d he did not resist. He thought they re laying vulgar visible claim to him, fore he had made up his mind one way another, and this was a thing his pride resed to allow; while at the same time orah was very sweet. She was a "rosebud t about with wilful thorns;" she would not ree with him, nor yield in argument; she s not a shadowless beauty all in broad aze of sunshine and complacency, like ara; there were clouds and shadows about r, and a veil of soft mystery, spontaneous ovements of fancy, wayward digression out one thing into another. Mrs. Drummond, o was the spectator at the banquet, grew rmed. She tried to separate them, to d Norah away among the other people. But she was balked in that by every means. The other people were chiefly county people, too grand for the Drummonds, who were civil to the handsome mother and pretty daughter, but not anxious for their further acquaintance. Wherever they turned Mr. Rivers met them. He was not cold, nor slow to see when Helen wanted to seat herself, when she wanted to move about. At last, when the afternoon was beginning to wane, and the elder ladies to think of their shawls, some of the younger ones proposed a dance on the green. Mrs. Drummond was left sitting by herself while Norah went to dance with Mr. Rivers, and it was then for the first time that Mr. Burton came up to her. She could not but suppose that he had been taking too much wine.

"Well, Helen," he said, in his loud voice, "this is an unusual sort of scene for you—like it? I don't suppose you know many people, though; but that little girl of yours is going too fast; mind my word, she is going too fast."

"I think, Mr. Burton, you mistake——"

"No, I don't mistake;—going too fast—trying to lead Cyril Rivers off his feet, as she did my Ned. What am I talking of? No, not Ned; Ned has more sense—some other of the lads. But Cyril Rivers, mind you, ain't such a fool as he looks."

He went on, but Helen did not hear him. Suddenly the whole situation glanced upon her. If a flash of lightning had illuminated everything it could not have been more clear. It was not a good light or a friendly that blazed over that scene, which was confused by so many shades of good and evil feeling. Helen's whole spirit had been moved in her by the tone and words of her cousin in respect to her child. He had touched her daughter—and a woman is as a tigress when a finger is laid upon her cub, people say.

I don't know if this was any excuse for her; but certainly, all in a moment, something appeared within her reach which made her heart beat. Revenge! Whatever his degree of guilt had been, this man had been her husband's evil angel; he had put him in the way which had led him to his destruction—with how much or how little guilt who could say? And Helen looked over the bright scene—the dancers on the grass, the groups standing round, the autumn trees dressed out in all their beauty, like their human brethren—and suddenly saw, or thought she saw, that she had the happiness of her adversary's home in her hand. Little Norah, all unaware of her tragic task, was the

Nemesis who was to accomplish their overthrow. There was Ned, heart-broken, but defiant—Ned whom she had seen watching all day, miserable as youth only is; and Clara, furious, making a show of herself in her passion. Was it the sin of the father that was being visited on the children? Helen's heart gave one loud, angry throb; the time of her temptation had come. She did not use the word revenge; all that was brought before her in the sudden tumult of her thoughts was punishment—retribution for sin.

While this terrible suggestion flashed into Helen's mind and took sudden possession of it, another idea had begun to germinate in another bosom, which was to bear fruit also. Dr. Maurice went to see the Haldanes, and had a great deal of conversation with them. This conversation ran chiefly upon the one subject on which they were both so much interested—"the child." From them he learnt that Norah had "come out," that she had made a great *succès*, that everybody (to wit the Daltons) were raving of her prettiness and sprightliness, and how much admired she was; and that since the ball Cyril Rivers had "never been out of the house."

"Find out what sort of fellow he is, Maurice," said Stephen Haldane; "it would be hard to see our little Norah throw herself away. I thought it would have been Ned."

"Ned! Ned? Burton's son—a mere City fellow! Good heavens! has it come to that?" said Dr. Maurice.

He left the Gatehouse, and walked slowly to the station, and went home just about the time when the dance began on the green. "The child wants some one to take care of her," he said over and over again to himself. When he got home he went over all his house, and looked at it with a half comic, half puzzled look. The idea perhaps had gleamed across his mind before; it was an idea he did not half like. It would be a trouble to him—more trouble than anybody could imagine. But still if such a sacrifice should be necessary—for Norah's sake?

## CHAPTER XXXI.

THE thought of revenge which had thus entered Helen's mind might have died out of it naturally, or it might have been overcome by better thoughts. All the passion and conflict of her life had died into stillness; six years had come and gone since the great storm had passed over her, which had changed her existence, and though that had not come to any satisfactory conclusion, but only raged itself out, leaving germs th might grow into tumultuous life again— long an interval of quiet had buried the germs very deep. She had grown tranquil spite of herself; the calm routine of her li had taken hold upon her, and she had ma that change which is so imperceptible whi in progress, so real and all-influencing wh once accomplished—the change which ste away the individuality of existence, and i troduces that life by proxy, to which we —or at least to which all women—mu come. Insensibly, without knowing it, Hel had grafted herself into her child. She h lived for Norah, and now she lived in Nora regarding the events of the world and t days as they passed solely in reference the new creature who had a new career weave out of them. This change has a wo derful effect upon the mind and being. H sphere of interests was altered, her hop and wishes were altered, her very modes thought. The gravity of her nature ga way before this potent influence. Had s been in the way of it, Helen, who had liv through her own youth with a certain serio dignity, accepting her pleasures as a nec sity rather than entering into them with e thusiasm, would have acquired for herself, doubt, the character of a frivolous woma fond of balls and gaiety, all because of t gayer temper of her child. She felt w Norah that thrill of wonder about Cy Rivers; her own heart began to beat a lit quicker when she heard him coming; a r flection of Norah's blush passed over h She had to make an effort now and then n to be altogether carried away by this stran entry she had made into another nature; Norah was not like her mother in natur training and constant association had ma them alike, and it was quite possible th Norah in later life might become Helen, Helen for the moment had become Nora But this wondrous double life that ebbs a flows from one heart to another as from o vessel to another—the same blood, the sa soul—is not very explicable in words. It w only when Helen sat, as she did at the m ment we are now describing, all by hers over her little fire, and felt the silence rou her, and realised her own individual separate from the rest of the world, that t old strain of her thoughts came back to h and for half an hour at a time she beca herself once more.

It was a month after the day of the picn The guests at Dura had departed, or rath had been succeeded by new ones, of wh

Drummonds knew nothing. A breach l been made between the great house and village—a breach which the Daltons rmured and wondered at, but which no attributed distinctly to its true cause. at cause, Mrs. Drummond knew very well, Norah. They had been invited once re to Dura after the picnic, and Mr. ers once more had constituted himself ir attendant. By this time all other tives except one had ceased to influence young man. He had ceased to think of the tons' claims or of Clara's fury—things ch, no doubt, had at first made the pursuit Norah piquant and attractive to him. at he thought of now was Norah herself. had no intention of committing himself o thought of compromising his future by oolish match; but he fell in love—he ld not help it. It is a thing which men he best principles, men incapable of ruin- themselves by an absurd marriage, will ertheless do from time to time. How he uld get out of it he did not know, and en he ventured to think at all, he was y sorry for himself for the fatality which de Norah impossible. But impossible or , this was what had happened to him; he l fallen in love. The sensation itself was et; and Clara's perpetual angry pout, flash of wrath when he approached Norah, impatient exclamation at the sound of name, amused him immensely, and at same time flattered his vanity. So did d's lowering brows and unhappy looks. Rivers was tickled with his own position, tered and amused by the effect his erratic ceedings had produced. And he had en in love. I am sorry to say that Mrs. mmond encouraged him on that evening ch she and her daughter spent at Dura r the picnic. She waved him, as it were, the faces of the Burtons like a flag of mph. She took pleasure in Ned's misery, ugh she liked Ned—and in Clara's wrath. ey had scorned her child; but her child able to turn all their plans to confusion, l break up their most skillful combinations. rah was the queen of the moment, and others were crushed under her little foot. was able to make Ned's life a burden to and destroy Clara's prospects. I am y sorry to have to say this of Helen; but ave never set her up as possessing the hest type of character, and it was true.

he was heartily sorry for it afterwards, vever, it must be added. When she got ne she felt ashamed, but rather for having e something that did not come up to her own ideal of womanly or lady-like behaviour than for the pain she had helped to inflict. Even while she was sorry for having "encouraged" (women are so conscious of all that word means) Mr. Rivers, she was not sorry for Ned's despair, which rather amused her—nor for Clara's fury, which made her so angry that she would have liked to whip Clara. She was only ashamed of the deed; she did not dislike the results. Norah, as so often happens, did not know half, nor nearly half, of what it all meant. She was flattered by Mr. Rivers's attention; she admired him, she liked him. He was the hero, and he had taken her for his heroine. The thought entranced her girlish fancy, and seduced her into a thousand dreams. She wondered would he "speak" to her, and what should she answer him? She framed pictures to herself of how he should be brought to the very verge of that "speaking," and then by chance prevented and sent away, and longing and anxious, while Norah herself would get a respite. She imagined the most touching scenes—how somebody unknown would be found to watch over her, to bring wonderful good fortune to her, to be at hand when she was in any danger, to save her life, and perform all kinds of wonders; and how at last, suddenly turning upon this anonymous guardian angel, she should find that it was he. Everything that a true knight had ever done for his lady she dreamt of having done for her, and a sweet exultation, a grateful sense of her own humility and yet grandeur would fill her foolish little mind. But still, even in her fancy, Norah held as far off as possible the inevitable response. No lady, of course, could accept such devotion without sooner or later bestowing the reward; but the devotion, and not the reward, was the thing it pleased her to contemplate. It surrounded with a halo of glory not only herself, the recipient, but even in a higher degree the man who was capable of bestowing such exquisite, and delicate, and generous service. Such are the fantastic fancies of a girl when she finds herself wafted into the land of old romance by the astounding, delicious, incomprehensible discovery that some one has fallen in love with her. She was not in the very least in love with him.

All this is a long way from the November evening when Helen sat over her fire, and became for the periodical half-hour herself, and not simply Norah's mother. Thinking it all over, she blushed a little over her own conduct. Mr. Rivers had left Dura, but he kept writing to her on one absurd pretext after another. Mrs. Drummond had answered very briefly one of these notes, and she was taking herself to task for it now. Was she right to "encourage" Cyril Rivers? It had punished the Burtons, and she was not sorry for that. But was such a mode of revenge permissible? Was it consistent with her own dignity, or such a thing as ought to be? Susan had not yet brought in the lamp, and she was sitting in the ruddy darkness, scarcely illuminated, yet made rosy by the brilliant not-flaming redness of the fire. Norah, even now, would have been frightened to sit so in that haunted room; but it was not haunted to Helen. It was a clear, moonlight evening out of doors, and the thin long lines of window at the other end of the room let in each a strip of dark wintry blue between the brown-grey curtains. This cold light, and the ruddy, suppressed glow of the fire, balanced each other, holding each their own half of the room like two armies, of which the red one made continual sorties upon the realm of the other, and the blue one stood fast without a movement. It was a curious little interior, but Helen did not see it. She sat, as thoughtful people so often sit, with her eyes fixed upon the red glow of the embers. In a variation of the same attitude, half visible as the light rose and fell, like a spell-bound woman, her image shone in the round mirror.

Norah was at the Rectory spending the evening, and Norah's mother had changed into Helen herself, and not another. How many old thoughts came and went through her mind it is needless to say; but they resolved themselves into this, that she had sacrificed her own dignity, that what she was doing was not the thing she ought to do. What was the punishment of the Burtons to her? Why should she like to give a heartache to a boy and girl who had done her no harm? It was to get at their father, and give him a stab through their means; but was that a kind of warfare for a woman—a lady? Helen started in the dark, though no one could see her. She had a high, almost fantastic, sense of honor and generosity, yet in this she was sacrificing both.

I do not know what impulse it was which made her, when the fire began to burn low and wanted refreshment, go to the window and look out—no reason in particular—because it was a beautiful night. She stood looking out on the moonlight, on the silent country road, and the lively lights which shone in the Rectory windows opposite. She had rung for the lamp; she was going to have her woman's meal, her cup of tea, in the solit which was not grievous, for to be sur would last but an hour or two. On the ta there was a basket full of work, some dr making for Norah, and a novel, for Helen loved the novels which took her i other lives. All these placid details gave air of profoundest peace to the scene, and white, clear moonlight shone outside, the stars, sharpened and brightened by fr fluttered as if they had wings or a heart t throbbed, out of the blue of the sky; w suddenly the place became clamorous, silence fled, the echoes carried circles sound all over the unseen country. Mr. ton was coming home. A slight smile ca upon Helen's face. All this ostentation noise of wealth did not irritate her as it u to do. The phaeton came dashing al and paused a moment at the corner, wh Williams's shop threw out a stream of illu nation. Some one else sat by Mr. Burt side—some one who suddenly, as they pass turned his face full into the light.

In a moment Helen's heart had begu beat like an engine suddenly set in moti the blood mounted up into her ears, to heart, like its moving wheels and pist She clenched her hand, and a sudden den seemed to wake up and come into existe all in a moment. It was the man whom believed to be her husband's murderer— destroyer of her own happiness and Robert's good name. She stood as if sp bound while they drove past the wind laughing and talking. Nay, there was e a half pause, and Mr. Burton made some planation, and pointed to the Gatehouse, seeing the secret spectator. She heard sound of their voices—the laugh; and clen ed her hands tighter, and through her m there passed words which a woman sho not say.

It was then that Susan came into the ro with the lamp. When she had set it down the table, and turned round to close the w dow, it startled her to see where Helen standing. Susan uttered an exclamation gave her "a turn;" and she had a still grea turn when she perceived the change in M Drummond's face. But for the moment did not say anything. It was only when had arranged the tea and put everything re that she ventured to look again, and enco tered Helen's eyes, which were fixed, did not see her.

"Lord bless us!" said Susan, "if so thing has happened, 'm, don't look dread like that, but say it out."

Ielen woke up at the sound of her voice. tried to smile and clear her countenance.

Nothing has happened," she said; and tartled her to find how hoarse she was. was thinking only about old times."

That comes o' Miss Norah being out to " said Susan. "I'd think of old times enough if I could do any good. But t's the use? Thinking and thinking only ders a body's brain. I've give it up for part."

It is the wisest way," said Helen, trying mile.

Shall I ask Miss Jane to come and stay you a bit? or shall I run for Miss rah?" asked Susan, who was practical-ded, and felt that something ought to be e.

Never mind, Susan. It is very kind of to think of me. It will pass over direct- said Helen; and she was so decided and erative that Susan was forced to yield.

Vhen she was gone, Mrs. Drummond rose walked about the room with hasty, tre- ous steps. She was not sick nor sorry, he woman thought, but burning with wild gnation, sudden rage. Her better feelings e overwhelmed by the tide of passion rushed into her mind. "Golden and ton! Golden and Burton!" When she last repeated these words, she had felt self powerless, helpless, unable to inflict punishment upon them, compelled to side into silence, knowing that neither voice nor anything she could do would h them. It was different now, she said erself, with fierce satisfaction. Now she indeed something in her power; now could indeed reach the very heart of one hem. Her cheek glowed, her eyes blazed er solitude. She would do it. She would tract Mr. Rivers from them utterly, and would break the heart of their boy. She ned to hold it in her hand, and crush it, he pursued these thoughts. This was the rible effect produced upon a reasonable nan by the appearance of a man who had nged her. It is not easy to bear the ning prosperity of the wicked. He had n from Helen all, except Norah, that le life worth having, and he himself had eared to her full of jovial talk and laugh- going to visit at Dura, evidently a ored guest. The difficulty was one which vid felt even more deeply, and has argued himself upon in many a strain which gion has made familiar to us as the air breathe. In the Psalms it is never said t it is wrong to chafe at the prosperity of evil-doers, but only that that prosperity is short-lived, and that ruin is coming. When Helen suddenly saw her enemy, the wicked man *par excellence*, the incarnation of wrong and cruelty, flourishing like the green bay-tree, gay and confident as he had always been, it was not wonderful if she took the Old Testament rather than the New for her guide. The only strange thing was, that with the curious inconsistency of human nature, she grasped the weapon that she had suddenly found at her side, to strike, not him, but his companion. Golden and Burton! Once more they had become one to her; her enemies—the incarnation of murder, slander, and wrong!

"Mamma, Ned has walked across with me," said Norah, running in all fresh from the outer air, with a red hood over her brown hair. "May I ask him to come in? He looks so unhappy, mamma."

"I don't see that we have anything to do with his unhappiness," said Helen; but already he was standing at the door, looking in very wistfully. Norah was rather wistful, too; her heart was relenting over her old vassal; and now there was no Mr. Rivers in the way to take possession of her, and come between her and the looks of others.

Ned came in with very doubtful step, not knowing whether to be frightened or glad. He was not afraid of Mrs. Drummond; she had never been unkind to him, and there seemed a possibility now that his misery might be over, and that Norah might relent. But it was a shock to Ned to find that she did not offer him her hand, but only bowed stiffly, and began to speak to her daughter.

"You are early to-night," she said. "I did not expect you so soon."

"Oh, mamma, soon! Why, it is eleven; and you have the tea-things still on the table. Mamma, I shall never be able to go anywhere, if you behave so. You have not had any tea."

"I have not wanted it. I did not observe that it was there," said Helen, seating herself on her former seat by the fire. In doing this, she turned her back upon Ned, who, startled and wounded, did not know what to do. Norah was alarmed too. She made a sign to him to sit down, and then went to her mother, taking her hand.

"Mamma, you are not well," she said.

"I am quite well. I fear, however, I shall not be good company for—Mr. Burton to-night."

"Mamma! Why, it is only Ned!"

"He is Mr. Burton's son," said Helen,

trembling with emotion. "Norah, do you remember the man who murdered your father, and tried to disgrace him—Golden—*that* man? Well, I have just seen him drive up with Mr. Burton to Dura. They paused, and pointed out this house to each other—the place where their victims were living. You may understand why I am not fit company for—Mr. Burton to-night."

"Oh, my poor, dear mother! have you had this to bear, with no one to support you? I will never go out and leave you again."

"The sight of his face is like a curse to me," said Helen, scarcely knowing what she said. "I have had as much as I can bear for one night."

"Yes, dear mamma, so you have," said soothing Norah. And then behind her mother's back she made an imperative sign to poor Ned, whispering, "Go away; go away!"

He stumbled up to his feet, poor fellow! so dreadfully disappointed that he could scarcely find voice enough to speak. But yet his instinct was to strike one blow in self-defence.

"Mrs. Drummond," he said, clearing his voice, "I don't know much about Mr. Golden; but if he is such a man as you say, my father must be deceived; and I have nothing at all to do with it. Is it fair to punish me?"

"Oh, your father!" said Helen, facing suddenly round upon him, with a flush on her face and the tremulous movement of passion in all her frame. If she had not been so agitated, she would not have spoken so, let us hope, to the man's son. "Your father is not deceived. I don't say you know. But you are his son."

"Good evening, Norah!" said Ned: he crushed his hat between his hands, and went straight out without another word. What a change from the hopeful spirit in which he had crossed the threshold two minutes before! But like many a man who makes an abrupt retreat, Ned found he fared the worse for his impetuosity when he had got outside. He might have stayed and asked some questions about it, fathomed it somehow, tried to discover what was the meaning of it. He walked up the avenue, upon which the moon was shining bright, so confused and troubled that he could not tell certainly which was the cloud floating along at a breakneck pace before the wind and w
the true shadows, themselves immova
which his rapid progress made almos
wildly fugitive. He thought he had bee
the eve of renewed happiness, and lo!
he found himself pushed further off than e
repulsed, he could not tell how. A tid
wild fancy rushed through his mind, carr
a hundred thoughts upon it as the
carried the cloud. Sometimes it was
image of Mrs. Drummond which was up
most, sometimes a wondering puzzled q
tion about his father, sometimes the nam
Golden. He remembered dimly the trial
the comments upon the latter, and how
own young mind had glowed half with ir
nation, half with sympathy. He was be
able to judge now; but Helen's lang
sounded violent and exaggerated to
"The man who murdered your father
"the sight of his face is like a curse." W
language was this for any one in their se
to use?

A stormy night with a full moon is per
the most dramatic spectacle in nature.
world was flooded with light as Ned, a
speck in all that whiteness, came out
the open lawns amid which his father's h
stood. The wind was driving the cl
across the clear blue at such a desperate
as might become the pursued and terr
stragglers of a great army; and the army it
piled up in dark confused masses in the n
loomed behind the house of Dura, which
inundated by the white radiance. These a
forces were turning to bay, heaping themse
in a threatening mass, glooming in silent
position to all the splendour and glory of
light. Ned's heart was so sick and sore
he gazed at this sight with unusual forc
fancy, wondering if it could mean anythi
The moon and the wind were doing all
could to disperse these vapours; they
driven back upon each other, heaped u
masses, pursued off the face of the sky, w
over Ned's head was blue and clear
summer noon. But yet the clouds gathe
held together, stood, as it were, at bay.
it mean anything? Was that storm abou
burst over the house, which stood so t
quilly, whitened over by the moon, bel
This was what Ned asked himself (tho
he was not usually imaginative) as he
in with an ache in his heart to his fath
house.

(To be continued.)

# A BALLAD OF THE GOLD COUNTRY.

Deep in the hill the gold sand burned;
The brook ran yellow with its gleams;
Close by the seekers slept, and turned
And tossed in restless dreams.

At dawn they waked. In friendly cheer
Their dreams they told, by one, by one;
And each man laughed the dreams to hear,
But sighed when they were done.—

Visions of golden birds that flew,
Of golden cloth piled fold on fold,
Of rain which shone, and filtered through
The air in showers of gold;

Visions of golden bells that rang,
Of golden chariots that rolled,
Visions of girls that danced and sang,
With hair and robes of gold;

Visions of golden stairs that led
Down golden shafts of depths untold,
Visions of golden skies that shed
Gold light on seas of gold.

"Comrades, your dreams have many shapes
Said one who, thoughtful, sat apart:
"But I six nights have dreamed of grapes,
One dream which fills my heart.

"A woman meets me, crowned with vine;
Great purple clusters fill her hands;
Her eyes divinely smile and shine,
As beckoning she stands.

"I follow her a single pace;
She vanishes, like light or sound,
And leaves me in a vine-walled place,
Where grapes pile all the ground."

The comrades laughed: "We know thee by
This fevered drunken dream of thine."
"Ha, Ha," cried he, "never have I
So much as tasted wine!

"Now, follow ye your luring shapes
Of gold that clinks and gold that shines;
I shall await my maid of grapes,
And plant her trees and vines."

All through the hills the gold sand burned;
All through the lands ran yellow streams;
To right, to left the seekers turned,
Led by the golden gleams.

The ruddy hills were gulfed and strained;
The rocky fields were torn and trenched;
The yellow streams were drained and drained,
Until their sources quenched.

The gold came fast; the gold came free:
The seekers shouted as they ran,
"Now let us turn aside, and see
How fares that husbandman!"

"Ho here! ho there! good man," they cried,
And tossed gold nuggets at his feet;
"Serve us with wine! Where is thy bride
That told thee tales so sweet?"

"No wine as yet, my friends, to sell;
No bride to show," he smiling said:
"But here is water from my well;
And here is wheaten bread."

"Is this thy tale?" they jeering cried;
"Who was it followed luring shapes?
And who has won? It seems she lied,
Thy maid of purple grapes!"

"When years have counted up to ten,"
He answered gayly, smiling still,
"Come back once more, my merry men,
And you shall have your fill

"Of purple grapes and sparkling wine,
And figs, and nectarines like flames,
And sweeter eyes than maids' shall shine
In welcome at your names."

In scorn they heard; to scorn they laughed
The water and the wheaten bread;
"We'll wait until a better draught
For thy bride's health," they said.

. . . . . . . . .

The years ran fast. The seekers went
All up, all down the golden lands:
The streams grew pale; the hills were spent;
Slow ran the golden sands.

And men were beggars in a day,
For swift to come was swift to go;
What chance had got, chance flung away
On one more chance's throw.

And bleached, and seamed, and riven plains,
And tossed and tortured rocks like ghosts,
And blackened lines and charred remains,
And crumbling chimney posts,

For leagues their ghastly record spread
  Of youth, and years, and fortunes gone,
Like graveyards whose sad living dead
  Had hopeless journeyed on.

. . . . . . . . . . .

The years had counted up to ten;
  One night, as it grew chill and late,
The husbandman marked beggar-men
  Who leaned upon his gate.

"Ho here! good men," he eager cried,
  Before the wayfarers could speak;
"This is my vineyard. Far and wide
  For laborers I seek.

"This year has doubled on last year;
  The fruit breaks down my vines and trees;
Tarry and help, till wine runs clear,
  And ask what price you please."

Purple and red, to left, to right,
  For miles the gorgeous vintage blazed;
And all day long and into night
  The vintage song was raised.

And wine ran free all thirst beyond,
  And no hand stinted bread or meat;
And maids were gay, and men were fond,
  And hours were swift and sweet.

The beggar-men they worked with will;
  Their hands were thin, and lithe, and strong:
Each day they ate good two days' fill,
  They had been starved so long.

The vintage drew to end. New wine
  From thousand casks was dripping slow,
And bare and yellow fields gave sign
  For vintagers to go.

The beggar-men received their pay,
  Bright yellow gold—twice their demand;
The master, as they turned away,
  Held out his brawny hand,

And said: "Good men, this time next year
  My vintage will be bigger still;
Come back, if chance should bring you near,
  And it should suit your will."

The beggars nodded. But at night
  They said: "No more we go that way:
He did not know us then; he might
  Upon another day!"

# ENGLISH SINGING-BIRDS IN FLORENCE.

In 1855 there was quite a nest of English singing-birds in Florence—Mr. and Mrs. Browning, Charles Lever, Mrs. Trollope, T. A. Trollope, and Frederick Tennyson, to say nothing of the great bear of contemporaneous literature, Walter Savage Landor (well might he have been called Savage Walter Landor!), who lived at a villa on the way to Fiesole. If not altogether intelligible in verse, the Brownings were perfectly so in prose, the male one, especially, being a jolly companion and a clearly comprehensible talker. His open, manly countenance, unaffected geniality, and admirable common sense in conversation were much more attractive than the almost inscrutable distortions of his principal poems,—such as "Sordello," for instance, of which some critic said he had never been able to understand more than the first and last lines—the first being, "Who will, may hear Sordello's story told"; and the last, "Who would hath heard Sordello's story told." When I first visited him he had just got a portrait of himself by Page, the American artist, of which he was quite enamored, declaring that there was "the warmth divine" of Titian in the tints. One was almost tempted, when listening to his raptures, to fancy that he believed the picture to be equal to the famous Irish portrait, which was "more like than the original." Others, however, were not always of his opinion. Mr. Page, I believe, had devoted much time and study to the mysteries of Titianism, with, as some thought, decided success. Others, of course, were of a different opinion, for what is there on which the doctors will not disagree? He was not the only digger at the time into the depths of Venetian color who thought he had struck the vein. There was an English artist who seemed to have gone crazy on the subject, with whom I spent many pleasant hours at a delightful sea-shore resort—for when off of his hobby he was a very interesting companion. Such fearful faces as he put upon canvas, with the most intense conviction that they were fac-similes of the masterpieces of his idol! Courtesy and veracity were brought into painful conflict in the bosoms of those to whom he displayed his monsters; and any one who could manage not to hurt his feelings whilst avoiding tremendous fibs deserved a medal for ingenuity. It was as much as one could do to escape being discolored by him, for he went about seeking whom he could paint without
pay, in order to prosecute his experime
The friends whom he had decapitated w
his brush had no little trouble to keep th
countenances on beholding those of th
which he had titianed for his studies; and
to the poor fishermen and peasant girls
the place whom he inveigled into his stu
to take their heads, they must have nee
better mirrors than they possessed at ho
to have consoled them for his counterf
presentment of their flesh. What a time
sweet little German wife must have had
maintaining the enthusiasm which it was h
wifely duty to bestow upon his labors!
make these daubs the enthusiast had giv
up a lucrative business in London and be
disinherited by his disgusted governor! T
world knows nothing of its greatest men.

Mrs. Browning was fading away into t
spirit-world when I made her acquaintan
Her mind seemed scarcely to be incarna
so slight and frail was its fleshly teneme
How one such small frame could carry
she knew and all she thought might ha
made the wonder grow even among t
intelligent—especially how it could ha
enabled her to do so much work. The ra
is not always to the swift or the battle
the strong of this world, however need
may be the sane body for the sane mi
The admirable couple, as well matched
paired, were living in the Casa Guidi, who
windows she has immortalized, and ov
whose portal is an inscription that the
dwelt the famous poetess. What a co
mendable custom, by the way, is that Fl
entine practice of tableting the domiciles
distinguished characters. As you pass
ordinary house, for instance, and, casua
looking up, see marbled over the door t
information that Amerigo Vespucci was e
the occupant thereof, it swells at once in
something bigger than the Pitti. What pa
ace on the Arno, in all that splendid rang
wears so imposing an aspect as the o
where is graven the fact that it was th
theater of Alfieri's dramatic dreams? A
even the dwelling of Bianca Capello, wick
as she was, cannot fail to arrest your ste
when your eye rests on the inscription
which are coupled her local habitation a
her name.

The voice of Mrs. Browning was so wea
that she was incapable of much conversatio
so that one could hardly hear enough fro
her lips to answer Wordsworth's questio
when informed of her nuptials: "Elizabe

rrett married to Robert Browning! what nguage will they talk?" The philosophic rd was doubtless thinking of how he had en bothered by their written speech. evity may be usually the soul of wit, but t Browning brevity, which is a living proof the Horatian criticism: "brevis esse boro, obscurus fio;" happily, however, for e domestic understanding of the illustrious ir, his tongue was a very different instruent from his pen. One can imagine a fe's wondering reflection on being talked in Sordelloese—"What in the world is he iving at now?" As Patrick said to his ong-minded spouse, "If there's an undernding between us, you've got it all to urself."

Of professional jokers, Lever was the most stinate and obstreperous and iterative. ashes of silence were as rare with him as ey were with Macaulay himself. The jokes re always uttered, too, with overwhelming surance that they could never become stale flat. There was a pun of Sydney Smith's, d not a very eminent one, which he seemed ver to tire of telling. Mrs. Grote, the fe of the distinguished historian, appeared ce at a soirée with a queer sort of turban her accomplished head. "Look at that," id Sydney, "that's the origin of the word otesque."

Lever's sweet brogue was a decided helper his fun, and so was his abounding good lowship. When he pleased, he could talk ntinuously and interestingly. I once ard him discourse Sir Henry Bulwer on gienics in a style that was worthy of a ofessor—though occasionally with a sly usion to the weakness of the hypochoniacal diplomat. The ambassador in *Glenve* is a caricature photograph of Sir Henry Lever's best manner. As the novelist was iginally a medical man, he knew enough of e pharmacopœia to make quite a show of wders and pills, and possessed familiarity ough with ailments to exhibit skill in diagsis, so that his hipped Envoy is a crack aracter in his gallery. There were other dividuals resident in Florence whom he ok off in his novels in unmistakable poritures. One of them, especially, an anent Major, more military than martial, was ry fierce in vengeful talk against the mirthking artist, but discreetly confined himself verbal indignation. He might, indeed, ve said to his persecutor, as little Dr. Hewn of Philadelphia said to big lawyer Broome that ilk: "Sir, your size protects you"— Harry Lorrequer would have been an ugly customer in a scuffle. His potent physique sufficiently explained his power of work, which must have been enormous, considering the time he devoted to amusement.

No afternoon but he was to be seen at the Cascine galloping around with his wife and daughters, and taking all the sport of the place—and no night when he was not to be found, either at his own house or some one's else with his hands full of cards. Great was he at whist, and great were his gains therefrom; so much so that at times there were ugly whispers about his play, which no one, however, seriously believed. He commanded success because he deserved it, his skill at the game being unique; and, then, nothing succeeds like success. Fortune don't in general like to waste her favors on desertless players. Why Lever should have been so acrimonious as he often was, in his O'Dowdisms particularly, against Americans is hard to explain.

Lever's pen was the property of a great publishing-house in London, to which he was under contract for £1,500 a year to furnish a certain amount of manuscript. Quantity, therefore, even more than quality, was his object, so everything, pretty much, was grist that came to his mill. When he couldn't snow white paper any longer, he snowed brown with equal coolness. Had he condensed himself, he might have done much that would live, instead of many things that "to-morrow will be dying." That contract once saved his life. He had taken passage in the unfortunate *Arctic* to pay us a visit, but his employers forbade the trip for the moment and thus prevented him from going down into the sea with the ship. One can imagine his Erinical rage at the prohibition, and his Hibernian ecstasy at the escape. How often do we vituperate the sources of salvation. Our prayer ought mostly to be, Do not grant me what I ask! Lever's residence was in the Palazzo Capponi on the Arno, until his appointment to the Vice-Consulate at Spezzia. Afterwards he was promoted to the Consulate at Triest, where he lost his wife. It seems but yesterday that I saw her cantering in buxom life between her husband and her rosy daughter through the alleys of the Cascine, laughing gayly at her own or his quips.

The Trollopes lived in a beautiful *villino*, or urban villa, just inside the walls, between the Gates of Prato and San Gallo. One corner of it looked on the then Piazza Barbano, now Independenza—for some of the squares in Florence have undergone transformations of name like those of the French *tigre royal*, *républicain*, *impérial;* that lucky beast having lived through various revolutions. As the old lady had constructed it herself (out of the proceeds, pretty much, of her spiteful satires on our manners, or want of them), it was dubbed by the natives "il villino Trol-lo-pi," a mellifluous appellation so different from that which she went by in her own land that it was sufficient excuse of itself for her residence in Florence. People who syllable men's names so nicely as do the Italians are agreeable acquaintances for those who are called unpleasant names at home—and what can be unpleasanter than Trollope, pur et simple. A friend of mine, I remember, named Walsh, was vilified as Vask by the *bocca Romana*, and even in Paris, where he had French relatives, he was often absolutely cowed by the beastly designation of *Vache*. Once going to a soirée, the giver of which he had never met, although the gentleman was intimate with his family, he was of course very anxious that his name should be properly announced: so he gave the servant a lesson in pronunciation which enabled that functionary to cry out "Monsieur Waulsh" with admirable correctness, as Mr. W. entered the salon. The master of the house advanced and made so frigid a bow that Mr. W. was nonplused, and repeated emphatically as well as smilingly, "Mr. Waulsh." Another bow as cool as its predecessor, with a look which seemed to say, "Haven't the pleasure of your acquaintance, sir." Luckily, the stranger bethought him of his best Gallican appellation, and ejaculated "Mr. Vaalsh." "Ah! ah, mille pardons—didn't recognize your name—delighted to see you, etc., etc." One mustn't be more correct than everybody else. As Voltaire asserts: *Quand tout le monde a tort, tout le monde a raison.* The man who is blessed with a watch that keeps better time than the watches of his neighbors will always be out of time; just as another who is before his age will look small to his contemporaries in proportion to the distance he is ahead of them.

The last time I had seen Mrs. Trollope before meeting her in Florence was in a (not the) French court, on an interesting occasion,—namely, a trial in which the parties were Lady Bulwer, wife of the then Sir Edward, and a couple of Englishmen who had been caught in flagrant burglary of her escritoire.

Very much changed was Mrs. Trollope
when I again encountered her in Flore
Years had plowed deep furrows in her f
as well as mellowed the manners of her yo
She had evidently quite forgiven the Yank
for all her early wrongs,—doubtless fee
that, on the whole, she had had the best of
battle,—for she was a constant guest at
weekly soirées of a charming American l
of literary repute, where she made hersel
amiable as possible. Her son Tadolphus
he was nicknamed from signing himself
quisitely T. Adolphus, although anything
an exquisite in appearance) was her in
iable attendant. He didn't look like a
nius, though a genius he undoubtedly is.
brother Anthony's pictures of English life
not better than his of Italian life. They
perfect photographs in their way, and dese
the widest circulation among those who c
for more than mere momentary excitem
His historical works also, though open t
great deal of criticism, are very readable
ductions, and by their number exhibit c
mendable industry.

Both he and his mother were bewilde
like many others, by the performances of
necromancer Hume. These had one g
effect upon him, as the miracles he thou
he saw and heard made him believe in
other world, which he had never done
fore. There was that soul of good, at
events, in the evil doings of the deceiver
deceiver he be. I say *if*, for really I h
been witness myself of prodigies perpetra
by him that "set firm-eyed reason on
edge." There were doubtless no spirits
the business, but the tables were certa
turned upon ordinary facts in a style
might bother the brightest of brains.

No mere magician's tricks bore any res
blance to them, for those you can feel
trickery of, whilst his marvels you were c
pelled at the moment to believe in, and
coolest reflection only makes them m
marvelous. When the magnetic fluid pa
from the hand into the wood, can it ca
with it any of the mental potentiality of
body it goes from? and would that suffic
explain the intellectual capers cut by
magnetized mahogany? *Chi lo sa!* H
the Humed table contrived to exhume sc
of my own forgotten incidents, causing "
burial-places of the memory to give up th
dead," will puzzle me to the end of my
Poor Mrs. Trollope was almost crazed by
superlative spiritualist, who held perpet
sittings at her house, until her friends m
have felt tempted to obtain the interfere
of the government in the way a former Fre

g put a stop to certain wonders in a par-ılar church—

De par le roi ! Défense à Dieu
De faire miracle en ce lieu.

believe that at last the miracle-monger s turned out of doors by her family, as he l also been by the celebrated sculptor, om he had very skillfully and effectually seled as a sort of payment in kind.

Vith Frederick Tennyson my relations e of so intimate a description that I may ak with full confidence of his many admi- le qualities. Had not the fraternal luster n so bright, he too would have shone as articular star ; but his fires were naturally ed by their proximity to such splendor, as those of Thomas Trollope are dimmed he blaze of Anthony's repute. These big thers are always Cain-like in their action n their less potent relatives, whatever y may be in their feelings. The affection ween the Tennysons was very warm, and Trollope always insists that in real genius brother is a better as well as an elder er. It is a coincidence that in the two ilies specified, and in that of the Bulwers, re there are also two eminent sons, the ond son in each should be "the demi- of fame." So in the family of Sydney th, the elder brother, a man of remarka- talents, was almost extinguished by his or's effulgence. Is it to the fact pro- med by Burns, that the 'prentice hand of ıre becomes more cunning by practice, vhich he attributes the superiority of wo- , that this pre-eminence of the later h must be ascribed? Were it a univer- law, parents might wish to begin with second child, just as the Irishman wanted lo with the second advertisement, when rmed that it was cheaper than the first. ll events, it is a mystery on which physi- gists might be contemplative to some use- result.

The first thing that struck us," says an ap- ciative critic in *Fraser's Magazine* (June, 4), "in opening Mr. F. Tennyson's book, the richness of its thought, the great cific density, not as of lead, but as of l. Not a page, not a stanza, but is full hought, and always of healthy thought, erally of beautiful thought, and that ight well uttered. The poems are the k of a finished scholar; of a man who ws all schools ; who has profited more or by all ; and who often can express him- while reveling in luxuriant fancies, with race and terseness which Pope himself ht have envied."

Here is a little poem which will go far to prove that the critic is not extravagant in his praise :—

I.

O ! Adelaide, gentle, fair, and true;
Did Nature, when she cast thy perfect heart,
In the pure sanctuary of her art,
Take Diamond and dissolve it to a dew?

II.

Did she take fixed lightning in her hand,
And with it bathe thy pure intelligence,
Thy nimble fancy, and thy subtle sense,
A linkèd armor nothing may withstand?

III.

Did she rob Zephyrus of his long soft hair
To plait thy locks for thee, and in thine eyes
Pour the clear essence of the glad blue skies,
And cut thy gleaming forehead from a star?

IV.

Fair creature, art thou of mortality,
With that great spirit bound in slender frame,
Whose quenchless and unconquerable flame
Makes weakness strong, and frailty brave in thee?

V.

My days were dark before I saw thee shine,
But they are daily brighter since that day;
And, should thy flower of beauty pass away,
Still would thy wingèd heart rule over mine.

VI.

Thy locks are fairy-fine, thy limbs are slight,
But in thy spirit strength and beauty lie,
As on the magic mirror of the eye
The sun can shape an image of his might.

VII.

Not iron hosts could dazzle thy calm eyes,
Nor mighty thunders stay that little hand
Arm'd with the force of right, as with a wand,
And bent on victory or self-sacrifice.

VIII.

The tender beauty of a moonlit night,
The glory of the earth on summer days,
The lovely spirit of a human face
Do stir thy heart, or melt it with delight;

IX.

The lofty deeds of men—the starry ways
Of knowledge—linkèd troubles flung in vain
O'er godlike souls that arm themselves in pain,
Do move thy love, thy knowledge, and thy praise.

X.

To thee Despair's dim countenance is known,
And Hunger with its palsied steps; thy tears
Will flow when others' sorrow fills thine ears,
Although thou rarely weepest for thine own.

XI.

When thine own griefs thy blissful eyes o'ercloud,
Let but another's for their solace pine,
And they will cease to weep—oh ! they will shine
Like Hope's own phantom bursting through her shroud !

XII.

Thou hast a heart attuned to all things fair—
Thou hast blue eyes of joy—a merry voice—
But canst yield up the world and all thy joys,
And do for love what pride would never dare.

XIII.

Thou couldst in darkness and a dungeon lie,
Far from the sounds of life and songs of youth,
With none but me to watch thee and to soothe,
So that I love thee as thou lovest me.

It is worth while to be a true poet's lady-love, and have one's features penciled in such hues as those. Did all those charms exist in the original, or did they owe their birth to the phrensied sight of the artist? Mr. Tennyson was a good husband and an affectionate and watchful father of a numerous family, going little into the world, fond of collecting a few friends about A few years since he removed to the of Jersey, from which, by making a long he could shake hands with brother A in the Isle of Wight.

Landor I never saw, not having had c age to beard that terrible old Douglas i hall, especially as he was said to ente somewhat rancorous sentiments tow Americans, in consequence of the wa which some of them had taken notes of and printed them. Alas, the *bella cit* now almost what Shakespeare in one o sonnets so exquisitely called a

"Bare, ruined choir where once the sweet
sung."

# VATER'S VACATION.

CORPORATIONS will soon be human. They are beginning to have souls.

Vater had a vacation, or was to have one. It was really an unusual thing for a bank-man to have a furlough, and he doubted his luck until it was fairly upon the record. Now that he was to be out of the way awhile of the rags dignified by the word money, he disbursed them as though they were the pink of sweetness, which they are not, as the world knows.

Vater now saw everything by the light of his leave-of-absence. Was the day misty, he made no question but that blanket of fog would continue a fortnight; or, if the morning was charming as only a June morning can be, then Aurora smiled wholly for him.

He was full of philosophy and small virtues. He was a model father, a pattern husband, and, as an uncle, Solomon in all his glory could not approach him. This in the bud and promise of vacation; what would the bright, consummate flower thereof be?

In his first glee he planned a trip to Europe, a little run up the Alps. On the point of ordering a guide-book, he remembered that a fortnight, after all, would not permit him to do the thing as leisurely as he desired.

The sight of a boy looking into a shop-window with a penny between his fingers and a troop of urchins around advising him what to buy impressed Vater. Oranges might be sweet, but a penny would not buy many: there were peanuts, but one who did not admire peanuts doubted their freshness; there were grapes, but what would be a grape apiece among so many? Every advise a veto, and the moneyed boy pinche wealth and finally threw it away upon popped-corn.

Vater trembled. For the first time he the precipice before him. The juicy ges of the Adirondacks, the tempting g of the mountain notches, the newly-b peanuts of Mount Desert, were before and the precious penny of his furlough n go, as did that of the lad before the win for pitiful popped-corn.

How naturally, in such perplexities, turns to woman—"the porcelain clay c man kind!" Vater consulted Gattin feminine pillar of his house and heart.

When one has a vacation to dispos somehow, a baby in the case makes problem doubly complex. The baby household becomes a center towards v every question tends : there is the admis and the inadmissible for baby. Just a settles upon some nice little plan of a gr up frolic, suddenly pops in the bombshe a question, "what to do with the ba The tyrant or tyrantess smiles and c The fun is up. The campaign mus thought out anew. You cannot leave c fortnight in these enlightened days in frigerator with any peace of mind. If only could! If public opinion were n sensitive! Yes, I am persuaded, and Vater, that a baby is only a first-class plexity in making one's vacation plans.

But there was no baby in this case.

"Let us camp out," says Gattin.

"So be it; let us." Whom to get for

ny? Gattin queried among the probables. he spouse of one friend was wandering in e Yo-Semite valley; that of another was ar New Orleans. "If," etc., "would be lighted." It was the oft-told tale of the an who made the feast. All failed as the ne drew near. But Gattin had put her nd to the camp plow and they were sure some kind of a furrow. Vater borrowed tent and put it up in the yard to accustom nself to the sight. Some gypsies in town re attracted by it, and wanted to purchase. ıt when a man borrows a thing he gen- ally likes to use it before he sells it. Vater clined to sell. Then Care came and whis- red, "gypsies steal." Before retiring, Va- r and Gattin went out and secured the nt. "Suppose the neighbors should think gypsies!" said G. "Mr. Aikin keeps a ded gun!" Suppose!

They hurried into the house at midnight. ttin asleep heard a cry like "pull it up." e tent? "Vater, Vater, they are carrying the tent!"

"Let 'em," replied Vater, with drowsy renity.

With fear and trembling Gattin looked out the morning, and the borrowed canvas y had counted on to cover their kitchen ds, the tent they had declined to sell before ng, was still there.

Vater spent all his spare time in getting vice about camping.

Advice is the cheapest thing in the mar- t; often the most variable. It is the only ng that has not known a "war price." erything else takes advantage of a depre- ted currency. "What you want is a wall- nt with a fly to it." "The best thing is a ll-tent with a fly to it." "Ah! what you ed is a wall—"

Say no more. All his advisers sang the ne tune.

Vater bought a tent. Alas! it was not a ll tent; instead of a fly to it, it had a bro- n center-pole. It was an umbrella-tent. set it up in the yard, too, and sat at the or thereof, just to see how Abraham felt. was really patriarchal. The gypsies had t town. Peace for Gattin.

There were, then, Vater, Gattin, Mädchen, d Diener, the maid of the household. ould Diener go? Yes: would be delighted go, one day. The next? No. What en? No Diener, no dinners. Gattin used ittle domestic diplomacy.

There is sweet pleasure in preparing to en- a vacation when you have one to spend, d the preparations should be prolonged. Camping decided on, the place remained to be chosen. One fine afternoon the happy couple took the boat and rowed down the river prospecting. Annisquam river. They rowed and drifted, down under railroad bridge, past Wolf-Hill quarry, the summer-nested islands, to Weeler's point. They landed. The very spot, if obtainable—a beautiful high bluff. A house near by in case of need. They walked up to the old mansion. Gattin seated herself upon the front door-step. Vater, walking around to the rear door, knocked. Mrs. Weeler came.

"Good afternoon! Is Mr. Weeler about?"

"He—he has left us," was the reply—little words enough, pathetic enough as they fell there, spoken by lip and eye. Her grief was three years old. The errand that seemed so important to V. when he rapped at the door, how it shrunk and shrunk until it was well-nigh forgotten. There was the open window out of which for many a summer long the owner had looked down upon the river. In many a twilight reverie he had built up the old wharf, lined it with merchant craft and peopled it with busy crews, loth to believe what the day too plainly revealed, that Commerce had flitted away to busier places. There was the worn sill over which the two feet would never pass again, and the unmown grass about the house and in the field seemed to echo the words, "He has left us."

There was the apology to offer and the errand to do. Vater made himself known. The good old lady must see others before granting permission to use the land. One half the house was vacant and she occupied her part only by day. She would send him her answer.

Vater, returning to the front-door sill, remarked to Gattin that the man he had sought was in Heaven. Gattin asked in rather an absent manner if he had been to seek him. She had heard nothing the whispering grass had said, and only knew she had sat long in the shadow of an old, old house. Well that she had not been brought face to face, just then, with its desolation and its only tenant.

They joined hands and went out upon the coveted ground. There was not a castle to be seen on either side of the river, but they could be readily built in the twilight or under the glimmering moon. In the distance lay the village of Annisquam, the curling cream on the bar, and the blue bay beyond. They could hear the rumble of wheels upon the bridge and the whir of the old mill grinding grain. One had only to forget himself, allow his imagination leave, and he could see before him a beautiful city. Broad marshes, cut by winding creeks, spread out over the river.

Here and there was a clammer preparing to leave the flats to the incoming tide. But our seekers could not give themselves up to the charming landscape. Properly, their eyes must only take in business details.

On the crown of the hill was just room enough for the tents. The path descended abruptly on one side to a love of a clamshell beach; on the other the land rolled easily to Mill river. By the shore was a cool clamhouse for a refrigerator, and, above all, near by was a convenient garden. Vater's heart leaped when he saw it. And currant-bushes, too, full of promising fruit, which made Gattin's mouth water. Of all things a vegetable garden near a camp is desirable—especially, a garden that somebody else has planted; that another has stoned the boys out of and "shoo'd" the chickens from: such a garden, if the owner had any pride in it, if the vegetables are well-grown, the nights not too dark, nor the walls too high, is of great advantage to a camp. Nothing can equal it but a tolerably crowded spring-chicken coop. But the choice rarely occurs.

These striking advantages noted, our couple betook themselves to their boat. Vater lay back in the stern-seat, and surrendered himself to the magic of the moment—to the feeling that naturally comes over a man thus seated, when the partner of his sorrows is a good hand at the oars.

Word came in a day or two that the desired spot was theirs. The lists of needed articles had been long growing. Gattin, in the midst of some triumphal march upon the piano, would think of some edible, and out came *her* list. Vater, toiling up a column of figures, would suddenly be reminded of a good thing to have in camp, and *his* list grew. As these lists were afterward lent and lost they are likely to become classic.

Behold, the day of starting arrives. They sever one by one the ties that bind them to Society; the ice-man is requested to omit himself for a season; the milkman ditto.

The main body of equipments moves to the appointed place by land, leaving the human wing and a few eatable, drinkable, and breakable articles to find the way by water. Diener's heart is not quite at ease as the loading goes on.

Their little boat, the *Idler*, received all without a murmur, though there was
hardly room enough to wink in. It seem
like a veritable voyage of life. Gattin to
the skipper's place at the rudder; Vater a
Helper took the oars; Diener grew helple
and homesick; Mädchen, in the bow, trail
a stick over the side, contented as o
childhood can be. From the first mome
it had been predicted that something wo
be forgotten, and the only wonder was w
it would be. So it proved. The catalog
of necessities, after all, was incomple
"There," said Mädchen, just as the boat
running under the bridge required all att
tion, "there, mamma, I've forgotten"—
boatful trembled with anxiety; even the t
pot looked apprehensive—"my hair ribbon
Vater wiped his forehead over the perplex
and promised her a *chignon* of seaweed
stead, securing from Gattin a smile of ass
ance that he was equal to any emergency

The sail held but an apronful of wi
but they set it. Immediately the wind
gone. Then it was taken in and the wi
returned. I wish I knew if Maury in
"Winds and Currents" has any theory
account for the fact that the wind usua
acts in this way when a woman has
helm.

Soon the white tent, which Vater a
Helper had pitched the day before, hove
sight, already looking invitingly homelike.

They landed. There is something str
ingly suggestive in landing from a boat. Y
think of the landing of Columbus, the la
ing of the Pilgrim Fathers, and you think s
denly of yourself if you happen to make
misstep into the water. The pictures
1492 and 1620 vanish, and the A.D. chan
to the present unlucky minute.

There was the ground to become acquai
ed with, tea to make, another tent to
up, and the kitchen gods, that had been t
up by the roots, to transplant—a new duty
Diener. Darkness came slowly, Mrs. W
ler, kind soul, came to leave the key of
house, that they might retreat therein
necessary. Mädchen and Diener quarte
in the small tent; Vater and Gattin in
larger.

The first night in camp. The wind ca
and shook the tent, and the wooden fra
work cried and creaked dismally. No sle
I think Vater felt something beside
novelty of the thing. That a native of
great country, with the key of a comforta
domicile in his pocket, could not sleep
his own tent, was an unforeseen difficul
A dog began to bark. Vater went outsi
threw a billet of wood at random, and

:er suddenly seemed to recall a prior en- ment. There is a deal of moral suasion well-directed billet of wood, I find. But wind would blow—'tis the wind's only ng. It seemed to have no other work in world but to puff away at their unlucky /as.

t midnight there was a rustling at the of the tent: an object was pushing in. is the dog; get out, get out, sir!" cried tin. No, it was Mädchen, from the other , for water. The dear child cried over a reception; papa and mamma, too, ɔst. A restless nap or two, and then the dawned rainy. A rainy day in camp to n with.

ll gathered in the great tent. Fire was to be thought of. Breakfast. They be- with milk—Weeler's Point overflows milk, eggs, and butter—and ended with kers; but beginning and end came very together. Rain outside, none in. er lay on the lounge reading Lamb. table was set again. They named the l "dinner," but it was scarcely more than vin-breakfast. There were some lovely nuda onions sliced. It—the meal and whole scene—was almost as good as *Rob- n Crusoe.* Tears of joy and thankful- were wept by Diener while preparing meal, which made it the more Crusoe- Onions are nothing if not pathetic. his time they led the forlorn hope.

he couple took to cards. It may do for rs. Battle, Elia, with "a clear fire and a n hearth," to exact "the rigor of the e," but under canvas, with the summer beating a tuneless tattoo in vacation- !

he afternoon brightened, and the only for the fortnight was over. The tent dry within as a house-floor.

ow began the delicious *abandon* of camp A misplaced whisker caused no regret, nlaced boot no remark, troops of com- no alarm. If visitors came, the camp- vent on with their plans, and the comers possession of all. The days opened sunshine on marsh and field and river the sand-hills of Coffin's beach, and y evening came too soon with its gor- ıs sunsets, its slowly-creeping twilight, the tying down of the tent at nine ɔck, while in the north-west one lone of daylight lingered as though resolved to forsake the scene.

n the second day began the stream of -welcome visitors. "Delightful place," the coldest encomium. As the comers were mostly women, the warmest may be imagined. Many a listening clam might have heard his death-warrant in the ring of happy voices—had he thought a little. Oh! the luxury of that first breezy in-and-out-door company-day! Grandma, to whom the scene and surroundings were new, though the faces were familiar, knitting near the door of the tent; children wild to fish from the rocks, quickly making bankrupt uncle's stock of lines, hooks, poles, and patience; dories and sailboats flying by upon the river, and the clammers within word-shot hurriedly awaking the clams to their destiny—clam chowder! The *Idler* felt the need of a change of name. Day sooner ended than forgotten.

Had Vater kept a diary, the awning would have been the hero of it. 'Twas no sooner raised than it came down. It was the only skeleton in the camp cupboard. Every wind under heaven came to have a tug and a fling at it. Not only 'Squam breezes, but every lubberly vagabond of a wind from the neighboring bay, hearing of the fun, fell upon it, as though it were a house built upon the sands. Hands that had reefed top-sails in every known sea—hands that had broken camp in many a long campaign, tried to secure it, but in vain. Sisyphus would not have undertaken to keep that awning on duty, to have been released from his nightmare of a stone. One fine day a party came with their peace-offerings of pudding and beans. Under the awning, eating and chatting, sat the diners, when down came "that awning," and all were in one laughing burial blent. The most lonesome time of all was after company-day, when wagons and boats had departed, and the campers were left to the slowly-fading daylight and the day's recollections.

Earth, sky, sea, river, cloud, and shine, and every moving thing, seemed grouping to make pictures for their delighted eyes and the galleries of memory. Upon two or three warm days, more than fifty head of cattle from the farm over the river, cropping the sea-grass now and then, came down at will to the beach for cool air. Some stood and others laid down, singly or in groups, chewing the cud—a happy gift.

When the tide turned, the camp-folk wondered if the herd knew the secret of it—how it might, like a stealthy foe, crawl up the creeks, cut off and drown them all. They watched the silky flow of the sea, and the indifference of the cattle, and feared. But, when the tide had come just so far, they turned, one and then another, and filed in a line homeward. Three or four lying down, more indolent or conservative creatures, did not apparently notice the movement, but finally each arose, gave a thorough stretch and yawn, and followed the retreating column. Then, with a magic all its own, the mind threw open the pages of Gray's Elegy at

"The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,"

and drifted dreamily away and away upon the sea of its immortal melody.

A few minutes' pull, a short walk, and in the woods of Mill Cove they could sit down under the branches of a "forest primeval." All that a summer day could do in the way of sweetness and song was done seemingly to make every visit there delightful as dreaming.

As has been said, the river was barren of castles, naturally. Of all Vater builded, when in the mood, upon the banks thereof, not a ruin remains; just where he decreed the lordliest, an old clammer declared was a great place for eels and lobsters.

When wearied with these labors, he took the *Idler*, and rowed across to Coffin's beach. Here, with a wooden pen, he traced many a song upon the sand, where the sea has written a thousand anthems of storm and wreck, one upon the other, as though the beach were an old gray palimpsest.

On one of these occasions Vater pulled the boat ashore. The land lifted away to the left, and cloud-realms loomed above it with imperial splendor. The beach was temptingly hard, curving away a mile or more to the "Loaf." With a bit of driftwood he commenced the following rhyme:—

A REVERIE.

I gather kingdoms as a king
  Who hath a queen to second him,
Or signal lighted battle lines—
  An admiral, sea-girt and grim;

But Fancy fails me at the best,
  My scepter dwindles to an oar,
My ships become the clouds they were,
  Embargoed off the sunset shore.

Let Fancy play me as she will—
  Make fair or render incomplete,

As this was something of a flight for Vater's muse, he wished to end it by a couple of lines as lofty.

Those that suggested themselves were,

The light upon my hearth allures,
  And love awaits me, welcome sweet.

But he thought a walk along the beach might supply something better, and, leaving
the stanza at "incomplete," he went tow
sunset. Returning some time after,
was his surprise and horror to see the st
finished by some interloper in this wise:

"Give me a lobster-trap to tend,
  And clams enough to slay and eat."

Vater's only comment was to take
*Idler* and row swiftly campward.

One of the fascinations of the life
clamming.

More than once, Vater, lying under
awning, fondly turned his eye to the p
where Mädchen, looking like a kingfis
down near the water alone, was turning
the clams, dead and living, in every er
clam-hood, from infancy to very old
Clamming, Vater is convinced, needs
to be known to become a leading sum
amusement at the sea-shore. Beside it
quet has no claim to notice, and the
devoted admirer of the latter, with a ch
partner, would renounce the mallet in a
ment, after drawing the first clam out o
sandy nest. A stupid fellow, as the w
goes, is the clam, a salt-water non-resist

(This last paragraph and the coming
are not written for those upon the sea-s
who have been born and brought up with
clam; it need not be read either by t
enthusiastic gentlemen from Missouri
camped at "Presson Farm" last summer,
who, after breaking their only weapon,
sued their prey with bare hands.) The
gone, the clam is found by his breat
place in the mud or sand—a hole mor
less defined. One digs, following dow
hole. He cannot avoid his destiny, an
sole protest is a stream of water thrown
which only betrays his whereabouts t
heartless pursuer. There is a chance fo
fox, there is hope for the hare, but the
has no armor against fate, no weapon
even little Mädchen fears. As John
says, "Death lays his clammy hand on k
and eke his kingly hand on clams."
amusement, however, is not to be comm
ed to any one who has not a responsible
nal column. One who cannot have e
confidence in that should avoid the cla
externally.

A boat is a joy forever, unless she is lea
in which case the joy is not so long-li
(I have known one to feel very rich o
count of owning a boat, and not much
boat either.) If one feels exhausted
in-door labor, a boat is always ready i
borrower has returned it; you can de
upon your pull, unless she is sunk or agro

unless the boys have stolen her, which ldom happens more than nine times in ten. o own a boat is next door to being a pawn- oker—one may do so much loaning. "If were President," says Vater, "and knew a an who had a temper and a boat and could eep both, I would make him keeper of quam Light for life." There is some com- nsation: boats never have the horse-ail, r spavin, nor the blind staggers; but, for l, an old boat is a pitiful thing. Even after r seaworthiness is a thing of the past, she sses from owner to owner, and each will scover some promise in her,—some sign of e breath of life. And so one nails and lks, tars and pitches, and finally launches r only to find her memory grown so poor at she has forgotten how to swim. Then e owner "puts her away." The next pos- ssor hath the same hope as the former. e is tarred and calked and nailed and unched again, and the owner sees how sad sight is a boat without a memory. We e a nautical people and boast of our nur- ries for seamen, but we have no asylum for perannuated dories. A digression, a deci- d digression.

To return. Boating was their daily de- ht. Up the river on the tide, or down it the bar at the harbor-mouth, for a sunset ew, when the great Artist had painted upon e far-off curtain of their camp miraculous ctures that faded, faded, faded, as they look- and the summer night drew on. Then, the tide had turned, they would fall in with sometimes in a silence so deep one could nost hear a bubble swim, and, floating thus, e white tent peered out of the deepening rk too soon.

They depended not wholly for their boat- g upon their little *Idler*, however. iend Craig and lady from their summer st on "Biskie" Island would come run- ng down in their witch of a *Julia*, touch at e beach, take the campers aboard, and then a breezy stretch to the bay, until the la- s said "put about." Or, he came alone Vater, which meant the same sail over, eaching of the boat, and a plunge into the ar gurgling water of some sandy basin. was a pleasure only to look upon her ner's love for his boat and boating. If e wind failed, he seemed to feel it was the lt of the craft, and if the breeze surprised r so that she dipped her lee-rail a moment, w his laugh would ring over the river!

Sometimes, of a morning, Vater would walk ound the shore at high-water mark. For ery bit of drift-wood he imagined a brief history, or some little episode in its career. That little chip, what woodman in what far-away forest felled the tree? That bit of a boat's rail, that broken thwart of a dory, had the hand of a drowning man clung to either? He gathered them all, with their fancied episodes, their adopted histories, as one gathers a handful of wild-flowers that are fragrant only with memories of the woods that grew them. They all ended in smoke, but first they boiled the tea-kettle beautifully.

When Sunday came, Vater felt a preaching mood upon him. The churches were far away in different directions, and of many faiths. Their bells, as of one mind, tolled faintly over land and water upon the morning air. Gattin was reading, Mädchen was on the shore keeping Sunday-school, with rocks and shells for scholars. Vater took a turn also on the shore, apart. His mood mastered him. He selected a pulpit,—a rock in the shade of a larger one. It had no cushion, he noticed early. He thought he would not like to become the settled incumbent where the pulpit-seat was so unyielding. The audience was thin. A crow in the distance personated the sexton. The choir consisted of a bird or two, who sang as sweetly as though their salary of crumbs had been doubled lately. The trill was perfection—for a country choir. There was no late-comer, no crying baby, no creaking boots. There was no fear of offending the heaviest man in the society. The ceiling was not frescoed: the Builder had said, "Let it be blue," and it was blue. The beginner liked the church, and the beginning of his ministry. But the text. There were texts everywhere. Looking down, his eye fell upon the sole of an old shoe; he took it for his text, and began: "Sole, thank God for this day. Where the feet are that cast thee off, He only knows. Perchance they are wandering yet, or, it may be, they rest forever. How often thou hast gone astray, how often thou hast found the way thorny and crooked, who can tell? Much thou hast borne: much has been required of thee."

It was a sermon with a single merit—brevity; and while the preacher himself grew drowsy, in his ear a voice seemed to echo the varying words with a deeper meaning, in a more solemn undertone: "Soul, thank God for to-day. When thou wilt leave the mortal feet, Heaven only knows. They may wander long, or shortly rest forever. Soul, how often hast thou gone astray, how greatly thou hast failed in duty to thy brother soul, how often thou hast found the way stony and crooked, God only knows. Much hath been given: much will be required of thee."—"Amen," uttered the preacher. He descended from the pulpit with that voice in his ears, and wandered along the wavering water-line. Suddenly he came upon the wing of a sea-bird. It was wet, and black, and glossy—a broken wing. His fancy went back to the time when those sea-wet feathers were but down, when a mother's wings overspread the nest under warm skies, among sweet odors. With the wing grown stronger, he followed it in its northern flight, and he heard—"The clams are done."

Never had fancy such a sudden recall! It was Diener's voice from the camp. He looked thither, and there fluttered the signal, "Visitors." Vater returned to the camp and there was bonny Rockwood, the publisher, —who had walked three miles from town,—peppering, *salting*, and preparing to swallow a clam the size of a saucer, as if it were an "everyday" affair. He had missed the sermon, but he received the benediction—"the Lord be with you." Not a moment soon, however.

If either of the sea-gulls balancing ab 'Squam river on the 22d of July kep diary, he would have noted a little boat m ing its way townward with a favoring ti It contained Vater and company. There tan enough on their faces to make the fort of a black-and-tan terrier. The drinkal were all drunk; the eatables all eaten; a the breakables all broken. Vater pul slowly, almost sadly. Mädchen, true to tenor of childhood, had drowsily dropped lath oar overboard and was coiled up in bow—asleep. Gattin, who never had stee so carelessly, assumed an attitude worthy Rachel or Niobe, and Diener, in fancy, already joyously scouring the tanned tinw at home. And Vater those days of con ued sunshine had dyed so deeply that his l friend could recall him only by degrees w he resumed his daily duties in the inevita money-mill. Blessings on the Corporati that are beginning to be human!

## MY LIFE.

WHAT is my life? It is to honor most
The noble purpose and the single mind,
The upright manhood which, disdaining wrong,
Lives purely, justly, as its God designed;
Which sees beyond results the law of right,
The higher law, which meaner souls deny!
It is to bow before such shrines as these,
Yet live a lie.

It is to hate all subtlety and cant,
Half-spoken words, uttered to lead astray,—
The sinuous turnings of a petty mind,
The prosperous slips from honor's open way;
To walk with self-appointed calm the path
Whose cruel straitness blinds the hopeless eye;
To bow before the stringent social rule,
And live a lie.

It is to wrench forever at my chains,
Then trembling stand, fearing the links may part;
To shrink from favors, and yet all receive;
To mask with Judas' smiles an alien heart;
To hate the present with its weary days,
Yet in the future naught but gloom descry;
To crush my spirit and to starve my heart,
And live a lie.

To see the years like waves come sweeping on,
To fall unheeded on the barren beach;
To know my clenching hands grasp only sand,—
The empty shells and stones within my reach;
To battle fiercely in the breakers' foam,
To sink despairing in the depths and die,
And then, at last, to stand before my God
Clothed with this lie.

# TOPICS OF THE TIME.

## The Bane of the Republic.

THERE can be no doubt that the prolific source of ll our notable political corruptions is office-seeking. lmost never does a political office come to a man in is country unsought; and the exceptions are very rely creditable to political purity. When men are ught for, and adopted as candidates for office, it is, inety-nine times in every hundred, because they are vailable for the objects of a party. Thus it is that lfish or party interest, and not the public good, ecomes the ruling motive in all political preferment: d the results are the legitimate fruit of the motive. ut of this motive spring all the intrigues, bargains, les of influence and patronage, briberies, corruptions d crookednesses that make our politics a reproach d our institutions a byword among the nations. We e in the habit of calling our government popular, d of fancying that we have a good deal to do in the anagement of our own affairs; but we would like to k those who may chance to read this article how uch, beyond the casting of their votes, they have er had to do with the government of the nation. ave they ever done more than to vote for those ho have managed to get themselves selected as ndidates for office, or those who, for party reasons, etermined exclusively by party leaders—themselves ekers for power or plunder—have been selected by thers? It is all a "Ring," and has been for years; d we, the people, are called upon to indorse and stain it.

To indorse and sustain the various political rings the whole extent, practically, of the political priviges of the people of the United States. The fact abominable and shameful, but it is a fact "which obody can deny." It humiliates one to make the nfession, but it is true that very rarely is any man ominated for a high office who is so much above proach and so manifestly the choice of the people at his sworn supporters do not feel compelled to stain him by lies and romances and all sorts of humuggery. The people are treated like children. ongs are made for them to sing. Their eyes are zzled with banners and processions, and every ossible effort is made to induce them to believe that e candidate is precisely what he is not and never as—the candidate of the people. Our candidates e all the candidates of the politicians, and never ose of the people. Our choice is a choice between ils, and to this we are forced. Second and third-te men, dangerous men, men devoured by the greed r power and place, men without experience in atesmanship, men who have made their private ledges of consideration for services promised, men ho have selected themselves, or who have been lected entirely because they can be used, are placed efore us for our suffrages, and we are compelled to choice between them. Thus, year after year, doing e best we seem to be able to do, we are used in the interest of men and cliques who have no interest to serve but their own.

And all this in the face of the patent truth that an office-seeker is, by the very vice of his nature, character, and position, the man who ought to be avoided and never indorsed or favored. There is something in the greed itself, and more in the immodesty of its declaration in any form, which make him the legitimate object of distrust and popular contempt. Office-seeking is not the calling of a gentleman. No man with self-respect and the modesty that accompanies real excellence of character and genuine sensibility can possibly place himself in the position of an office-seeker, and enter upon the intrigues with low-minded and mercenary men, which are necessary to the securing of his object. It is a debasing, belittling, ungentlemanly business. It takes from him any claim to popular respect which a life of worthy labor may have won, and brands him as a man of vulgar instincts and weak character. We marvel at the corruptions of politics, but why should we marvel? It is the office-seekers who are in office. It is the men who have sold their manhood for power that we have assisted to place there, obeying the commands or yielding to the wishes of our political leaders. It is notorious that our best men are not in politics, and cannot be induced to enter the field, and that our political rewards and honors are bestowed upon those who are base enough to ask for them.

A few of the great men of the nation have, during the last thirty years, yielded to that which was meanest in them, and become seekers for the august office of the presidency. Now to wish for a high place of power and usefulness is a worthy ambition, especially when it is associated with those gifts and that culture which accord with its dignities and render one fit for its duties; but to ask for it, and intrigue for it, and shape the policy of a life for it, is the lowest depth to which voluntary degradation can go. These men, every one of them, have come out from the fruitless chase with garments draggled, and reputation damaged, and the lesson of a great life—lived faithfully out upon its own plane—forever spoiled. How much more purely would the names of Webster, and Clay, and Cass shine to-day had they never sought for the highest place of power; and how insane are those great men now living who insist on repeating their mistakes! It would be ungracious to write the names of these, and it is a sad reflection that it is not necessary. They rise as quickly to him who reads as to him who writes. The great, proud names are dragged from their heights, and made the footballs of the political arena. The lofty heads are bowed, and the pure vestments are stained. Never again, while time lasts, can they stand where they have stood. They have made voluntary exposure of their weakness, and dropped into fatal depths of popular contempt. Now, when we remember that we are ruled mainly by men who differ from these only in the fact that they are smaller, and have not fallen so far because they had not so far to fall, we can realize something of the degradation which we have ourselves received in placing them in power.

What is our remedy? We confess that we are well-nigh hopeless in the matter. Bread and butter are vigilant. Politics to the politician is bread and butter, and we are all so busy in winning our own that we do not take the time to watch and thwart his intrigues. The only remedy thus far resorted to—and that has always been temporary—is a great uprising against corruption and wrong. We have seen something of it in the popular protest against the thieves of the New York Ring. What we need more than anything else, perhaps, is a thoroughly virtuous and independent press. We believe it impossible to work effectually except through party organizations, but such should be the intelligence, virtue, and vigilance of the press and the people that party leaders shall be careful to execute the party will. We need nothing to make our government the best of all governments except to take it out of the hands of self-seeking and office-seeking politicians, and to place in power those whom the people regard as their best men. Until this can be done, place will bring personal honor to no man, and our republicanism will be as contemptible among the nations as it is unworthy in itself.

### The Matter of Size.

If a greyhound were as large as an elephant, and had the power and stride that would correspond with his size, he would kill himself in running a mile. The material of his frame would not stand the strain. The draught-horse is never a race-horse. Beyond a certain weight, the loss of the power of fleetness begins. Nature puts her materials into the best forms for securing her objects. The swallow is swifter than the swan. Ship-builders have found, to their sorrowful and disastrous cost, that above a certain size a ship is profitless. Taking into consideration the material of which ships are made, the modes of handling them, and the needs of commerce, two ships, possessing the aggregate capacity of the Great Eastern, are worth twice as much as she. The statement will doubtless be good for all time. There is a limit, fixed by nature, in this matter of size, on all the instrumentalities of human commerce of every sort, beyond which results are unsatisfactory. There will never be a railroad with a twenty-five-feet gauge; there will never be another Great Eastern; and there will never be another Boston Jubilee, of the magnitude of that which closed its performances on the fourth of July.

The great gathering of musicians which Mr. Gilmore's enterprise secured was without a precedent in the world. We doubt whether any man but Gilmore could have done what he did. We doubt whether it could have been done in any city but Boston. The undertaking was gigantic, and it was carried through with marvelous efficiency. The monster experim was not a failure in any respect except in the fact t its effects did not at all correspond with its size. demonstrated the fact that beyond a certain point magnitude and numbers neither choruses nor orch tras can increase their power of musical expression a impression. One thousand singers in Music H would have been better handled, and would have p duced a larger and finer musical impression, t twenty thousand in the Coliseum. We are glad experiment has been tried, and that it is proved t every city can have just as good music in its own h and churches as can be had by gathering together picked men and women of all the cities of the wor Yet it was a splendid experiment to try, and none l jealous niggards will fail to award to those who ha tried it the great honor that belongs to them.

### Modern Preaching.

We cannot more forcibly illustrate the differe between ancient and modern preaching than by in gining the translation of a preacher of fifty years a to a modern pulpit. The dry and formal essays, long homilies, the dogmatism and controversy t then formed the staple of public religious teachi would be to-day altogether unsatisfactory in the he ing, and unfruitful in the result. Experience proved that Christians are more rarely made by ar ments addressed to the reason than by motives dressed to the heart. The reliable and satisfact evidences of Christianity are found less in the sac records than in its transformations of character and inspirations of life. Though a thousand Straus and Renans were at work endeavoring to underm the historical basis of the Christian scheme, their forts would prove nugatory when met by the practi results of that scheme in reforming character, in s stituting benevolence for selfishness as the domin motive in human commerce, in sustaining the heart trial, in comforting it in sickness, and supporting it dissolution. With the results of Christianity bef him and in him, the Christian may confidently say all his enemies: "If a lie can do all this, then a li better than all your truth, for your truth does pretend to do it; and if our lie is better in every p sible legitimate result than your truth, then y truth is proved to be a lie, and our lie is the trut The argument is not only fair but it is unansw able, and saves a world of trouble. Of all "sh methods" with infidelity, this is the shortest. It like the argument of design in proving the existe of an intelligent first cause. The man who igno or denies it, is either incapable of reason or viciou perverse.

So the modern preacher preaches more and arg less. He declares, promulgates, explains, advises, horts, appeals. He does more than this. Instead regarding Christianity solely as a scheme of belief a faith, and thus becoming the narrow expounder o creed, he broadens into a critic and cultivator of l

an motive and character. We do not assert that
odern preaching is entirely released from its old
rrowness. There are still too many who heat over
e old broth, and ladle it out in the old way which
ey learned in the seminary. This "preaching of
sus Christ" is still to multitudes the preaching of a
heme of religion, the explanation of a plan, the pro-
ulgation of dogmata. But these men, except in the
ost ignorant and unprogressive communities, preach
empty walls, or contemptuous audiences. The
an who preaches Christ the most effectively and ac-
ptably, in these days, is he who tries all motive and
aracter and life by the divine standard, who applies
e divine life to the every-day life of the world, and
hose grand endeavor is not so much to save men as to
ake them worth saving. He denounces wrong in
blic and private life; he exposes and reproves the
s of society; he applies and urges the motives to
rity, sobriety, honesty, charity, and good neighbor-
od; he shows men to themselves, and then shows
em the mode by which they may correct themselves.
all this he meets with wonderful acceptance, and,
ost frequently, in direct proportion to his faithful-
ss. This, after all, is the kind of talk men are wil-
g to hear, even if it condemns them. All truth re-
ing to the faults of character and life, if presented
a Christian spirit, by a man who assumes nothing
himself, and who never loses sight of his own
akness and his brotherhood with the erring masses
om he addresses, is received gladly.

The world has come to the comprehension of the
t that, after all that may be said of dogmatic
ristianity, character is the final result at which its
thor aimed. The aim and end of Christianity is to
ke men better, and in making them better to se-
re their safety and happiness in this world and the
rld to come. The Christianity which narrows the
npathies of a man, and binds him to his sect, which
kes the Christian name of smaller significance to
n than the name of his party, which thinks more of
undness of belief than soundness of character, is the
anest kind of Christianity, and belongs to the old
d outgrown time. It savors of schools and books
d tradition. The human element in it predomi-
tes over the divine. The typical modern preacher
ngles with men. He goes into the world of busi-
ss—into its cares, its trials, its great temptations, its
erreachings, its dangers and disasters—and learns the
aracter and needs of the men he meets there. He
s in the humble dwelling of the laborer, and reads
wants of the humanity he finds there. In work-
ps, in social assemblies, in schools, among men,
men, and children, wherever they live, or meet for
oor or for pleasure, his presence is familiar. Hu-
n life is the book he reads preparatory to his pul-
labors, and without the faithful reading of this
ok he has no fitting preparation for his task. No
tter how much a preacher knows of the divine life,
he has not an equal knowledge of the human, his
ssage will be a barren one.

The great mistake of the modern preacher is in not keeping up with the secular thought of his time. It is quite as essential to the preacher to know what men are thinking about as what they are doing. Comparatively few preachers are at home in the current progress of science, and too many of them look coldly upon it, as upon something necessarily inimical to the system of religion to which they have committed their lives. They apparently forget that their indifference or opposition wins only contempt for themselves and their scheme. There are few laymen so devoid of common sense as to be unable to see that any scheme which is afraid of scientific truth—nay, any scheme which does not gladly welcome every new realm won to the grand domain of human knowledge—is unworthy of confidence. An unreasoning loyalty to old interpretations of revealed truth is a weakness of the pulpit that becomes practically a reproach to Christianity itself. If the God of nature undeniably disputes the God of revelation, as the preacher interprets him, let him give up his interpretation gladly, and receive the correction as from the mouth of God himself. It is only in this way that he can maintain his hold upon his age, and win honor to the religion he tries to serve. All truth is divine, and the mode of utterance makes it neither more so nor less. A man who denies a truth spoken to him by the God of nature is as truly and culpably an infidel as if he were to deny a plainly spoken truth of the Bible.

### Prizes for Suicide.

WE have all heard of the testimony of the Boston physicians against the system of forcing pursued by the public schools of that city,—of its tendency to produce nervous diseases, and even, in some instances, insanity itself. The testimony is so strong and positive, and so unanimous, that it must be accepted as true. Some weeks ago, at the commencement anniversary of a college, not in Boston or New England, a long row of young men was called up to receive the prizes awarded to various forms of acquisition and scholarship. It was pleasant to see their shining faces, and to witness their triumph; but the pleasure was spoiled by the patent fact that their victories had been won at the expense of physical vitality. Physically, there was not a well-developed man among them; and many of them were as thin as if they had just arisen from a bed of sickness. After they had left the stage, a whole class was called on, to receive their diplomas. The improvement in the average physique was so great that there was a universal recognition of the fact by the audience; and whispered comments upon it went around the assembly. The poorer scholars were undeniably the larger and healthier men. The victors had won a medal, and lost that which is of more value than the aggregate of all the gold medals ever struck.

There is one lesson which teachers, of all men living, are the slowest to learn, viz., that scholarship is not power, and that the ability to acquire is not the ability to do. The rewards of excellence in schools and colleges are, as a rule, meted out to those who have demonstrated their capacity for acquiring and cramming. The practical world has ceased to expect much of its valedictorians and its prize-medal bearers. Those whose growth of power is slow, and whose vitality has been unimpaired by excessive study during the years of physical development, are the men who do, and who always have done, the work of the world. Thousands of educated men go through life with feeble health, and power impaired, and limited usefulness, in direct consequence of their early triumphs, or, rather, of the sacrifices by which those triumphs were won.

We cannot but believe that prizes do more harm than good, and that it would be a blessing to the nation if they could be abolished in every school and college in the country. They are won invariably by those who need rather to be restrained than stimulated, and are rarely contended for by those whose sluggish natures alone require an extraordinary motive to exertion and industry. Their award is based upon the narrowest grounds. Their tendency is to convey a false idea of manly excellence, and to discourage the development of the stronger and healthier forms of physical and mental life. The young man who goes to the work of his life with a firm and healthy frame, a pure heart, and the ability to use such knowledge as he possesses, is worth to himself, his friends, and the world, a thousand times more than the emaciated scholar whose stomach is the abode of dyspepsia and whose brain is a lumber-house of unused learning. If we have any prizes to give, let us give them to those young men of delicate organizations and the power of easy acquisition who restrain their ambition to excel in scholarship, and build up for themselves a body fit to give their minds a comfortable dwelling-place and forcible and facile service. These would be prizes worth securing, and they would point to the highest form of manhood as their aim and end.

The tendency in all these educational matters is to extremes. It is quite as much so in England as here. We have no sympathy with the aim which is fostered in some institutions of making athletes of the students. Base-ball matches, and rowing matches, and acrobatic feats are well enough for those who have no brains to cultivate, or who are not engaged in educating a
storing them ; but they are not the things for studi
young men. The awful strain that they inflict u
the body draws all the nervous energy to the supp
of the muscular system, and kills the ability to stu
More than all, they wound the vitality of every m
who engages in them. We once heard an Engl
clergyman say that every noted athlete of his (
clergyman's) class in the university was either dead
worse. Moderate play every day in the open
limited hours of study in the day-time, pleasant so
intercourse, unlimited sleep, good food, the educat
of power by its use in writing, speaking, and debat
—these are what make men of symmetry, health,
usefulness. The forcing process, in whatever
applied, and to whatever set of powers, is a danger
process. We make a great stir over the flogging
refractory boy by a teacher. Whole communities
sometimes convulsed by what is regarded as a case
physical cruelty in a school, but the truth is that
ferule and the rawhide are the mildest instrument
cruelty in the hands of more teachers than can
counted. The boy who is crowded to do more t
he ought to do in study, and so crowded that h
enfeebled, or takes on disease of the brain and nerv
system at the first onset of sickness, is the victim
the subtlest cruelty that can be practiced upon him

We write strongly of these things because we
strongly. We believe that there is a wrong practi
upon the children and young men of the country t
ought to be righted. We believe, too, that not o
teachers but parents are blameworthy in this matt
It all comes of a false idea of education. To acq
what is written in books—in the quickest way and
the greatest quantity—this is education in the pop
opinion. The enormous mistakes and fatal poli
of which we complain all grow out of this err
Half of the schooling which we give those child
who go to school would be better than the wh
while the poor third, who do not go to school at
would give employment to the unused energies
those teachers whose time would be released to t
by such a reduction of school hours. Six hours
daily imprisonment for a child is cruelty, with
any reference to the tasks to which he is held dur
that period.

## THE OLD CABINET.

THE Fire-Tender charges the Poet of the Breakfast Table with an uncontrollable penchant for saying the things you would like to say yourself; but he seems never to suspect that he lays himself open to the very same serious accusation. If the Fire-Tender had kept quiet on that subject I could mention one person at least who would have preceded him in the matter of those nice people whom not to know makes one homesick in this world.

Albeit that shall not preclude what I was going
say about the number of nice places. There, for
stance, is the place where I was born. I shall not
tempt to describe it, but I can assure you it is a
beautiful place indeed—an old-fashioned farmho
hovering on the verge of French-roof civilizat
—overshadowed by buttonwoods and immemo
black-heart cherry-trees; a house of breezy pia
and big fireplaces, and ghostsome garrets, and se

losets, and moss-green roofs (with wooden pails and in basins set a-row under the leaks), and at the rear the loveliest little brook-fretted meadow in the world; every corner and fence and frog-pond full of blessed memories, and—but, save your soul, there is the place where *you* were born, just as beautiful and romantic in its way.

Well, now, think of the great number of people in this country beside us, and remember that the birthplaces of most of them are quite as attractive, in different ways, as yours and mine; and that there are very many delightful spots in America where, in fact, no one especially was born. And then add Europe, Asia, Africa, and the Archipelagoes, to your calculation! Why, some folks think there is no place on earth in which to live, comparable with the Sandwich Islands; while Dr. Hayes, you know, found rural bliss in the neighborhood of the North Pole.

You walk aboard the boat at Newport on your way home from your summer vacation with a new world in your Russia-leather valise: Hillton by the Sea, let us call it. There is a secret consciousness that nowhere else this season have fish so blithely bitten; breakers come in so bravely; that no woods have held such secrets of lilies, such fairy graces of ferns, such glooms of pools and greenery; that sunset skies have nowhere else so gloriously flamed and tenderly darkened, or huckle-berries grown so many on a bush. And the Hillton nights, with the Pocomoke light throbbing down the coast, and the moon peeping over the Catamaxy Cliffs, and the waves tinkling among the shells and sands at your feet—O ensemble; O quelquechose!

No wonder that you pity these poor people—crowding the forward deck, and dozing on the sofas—who could not spend their vacations at Hillton by the Sea. But Henry, Richard, and Thomas have come across the same gang-plank, each with his own separate new world in his own Russia-leather valise, with the same secret consciousness concerning the Isles of Shoals, Plymouth Bay, or Narragansett Pier; and with the same sweet pity at his heart. And last year you yourself trudged aboard the Hudson River steamer from your summer in the Catskills, with very similar sentiments in regard to that charming resort.

Perhaps you can tell me what is the subtle significance of "BULRUSHES!"—No?—Ah, my friend, there was a time when that simple word held a library of meaning for you. I saw you start and flush at the Smigley reception, three winters ago, when "Bulrushes" glanced to your ear across the gleam of kid and glisten of sherbet. In an instant gas-light, clatter of tongues and plate, flounces and flummery hushed and vanished, and you sat in a dream, not all alone, on the moonlit shore of Buzzard's Bay.

"What, no SOAP!" That stood once (did it not?) for a fortnight of bliss at Lake Hopatcong. "Your kindness I never shall forget!" meant a mad week at Newport. "I never nursed a dear gazelle!" once brought back that summer of summers on the banks of the Delaware, where the big canal debouches, and water-melon boats take Venetian shapes in the glimmering twilight. How vague now and shadowy the suggestions of these once potent passwords—scraps of that delicious nonsense-language talked by groups of summer friends in years that are gone!

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YOU cannot scare me with your myriads of worlds,—your constellations, star-dust, and the rest,—though every star be a bigger sun, and each the center of a system. This is what perplexes and affrays me—the multitude of living human beings, each one of whom is the center of a system not merely, but, in some real sense, the center of the universe. Every one of the wise little red salamanders the poet found in the woods wore a crownlet,—and every one was firmly convinced that he was absolute monarch.

Earth and sky wear peculiar liveries and minister in special ways to each separate human soul. This blade of grass is not the same to you and me. If you could exchange worlds with your twin brother you would be lost almost as hopelessly as if you had made the transfer with a chimpanzee. Born of the same love, reared beneath the same roof—a rustle of dead leaves on a sunny day, a tragedy read in an old apple-woman's face, the little Mexican air you heard whistled once on a ferry-boat, a black flash from a blue eye, the sound of wind in the trees after an evening with *Robert Falconer*, the crushing of a spider,—these and a thousand other influences have shaped your different life.

And when you go away from your own hearth and home how rapidly the differences multiply. Suppose you could see Broadway through the eyes of that yellow-haired, dirty-faced five-year-old rolling on the side-walk over there. "Poor Brown!" says Robinson; "Poor Robinson!" says Brown.

I knew an insanely adventurous young fellow who started a morning paper in one of our interior towns. He did not do all the work himself; he simply wrote editorials and locals, solicited advertisements, set a little type occasionally, helped make up the form, wheeled it down the street to the press-room, and before going home to bed in the morning superintended the sale of the paper by the newsboys. He would take his stand in front of the office and watch the procession of laborers and shop-people as they streamed by the bulletin board. He has described to me—with infinite appreciation of the pathetic drollery of the thing—his sudden and violent formation of opinion regarding these utterly unknown people. A young man smoothly dressed, and with a brisk business-like step, passed without even a glance toward the board. He was an incipient Gradgrind; bent upon growing rich for the mere sordid love of money; couldn't tell an oil-painting from a colored lithograph; or the Apollo Belvidere from a tobacco-sign. Next—a respectable graybeard, with spectacles on nose and market-basket on arm, who read the bulletin from top to bottom and walked off without buying a paper. A perfect old skinflint—wouldn't trust him with a one-cent postage stamp; he'll come to the penitentiary yet for defalcation. But oh, how the young editor's heart went out toward the red-headed, pitted-faced little Irishman with a dinner-can, who fished two coppers from the depths of his trowsers pocket and went off reading the *Morning Magnifier* upside down!

Did you ever think what a figure you made of yourself in the eyes of the gentlemanly agent whose patent magnetic, non-combustible clothes-wringer you utterly refused to buy?

So you see everybody looks at everybody else and at the rest of creation through his own spectacles and from his own "stand-point"—and there are a great many millions of spectacles, metaphorically speaking, and a great many millions of stand-points.

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WHICH brings me to Mr. Walter Hutcheson, and his article in *St. Paul's Magazine* on "Criticism as one of the Fine Arts." Mr. Hutcheson holds that scientific criticism is as sheer fudge as scientific poetry, or scientific painting; that criticism belongs to the Fine Arts; that as a creative form of composition, wherein we have the representation of certain known products on certain competent or incompetent natures, so-called criticism is as valuable in its way as lyrical poetry or autobiography. In order to get anything like a fair insight into the truth, however, we must take care to ascertain a few preliminaries. He therefore suggests five or six questions, which should be answered, regarding the age, education, history, and honesty of the critic. Mr. Hutcheson's points are capitally put, and with beautiful irony; but he is very lenient with his questions, it seems to me. Why not ask, for instance, if the subject of criticism is an art exhibition—

6. Had the fact that Mr. Jones's notices are full and faithful up to No. 277, and curt and careless after that number, anything to do with the fact that Mrs. Jones made a remark to Mr. Jones in front of No. 278, entirely disconnected with Art, but not so entirely disconnected with Dinner?

7. On the day that Mr. Jones wrote his famous slasher on Parson's "Lungs of the Cordilleras," did or did not a heavy gentleman step on Mr. Jones's corns?

For you see it is not merely necessary to know Mr. Jones's antecedents, his prejudices, his morals, and the like; we must know his moods, his wife, his great-grandfather if possible—because sometimes one comes quite unexpectedly into certain temperamental inheritances.

One ought to be exceeding grateful to Mr. Hutcheson for his Fine Art theory. It helps you to keep cool this warm weather. When you pick up your paper and find, for example, that a famous statue, which you could not help admiring, in your ignorant, enthusiastic way, is suddenly found out to be a terrible botch, miserably destitute not only of those noble qualities that had stirred your very soul, but lackin the ordinary technical proprieties—you are either ex cited with self-shame, or righteous indignation. Bu if you are able to apply Mr. Hutcheson's tests to th personality of the anonymous critic, it is a differen matter—calmness comes again—you rejoice that, afte all, the world is *not* stuffed with sawdust.

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FOR it is not to be supposed that small critics ca compass great artists. Next time will you hamme this into them, Mr. Hutcheson—that no man has right to be regarded in his criticism of a work whic he is not constituted to comprehend; and that it i not enough for a critic to be able to point out defects One would think that might go without the saying But that it does not, no one will dispute who look over any publisher's book of newspaper clippings The aggregate thus presented of error and assumptio is something melancholy to contemplate. If th men, women, and children who write the review would only say: "I have now shown my reader what seem to me to be the artistic faults of thi poem; but for indication of its excellencies I be leave to refer them to other writers better fitted b education and sympathy for that delicate task."

The opinion seems to be prevalent that recognitio of defects is more important than recognition o artistic merits. Let us take a case. Here is a artist of real and original power. The scribbler whose business it is to notice his paintings, find it no at all difficult to perceive and proclaim certain obviou faults and inconsistencies. Their criticisms soun knowing and seem just. But though every poin they make is correctly made, they are blind leader of the blind. For they fail to see that what appear 'crudity and extravagance of color,' comes from scorn of conventionality, a tendency to experiment, striving after new but not less true combinations an effects, an eye sensitive to every delicate shade an meaning of color; that his 'vagaries of form an composition,' his 'crowding and confusion,' are owin to the wealth of his imagination, his marvelou knowledge of detail and command of methods. B and by—encouraged by the few who believe in him through all—he passes the experimental age and get at his life's work. Then come the pictures tha win the world, and make the little critics wonde while they snarl.

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'ENCOURAGED by the few who believe in him through all!' Blessed be faith! I know I have been believed into every good thing I have ever done or been in this world. I have such faith in faith that I am almost persuaded a politician might be believed into the kingdom of Heaven, or a mediocre poet into a genius. I am sure many a good man has been suspected into a rascal.

Did not a dear and gentle friend of mine confess that if he had remained much longer in the employ of a certain Christian person (God save the rk !) of a sneaking, suspicious nature, he would have en incontinently to picking pockets !

A fig for the man who has 'never been deceived;' the woman who knows from the beginning the plot of a novel. This is the crowning sin of imposture—that it lessens men's faith in their fellow-men.

Blessed, I say, be faith ; for by it shall the world be saved.

## NATURE AND SCIENCE.

### New Experiments on the Heat of the Spectrum.

DR. J. W. DRAPER, of the University of New York o whom are due some of the fundamental facts in ectrum Analyses, such as that the spectra of igni- solids contain no fixed lines; that all solids and uids begin to shine at the same thermometric de- e, 1,000° Fahrenheit, and that the refrangibility of light emitted by a hot substance increases as its nperature is raised—has recently published some y important experiments on the distribution of heat the spectrum.

t has until now been supposed that the red rays the hottest of the visible ones, and that the violet scarcely affect the thermometer. Dr. Draper ws that this inequality depends altogether on a uliarity of the prismatic spectrum, in which the refrangible rays are compressed into a narrow ce, and the more refrangible exceedingly dilated. a very beautiful apparatus he collects all the less rangible rays into one focus, and all the more into other focus, and measures the heat of each. Now the currently-received view the former of these foci uld possess all the heat, the latter little or none. t, as the result of more than three hundred experi- nts, Dr. Draper shows that the heat in each is the ne.

From this some very important conclusions follow : That the heating power of every ray is the same, matter what its color may be. 2d. That the heat es not pre-exist in the sunbeam, but is generated by impact on the surface on which it falls. For ugh a wave of red light is twice the length of one violet, the latter vibrates twice as quickly, and refore the mechanical effect of both is the same. e production of heat by light is thus a pure in- nce of the conversion of motion into heat—an in- nce of the transmutation and conservation of force.

### Sterility and Depletion.

REGARDING this subject Mr. Howorth remarks: e gardener who desires his plants to blossom and r fruit takes care that they shall avoid a vigorous wth. He knows that this will inevitably make them rile; that either his trees will only bear distorted flow- , that fail to produce seed, or that they will bear no ssoms at all. In order to procure flowers and fruit checks the growth and vigor of the plant by prun- its roots or branches, depriving it of food, and, if have a stubborn pear or peach tree which has long used to bear fruit, he adopts the hazardous but en most successful plan of ringing its bark.

Turning to the animal kingdom, the rule is no less true. "Fat hens won't lay" is an old fragment of philosophy. The breeder of sheep, pigs, and cattle knows very well that if his ewes and sows and cows are not kept lean they will not breed; and as a startling example it is stated that to induce Alderney cows, which are bad breeders, to be fertile, they are actually bled, and so sufficiently reduced in condition.

In like manner generous diet and good living produce their effect on human beings. In countries where flesh and strong food is the ordinary diet, the population is thin and the increase small; while where fish, vegetables, and weak food are used, the population is large and the increase rapid. Everywhere the rich, luxurious, well-fed classes are diminishing in numbers or are stationary; while the poor, badly-fed, hard-worked are very prolific. As with the plant, the animal, and the man, so is it with the nation. It was luxury and not the barbarians that sapped the power and wrought the destruction of the Roman Empire; and as plants, animals, and even human beings are stimulated by a course of depletion to increased fertility, so, according to some authorities, great wars have a similar effect on nations, and by their depleting action stimulate them to increased activity and renewed vigor.

### Evolution of Mind.

OF the evolution of higher from lower forms of mind Herbert Spencer says: Even apart from the evidence derived from the ascending grades of animals up from *Zoophytes*, as they are significantly named, it needs only to observe the evolution of a single animal, to see that there does not exist any break or chasm between the life which shows no mind and the life which shows mind. The yolk of an egg which the cook has just broken not only yields no sign of mind, but yields no sign of life. It does not respond to a stimulus as much even as many plants do. Had the egg, instead of being broken by the cook, been left under the hen for a certain time, the yolk would have passed by infinitesimal gradations through a series of forms ending in a chick; and by similarly infinitesimal gradations would have arisen those functions which end in the chick breaking its shell, and which, when it gets out, show themselves in running about, distinguishing and picking up food, and squeaking if hurt. When did the feeling begin ? and how did there come into existence that power of perception which the chick's actions show ? Should it be objected that the chick's actions are mainly automatic, I will not dwell on the fact that though they are largely so the chick manifestly has feeling, and therefore consciousness, but I will accept the objection, and propose that instead we take the human being. The course of development before birth is just of the same general kind; and similarly, at a certain stage begins to be accompanied by reflex movements. At birth, there is displayed an amount of mind certainly not greater than that of the chick; there is no power of running from danger, no power of distinguishing and picking up food. If we say the chick is unintelligent we must certainly say the infant is unintelligent, and yet from the unintelligence of the infant to the intelligence of the adult there is an advance by steps so small that on no day is the amount of mind shown appreciably different from that shown on preceding and succeeding days.

Thus the tacit assumption that there exists a break is not simply gratuitous, but is negatived by the most obvious facts.

### Illumination in Theaters.

Illumination by means of foot-lights has for long been a subject of grievance to the patrons of the stage, and it is with satisfaction that we notice recent improvements in this respect. The effects produced upon the features by variation in the direction of illumination is illustrated by Mr. J. E. Dove as follows: Let any one stand before a mirror and elevate a lamp, as the only light by which the face is to be seen, to various levels before it. He will at once perceive that when the shadows fall downwards a classical elegance and even beauty of effect will be shed over the most rugged countenance. In illumination from below, on the contrary, an unnatural glare is cast over the features, the shadows are all inverted, and the cavernous interior of the nostril, which Nature discreetly casts into the shade, is disclosed with unmerciful and by no means beautiful distinctness.

The proper method of illumination, Mr. Dove thinks, consists in the entire removal of the foot-lights and the substitution of a central congeries of lights in the very boby of the house, and almost in the place usually occupied by the chandelier, with a reflector sufficiently large to turn the whole flood of light upon the stage at an angle of about 45 degrees. This, with a second congeries, and reflectors placed a little within the proscenium, to illuminate the scenery, should give the most satisfactory and agreeable results.

### Bread from Wood.

Professor Liebig says:—A new and peculiar process of vegetation ensues in all perennial plants, such as shrubs, fruit and forest trees, after the complete maturity of their fruit. The stem of annual plants at this period of their growth becomes woody, and their leaves change in color. The leaves of trees and shrubs, on the contrary, remain in activity until the commencement of the winter. The formation of the layers of wood progresses, the wood becomes harder and more solid, but after August the plants form no more wood, all the absorbed carbonic acid is employed for t production of nutritive matter for the following yea instead of woody fiber, starch is formed, and is d fused through every part of the plant by the autum sap. According to the observations of M. Heyer, t starch thus deposited in the body of the tree can recognized in its known form by the aid of a good r croscope. The barks of several aspens and pine-tr contain so much of this substance that it can be tracted from them as from potatoes by triturati with water. It exists also in the roots and ot parts of perennial plants to such an extent as to ha been employed in the preparation of bread in famin In illustration of which we quote the following dir tions, given by Professor Autenrieth for preparin palatable and nutritious bread from the *beech* a other woods destitute of turpentine. Everything so ble in water is first removed by frequent macerati and boiling; the wood is then to be reduced to a r nute state of division, not merely into fine fibers, b actual powder; and after being repeatedly subjected heat in an oven, is ground in the usual manner of co Wood thus prepared, according to the author, quires the smell and taste of corn flour. It is, ho ever, never quite white. It agrees with corn flour not fermenting without the addition of leaven, and this case some leaven of corn flour is found to ans best. With this it makes a perfectly uniform a spongy bread; and, when it is thoroughly baked and much crust, it has a much better taste of bread th what in time of scarcity is prepared from the bran a husks of corn. Wood flour also, boiled in wat forms a thick, tough, trembling jelly, which is ve nutritious.

### Electrical Wonders.

By the mirror galvanometer of Sir William Tho son, which was of the utmost importance in securi the success of the Atlantic Cable, a ray of light is flected from a minute mirror that is attached to magnetic needle. When the electric current pas the magnet is deflected, and the movement of t reflected spot of light over a scale indicates the resi ance to the passage of the current. The united weig of mirror and magnet is three-quarters of a grain.

During the experiments with the Atlantic Telegra both cables were connected at the American end, g ing a circuit of more than four thousand miles, yet current passed through the whole distance in l time than a person could pass across the small roo in which the experiment was made—and, most wo derful of all, the battery that accomplished this res was contained in a lady's silver thimble.

### The Color of the Sea.

The rich blue color often seen in masses of wat is to be accounted for by the action of the suspend particles in the fluid on the light traversing it. understand how the color may vary it is necessary recall for a moment the composition of sunlig

Vhen such light is passed through a triangular column f glass or optical prism it is broken up into the seven rismatic colors, *viz.*, red, orange, yellow, green, blue, ndigo, violet.

When the light falls on water of sufficient depth it s also decomposed or broken up, the red rays of light re absorbed near the surface of the water and disap-ear, while the other colored rays pass to a greater epth, one after the other being lost in their proper rder, *viz.*, red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, ntil at last there is complete extinction of light if the vater is free from solid particles.

The presence of minute particles, however, causes a art of the light to be reflected, and according as this eflected light has come from various depths so will s color vary. If, for example, the particles are large nd freely reflect from a moderate depth, while they revent reflection from a greater depth, the color will e green, while if they are minute and the reflection is rom a great depth, the color will be blue.

In the experimental examination of this subject rofessor Tyndall reports that while making a trip in he steamer *Urgent* he caused his assistant to cast a vhite plate attached to a cord into the water from the orward part of the vessel, while he marked its color vhen it reached his post of observation at the stern. n every instance the plate appeared of a green color lthough the water was of a deep blue. The plate ad thus far reflected the light from a moderate depth nd showed the tint of light reflected from this depth, vhile the indigo tint of the remainder of the water epresented the color reflected from minute particles t great depths.

### Sensation in the Mouse's Ear.

DR. SCHOBL of Prague has made the distribution f nerves to the ear of the mouse a subject of special xamination, and calls attention to the fabulous rich-ess of this organ in nerves, the bat's wing being n comparison but poorly supplied. According to the octor's estimate, a mouse's ear of ordinary size pre-ents on an average 6,000 nerve terminations, or, for oth ears, 12,000. The function of this elaborate evelopment is probably, as in the case of the bat's ving, to enable the animal to guide its way through ark narrow passages.

### Sewage as a Cement.

THE *Builder* states that a process for the manufac-ure of an excellent hydraulic cement from sewage s to be seen in operation at Ealing, about five miles rom London. A mixture of eight parts of lime and ne of clay is thrown into the sewer and allowed o run down the sewerage about half a mile. The ewer then delivers its contents into a long tank in vhich the solid matter deposits, and the water passes ut free from odor and almost colorless. The de-osited mud is taken from the tank and dried; it is hen passed through a pugging mill and brick machine. The bricks thus formed are finally calcined in a kiln, and the result is an hydraulic cement equal to any Portland cement in the market.

### Foreign Growths in the Body.

DR. BASTIAN, in speaking of the origin of lowest organisms, says:—It has been long known that Bacteria and Torulæ are frequently to be found within vegetable cells taken even from the central parts of plants, whenever these are in a sickly condition or are actually dying. They are apt to exist also within the epithelial cells taken from the inside of the mouth, and the frequency and abundance with which such organisms are met with in these cells are almost in direct proportion to the mal-nutrition and lack of vital power in the individual who is the subject of observation. Then again, in persons who have died of adynamic diseases, in the course of twenty-four or thirty-six hours (during warm weather), Bacteria may be found in abundance within the blood-vessels of the brain and other parts, although no such Bacteria were recognizable in the blood of the individual during life.

### Memoranda.

THE use of petroleum to destroy the borer that infests the orchards in California has been found to injure and even kill the trees.

The circulating system of the water in the Crystal Palace Aquarium is similar to and avowedly made on the general model of the circulating system of the blood of many of the animals which the Aquarium itself maintains in life and health. Thus, the steam-pump represents a heart, the coals consumed by the boilers are the food, the pipes are the veins and arteries, and the wide-spreading, air-charged streams of water discharged at the jets are the lungs. (*Nature.*)

The sea anemones in the Crystal Palace Aquarium are fed every hour by an attendant, who places the food within their reach by means of wooden forceps.

The first duty of science is to break down superstition and substitute truth for the falsehoods that exist. Before it witchcraft and all kindred delusions must fall.

Magnetic storms have frequently interfered so seriously with the working of the railway telegraphs in England, that before their action was understood the superintendents on the lines repeatedly reported that some one had been playing tricks with the instruments and prevented their working.

The prevalence of tape-worm and other entozoic diseases in those parts of India where sewage irrigation is carried out is enormous, and thousands of cattle are destroyed as being unfit for human food.

The cholera that at times attacks herds of swine has been made the subject of investigation by Professor Verrill, Dr. Fletcher, and others. The conclusion arrived at is that it is caused by a parasite that makes its home in the fat surrounding the kidney of the pig. At one period of its existence it is free, but finally becomes fixed or encysted, and its solid parts dissolve, leaving a grayish-brown fluid containing thousands of eggs.

Iron telegraph-poles have been successfully employed in Switzerland and are being introduced into Germany.

Many new and singular creatures have been found in the collections brought by Father David from China to Paris. Among these is a deer with peculiar horns and a long tail, a magnificent new species of pheasant, a singular bear-like mammal, a long-haired monkey with a wonderfully developed nose, besides many new rodents and insectivora.

The rain annually carries to the earth a quantity of nitrate of ammonia equivalent to three pounds per acre. (M. Chabris.)

Potatoes given with hay alone are scarcely capable of supporting the strength of a horse, but with bread or oats they form a strong and wholesome diet.

Wines of hot countries possess no odor; wines of France have it in a marked degree, but in those from the Rhine it is most intense.

To avoid the annoyance caused by the filling up of the harbor at Calais, and obtain a safe landing-place for steamers of 3,000 tons, it is proposed to construct an embarking pier about a mile from the shore, and connect it with the railway station on the coast by means of a tunnel under the sea.

A bar of ice, supported at the ends and weighted at the center, slowly bends.

A disease among silk-worms, known as *pebrine*, is now being rapidly and successfully exterminated by destroying the eggs from all the moths that are affected.

The vine-pest in France and the best means for its cure is the subject of a recent report by a committee of the Academy of Sciences. M. Faucon proposes to put the whole vineyard under water for two days, and so suffocate the insects without injuring the plants. When this is not practicable, M. Blanthon proposes to water the plants with water containing one part of impure phenic acid to one thousand of water.

The whole course of subcutaneous surgery, and the whole range of Professor Lister's experience, the daily experience of the difference in progress between simple and compound fractures, a thousand facts and observations, and the accepted and proved theories of surgical practice, have long convinced every surgeon that in proportion as air, and that which air bears (germs), are excluded from the fluids of open wounds and from the organic fluids of the body, suppurative and putrefactive processes will be lessened and warded off. (*British Medical Journal.*)

The phosphorescent substance in fishes is always fat, and the emission of light is produced by its slow oxidation by air. Phosphorescence is prevented b alcohol or carbonic acid, and increased by oxygen (M. Pauceri.)

Oysters that have been transplanted from the Eastern coast to San Francisco Bay have been modified so that the new growth of shell corresponds to tha of the native oysters in being corrugated and showin purplish stripes between the ridges. (Mr. Dall.)

The Moose, at the time of the first European settlement, was found as far south as New York city. I has now almost entirely disappeared. The Biso occupied the whole United States, and large herd roamed through the Valley of the Connecticut. (M W. J. Hayes.)

Hydraulic power on the great scale (10,000 hors power) is to be established at Bellegarde, on th Rhone, by drawing off one-third of the water of th river through a tunnel 550 yards long. The heigh of the fall will be fifty feet, and it is hoped to induc the Alsatian manufacturers to settle there and establis a second Lowell.

Milbank Prison, London, was first opened for th reception of convicts in 1816. From that date t 1854 it had a bad reputation for unhealthiness, th death-rate from typhoid fever, diarrhœa, and dysentery being very large. In 1854 the use of the filtere Thames water was stopped and the necessary supp obtained from an artesian well. At once the typhoi and intestinal troubles disappeared, and from th date up to April of the present year, nearly twent years, there have been but three deaths from typhoid one of which was an imported case, and only on death from diarrhœa or dysentery.

In a recent article in the *Dublin University Magazine*, insanity is defined as dyspepsia of the brain.

Every germ and every bud of a perennial plant the ingrafted embryo of a new individual.

The barks are in so far true excrement that they arise from living plants, and play no further part their vital functions; they may even be removed fro them without thereby endangering their existence.

As the decay of wood advances its property o burning with flame diminishes. Carburetted hydroge is not produced. For the purposes of fuel decaye or diseased wood is of little value.

The excrements of roots during autumn and winte undergo change. Often it requires years to complet the destruction of the excrement of a crop before th same crop can be again made to grow. Excremen of some crops do not injure others, hence rotation o crops.

It is decaying wood which causes fresh wood to a sume the same condition.

Geiger has shown that the smell of musk is owin to its gradual putrefaction and decay, which will n doubt interest those who employ this substance as perfume.

## HOME AND SOCIETY.

### Summer Travel.

"MADAM," said the elegant and sententious stew-rd of the hotel-car, "the comfort of passengers is thing to be considered—some time in the future."

We looked about incredulously. The long saloon, nished off like a choice cabinet with root of walnut nd heart of maple, with ebony and gilding and grace-l arabesqued lines of Etruscan pattern, was just ade ready for dinner. There were the rows of small bles, each with its dainty napery, its tiny glittering astor and butter-dish, its pretty china bearing the ystic monogram P. P. C., and clear cut goblets eaped with clearer ice. The *buffet* at end of car isplayed neatly-ranged dessert, salads, sauce-bottles, ickles, bottles of wine in coolers. Farther away, om the unseen kitchen, came savory smells, easily nalyzed by the hungry sense into such agreeable com-onents as broiled chicken, beefsteak, trout, chops. he trim waiters were assuming their spotless aprons d the professional napkins-over-the-arm. Beside ch plate lay a French roll; there were flowers in a ll glass,—there was ice on the butter. And all is at forty miles an hour. What *did* the steward ean?

And then memory,—disengaging itself from the omforting present, from impending dinner, from e pretty little drawing-room, just left and soon to be turned to, from, last and best of all, the pail of hot ater approaching its first simmer, which, thanks to ok and porter, was at a later hour to become our wn and furnish the luxury of a bed-time bath (think a hot bath at forty miles an hour)—flew to the mes and trains of those days which were before r. Pullman had been invented—nay, to times and ines (hard-lines truly) of to-day, which know not r recognize this beneficent presence. And remem-ering cars which bump and cars which jounce, cars hose inexorable windows refuse to open, whose un-mpromising stoves know no medium between the d-hot and stone-cold, cars which possess an irresist-le molecular attraction for all floating dirt—

> A kind of powdery round the steps
> And cindery round the sashes—

membering the jar, the expectoration, the cramp, e foul air which connect themselves inevitably with rtain railroads, we began to think the steward was iser than he sounded. For after all, despite modern nprovements, what a very small proportion of com-rt and Pullman one contrives to get to all this mon-rous quantity of travel.

It is as means to an end that, generally speaking, e undergoes a railroad journey. We want to get mewhere to escape from city heats and smells or e gentle grind of home cares. We pine for moun-in airs or the freshness of ocean spray, and for these lvantages consent to pay the price of a day's discom-rt. And seldom indeed is the price not exacted. The conductor does not ask for it when he demands your ticket, but it is given all the same—you are conscious that you pay. Jolts and jars take toll of your spine. Bad air robs your brains. The insensible forces which emanate from all human organizations brought into close contact—forces at which materialists laugh and pooh-pooh, but which exist and operate all the same—are all day at their subtle work, draining nerves and lowering the spiritual vitality. By night you are a great deal more tired than you have any right to be. But, being of the nineteenth century, you do not question why, and, being an American, you have not been accustomed to connect the idea of pleasure with railroad travel *per se*, and so do not feel defrauded or wronged. It is sufficient that you are at the journey's end without an accident and reasonably on time.

But exactly why should all this discomfort be necessary? Given a pretty country, pure air, appreciative eyes, some pleasant book to turn to for a change or a companion whose speech — nay, whose very silence, perhaps — suits your mood, and a day spent on a train might, it would seem — simply and of itself—become a delightful thing. Dust there may be, but surely the engine might eat its own smoke and cinders. Movement there must be, but, with properly-built cars and a smooth road-bed there need not be jar and jump. Seats of comfortable adjustment, height, and cushioning, cost no more than the ugly, tasteless, gaudy adornments which prevail nowadays.

### The Boy.

WHERE do those perennial boys, who of late years infest all traveling routes, come from? Do the railroad Companies put on special cars for them and their wares, or, if not, how do they manage? To ride from New York to Boston or from Littleton or Buffalo to New York, nowadays, is like passing in review an asylum for juvenile delinquents. Only these are not delinquents, and seem to have vested right to be where they are and to throw into your lap what they will. There are the blind boys and the harmonica boys and the little cripples. There are the peripatetic venders of small commodities of all sorts. You wave them away with averted gaze. You might as well wave away a mosquito. Foiled in one thing, they return with another. Prize packages are succeeded by ice-cream-candy; that failing, by pop-corn and lozenges, or little boxes of much be-squeezed figs. They never or seldom sell anything, but it makes no difference. However unprofitable their routine may be, it is thoroughly carried out. We recall now one boy on an unfrequented road, who during a journey of two hours appeared in turn as the harbinger of *Ballou's Monthly*, *The Clipper*, a Hartford newspaper, *the Doctor's Daughter* (prefaced with a hand-bill), *Fun better than Physic*, (another hand-bill), a case of novels, a basket of specked and withered apples, a basket of oranges, a box of photographic views, and a package of gum-drops. Not an individual in the car having purchased one of these articles, he retired, and presently returned quite undismayed, and began to distribute printed papers with this announcement:

Make Your Deposits
In the
Exchange Bank.
Dividends Promptly Paid.
Each Box contains
New Coin,
Value from 10 cents to 5 dollars,
and
Fine Confectionery,
Price 50 cents.

Have your greenbacks ready, as the news-agent will soon call upon you.

Sure enough, he soon called, but only to meet fresh disappointment. Nobody seemed inclined to avail himself of this method of earning a fortune. But the irrepressible boy, nothing daunted, gathered up his hand-bills, and in another moment was showering us with "Helix Needles," in thin red morocco cases, "only sixty cents—cloth stuck," we were assured, "and warranted not to rust." This temptation proving ineffectual to melt our hearts, he resumed the needle-packages, and, when we left the car, was just going his rounds, undaunted as ever, with Japanese fans of gay paper, 15 cents each, in his hands. Not a cloud lingered on the sharp little face after these repeated discouragements. It was lively and hopeful as ever, and so was the metallic voice which chanted "Fans." Why should not such a pushing youth exert his talents in some other sphere—where people would really want his wares? The traveling public would thus be happier, and he would be richer.

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### A Fernery.

If there be an ugly jog on the north side of the cottage where, perhaps, the eaves drip and no sunlight falls, but on whose unsightliness a window opens, transform it into a fernery. On any rainy day send a man and a cart to the nearest woods, and let him bring down a load of ferns and brakes taken up with at least eight inches of earth clinging to them. It is better to take such as grow in the more open places and then they pine less for the old shade. Have six or seven inches of the hard-packed soil taken out, and the ferns carefully set in their new home, block to block, the spaces between being filled with black earth, and all the roots covered with moss from the woods. Then for two or three days syringe them all at dusk, and whenever the weather is very dry remember the same kindness. And the pretty green things will hardly droop till frosts come. We have some great swaying creatures four feet high when they were transplanted weeks ago, which have not dropped a leaf. There is a tangle of wild vines among them, an group of calla lilies is in bloom on the balcony wh the ferns border. A dining-room window opens them, and to see this waving fernery through the h closed blinds is to see in imagination the glory of tropics, yet to feel the coolness of deep north woods.

### For the Frugal.

Yet even while we sit with closed blinds, in w Hosea Biglow calls "simmerin' darkness," the summer is going, and the thought of autumn fashi and autumn sewing gives us pause. The sum campaign leaves us in rags, commonly, and the f thing to be obtained is a short black silk gown of p sable appearance. Cinderella's coach began in a pu kin, and our gown shall graduate from the piece-b Rip up and brush all the old black silk which is similar surface. Put a pair of old kid gloves in a q of cold water, and by slow boiling reduce the quar a pint. With this liquid sponge the silk on the fut right side, and press it on the wrong. It will be fo not only to have the substance of new silk, but beautiful soft surface. And what is more, it will tain it for months, the gluten seeming to supply place of the original dressing. Let it be made as r be, only as a general principle it would seem to be not to take one of the fair Empress's gowns a model for a pieced-up and turned garment. more's the pity that the hint is needed by so m pretty girls.

### Laces.

Now that the charming fashion of lace and mu ruffles is in vogue, the pleasure of their possessors little dashed by the reflection that the pretty vani will never again look *so* pretty after they have b washed. But if they are washed after the follow manner, they may hold up their heads with the l of the unwashed. Cover half a dozen champagne b tles with old stockings sewed on to fit as tightly possible. Whenever there is half an hour's leisu take the soiled lace and baste it carefully on the sto ing-covered frame, taking care that every minute l in the border is caught. The work is tedious, but cessary. When the lace is fastened, cover the bo in hot suds made of fine soap, and change the co ing suds to hot several times a day. Or, if it be c venient, put the bottle in a boiler and let it boil t or three hours, when the lace will be quite clean. the bottle in the air and leave it till the lace is most dry, which will take but little while. Th carefully rip off the lace and press it in a book fo few hours. It will come out spotless, not too wh and with the almost imperceptible stiffness which r lace has. With half a dozen bottles much clean can be done at once. Even the unmanageable poi lace emerges out unscathed from this process.

## CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

### About Acting.

It has long been matter of remark among judicious ritics that the English and American stage is sadly onventional. Setting aside a very few prominent arists, whose faults are perhaps as original as their ierits, and carefully excepting a few others, like Jeferson, Matthews, Sothern, and Owens, whose close tudy of nature and careful yet temperate realism iake the distinctive character of their acting, nineenths of the profession show the most curious concidence in their methods of doing any given thing i the course of their ordinary stage-work. Dramatic xpression is reduced to a matter of systematic routine nd mechanism. The grizzled, wary old theater-goer, is memory stocked and his faculties trained by steady itting under the footlights for thirty years, knows vhat to expect. At the first glance of the new *sourette's* apron or stage villain's corkscrew curls, he ates their place in the dramatic scale and knows xactly what they will do. He can predict to a nicety he coquettish angle of the maiden's elbow, and strike vithin a half note the bass-key of the brave's guttural ienace. All the stock methods of the average actor re thoroughly familiar to him, all alike traditional nd monotonous, and all, or almost all, equally artifiial and bad.

There are sundry valid reasons why this might robably, or must necessarily be true. One very vident consideration occurs to us, which has not ften been noticed: our want not only of a good *chool*, but of the models on which it should be ounded. The only school we have, clearly, is the ld-fashioned English sort of thing, with its traditions f Garrick and Betterton, of Kemble, and Siddons, nd Kean. And this, however true to nature it may ave been in old times, is, as illustrated nowadays, retty sure to be overstrained, artificial, and false.

The remark has been shrewdly made, that if the ctors who delighted our great-grandfathers and randmothers could now appear before us, we should ind them in most cases well-nigh unendurable. Of ourse impressions do not admit of perfect historical ransmission, and it might be hard to say, to-day, just iow Garrick eyed his father's ghost, or Mrs. Siddons natched the daggers. But, judging as well as we nay, we are led to the conclusion that the great actors f old were, according to more modern standards, npleasantly pompous and tumid, in manner, reading, nd action. They played for a ruder age, when ociety, even the best, was less intellectually trained, ess broad of view than now, without the metaphysic elf-consciousness or the æsthetic refinement which end to make the auditor exacting and fastidious. It s probable, too, that at some time or other the "old chool" was really a great deal better—that is, truer o nature—than now. Life and manners a century or wo ago, we may imagine, were more picturesque; ersonal and social traits got more prominent and frank expression; contrasts were stronger, lines sharper, and shadows deeper than in our patent utilitarian democracy of the nineteenth century. Unless Hogarth, and Smollett, and Richardson, and Sheridan deceive us, social life was more individual and naïf, not classified and toned down, drilled and sophisticated to its present monotonous standard. To the robuster palate of our ancestors, therefore, the large exaggeration of the stage was not only more acceptable, but had probably more of a smack of reality than could be the case now. The guttural villains and gushing maidens, pompous aristocrats and beneficent uncle from India, all probably bore much closer resemblance to the real articles, then, than to their pale counterparts in modern society. And thus in reading, or listening to, the old legitimate drama, the conviction has been forced upon us that the old way may, after all, be the only right way to play the old characters, and that modern refinements of treatment would be out of place in the delineation of personages who in actual life would have dreamed of nothing so little.

But even admitting that old-time acting is the right thing for old-time plays, where it is historically appropriate, the question still remains, What are we going to do for a school of acting fitted to the modern drama, where the old conventional style is an anachronism? And here we come squarely upon the difficulty which first suggested this article. We have no models. All representative art must have something to represent; it needs objects and set studies to copy. However great freedom it may allow itself in the selection or imaginative combination of the elements and phases it copies, it is bound to essential fidelity in the drawing. Dramatic art copies simply the expression of feeling, in words, looks, and actions, and should take its models as directly as possible from living and breathing men and women. But if the models refuse to pose, the artist is at a loss. That is exactly what happens in our own society to-day. The American is a pre-eminently undemonstrative animal. Borrowing a hint from his copper-colored brother, the noble savage, he counts a certain external stoicism the first duty of man, and the more earnest and absorbing be his passion or emotion, the more pains does he take to repress its expression. Of the truth of this any one may convince himself on slight observation. Let any one of us observe his near friend or neighbor on the next occasion when he is visited by sorrow, or terror, or rage, or remorse, and see how little the tempered or repressed emotion he allows himself to display accords with the effusive methods of depicting the same emotion on the stage. Let him, on the other hand, observe the effect of the same passion in tone of voice and play of feature or gesture among our foreign population—or, better still, among the same people at home, in Central or Southern Europe, for example; and he will recognize what an immense advantage the Continental actor has over our own in the possession of convenient, picturesque, and striking models on which to shape his imitation.

We may, it is true, find some instances of free and spontaneous expression among the less sophisticated of our own lower classes, and so get models for the portrayal of the corresponding class on the stage. But as education and association affect in a high degree our manner of testifying even the most natural and universal forms of emotion, we should hardly be the better off for this, in our attempt to paint the lofty personages of aristocratic comedy or high tragedy. It would not do to draw a duchess or an ambassador on the model of an Irish washerwoman or an indignant hack-driver. And among the refined classes, as we have said, with very rare exceptions, repression, not expression, is the rule—spontaneous and vivacious freedom of feature, or voice, or gesture, is but so much lack of self-command, and to be demonstrative is to be silly or vulgar.

It is pretty clear that a drama, either comedy or tragedy, which should copy with literal accuracy the manners and expression of the cultivated men and women of the day, would lack almost entirely that picturesque element which has been heretofore the delight of audiences and the desideratum of managers. Hence a curious sort of dead-lock in dramatic criticism of the best sort. Discreet judges condemn the stage in its present state, and tasteful people cease to enjoy it, because of its glaring distortions, exaggerations, and untruth. Yet the same discreet people are forced to admit that, as we have said, a literal copy of men and manners, as they actually exist to-day and here, would be to our jaded palates sadly monotonous and insipid. The difficulty grows apace, and we seem from day to day no nearer to finding the actor or the school which shall reconcile picturesque effect with realism, and interest us in the joys and sorrows, not of impossible heroes and heroines of distant lands or ages, but of our own honest, average compatriots to-day.

It is hard to see our way out of the difficulty, and to lay down consistent theories and definite practical rules in a matter which must, after all, depend so largely on the personal taste and talent of the individual artist. All the facts, however, point to the necessity for the establishment of a radically new school, —new not so much in any fundamentally novel views of human nature in its essence, but in more accurate observation, and fresher methods of portraying the way in which this nature finds its expression in action, glance, voice, and feature. Doubtless the American of the nineteenth century loves and hates, strives and aspires, joys and sorrows, in all essentials very much as did his great ancestor in Italy or Germany or England in the seventeenth. But he certainly *doesn't look like it*, and that is the main point involved. If dramatic art is to retain any hold on the interest of the intelligent classes, it must sooner or later come down to this remorseless standard of actual and present fidelity of portraiture. Granting that th must always be a certain elasticity and margin choice allowed to the actor in portraying feeling fr the imaginative point as it *is*, rather than as it *loo* assuming to decide how the less sophisticated a more impulsive constitution *might* find utterar rather than how it does, under the artificial a chilling limitations of modern society,—granting th it is still clear that dramatic delineation must at eve point be held amenable, and continually referr to the test of present and immediate observatic Under this discipline the pomp and inflation, t distortion and exaggeration of the old tragic sta must disappear. All methods must become simpl but finer, less evident and obtrusive, far more intr sically delicate, discriminating, and, in the high sense, intense. If the artist puts less of power strokes, glaring coloring, or abrupt contrast into picture, he must make up for it by more exquis grace of line, or gradation of light and shade. Tl will be the easier that, even in New York or Chica to-day, there are plenty of people neither vulgar n vicious who are not stoics quite, and who still poss sufficient spontaneity of manner to offer grateful a fruitful study to an observant eye. On the Fren stage this study has long been carried to a very hi perfection. Their best actors in high comedy a domestic drama are known among connoisseurs f the wonderful skill and fine insight which enable the to produce great results with slight material, and dra pictures of exquisite perfection and subtle relati without any vulgar profusion of pitchy shadows glaring high lights. A modern *Comédie de Salon* the Théâtre Français is often as quiet, uneventf and thoroughly well-bred as a morning call in Fif avenue. To the coarse palate of a Bowery or Ha market *habitué*, it would be unintelligible or stupi to the finer taste of a cultivated and imaginati spectator, it is the perfection of grace and wit, t keenest intellectual and æsthetic enjoyment. Wi different canvas, but with similar pencils and colo we cannot but hope that similar good things may in reserve for us. Till we get them, the stage w probably remain as it is—a delight to careless, ignorant, or half-bred people; an anomaly to t educated taste and logical discrimination.

### Poetry.

We know not why it is that books of poetry a permitted to accumulate unnoticed on the tables reviewers beyond any other class of literature, unt the pile is so great that the space allowed to poetic criticisms in most magazines will not admit of an thing like an elaborate examination of their merit Perhaps it is because the reviewer is not always in t mood for musings with the poets, or that inevitab foreboding upon the theory of probabilities, that n great excellence will be found in the volume of a ne claimant for the laurel, may cause the duty to be d ferred to the latest possible moment. Whatever ma be the explanation, the fact is indisputable, and sometimes, though this is rare indeed, the volume may lie unopened until the world has discovered a new star—not a shooting star, but a planet of steady radiance—in the poetic sky. Again, the critic's office may be so long delayed that the poet may have been altogether forgotten in the interval between publication and perusal, and there will be no occasion for notice at all. In the handful of books of poems now before us we recognize no "bright particular star," but, on the other hand, there is not one of them that can with justice be treated with disdainful silence.

Two or three of the writers are now presented to us for the first time, while others have been familiar to us, for longer or shorter periods, in the magazines or in previous volumes of verse. Here is Mr. John G. Saxe, whose merits are as well settled perhaps as those of any other American poet, and whose fertile and versatile genius finds fresh expression in *Fables and Legends of many Countries.* These efforts certainly do not belong to Mr. Saxe's happiest manner, but they have that never-failing vivacity and are conveyed in that never-halting versification which are his chief characteristics. Evidently they have given Mr. Saxe satisfaction to write, probably Messrs. J. R. Osgood & Co. pleasure to publish, and certainly many admirers of the poet amusement to read. Mr. Paul H. Hayne's *Legends and Lyrics*, which comes from the house of J. B. Lippincott & Co., is a book of a very different character. As the most consistent and conscientious poet of the Southern States, Mr. Hayne is an old acquaintance in the flowery walks of letters, and his present collection embodies by far the best things he has written. The longest poem in the volume, "The Wife of Brittany," is modeled upon a Chaucerian story, and carefully wrought in vigorous heroic verse. The lyrics betray an intense sympathy with nature, a delicate sensibility to grace and music, and a subtle perception of truth and beauty in the world around us. Mrs. Julia C. R. Dorr's *Poems*, from the same publishing house, disarm criticism by their womanly tenderness and by an elevation of sentiment that just fails of that exalted expression which would have placed her in a higher rank than she has aspired to gain. Mrs. Dorr writes verse so well, at times with such happy choice of epithets and soothing melody of rhythm, that we cannot help thinking she might write much better with greater painstaking and condensation.

The *Out-of-Door Rhymes* of Eliza Sproat Turner, in a different way, are suggestive of better things in the writer, of a reserve power that will hereafter make itself known. She is introduced to the public by Messrs. Osgood & Co., and *Out-of-Door Rhymes* is her first offering. It is significant of the writer's individuality that there should be not an allusion, from the beginning to the end of these verses, to one historical personage or event, to one book she has read, to one work of art she has enjoyed, and that no rhythmical structure in a single poem hints at the imitation of a great master. It is just as if, having in some unaccountable way acquired a familiar use of metrical forms and a grammatical correctness of expression, she had grown up in some rural neighborhood where never a poet had sung before her, and where no traditions lingered of a past. We have indeed a Naiad and a Dryad in one of the poems, and there is mention of a "cathedral glory" in another, but this is all that even remotely suggests reading, and it is only from the sins and sinners she describes that her "Out-of-Door Rhymes" are referable to a high civilization. The "Merry Old Soul" and the "Outcast" are the outcome of the vice and misery of great cities, and, under the happiest artistic treatment, are but repulsive subjects for the poet, as the writings of Rossetti and his clique abundantly attest.

Among first poems of unknown origin, *Olrig Grange* (J. R. Osgood & Co.), by an anonymous writer, is a very remarkable effort. There is no crudeness in the work, nothing that indicates immaturity of thought or expression. Clearly enough *Olrig Grange* is the result not only of profound study of society, but long practice in the writing of verse. The story is old enough. A youth of high impulses and noble nature falls in love with a girl above him in social position, fails to win her, and dies. The fair one, Rose Dewhurst, is the daughter of Lady Anne Dewhurst of Belgravia, and is destined to marry a wealthy baronet, in compliance with her mother's wishes. The Lady Anne, it may be imagined, is mercenary, and as a zealous church-woman she is also in some sense missionary, and her system of ethics is very satirically drawn forth from herself as she endeavors to reconcile her schemes for Rose with the manner of life the Prayer-book enjoins. The form of the poem is semi-dramatic, in the manner following, that each one of the characters narrates his or her connection with the plot in a soliloquy.

Rose, who is really in love with Thorold, goes from Lady Anne to her father, a weak old gentleman wholly given up to science, and begs his intercession. But Dewhurst *père* gives her no comfort whatever, declaring that she could never be happy with a poor man like Thorold, and in the fifth book of the poem she has a heart-breaking interview with her lover and utters her last plaintive wail against the cruel exactions of modern society. Thorold perishes gracefully and gradually at his ancestral estate in Scotland, where lives his sister Hester, who has made a humdrum happy marriage with "Herr Professor Künst, Philologus," the pretended author of the poem. The only noteworthy feature of the metrical form of *Olrig Grange* is the change of scansion in the last line of each stanza, where from eight syllables, alternately accented, the verse runs or jolts into a dactylic measure. Two stanzas from the advice of *Paterfamilias* to Rose will exemplify at once this trick of the meter, and the matter-of-fact character of the man:—

There's nothing of the hero, Rose,
In any of us. We could fight,
I dare say, if it came to blows,
Almost like the old Norman knight
Who won our lands—Heaven bless his might!
We could not win them if we tried—
We can but shoot and fish and ride,
And lightly spend what came so light,
And I don't know we can do aught beside.

. . . . . . . . . . .

Our race is run; the Norman knight
Is distanced by the engineer;
The cotton-spinner beats us quite
When all the battle is to clear
A hundred thousand pounds a year;
That is the glory of our age,
Six figures on the Ledger's page,
And no bad glory either, dear,
As glory goes among saint and sage.

In the way of eccentricities of meter and "ground and lofty tumbling" in verse, we have seen nothing of late years comparable with the *Fly Leaves* of C. S. Calverley, lately reprinted for the American reader by Messrs. Holt & Williams, as one of their "Leisure Hour Series." Mr. Calverley is a parodist of amazing cleverness, and gives us Tennyson, Jean Ingelow, the Brownings, and many other writers, in most amusing travesty. Of his minor absurdities the following is a favorable specimen:—

Forever! 'Tis a single word!
Our rude forefathers deemed it two:
Can you imagine so absurd
A view?

Forever! What abysms of woe
The word reveals, what frenzy, what
Despair! For ever (printed so)
Did not.

It looks, ah me! how trite and tame!
It fails to sadden or appal
Or solace—it is not the same
At all.

O thou to whom it first occurred
To solder the disjointed, and dower
Thy native language with a word
Of power;

We bless thee! Whether far or near
Thy dwelling, whether dark or fair
Thy kingly brow, is neither here
Nor there.

But in men's hearts shall be thy throne,
While the great pulse of England beats;
Thou coiner of a word unknown
To Keats!

And nevermore must printer do
As men did long ago; but run
"For" into "ever," bidding two
Be one.

Forever! passion-fraught, it throws
O'er the dim page a gloom, a glamour:
It's sweet, it's strange; and I suppose
It's grammar.

Forever! 'Tis a single word!
And yet our fathers deemed it two:
Nor am I confident they erred;
Are you?

### The Church Idea.

THE REVEREND MR. HUNTINGTON, of Worcester, Massachusetts, in an elegant little volume from the Riverside Press, adds his contribution to the many efforts which have been put forth in aid of church unity. (*The Church Idea. An Essay towards Unity.* New York: Hurd & Houghton.) It is certainly possible to criticise his book by saying that he would solve the
problem of sectarianism by making over all the se
to Anglicanism; but to say no more than this wo
be unjust to a treatise which is really admirable for
fairness, its good temper, and its felicity of stateme
Moreover, while he would convert us all to Anglic
ism, he is careful to insist that it is to Anglican prir
ples and not to the Anglican "system" that he wo
have us come. He is willing even to make the ext
ordinary concession of non-conformity to the Anglic
liturgy, if only the various denominations might ag
in the acceptance of "(1) the Holy Scriptures as
word of God; (2) the Primitive creeds (the Apost
and the Nicene) as the rule of faith; (3) the two s
raments ordained by Christ himself; (4) the epis
pate as the key-stone of governmental unity."
these four positions he argues with an honest
graceful earnestness which makes a charming imp
sion even on readers whom it fails to convince. I
probably in defense of the second and fourth positi
that he is least successful. His customary felicity
discernment and of statement has not quite saved
from confusion in the use of the word *faith*, whic
taken to mean, not only the living and personal trus
an obedient heart in a trustworthy divine person,
also the assent of the intellect to dogmas of more
less importance. Then, too, he would find sinc
and learned men quite ready to accept an episcopa
and indeed maintaining it with practical zeal and s
cess, who would hesitate to receive the episcopate
Mr. Huntington apparently understands and enfor
it. A fuller explanation and discussion of his fou
position would have added to the strength of
treatise.

But, on the whole, the book is heartily to be co
mended for its honesty, its ability, and its Christ
courtesy and fairness. That it should be conclus
is of course more than the modesty of the aut
would expect. As an "essay towards unity" it is w
come and will be useful.

### Modern Skepticism.

THE tendency to multiply machinery and incre
the number of organizations for philanthropic and
ligious work—a tendency which is sufficiently p
nounced in this country—is even more marked amo
the English, and the societies for such work, some
them with names of ludicrously descriptive length
awkwardness, are almost innumerable. It is theref
with some momentary alarm that one hears of
formation of still another during the past year,—
Christian Evidence Society,—which makes its fi
considerable appearance in print with a volume
lectures given before it by eminent English schol
and clergymen. (*Modern Skepticism. A. D.*
*Randolph & Co.*) A paper from the pen of the w
known Dr. Ellicott, Bishop of Gloucester and Brist
is appended to the lectures and explains satisfactor
the purpose and operation of the society. The t
dencies toward dangerous forms of doctrinal error a
denial have become in these days so general and ha

so pervaded all classes of society that it is continually found necessary to restate the argument for the truths of revealed religion and for the very fact of revelation. One obvious way of meeting the infidelity which shows itself among educated men is by such a series of carefully prepared and able discussions as those contained in this volume. They were given originally to large audiences in London, and they well deserve the wider and more permanent influence which is secured by their publication and by Mr. Randolph's really elegant republication. The forms of error which, with much fairness and kindness but with great learning and vigor, are combated, are hardly less prevalent among us than they are in England, and these discussions and arguments cannot fail to be regarded as timely here as there. They are, of course, of unequal ability; but they are by men who have especial fitnesses for these especial themes. What Dr. Payne Smith, for example, has to say on the often-discussed question of the relation of "Science and Revelation" ought to command attention for his very name's sake; and it will be found to be eminently readable, following a line of argument of great force and freshness of adaptation, not without touches of a racy humor now and then, and brought down to the very latest moment of the controversy, dealing especially,—for example, with Prof. Huxley's Lay Sermons as the most recent utterance of his scientific adversaries. Even if there were not very grave practical questions involved in this controversy, the spirit and pluck exhibited on both sides of it would make it interesting. So also the Rev. George Rawlinson's lecture on the "Alleged Historical Difficulties of the Old and New Testaments, and the light thrown on them by modern discoveries," is of singular value as the work of a specialist, and may possibly convince some of us that we have been too ready to concede, as unimportant, positions which are both valuable and tenable. These two lectures have especially interested us in our examination of the volume, but the others are also valuable.

### "Ancient America."

WHO were those mysterious people who mined the copper of Lake Superior unknown ages ago, and departed leaving the valley of the Mississippi strown with gigantic earth-works, skillfully laid out in geometric forms, and the figures of men and beasts and birds? And where did they come from? Whence came the civilization which originated those curious community dwellings of Arizona and New Mexico—each large enough for the accommodation of a cityful of people? Who built the numerous pyramids of America, and what for? Who were the Aztecs and the Toltecs? and who made those great cities of Central America, whose majestic ruins had become forest-hidden and forgotten long before the Spaniards came to substitute Christian barbarism for pagan civilization? And what is the truth in regard to the splendid empire of the Incas that Pizarro found in Peru? and that still more ancient empire whose remains are to be seen in the now almost uninhabitable country around Lake Titicaca, four hundred feet higher than the snow-line of Mont Blanc? These are some of the historical puzzles which Mr. Baldwin (*Ancient America*, Harper & Bros.) essays, not to solve, for that would be premature, but to state in a popular way, so that readers who lack opportunity or inclination to study the few rare and expensive works on American antiquities, may gain some idea of the great nations that rose, flourished, and fell here before Europe began to have a history, or survived to fall before the fire-arms of the marauding Spaniards. Attempting to give only a brief summary of the leading facts and theories of American Archæology, Mr. Baldwin has prepared a bird's-eye view, so to speak, of the subject, which will doubtless prove very acceptable to that patronizer of easy reading—the general reader. The book is profusely illustrated with views of ancient mounds, pyramids, ruins, sculpture, pottery, and other remains of the historic and pre-historic people of America, mainly extracted from the elaborate works of Squier and Davis, Catherwood, Von Tschudi, and others. The Appendix contains a brief review of the Norwegian discoveries and settlements on this continent; another of the story of the Welsh settler, Prince Madoc, and the statement of the Rev. Morgan Jones in regard to the Welsh-speaking Tuscarora Indians; and a really fresh and valuable paper describing some of the Cyclopean ruins that abound in the islands of the Pacific.

### Clarence King's "Mountaineering."

THOSE whose circumstances compel the enjoyment of adventure at second hand, and those whose temperament makes them prefer to contemplate the grand and terrible in nature without risking their necks or breaking their backs with violent exercise, will find a delightful guide in Clarence King (*Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada*: J. R. Osgood & Co.). Mr. King has a happy knack of taking his reader with him. With as little effort as risk, one may climb with him the granite walls and icy slopes of Shasta, Whitney, Tyndall, and the rest of the snow-crowned Nevada peaks, and from hard-won pinnacles that rival Mont Blanc in altitude, look down upon miles and miles of country so stern and terrible in desolation as to seem part of another planet. Under all circumstances, whether fighting Sierra storms, wandering through lonely forests of giant pines, or over fields of barren rock and ice, camping in valleys lush with vegetation, on desert plains, in glacier gorges, under the black sky of the mountain-top, or in

> "Burned-out craters healed with snow,"

he is always the same,—cheerful, plucky, persistent, and alert for every new or striking aspect of life and nature. His professional training as a geologist has given him unusual breadth of view and sharpness of discrimination. He sees the minutest features of a landscape, and has at command a marvelous vocabulary for the exact description of forms and colors and relations. His delineations of simple scenes are in consequence fairly photographic in distinctness and precision. But, curiously, this rare faculty for precise vision all but spoils him for describing broad views, as from mountain-tops. He sees too much, and, failing to group and compose his wealth of material, he overlays his pictures with such a multiplicity of distracting details, that the bold outlines and grand effects which should give them life and character are obscured and lost. The opportunities of this sort that he has missed for making splendid pictures, by attempting to portray them too precisely, will be forgiven him, however, in view of the manifold successes he has won in less ambitious fields. His studies of life among the untamed and feral populations—animal and human—of the frontier are singularly happy. He sees the characteristic traits of men and women as keenly, and describes them as deftly, as he does the minuter aspects of insentient nature. No amount of ordinary description, for instance, would give such a vivid picture of the chronic emigrant as his serio-comic episode with the "Newtys of Pike," whose conspicuous retrograde from better things illustrates so forcibly the downward fate of the thousands of dreary families who roam over the West, cursed with permanent discontent, lacking the power of growth, the ideal of home, the faculty of repose, and losing possessions, love of life, love of God, in their restless drifting from valley to valley. On all occasions,—whether picturing the bereaved friend of Revenue Stamp at the funeral pyre of his dead squaw, or whisky-drunk next morning with a new one—the stalwart swine-herdess, Susan Newty—the rising artist who intends to discount Eastman—the four little barefoot girls of Cherokee Protem—the plain, weary, saintly old widow of Cut-off Copples—or the rough justice of the mining camp,—Mr. King handles his subject with considerable dramatic power and a pleasant spice of humor, yet modestly, and with no apparent straining for effect.

### "The Desert of the Exodus."

MESSRS. HARPER & BROS. republish, in one compact and elegant volume, Professor Palmer's admirable story of his connection with the work of the Ordnance Survey and the Palestine Exploration Fund. The value of this work, from the standpoint of Biblical science, is at once seen to be very great. In many instances it puts demonstration in the place of conjecture, and substitutes certainty for probability. And any one to whom the study of the Exodus is a matter of professional duty will be grateful for the help which is given him by researches so exact and thorough as those of which this volume is in part the record.

But, apart from its scientific and professional value, the book will have a great popular interest. Mr. Palmer is one of the most lively and good-humored of travelers. He never grumbles and he never bores. And he tells the story of his work, as he evidently performed it, with a modest and intelligent satis tion in it, of which the reader can hardly fail to partaker. When we remember how familiar a t of religious experience is found in the history of Hebrew people, in their pilgrimage and warfare fr Egypt to Canaan, and how the very names phrases of the history have a Christian significa of the most sacred sort, the study of the mount of the Law, and the desert of the wandering, and land of promise and of rest, ought to be always int esting and popular. And certainly this book sho help to deepen, to freshen, and to widen such a po lar interest.

### Mazzini.

THE recent death of the great Italian Revolution Joseph Mazzini, has called forth some natural exp sion of admiration for the enthusiasm and self-sacri of the man, and has led many people to place a hig estimate than they had previously placed on the nius and the achievements of his statesmanship. he had the mind and spirit of a statesman, though State to which he would have consecrated all his g was not yet formally constructed. The unity of It was, during the greater part of his life, a fact of future, an ideal, a glorious hope and vision which saw by faith and was glad. But it is pleasant to member that it became for him, before he died present fact, established, solid, permanent. There the expression of satisfied joy, as well as of pati sorrow, in that striking face of which a likeness prefixed to this volume (*Joseph Mazzini: his Li Writings, and Political Principles*, with an int duction by William Lloyd Garrison: Hurd & Hou ton). The writings of which the volume is compo are largely autobiographical, and furnish us wit tolerably coherent record of the life and labors a sacrifices of a man of singular purity and dignity character. Not a hot-headed enthusiast, as we h been sometimes wont to regard him, but a careful a steady worker, he deserves to be better known a honored in other lands, as well as in the fair la which he loved so well, and in which it was his pri lege, at last, to bring his weary life to a calm clo It was only at his death and burial that his count men discovered, to the full, how tenderly they lov him.

Mr. Garrison's introduction is written in a spirit intelligent sympathy and reverence, though it see somewhat too slight and inadequate. But, on t whole, the book is well edited and is not only valua but eminently readable.

### "The Rose Garden."

"BY the author of *Unawares*," we read on the ti page of *The Rose Garden*, a most attractive lit book just published by Roberts Brothers.—What *U awares* may be we know not. Its author we shou conclude, from internal evidence, to be an Englis woman, so long resident in France and penetrat with French surroundings that her thought express self most naturally in the foreign idiom. Such phras as "Figure to yourself"—"But yes" "My very ear" are not English :—the humor, the transparent finement of the story, the cool, moderate tints with hich it is drawn, are unmistakably so, as well as a ertain quiet pathos here and there, which differs as idely from the thing recognized as "sentiment" on e un-English side of the channel as daylight from s. It is the picture of a French landscape from a ritish paint-brush, and cleverly and justly given.

This is the story. Renée Dalabarde, a willful little se with many prickles, spoiled, impetuous, capricious Undine, marries Jean de Savigny, lord of the hâteau of Lestourdes in the Pyrenees. Jean adores is wife, and she likes being adored, and likes being ch and being a countess, and might have been fairly appy and no subject for history had it not been for e machinations of a dreadful uncle named Armand ufavre. This uncle, having committed sundry forgees and other misdemeanors, has changed his name, nd bullies Renée, who discovers the truth before her arriage, into conniving at the deception, and even t his being made *Intendant* over her husband's estes. Of course the secret hangs like the sword of amocles over her head—and equally of course is at st discovered. Jean, half ruined by his *Intendant*, ardens his heart against Renée, who, suspecting but ot daring to assure herself of the truth, goes on deserately in her career of gayety. Finally, at a *fête* iven in the rose garden, from which the novel is amed, the whole disgraceful story is made public. enée has a fever afterward and nearly dies. But in e end we leave her happy and forgiven.

The charm of the story lies in the simple yet btle methods by which the characters are made unfold themselves without visible interference from e author, in the delicate sentiment which pervades ke perfume, and the picturesque setting of the hole. There is some admirable drawing in the porraits of M. de Méhun, Renée's dull, ponderous, loyal ver; of Gabrielle, who loves Jean; of Jacqueline, the ractious old servant. A touch here and there sugests Miss Thackeray, to whom at first people were isposed to attribute the book, but the likeness is a urface one. *The Rose Garden* has a flavor all its wn. We remember no novel to which it seems so uch akin as *A Lost Love*, by Ashford Owen, and o those who know that pretty story we can scarcely ffer a higher recommendation.

### A New Book on Birds.

WHAT has been hitherto a great want in American atural History, namely, a compact and inexpensive ynopsis of the birds of North America, will be met n a work shortly to appear from the press of the merican Naturalist Publishing Company at Salem, assachusetts. The author, Dr. Elliott Coues, Asistant Surgeon, U.S.A., has long been known as one f our most accomplished and reliable ornithologists, devotion of many years to this study, both in our public museums and in the field, having given him unusual qualifications for such labor.

His accounts of the history and habits of our birds, as published in *The American Naturalist*, in the *London Ibis*, and elsewhere, are among the most sparkling and entertaining of the writings of that class, fully equal in vivacity to the charming biographies of Audubon. This new work, which Dr. Coues is now pushing rapidly through the press, does not include any notices of habits of the species, this being incompatible with the plan of a compact hand-book. Its object is to give, in the least possible space, a plain, concise, and intelligible description of the genera and species of our birds, with special reference to use by those who are entirely ignorant of the ordinary technicalities of ornithological science.

For this purpose the doctor has devised a very ingenious artificial key to the families and genera of birds, by which a child, even, can determine with astonishing precision whether a given specimen before him belongs to one or other of these groups. The search being thus narrowed down to a small number of species, it becomes a very easy matter to go through the descriptions of the latter and fix upon the true name.

The work is accompanied by numbers of outline wood-cuts, representing the characteristic features of the families and genera, and to some extent of the species, so as greatly to facilitate the labor of determination. It also contains an excellent account of the anatomy of birds in general, and their embryology, the development of particular tissues, as the feathers, and many other points of general interest. Taking it all in all, we feel safe in predicting for the work a cordial reception and a great success. It is especially adapted as a text-book for instruction; and to the sportsman or naturalist, who wishes to carry with him in his travels the means of determining the birds he may meet with, the work will be invaluable.

### "Music and Morals."

ON a matter of such universal and vital interest to cultivated people as music, one good talker the more is always welcome. Mr. Haweis's book on *Music and Morals*, published by Messrs. Harper & Bros., is a collection of genial and thoughtful though discursive papers, apparently first published in magazine-serial form, and embracing a wide range of themes, all more or less nearly connected with his main subject—music. The first part is devoted to a theoretical examination of the essential nature of musical expression. It takes strong grounds against the modern Wagnerian school, which aims at definite expression, by melodies and harmonies, of events, scenes, situations, or distinct thoughts—in short, of the descriptive school in general. His doctrine is, that music merely awakens in us *emotions* like those which may be roused in our souls by a multifariety of outer or inner impulsions, and hence can never be reduced to exact or logical interpretation, but is all the grander and more imaginative for that. An immediate and perhaps over-drawn conclusion from his premises is to infer the æsthetic worthlessness of the opera, since music, as he has claimed, can rouse or suggest emotion, but never describe action or event.

His brief sketches of the lives of great composers, in which he dwells with especial affection on Handel and Gluck, are of course biographically incomplete, but suggestive, and will offer welcome hints to the many who love music, but have no time for research in the literature or history of the art. Very curious, too, and tinged with all the peculiar flavor of an intelligent connoisseurship, are his chapters on violins and violin-makers, on bells, and on the Belgian and other *carillons* or chimes. We can state, in summing up, that Mr. Haweis writes like a gentleman and a scholar, not to mention that his every statement carries with it the impression that he knows his subject thoroughly, from a technical and artistic no less than from a literary point of view.

### The Princess and the Goblin.

THE readers of SCRIBNER'S need no introduction to Mr. George Macdonald, and will be glad enough to read his books without any urgency of exhortation in these pages. But we may call especial attention, from time to time, to some of his works which are less widely known than the stories which have made his name so pleasantly familiar. A Philadelphia house has republished one of those charming, dreamy, half-revealing, half-concealing poems in prose, such as no man except Macdonald among living authors could write. (*The Princess and the Goblin.* By George Macdonald. With many illustrations. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.) It is not, as the author is at pains to explain at the outset, a fairy story, but a goblin story; and the distinction is a real one, and at sight quite a dreadful one, were it not that Mr. donald's goblins are kept well in check, and allowed to scare one unduly. Their function, in becomes one of edification rather than of terror. sufficiently evident from Mr. Macdonald's other ings that he does not regard as a means of grace kind of blood-curdling, flesh-creeping horror for w some children, and some grown people too, have a morbid appetite. Those who have read *At the of the North Wind* will be able to guess what kin a book is waiting for them in *The Princess an Goblin.* And when we add that the illustration the present volume are from the same pencil wrought so airily and so lovingly for the "N Wind," we have said all that is needful. Suc mirable goblins as Mr. Dalgrill gives us—not fearful, but quite disagreeable and dreadful enoug one to have nothing to do with them—are the images of what Mr. Macdonald had in his fan he wrote.

Especially felicitous are some of the parent comments, sometimes given in italics, with which author hints the moral (if one must use that ob ious word) as he proceeds. It is worth any while to notice why it is that a princess is the her of the story. And when the little Princess Irene lost herself (page 12), there is a whole volume of gious suggestion in the sentence, "It doesn't fo that she *was* lost, because she had lost he though." It is the persistent hopefulness, and pa faith, and Christ-like sweetness of sympathy sugge by this sentence, which, more perhaps than anyt else, gives to the most fanciful, and even to the whimsical of Mr. Macdonald's writings such sing religious power and popularity.

# ETCHINGS.

## RHYME AND REASON.

I'VE brought my heroine through the thick
  Of troubles out—and in-do',
Nor thought at last to let her stick
  Beside an open window!

She's waited while I chased a rhyme
  From Turkestan to Hindo—
It's quite too bad so long a time
  To keep her at the window!

Why can't my muse make some curvet,
  Some artful innu*in*do?
A fine catarrh she's like to get
  While waiting at the window!

The couplet will not come, 'tis clear,
  Without too great a shindy:—
She's waited long enough—my dear,
  Come in and shut the windy!

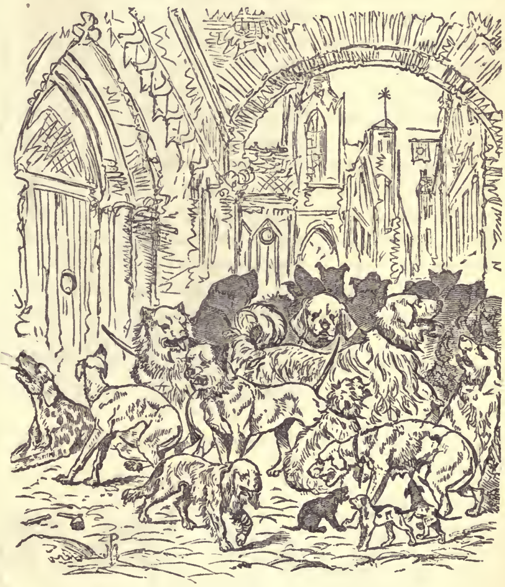
# THE BEGGARS

*"Hark! hark! the dogs do bark!"*

HE great yellow Schlank with a cold in her throat,
: fox-like Spitz with a piercing note,
nny M'Cabe's little black-and-tan,
l the mangy cur of the rag-cart man;
vser and Carlo and Ponto and Wince,
isker and Huon, and Brant and Prince,
l and Bouncer and Rollo and Spring,
p and Fido and Dash and Wing,
npey and Growler and Trusty and Carl,
iser and Bingo and Dandy and Snarl;
-dogs, covered with hair like flax;
na dogs, with no hair to their backs;
gs that have come from the stormy shore
rocky and ice-bound Labrador;
lies, expert the flock to guard;
iry fellows from Saint Bernard;
rveling curs that back lanes haunt;
ach-dogs spotted, and wolf-dogs gaunt;
eyhounds, pointers, setters, terriers,
ldogs, turnspits, spaniels, harriers,
stiffs, boarhounds, Eskemo,
odles, mongrels, beefhounds low;
ery dog of every kind,
every temper and every mind,
engaged in the general row—
ap, yelp, growl, ki-yi, bow-wow!

*"The beggars have come to town"*—

Some are low and some are high;
me are blind in either eye;
me are lame and some are sore;
me just crawl from door to door;
me on crutches and some with canes;
me from alleys and some from lanes;
me approach you with a whine;
me with a testimonial line;
me in a manner to make you shiver—
e style of a foot-pad—"Stand and deliver!"
me with tales of suffering hoax you;
me with subtle flattery coax you;
me the iciest of mummers;
me are warm as eighteen summers;
me are sober; some are bummers;
me with mute solicitation,
me with loud vociferation,
ek for your commiseration;
me with well-feigned hesitation,
r your dole make application;
Some present their hats to hold
Your benefactions manifold;
And beg for money or beg for fame,
Beg for offices, beg for name,
Beg for currency, grub to purchase,
Beg for checks, to build up churches,
Beg for attention to their capers,
Beg for a puff in the morning papers,
Beg for a show for buccaneering,
Beg for a chance for patient hearing,
Beg for anything, everything, nothing,

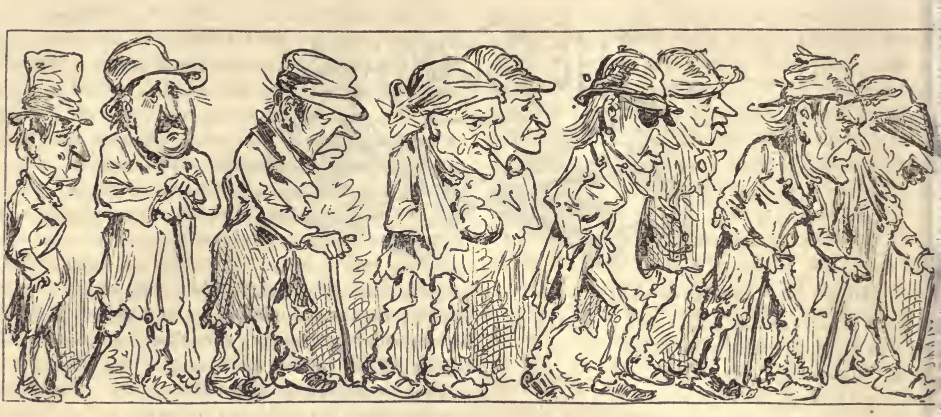


"HARK! HARK! THE DOGS DO BARK!"

From a million in gold to cast-off clothing,
For a chew of tobacco, a glass of gin,
A trotting horse and a diamond pin,
A country farm and a city garden;
And now and then they beg—your pardon.

*"Some in rags, and some in tags,"*

Some with darns and some with patches,
Socks not mates, and gloves not matches;
Boots whose leather redly shows out,
Brogans ripped, and shoes with toes out,

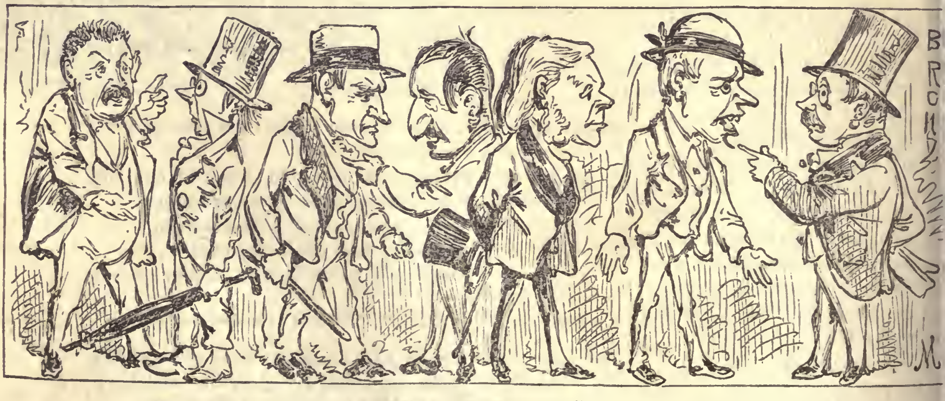


"SOME IN RAGS, AND SOME IN TAGS."

Hats with broad brims, hats with small rims,
Hats again with not-at-all rims,
High hats, flat hats, hats with low crowns,
Hats with bell-crowns, hats with no crowns;
Coats as varied as that of Joseph,
Coats whose color no one knows of;
Coats with swallow-tails, coats with bob-tails,
Coats with skew-tails, coats with lob-tails,
Easy coats, greasy coats, great-coats, show-coats,
Jackets, warmuses, then again, no coats;
Trowsers narrow and trowsers wide,
Darned and patched and pinned and tied,
Trowsers thrown on rather than put on,
With a string for brace and a skewer for button;
Shirts with the dirt of a twelvemonth worn in,
But mostly the shirt the beggar was born in;
Some close-capped and others with head bare;
Ragged and rent and worn and thread-bare,
And looking as though they had joined to fill
A contract for stock with a paper-mill.

"*And some in velvet gowns.*"

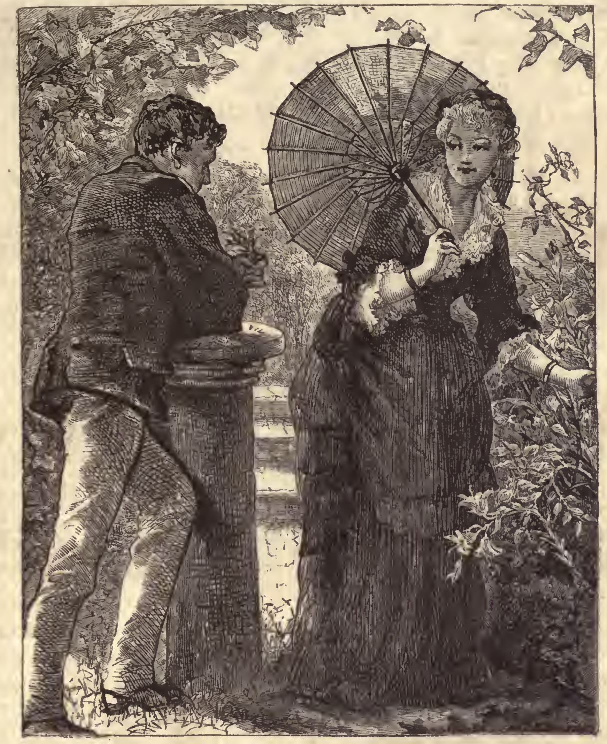
Those are the fellows who beg the first,
And beg the hardest and beg the worst:—
Brokers who beg your cash for a "margin,"
With profit at naught and a very huge charge in;
Mining fellows with melting-pots;
Speculators in water-lots;
Smooth-faced gentleman, high in station,
Ready to point to an "operation;"
Seedy writers who have an infernal
Project of starting a daily journal;
Politicians who beg you to run
For place in a race that can't be won;
Lawyers ready your weal to show
In a case that speedily proves your woe;
And a host of such in the begging line
Arrayed in velvet and linen fine,
Worse than the locusts that came to harrow
The souls of the serfs of the mighty Pharaoh;
And so persistent in striking your purse
And begging the cost of their plans to disburse,
That you wish, losing feeling and temper and rutl
That the fate of Aktaion to-day was a truth,
And the dogs that barked when they came to tow
Would tear them to pieces and gobble them dowr



"SOME IN VELVET GOWNS."

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

Vol. IV. OCTOBER, 1872. No. 6.



# MIGNONETTE.

"Your qualities surpass your charms,"
—*Language of Flowers.*

I passed before her garden gate:
  She stood among her roses,
And stooped a little from the state
  In which her pride reposes,
To make her flowers a graceful plea
For luring and delaying me.

"When summer blossoms fade so soon,"
  She said with winning sweetness,
"Who does not wear the badge of June
  Lacks something of completeness.
My garden welcomes you to-day,
Come in and gather, while you may."

I entered in: she led me through
  A maze of leafy arches,
Where velvet-purple pansies grew
  Beneath the sighing larches,—
A shadowy, still, and cool retreat
That gave excuse for ling'ring feet

She paused, pulled down a trailing vine,
  And twisted round her finger
Its starry sprays of jessamine,
  As one who seeks to linger.
But I smiled lightly in her face,
And passed on to the open space.

—Passed many a flower-bed fitly set
  In trim and blooming order,
And plucked at last some mignonette
  That strayed along the border;

A simple thing that had no bloom,
And but a faint and far perfume.

She wondered why I would not choose
That dreamy amaryllis,—
"And could I really, then, refuse
Those heavenly white lilies!
And leave ungathered on the slope
This passion-breathing heliotrope?"

She did not know—what need to tell
So fair and fine a creature?—
That there was one who loved me well
Of widely different nature;
A little maid whose tender youth,
And innocence, and simple truth,

Had won my heart with qualities
That far surpassed her beauty,
And held me with unconscious ease
Enthralled of love and duty;
Whose modest graces all were met
And symboled in my mignonette.

I passed outside her garden-gate,
And left her proudly smiling:
Her roses bloomed too late, too late,
She saw, for my beguiling.
I wore instead—and wear it yet—
The single spray of mignonette.

Its fragrance greets me unaware,
A vision clear recalling
Of shy, sweet eyes, and drooping hair
In girlish tresses falling,
And little hands so white and fine
That timidly creep into mine;

As she—all ignorant of the arts
That wiser maids are plying—
Has crept into my heart of hearts
Past doubting or denying;
Therein, while suns shall rise and set,
To bloom unchanged, my mignonette!

## ERNST OF EDELSHEIM.

I'll tell the story, kissing
This white hand for my pains,—
No sweeter heart, nor falser
E'er filled such fine, blue veins.

I'll sing a song of true love,
My Mimi dear! to you;
*Contraria contrariis*—
The rule is old and true.

The happiest of all lovers
Was Ernst of Edelsheim;
And why he was the happiest,
I'll tell you in my rhyme.

One summer night he wandered
Within a lonely glade,
And, couched in moss and moonlight,
He found a sleeping maid.

The stars of midnight sifted
Above her sands of gold;
She seemed a slumbering statue,
So fair and white and cold.

Fair and white and cold she lay
Beneath the starry skies;
Rosy was her waking
Beneath the Ritter's eyes.

He won her drowsy fancy,
He bore her to his towers,
And swift with love and laughter
Flew morning's purpled hours.

But when the thickening sunbeams
Had drunk the gleaming dew,
A misty cloud of sorrow
Swept o'er her eyes' deep blue.

She hung upon the Ritter's neck,
She wept with love and pain,
She showered her sweet warm kisses
Like fragrant summer rain.

"I am no Christian soul," she sobbe
As in his arms she lay;
"I'm half the day a woman,
A serpent half the day.

"And when from yonder bell-tower
Rings out the noon-day chime,
Farewell! Farewell forever,
Sir Ernst of Edelsheim!"

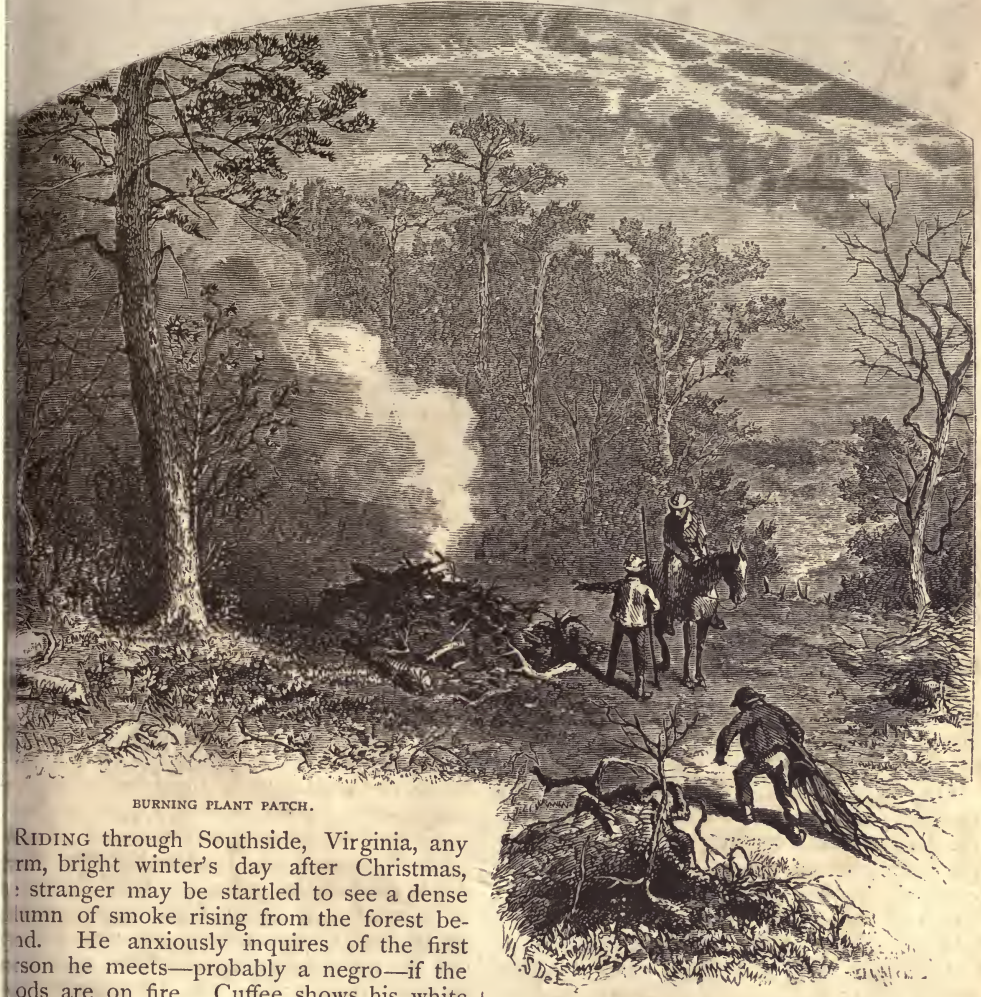
"Ah! not farewell forever!"
The Ritter wildly cried,
"I will be saved or lost with thee,
My lovely Wili-Bride!"

Loud from the lordly bell-tower
Rang out the noon of day,
And from the bower of roses
A serpent slid away.

But when the midwatch moonlight
Was shimmering through the grove
He clasped his bride thrice-dowered
With beauty and with love.

The happiest of all lovers
Was Ernst of Edelsheim,—
His true love was a serpent
Only half the time!

# ON THE TOBACCO PLANTATION.



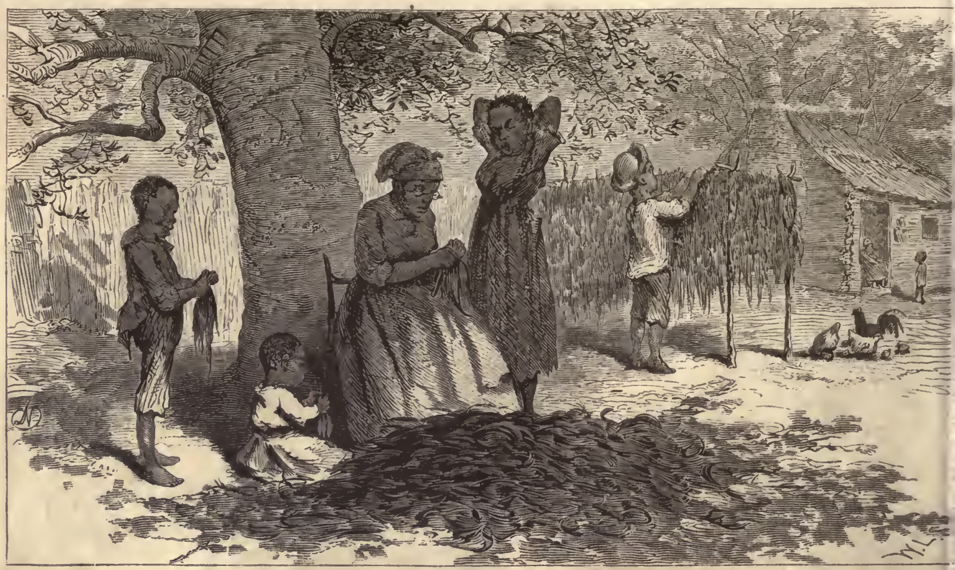
BURNING PLANT PATCH.

RIDING through Southside, Virginia, any rm, bright winter's day after Christmas, stranger may be startled to see a dense lumn of smoke rising from the forest be- nd. He anxiously inquires of the first rson he meets—probably a negro—if the ods are on fire. Cuffee shows his white th in a grin that is half amusement, half ntempt, as he answers: "No, Sar, dey's burnin' a plant-patch."

For this is the first step in tobacco-culture. sunny, sheltered spot on the southern slope a hill is selected, one protected from rthern winds by the surrounding forest, t open to the sun in front, and here the t-bed for the reception of the seed is pre- red. All growth is felled within the area eded, huge dead logs are dragged and uped on the ground as for a holocaust, whole ignited, and the fire kept up until thing is left of the immense wood-heap circles of the smouldering ashes. These afterwards carefully plowed in; the soil, tilized still further, if need be, is harrowed l prepared as though for a garden-bed, and the small brown seed sown, from which is to spring the most widely used of man's useless luxuries.

Later, when the spring fairly opens, and the young plants in this primitive hot-bed are large and strong enough to bear transplanting, the Virginian draws them, as the New Englander does his cabbages, and plants them in like manner, in hills from three to four feet apart each way.

Lucky is he whose plant-bed has escaped the fly, the first enemy of the precious weed. Its attacks are made upon it in the first stage of its existence, and are more fatal, because less easily prevented, than those of the tobacco-worm, that scourge *par excellence* of the tobacco crop. Farmers often lose their entire stock of plants, and are



STRINGING THE PRIMINGS.

forced to send miles to beg or buy of a more fortunate planter.

Freshly-cleared land—“new ground,” as the negroes call it—makes the best tobacco field, and on this and the rich lowlands throughout Southside, is raised the staple known through the world as James River tobacco.

On this crop the planter lavishes his choicest fertilizers; for the ranker the growth, the longer and larger the leaf, the greater is the value thereof, though the manufacturers complain bitterly of the free use of guano, which they say destroys the resinous gum on which the value of the leaf depends.

Once set, the young plant must contend not only with the ordinary risk of transplanting, but the cut-worm is now to be dreaded. Working underground, it severs the stem just above the root, and the first intimation of its presence is the prone and drooping plant. For this there is no remedy except to plant and replant, until the tobacco itself kills the worm. In one instance which came under our observation, a single field was replanted *six* times before the planter succeeded in getting “a good stand,” as they call it on the plantations; but this was an extreme case.

When the plants are fairly started in their growth, the planter tops and primes them, processes performed, the first by pinching off the top bud which would else run to seed, and the second by removing the lower leaves of each plant, leaving bare a space of some
inches near the ground and retaining fr
six to a dozen stout, well-formed leaves
each stem, according to the promise of the
and season, and these leaves form the cr

There is absolutely no rest on a large
bacco plantation, one step following anot
in the cultivation of the troublesome weed
the last year’s crop is rarely shipped to mar
before the seed must be sown for the next
and planting and replanting, topping and
ming, suckering and worming crowd on e
other through all the summer months.
der the old régime, when on every plantat
were a score or more of idle negro urch
the rejected lower leaves, or primings, for
one of the mistress’s perquisites and w
carefully collected by the “house-gang,’
her force was styled, strung on small sh
sticks like exaggerated meat-skewers,
cured, first in the sun, afterwards in the b
often placing a pretty penny in her priv
purse. Now when all labor must be paid
in money, they are not worth collecting, a
except when some thrifty freedman ha
large family which he wishes to turn to
count, are left to wither where they fall.

Withal the ground must be rigidly k
free from grass and weeds, and after
plants have attained any size this must
done by hoe: horse and plow would br
and bruise the brittle leaves.

Suckering is performed by removing e
leaf-bud which the plant throws out after
priming, thus retaining all its sap and stren
for the development of the leaves alre

rmed, and this must be done again and gain through the whole season.

Worming is still more tedious and unreitting. In the animal kingdom there are ree creatures, and three only, to whom toacco is not poisonous—man, a goat found nong the Andes, and the tobacco-worm. his last is a long, smooth-skinned worm, its ody formed of successive knobs or rings, furshed each with a pair of legs, large promient eyes, and is in color as green as the leaf pon which it feeds. It is found only on the nder side of the leaves, every one of which ust be carefully lifted and examined for its esence. Women make better wormers an men, probably because they are more atient and painstaking. When caught the orm is pulled apart between the thumb ad finger, for crushing it in the soft mold of e carefully cultivated fields is impossible.

Carelessness in worming was an unparonable offence in the days of slavery, and as frequently punished with great severity. n occasional penalty on some plantations,—*ry few*, in justice to Virginia planters be it id,—was to compel the delinquent wormer bite in two the disgusting worm discovered his or her row by the lynx-eyed overseer.

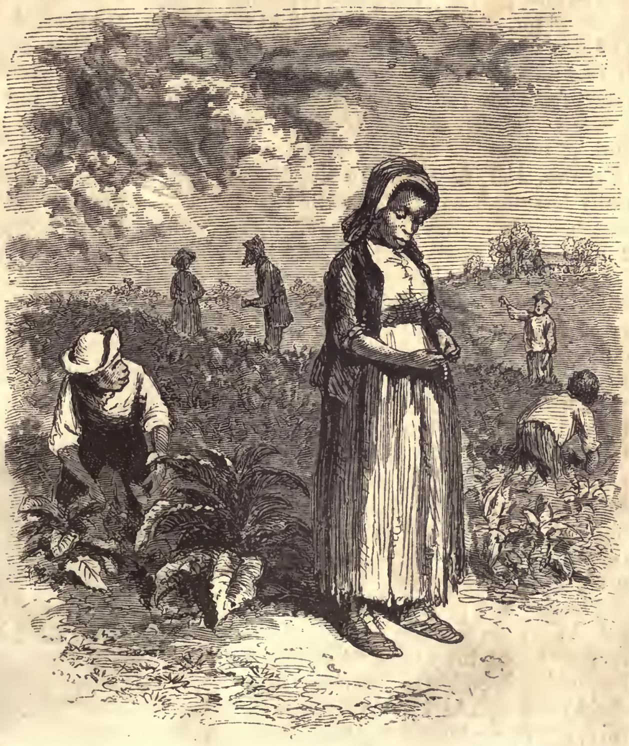
aluable coadjutors in this work e the housewife's flock of turys, which are allowed the nge of the tobacco lots near e house, and which destroy the orms by scores. The moth, ose egg produces these larvæ, a large white miller of unusual e and prolificness. Liberal d kind masters would freently offer the negro children reward for every miller capred, and many were the penes won in this way. One of ese insects, placed one evening der an inverted tumbler, was und next morning to have deosited over two hundred eggs the glass.

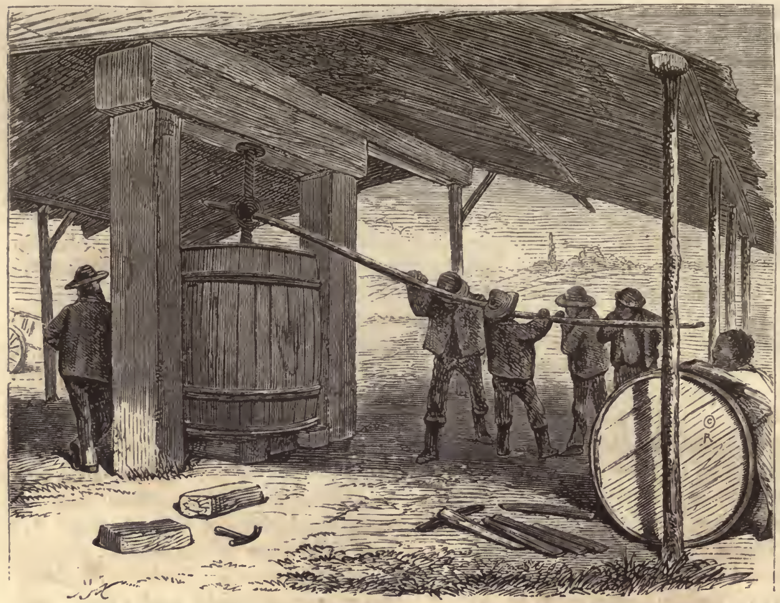
As the plant matures the aves grow heavy, and, thick th gum, droop gracefully over om the plant. Then as they pen, one by one the plants are t, some inches below the first aves, with short stout knives, scythe or reaper is useless re,—and hung, heads down, scaffolds, in the open air, l ready to be taken to the rn.

A Virginia tobacco-barn is totally unlike any other building under the sun. Square as to the ground plan, its height is usually twice its width and length. In the center of the bare earthen floor is the trench for firing; around the sides runs a raised platform for placing the leaves in bulk; and, commencing at a safe distance from the fire, up to the top of the tall building, reach beams stretching across for the reception of the tobacco-sticks, thick pine laths, from which are suspended the heavy plants.

Safely housed and beyond all danger of the frost, whose slightest touch is sufficient to blacken and destroy it, the crop is now ready for firing, and through the late autumn days blue clouds of smoke hover over and around the steep roofs of the tall tobacco-barns. A stranger might suppose the buildings on fire, but not a blaze is within, the object here, as in bacon-curing, being *smoke*, not *fire*. For this the old field-pine is eschewed, and the planter draws on his stock of oak and hickory-trees. Many use sassafras and sweet gum in preference to all other woods for this purpose, under the impression that they improve the flavor of the tobacco-leaf.

When the leaves, fully cured, have taken


WORMING.



PRIZING.

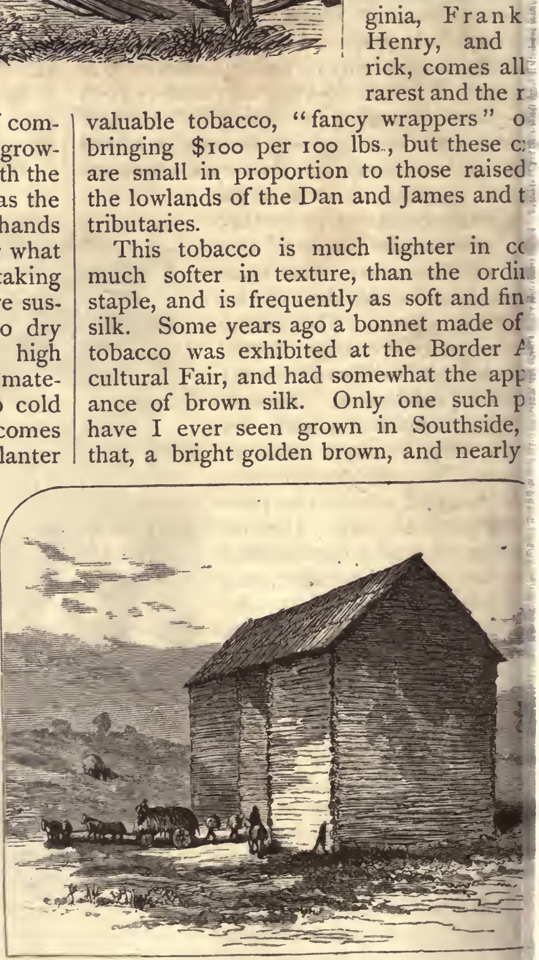
the rich brown hue of the tobacco of commerce, so unlike the deep green of the growing plant that a person familiar only with the one would never recognize the other as the same plant, the planter must fold his hands and wait until they are in condition for what is technically known as striking, *i.e.*, taking down from the rafters on which they are suspended. Touch the tobacco when too dry and it crumbles, disturb it when too high or damp, and its value for shipping is materially lessened, while if handled in too cold weather it becomes harsh. But there comes a mild damp spell, and the watchful planter seizing the right moment, since tobacco, like time and tide, waits for no man, musters all the force he can command for the work of stripping and stemming. This done, the leaves are sorted and tied in bundles, several being held in one hand, while around the stalk-end of the cluster is wrapped another leaf the loose end of which is tucked through the center of the bundle. Great care is taken in this operation not to break the leaf, and oil or lard is freely used in the work.

During this process the crop is divided into the various grades of commerce, "long bright leaf" heading the list, which is ended by inferior "lugs," the lowest grade known to manufacturers. These last are seldom packed into hogsheads, but are sent loose,
and sold, wit
the trouble of
zing, in the nea
market-town.

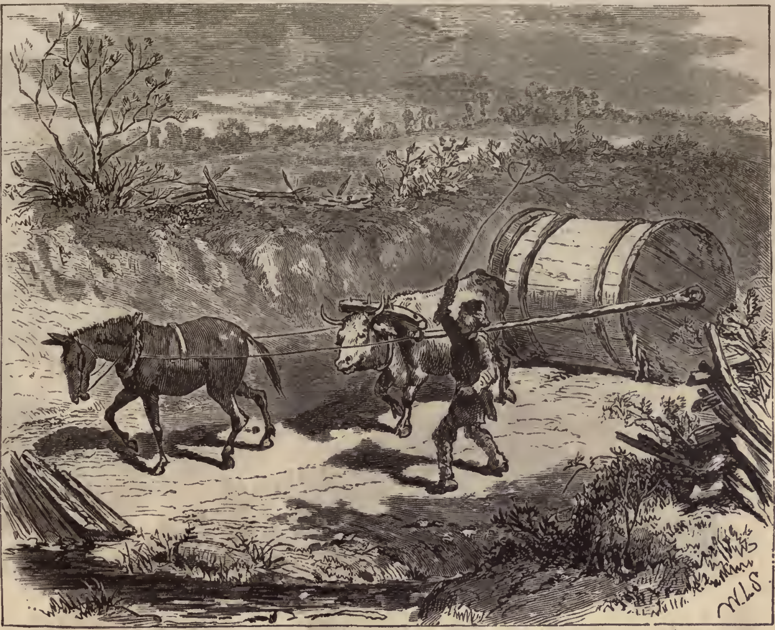
Shades imp
ceptible to a
ice, serve to de
mine the value
the leaf. As it
ries in color, t
ure, and length
fluctuates its
ket price, and
least half the ba
lies in the ma
in which the
has been han
in curing.

From the m
tainous countie
South-western
ginia, Frank
Henry, and
rick, comes all
rarest and the
valuable tobacco, "fancy wrappers" o
bringing $100 per 100 lbs., but these c
are small in proportion to those raised
the lowlands of the Dan and James and t
tributaries.

This tobacco is much lighter in c
much softer in texture, than the ordi
staple, and is frequently as soft and fin
silk. Some years ago a bonnet made of
tobacco was exhibited at the Border
cultural Fair, and had somewhat the app
ance of brown silk. Only one such p
have I ever seen grown in Southside,
that, a bright golden brown, and nearly



A VIRGINIA TOBACCO BARN.



MANNER OF CARRYING TOBACCO TO MARKET FORTY YEARS AGO.

et in length, was refully preservl for show on the rlor-mantel of e planter who ised it.

After tying, the ndles are placed bulk, and when gain "in order" e "prized" or cked into the ogsheads,—no noothly-planed nd iron-hooped sks by the way, t huge pine ructures very ughly made.

The old maine for prizing as a primitive fair, the upright eam through hich ran another right angles, rning slightly on a pivot, heavily weighted one end and used as a lever for compresng the brown mass into the hogsheads. ow, most well to-do planters own a tobaccoraightener and screw-press, inventions which aterially lessen the manual labor of preparg the crop for market.

Each hogshead is branded with the name the owner and thus shipped to his comission-merchant, when the hogshead is broken" by tearing off a stave, thus exposg the strata of the bulk to view. Of late ears some planters have been guilty of nesting," or placing prime leaf around the uter part and an inferior article in the center the hogshead, and stringent measures were ken a year or two since in the Richmond obacco Exchange for the prevention of ch rascality.

At a tobacco mart in Southside, occurred erhaps the only instance of negro selling nce the establishment of the Freedman's ureau. At every such town is a huge platrm scale for weighing wagon and load, deucting the weight of the former from the nited weight of both to find the quantity of bacco offered for sale. A small planter ad brought a lot of loose tobacco to market, hich, being sold, was weighed in this maner, and for which the purchaser was bout to pay, when a bystander quietly rearked—"You forgot to weigh the nigger." n explanation followed, and the tobacco, reweighed, was found short 158 lbs., or the exact weight of the colored driver, who had, unobserved, been standing on the scales behind the cart while the first weighing took place. The same planter has since been arrested as an accomplice of the notorious horse-thief, Lucien Beard.

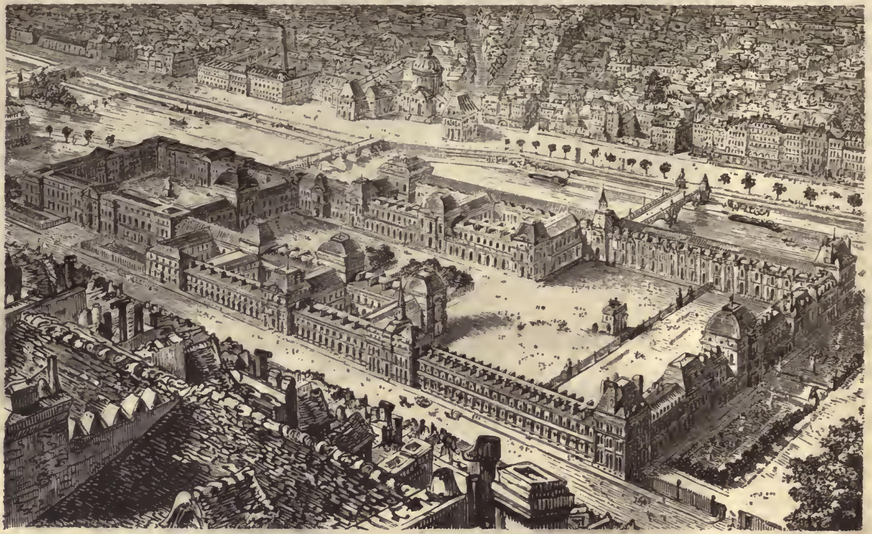
Thirty years or more ago—before the Danville and Southside Railroads were built—the tobacco was principally carried to market on flat-boats, and the refrain to a favorite negro song was:

"Oh, I'm gwine down to Town!
An' I'm gwine down to Town!
I'm gwine down to Richmond Town
To cayr my 'bacca down!"

Then all along the rivers, at every landing, was a tobacco warehouse, the ruins of some of which may be still seen. Now the only government warehouses are at Richmond, Lynchburg, Petersburg, Danville, and Farmville.

With no crop has the Emancipation Act interfered so much as with this, and the old tobacco planters will tell you with a sigh that tobacco no longer yields them the profits it once did: the manufacturers are the only people who make fortunes on it nowadays. $12 per hundred is the lowest price which pays for the raising, and few crops average that now. Still every farmer essays its culture, every freedman has his small tobacco patch by his cabin door, and the Indian weed is still the great staple of Eastern Virginia.

## IN AND ABOUT PARIS.—II.



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE LOUVRE.

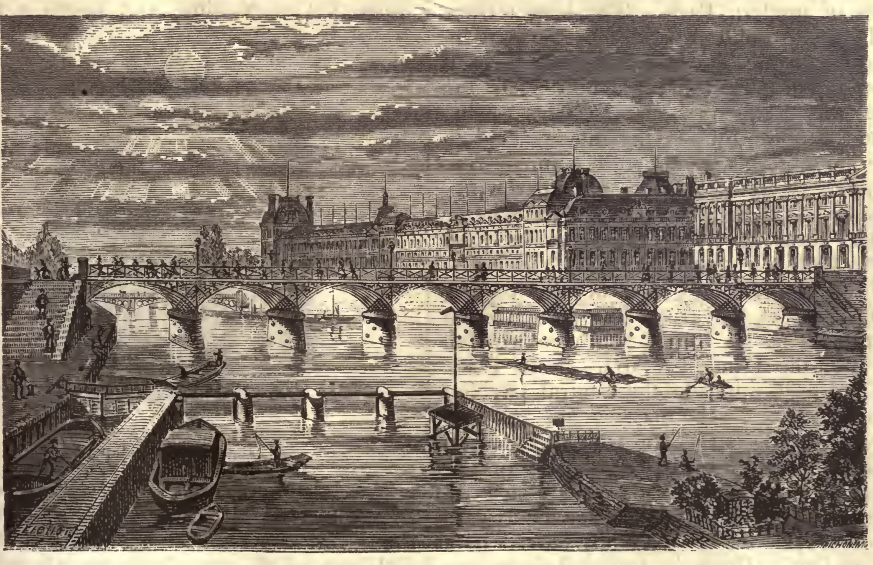
WHAT is all this glare and whirl? The Rue de Rivoli, at five o'clock on a summer evening, is one of the most dazzling avenues in Paris. Thousands of carriages whirl past the long, column-guarded arcades in which are closely stowed choicest of little shops, tenanted by most obsequious traders. The low hum from the Place de la Concorde, at one end, and from the vast extent of the street in the direction of the Tuileries and the Louvre, at the other, comes with fine effect to one's ear as he crosses, descending from the Place Vendôme, and goes down the steps into the Tuileries garden. It was only a moment's transition from the crowded thoroughfare to the calm and delicious coolness of the Garden Park, where fountains are playing, breezes are blowing, nurse-maids are tramping with children, and music is filling your ears. Go along the stone-paved walk until you find yourself in the magic circle of trees which encloses the audience listening to the regular evening concert; sit down in a chair; pay two sous to that hideous old woman who collects the seat money; and now, while the birds twitter above your head, and the clarionets and piccolos make pleasing echoes, dream a little of the palace and its gardens.

Its gardens have often been called insipid, but, let down, as they are, like a charming oasis, in the midst of the great roadways on which the lusty sun beats with unforgiving fierceness, they have a charm which one can never forget. Not far beyond them is the smoothly-flowing, softly-rippling flood of th historic Seine, which winds down past th Isle St. Louis, and along the bases of tall an mysterious-looking buildings, until it come out fresh and *riant* near the splendors of th new wing of the palace which Napoleon th Third, in his day, did so much towards buil ing. From the gardens to the river it is bu a few steps, and the attendants at the Tu leries used to say that the Emperor would li for hours in his bed in a little room in th corner of the palace, looking down upon th quays, and watching the moonlight minglin with the gaslight, as both were reflected in thousand shimmering and evanescent gleam in the gentle current of the stream. Nap leon's favorite walk in the garden, was th historic one walled off from the vulgar, an carefully guarded by frowning sentries, bu filled with delicate bosquets and costly shrub where hundreds of birds twittered cheerily a day long; where the little Prince Imperi drove his velocipede or played with his to train; while his father hobbled wearily t and fro, leaning on the arm of his pet phys cian, and shaping magnificent plans, neve fortunately for Europe, to be realized.

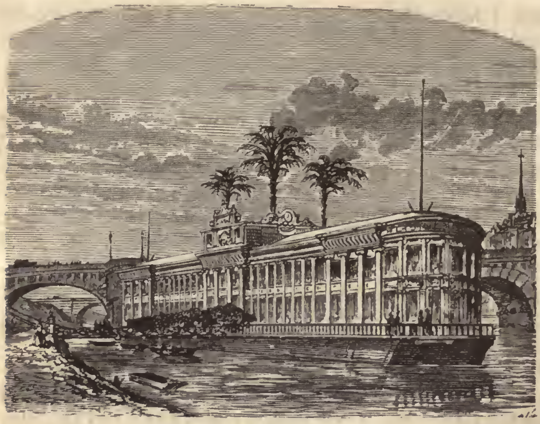
Napoleon loved the Tuileries, although h found at St. Cloud the calm and silenc which the city palace lacked. He hated an shunned Versailles, having a healthy respec for the old tradition that that capital is fat to French sovereigns, and he vacillated be tween the Tuileries and St. Cloud as if h could hardly decide which he loved most. It was no uncommon sight to see the old man walking slowly along the paths of the reserved park, while below him, in the odorous evening, thousands of people listened to he concerts, or flitted in and out among the rees in maddest frolic, or in gentle and amorous conversation.

In the morning the great gardens are always crowded with strangers, with broken-down dandies of forgotten courts, and with housands of children led by gayly-attired serving-maids, while the slouching soldier rom the Provinces stands before the great dingy statues with reverential awe. The figures themselves are not remarkable; you hall see Laocoön struggling in the serpent's mbrace, but you have often seen the faher's suffering more cunningly portrayed; and some of the statues are even below mediocrity. Each side of the garden is flanked by huge walls, and these are surmounted by ratings with gilded tops. The vista from he entrance at the Place de la Concorde is charming. Even now that the old clock-tower of the palace is battered away, and only the blackened front of what was a fine piece of architecture looms up, there is still something imposing in the outlook. Hundreds of queer and eccentric characters have for many years haunted the gardens for hours during the day, and none among them have ever been looked upon with more kindliness than the old man with the faded face and gray hair, who always calls, at early morning, thousands of little birds around him, and feeds them with the crumbs which he never fails to bring in his capacious pockets. From the statues, from the trees, from the fountains, the little winged bipeds hover down upon the old man's shoulders, and a veritable battle for the crumbs ensues. The bare-headed wife of the toiling *bourgeois*, accompanied by two or three carefully-dressed and sedate-looking children, and followed at a distance by her hard-handed husband, with his bald front and sinewy arms, is seen in every alley-way. On the little benches under the great trees one finds dozens of groups of chattering women who have brought their knitting or their lace-work, and who from time to time refresh themselves with draughts of cool lemonade from the tin can of the old peddler whose shrill voice can be heard as far as the Place Vendôme. An event which should happen in the garden of the Tuileries at noon would be known in the remotest quarter of Paris at one o'clock. It is one of the great gossip centers of this unique capital.

Hereabouts stood, once upon a time, a brick-yard, and upon it the mother of Francis the First, the Duchess of Angoulême, built a little château. By and by, under Catherine de Medicis, the château was leveled, and in 1564 the Palace of the Tuileries, named with sublime satire after the antique brick-yard, was begun. Philibert Delorme was the principal architect of the central pavilion and of the contiguous wings. Henri IV. and Louis XIII. built up all the other pavilions, except the northern, which was finished under Louis XIV. Then came the good *bourgeois* Louis



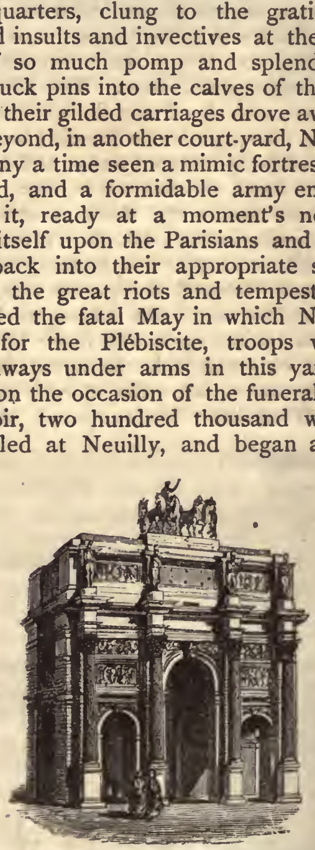
THE PONT DES ARTS AND THE LOUVRE.



BATHS OF THE "SAMARITAINE."

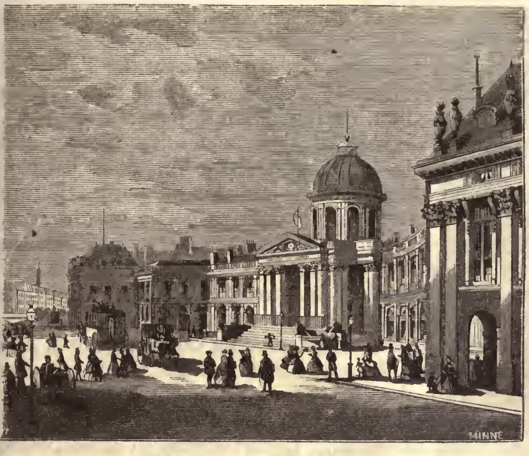
Philippe, who softened, modified, and belittled much of what had been a brilliant and imposing structure. So you will see, if after the concert you rise and saunter leisurely by the old clock-tower into the court-yard and along the courts, that the edifice presents a mixture of three of the principal orders of architecture, and that the *mélange* has perhaps not been of the happiest. The pavilion of Flora, which later monarchs have done so much to rebuild, is dashing and graceful, but does not impress one with the solidity and stern beauty which other portions of the Tuileries and the Louvre itself possess. The gardens were designed by Lenôtre upon a gigantic plan; it is only a portion of the old gardener's work which you see here: the rest has gone down under the relentless march of modern Paris. The long terrace which runs around two sides of the garden, covering on one side the Place de la Concorde, and on the other the borders of the Seine, was frequented, in the days of the Second Empire, by swarthy officers clad in glittering uniforms, giving stern commands to swarthier Algerians, whom the Emperor proposed to use right speedily, if any mobs came howling from the Place de Grève or from riotous Belleville and starving La Villette.

Entering the court-yard of the palace, through any of the great doors which open upon the Rue de Rivoli, your eye will fall first upon the Triumphal Arch—in the Place du Carrousel, opposite the central pavilion of the Tuileries,—the massive but not specially imposing structure which Napoleon the First erected in 1806 to the glory of the French armies. From the Place du Carrousel you may look into a court-yard out of which you are carefully barred by a high grating. There in Imperial times one
saw the body-guard of the Emperc
promenading, and the police making a
rangements for his safety when his M
jesty proposed to ride abroad. Und
the triumphal arch, in the Great Exp
sition time, Napoleon and the Emperc
Alexander of Russia, with Bismarc
perched coolly upon a back seat, rod
in one of the Emperor's carriages, whil
gray-headed King William of Prussi
snugly ensconced by the side of E
génie, was displayed to the alternatel
grumbling and admiring Prussians. O
"Ambassadors' Day," when all the re
resentatives of foreign powers went t
pay their respects to the Emperor, th
space without the grating was crowde
with wearers of glittering uniforms, whil
the dregs of Paris, the scum of the pe
ples' quarters, clung to the grating, an
shouted insults and invectives at the posse
sors of so much pomp and splendor, an
even stuck pins into the calves of their foo
men as their gilded carriages drove away.
little beyond, in another court-yard, Napoleo
has many a time seen a mimic fortress swiftl
planned, and a formidable army encampe
within it, ready at a moment's notice t
throw itself upon the Parisians and to be
them back into their appropriate servilit
During the great riots and tempests whic
preceded the fatal May in which Napoleo
asked for the Plébiscite, troops were a
most always under arms in this yard; an
when, on the occasion of the funeral of Vi
tor Noir, two hundred thousand workme
assembled at Neuilly, and began a marc



THE ARC-DE-TRIOMPHE DU CARROUSEL.

towards the Tuileries, two army corp
emerged from this court-yard and the recesse
round it, as if by magic. It was even sai
that a subterranean passage, communicatin
with one of the city barracks, allowed th



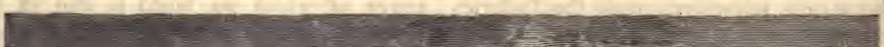
THE PALACE OF THE INSTITUTE.

sudden entrance into the Tuileries court-yard of five thousand men at a time. The populace was never tired of repeating strange and mysterious stories of the precautions Napoleon had taken to insure his own safety. And, indeed, Henri IV. himself, when he erected the gallery along the Quay between the palaces of the Louvre and the Tuileries, had an eye to his own safety. The Tuileries stood then beyond the walls, so that the monarch could get away from Paris without leaving the shadow of his own house. The idea of connecting the two great masses of buildings was taken up by Napoleon the First, who also was far from averse to precaution, and "his nephew" carried it out with scrupulous fidelity.

The various sovereigns made the Tuileries a fortress; and they needed to make it such, for as soon as the French Revolution awoke Europe, the people thundered at the walls of the old palace almost incessantly. To it came trembling, yet smiling with sublime hypocrisy, Louis XVI., who was "so good" in 1789; and from it he stole by night in 1792, before the wrath of the boding people. Inside the walls, the great and terrible conflict between the Swiss guards and the insurgents took place. There the hot and impulsive-brained Convention and the ferocious Committee of Public Safety held their sittings during the Reign of Terror. Louis Philippe entered it with the insurgents in 1830, to flee from it before them in 1848; and on the fourth of September, 1870, when the news of the battle of Sedan came like a crushing blow upon the anxious hearts of the Parisians, a tremor of Republicanism ran through their marrows, and once more the old garden was invaded by the people, and the citizens, washerwomen and countesses, went side by side along the perfumed pathways, clambered the steps of the imperial entrance, penetrated the sleeping rooms of the Emperor and Empress, drew caricatures upon the walls, spat upon the floors, cut the curtains with knives, broke open boxes of rich goods, and wrote above the doors, "The French Republic is again declared," and, "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity." It was a peaceful visit that the modern insurgents made; the Emperor was in captivity, and the frightened Empress had fled to the shelter afforded her by a pitying American friend; but had not Napoleon the Third's fortunate star forced him to give up his sword at Sedan, he would mayhap have given up his head to the Commune, which even then grumbled and threatened and bravadoed under the very walls of his palace.

Let us sit down once more, in this sunny corner of the garden which the Frenchmen have so happily named "Little Provence,' because it is always sunshiny, and continue our musing. You have noticed how the grand old Louvre has been attached to the Tuileries, and have surmised the motives thereof. Until the French Revolution, the Louvre was the official home of royalty, and the French sovereigns only now and then went to inhabit the Tuileries. The Louvre was a fortress in 1204, when Philip Augustus repaired its walls and built, in the middle of a strong, well-bastioned court, the great tower of which so much is said in early French history. When the palace fell into neglect, it was used as a state prison. Francis I. pulled down the old Louvre, and to him is largely due the honor of beginning the erection of the present edifice, which has given work to all the sovereigns and architects of every succeeding generation. Henri IV. built the long gallery which leads to the Tuileries; and the magnificent eastern and southern façades, than which there is nothing grander in all Paris, were built by Louis XIV., from designs furnished by Perrault, a physician. So, from a simple donjon, in the thirteenth century, it sprang into a palace in the fifteenth. The court was added to it in 1803, and completed in 1813. Neither Napoleon I. nor Louis Philippe found time to carry out the completion of the gallery which was to attach the Tuileries to the Louvre, and the work was not finished until 1857. The gallery which runs along the Rue de Rivoli has been latterly prolonged as far as the Louvre, and two other parallel galleries, shooting out from the Louvre, attach themselves to the body of the building on the Place du Carrousel. All these additions have finally made of the Louvre something grandiose, but the more ancient parts of it, the superb colonnade, and those walls which run along the Quay are, and always will be, regarded as the best. To-day this ancient royal dwelling has become a Palace of Arts where the schools of all times and all countries are represented by their *chefs-d'œuvre.* Immense sums have been expended with almost unparalleled generosity by all the governments on the sixteen museums which are comprised under the Louvre roof. Here painting, engraving, and modern sculpture are close beside Assyrian, Egyptian, Algerine, Asiatic, American, and Etruscan museums. There is even a museum of sovereigns,—fancy that! Through the long and finely-lighted galleries of this vast Art Palace, on all days save Mondays, every one has a right to walk. On Sunday vast throngs of peasants, in their blue blouses and often in their wooden shoes, clatter along the polished floors, and sit reverently gazing at the works of Rubens or Delacroix. If you could but get a bird's-eye view of these two palaces, which now occupy nearly sixty acres of ground, and form, perhaps, the finest imperial mansion in Europe, you would be amazed at the richness and delicate fancy displayed in the decoration. Every wall is ornate with figures, with superb carvings, which, although they do not impress you with a sense of grandeur, yet have beauty which cannot be denied.

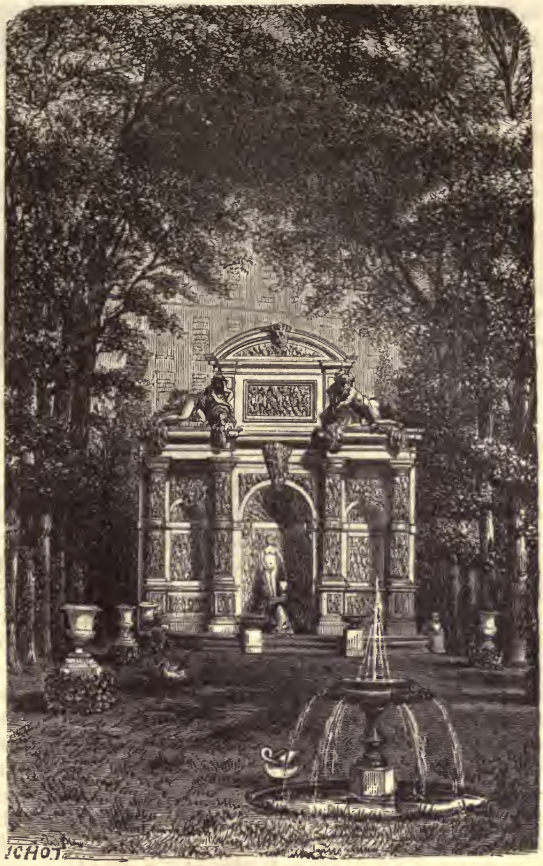
Napoleon I. had a passion for the Tuileries, and it must have been a joyful moment for him when, on that great day of March, 1815, after a year of absence, of degradation, and of exile, he reappeared in the court-yard of the palace, and laid his plans for future victories. It was not so pleasant, however, for Louis XVIII., for, only a few months afterwards, he could see, from the windows of his chamber in the old palace, Cossacks bivouacking in the court of the Carrousel; he witnessed the sacking of the Louvre, and he saw the great ladies of his Court dancing with the barbarous soldiers of the North. As you look upon the palace, a vast procession of historic figures seems to arise before you. At every façade one may fancy that he sees the haggard countenances of a hungry populace upturned, and as he wanders through the now almost deserted apartments, he may imagine that the clamors in the street outside are the howling of the mob for bread or blood. Since the great revolution broke in thunder over Europe there have been but few peaceful dreams at the Tuileries. Even in our prosaic and material age, we have seen a great romance enacted in the palace. It is not so long, you remember, since the Prussians and Bavarians were here in the garden where you sit, and since they twined about their victor brows the laurels taken from the Emperor's pet lauriers, and, if you choose to walk along the quays, any passer-by will show you how the great statues were pro-



THE PALACE OF THE LUXEMBOURG.

tected against the bombs which the Prussians threw towards them, and over the very door whence the Emperor issued usually, with such sublime disdain upon his muddy-complexioned face, you will see, painted in black letters, those three powerful words, "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity." But the fraternity has not come yet; equality is slowly limping in; and the liberty——! .

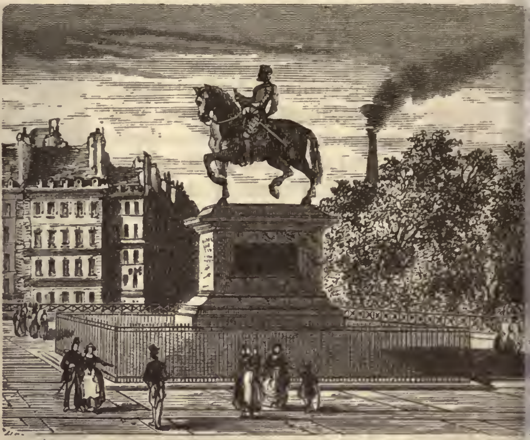
The Seine river, hemmed in by its high walls, has but little chance in Paris to disport and frolic as madly as at Bercy, and down in the happy country-side among the valleys to which it gives a name, it has been carefully dressed in the most approved toilette, and made to understand that it must be henceforth a servant to the public good. The various sovereigns have bridged it so that one is never at a loss how to cross from the more modern and imperial Paris into the vast labyrinth of crooked, narrow, and distorted avenues where the real worth and genius of the city reside.



FOUNTAIN IN THE LUXEMBOURG GARDEN.

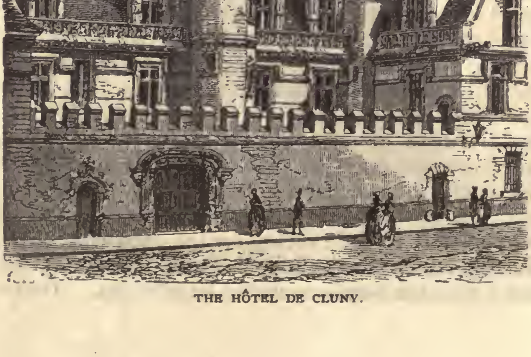
The river enters the city at the east in the form of a vast curve or incomplete letter S, to leave it at the south-west. Nowadays it is abandoned to barges loaded with wines, with building-stones, with pebbles for macadam, and with all the numerous necessities of the rebuilding of the capital. Some years ago, when the crowding became excessive, the Parisians under protest submitted to the innovation of little steamers, founded on the plan of the penny-boats which run up and down the Thames in London, but they could not bear that the smoke from the stacks of these little "flies," as they mischievously named them, should soil the dainty walls of their limestone palaces, and it was not until an ingenious Frenchman had invented machinery for making the steamers consume their own smoke that the citizens were satisfied with the new method of transit. A promenade from that corner of the Tuileries garden where repose two gigantic Sphinxes, mutely eyeing the crowd about them, as if demanding that the masses should read the riddle of their own liberty, before they entered the gates of the governmental palace, and a walk along the Seine banks, is amusing at any time of day. Of course it has its pathetic side, as now and then one hears a sudden splash in the current, and by and by the old boatmen who linger wistfully and with vulture-like eyes about the piers of the bridge, will bring eagerly to the light the woe-begone face of some young girl, or some stripling who has thrown himself away upon the current of vice and sought oblivion in the current of his favorite river. Many and many a good spectacle do the greedy Parisians have at the Morgue, provided for them by father Seine; many a man whose burly form is dappled with green and blue, and whose bloated features have no longer the semblance of humanity; many and many a little child whose pinched and wasted face testifies to the poverty of the mother who with it went to her rest under the water. Many a marble slab upholds some dark-bronzed foreigner, some forgotten soldier of fortune, some decayed gambler, some blocked and broken down *roué*, or some woman of the middle-world who finds, after reckoning up her yearly expenses, that if she sells her toilet she cannot pay her debts. All these the Seine yields up. The Parisians have little mercy for the men who often heroically risk their lives in attempting to save the headlong would-be suicides. There is even a story started, by some obscure prattler of city-gossip, that since the boatmen receive twenty francs for securing a body, and only ten francs, or possibly a medal, for saving a life, they have often been known to sit quietly, waiting patiently for the water to subside over the form of the drowning, and then to draw him out and coolly carry him to the marble slabs of the Morgue.

In Commune days, and indeed in all insurrectionary times, the Seine has received vast numbers of dead bodies, and at early morning great processions of carts, drawn by sturdy Norman horses, have been seen slowly rattling down the stone drive-ways leading to the water, and dumping hogsheads of lime into the channel. When the executions first began in Paris in 1871 the bodies from the Champ de Mars were so liberally bestowed upon the river that its current became choked, and speedy measures were taken to avert any such proceeding in future.

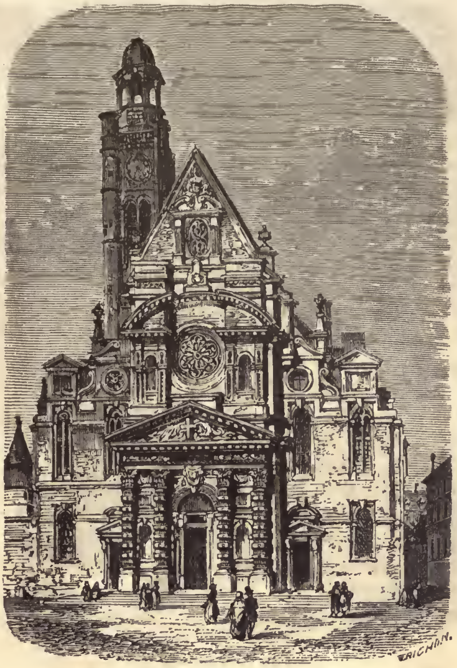


THE STATUE OF HENRI IV. ON THE PONT NEUF.

But the pathetic side is not the one which you, as the casual observer, will quickest perceive; you will wander listlessly along by the smooth walks with your hand slipping upon the great stone balustrades until you find it suddenly stopped by the trembling paw of some old bookseller, who, in a cracked voice, earnestly entreats you not to disturb his wares; so touch your hat pleasantly to him, and you shall presently find in him a treasure, for he will show you delicious old editions, quaint black-letter volumes, tomes which have been buried for a century in the musty library of some French, German, or even Greek literary man; books which hav drifted into Paris from Frankfort, from Vienna, from Heidelberg, from everywhere and with a shrewd twinkle in his eye he wil perhaps offer you together, as a bargain, copy of a ten-year-old speech of Sumner's and a faded, tattered edition of the melodie of Blondel and others of his time. An ol soldier with the remnants of the military ai about him, and an odorous pipe in his toothless jaws, will clutch you like the ancien mariner, and imperatively insist that yo shall buy his collection of canes. An ol woman, clad in a vast number of petticoats and a gigantic blue apron, and carrying upo her capacious back a smoking hot pile o waffles, will dog your steps, and in a shrill cracked voice which has the quaver of the last century in it, will hurl the excellence o her comestibles into your ear. A little blue-bloused boy, in a flat glazed cap and with his cravat coquettishly tie under a clean collar,—the very perfection of the antipodes of the New York newsboy—will quietly urge upon you attention the little paper filled with the divers facts that this great Paris has been making all day, and with an insinuating, "If you please," will command your sympathy. An old man in a ragged velvet jacket, with his one scalp-lock licked into a fantastic resemblance to that of the great Emperor, will bow majestically before you, and salute in military fashion with one hand, while with the other he extends under your olfactories two by no means savory white and hairy poodle-dogs, which he begs you to buy. A shirtless, closely-buttoned, shabby man will start out from



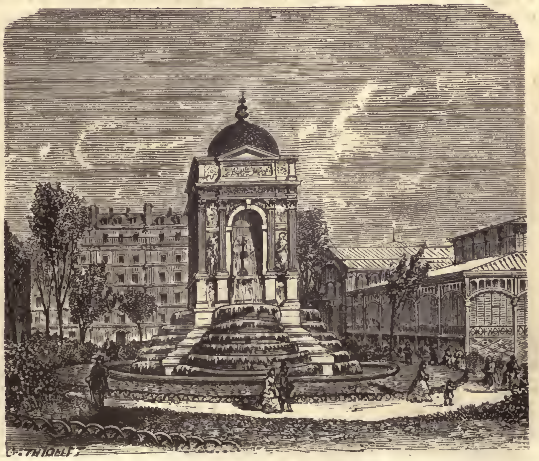
THE HÔTEL DE CLUNY.



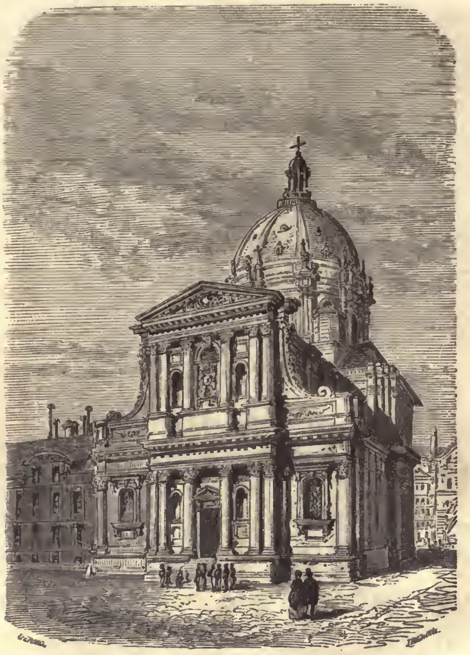
THE CHURCH OF SAINTE-ÉTIENNE DU MONT.

hind an abutment, as you cross a bridge, d hiss in your ear the frightful words, "Sir ! ok at me ! I am hungry." *Parbleu !* he not hungry at all ; in fact he may have ned better than you ; it is his trade to beg. -morrow, fearful lest he may meet you ain, he will hie to another bridge, and ere, if you chance to pass, you may see n hastily throwing away the cigar which he iokes after a hearty dinner, and hurrying th assumed dejection into the presence some other verdant passer-by.

As you saunter leisurely along, now on e bank and now on the other, now over e of the springy bridges which sometimes em to you about to collapse under the ight of the great omnibuses, double-cked and crammed with people, and under pressure of the myriads of foot-passenrs who are hurrying to and fro, loaded with ndles of all descriptions, you shall come a huge craft which seems at first some line-battle ship, that has by a mysterious process cended the almost unnavigable Seine, and ored in the vicinage of the great palaces. t, as you approach it, you will find that it a huge swimming-school, or bath, into ich you may descend down a long flight stone steps and across a narrow gang-way, d there you shall see speculators at the urse, writers, artists, and sculptors, huge, ld-headed, round-stomached, sturdy-legged n, past the meridian of life, playing gayly leap-frog, tossing each other about in the ter, or sitting tranquilly wrapped in white eets, smoking their evening cigars, reading papers, or sipping cups of fragrant coffee. promenade along the banks a short distance m the baths will bring you to great barges, ere hundreds of washerwomen stand nged in rows, cleansing the linen of ueen Paris, and beating merrily to the ne of jocund songs your unfortunate rts and unhappy collars with heavy oden mallets. They are young, these sherwomen, and pretty, and they work th a will. You can almost imagine em foam-born Venuses, or river-mphs, newly sprung from their guarn current, to work for the good of n, only, in their extra zeal, always ating off his shirt-buttons. If you go ther down, past the subjugated heights Trocadero, a great hill where the mmunists so often planted their baties, and by the Champ de Mars, ere those same Communists were shot eeling in rows by the deadly mitrailses, you come by and by to a quaint and ancient quarter of the city, where but few of the limestone palaces are to be found, and where you see the humbler cottage of the workman, with its queer roof of red tiles, with their semi-cylindrical forms packed against the sky, and their stingy windows and insignificant doors blindly blinking at you. So you will go on, past long trains of barges, drawn by puffing tugs, to which they are attached by chains ; past the excursion boats slowly returning, loaded down to the water's



THE FOUNTAIN OF THE INNOCENTS.



THE SORBONNE.

edge, from St. Cloud, where the Parisians have been to see the ruined palace and the burned town; past acres of market-gardens, and vast vistas of new streets—their white hard roadways gleaming like Spanish mountain paths under the sunlight; past verdant little islands, gently caressed by the old river; past huge factories, whose chimneys send up smoke and steam, foreign to other quarters of the city; until at last, with a curve, the current leaves the town, and you find yourself at Sèvres, by the bridge where Papa Thiers and Jules Favre walked on that windy day when the capitulation of the city into Prussian hands was well-nigh decided.

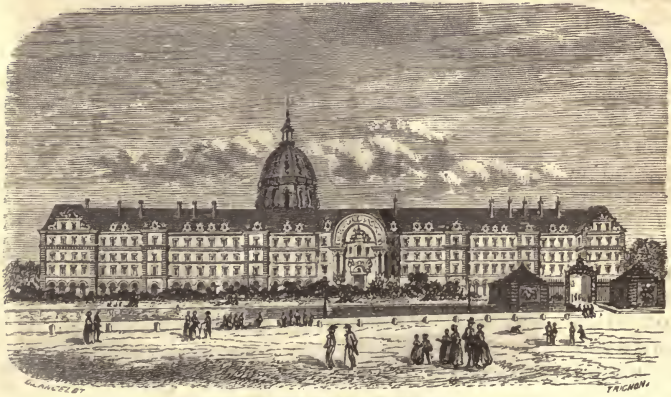
Above and around you everywhere you sh see the marks of war. If you look carefu away on the river's other bank, on the gra road which leads to Versailles, you will n the gigantic redoubt of Brimborion, whi the Prussians christened the "Abode Death;" and on another hill, not far awa you shall see the redoubt of Montreto where the deadly hand-to-hand conflict tween a few French regiments, unsupport by re-enforcements, and the ever-re-enforc and confident Prussians, lasted so long a carried such terror to Versailles. Looki to the right, you will see the Queen Fortr Valerien hundreds of feet above you, h black walls standing out, grim and majest in the crystal air; but of that you ha heard enough!

Retrace your steps slowly cityward. was the Pont des Arts, was it not, over whi you crossed when you started on your prom nade along the Seine? Perhaps you did n reflect, as you hurried over this somewh prosaic-looking bridge, that you were trea ing upon the very foundations of the ancie and famous Tour de Nesle; but you car little for the reminiscences of intrigue and sorrow, so intimately connected with the tower; and you hurried away toward t Institute, which, architecturally hideous a misshapen, looms up massively on the l bank, at the other end of the bridge.

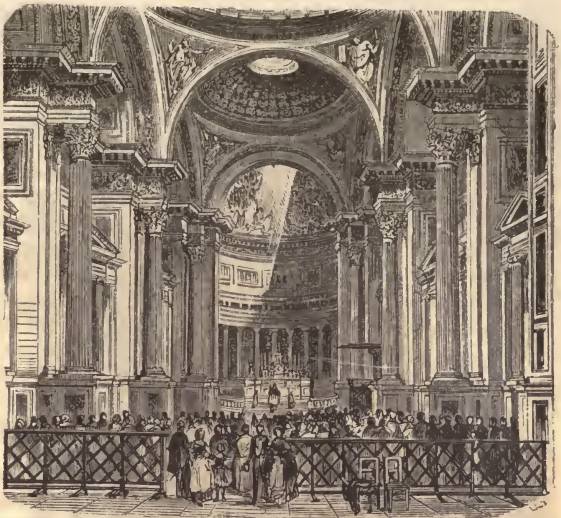
Beyond the palace of the Institute, th brilliant seat of five of the finest academi in the world, namely: the French, found by Richelieu; that for the sciences, found by Colbert; and those for belles-lettres a moral and political science, founded by t Convention in 1795—there are hosts of na row and crooked streets, where you catch the fullest the flavor of old Paris. Very d ferent was the antique city from that whi Napoleon III. has mad and it is a blessed relief steal away from the va avenues into the shady a tortuous alleyways whic are all historic; every o quaint and original.

"Ah Clemence! when I sa
thee last
Trip down the Rue du Seine

sings Dr. Holmes, but th Paris of his youth hat changed; and Clemence n longer trips over the cobbl stones of that harum-scaru quarter; she hath gotten



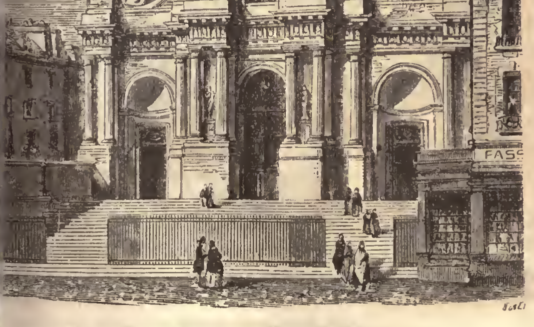
THE HOTEL DES INVALIDES.



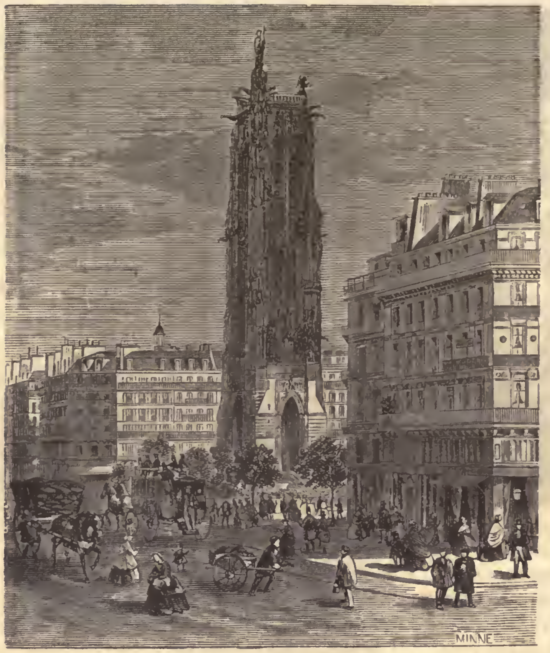
INTERIOR OF THE MADELEINE.

n-bonnet, and gone to live in the inage of the Luxembourg gardens. ne may wander for miles along the yrinthine streets, now gazing into rrow and almost grimy *crêmeries*, ere the student-world of the city ts its breakfast for three sous, and dinner for twelve, now peering into portals of gloomy-looking hotels, the lodge-windows of which sit sol-n *concierges*, taking snuff, and lding recreant lodgers; now into court-yards of vast hospitals and lleges, where the gay students, cigettes at their lips, are hastening to citations; now into obscure and ed-overgrown château-yards hence life and light are gone ay;" and now into the vast extent the Luxembourg gardens, where the ble orange-trees wave their ancient anches, and where, lulled to sleep the rippling fall of waters in an historic untain, one may dream strange and freakı histories of the Medicis and of the great revolution, when Louis Blanc and his rkingmen invaded the palace, and the heic protest against death by starvation was ade.

Set down as it is in a cool corner of the atin Quarter and in the very center of "Bohemia," the Luxembourg is the pet rert for thousands of poor people, and just eventide its walks and alley-ways are ronged with the lower classes. Antoine d Antoinette come there to exchange their st vows of betrothal; and there, too, because it is so remote from the more splendid and fashionable quarters of the city, Madame la Marquise or la Baronne go for their petty intrigues, which are considered such a natural and legitimate amusement in the *grand monde.* One of the cavaliers of the sixteenth century, a certain Robert de Harlay de Saucy (notice the grandiloquent flow of noble names), began the structure, which is, for its size, quite as imposing as the Louvre. In due time it was purchased by François de Luxembourg-Limbourg, who enlarged it, and gave it up to the stern queen Maria de Medicis in 1612. Then old Jacques de Brosses assumed the responsibility of rebuilding it, and Napoleon III. restored the façades adjacent to the gardens. It served as a prison in 1794; then Barras made it his residence. Next it became the "Palace of the Consulate," then Napoleon I. made it the seat of the Senate, and Napoleon the Little also had his Senate of toad-eaters located there. In 1848 it was the seat of the government commission for workingmen; and during Commune time the fair garden walks were reddened with the blood of wild-eyed men who fell crying "Hurrah for Humanity and Liberty!" The old garden is laid out upon the site of an ancient Roman camp; Julius Cæsar is supposed to have taken his evening meal there, and to have thence given orders to his lieutenant Labienus for the continuation of the work of subjugation begun against the Parisians long before



THE CHURCH OF SAINT ROCH.



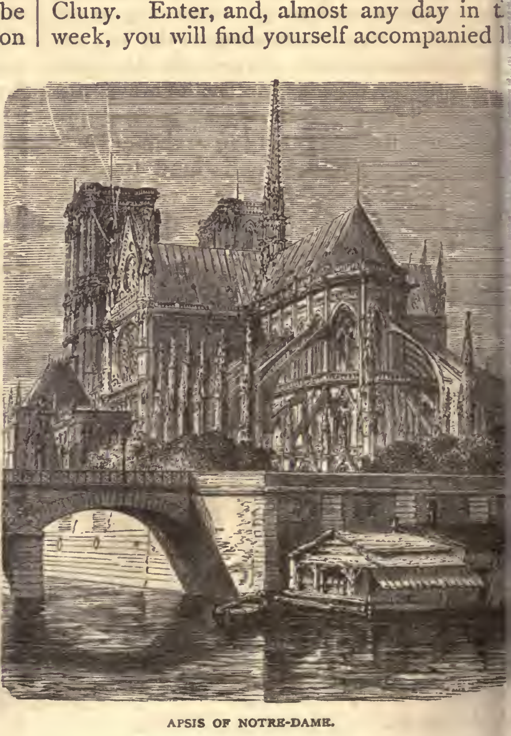
THE ST. JAQUES TOWER.

Christ was born. The picture-galleries are somewhat remarkable, although you might perhaps count upon your fingers all the *chefs-d'œuvre* which they contain. You will be fascinated by Couture's splendid satire upon modern Parisian dissipation; and by the grand painting by Müller, representing the "calling of the victims" at the prison of the Conciergerie during the "Reign of Terror." From the windows of the great galleries you can catch glimpses of the statues of the illustrious women of France, who have been so numerous, and have received such meager praise—poor things!

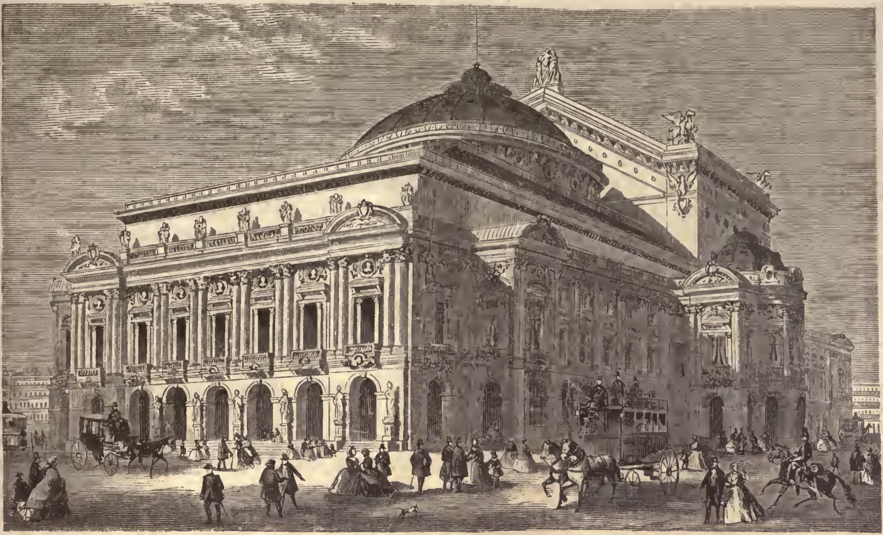
The Medicis fountain, one of the glories of the Luxembourg garden, is a grotto within a grotto, and is embowered in a lovely wealth of foliage and blossoms in summer-time. The effect produced by the superb group of statuary which forms one of its chief attractions is startling. The group represents "Acis and Galatea surprised by Polyphemus." A long alleyway, bordered on either side by huge trees, in front of which are placed immense marble vases, leads up to this jewel of fountains, on which old Desbrosses lavished so much of his genius. Only a little distance from the palace-yard is the Café de Medicis, almost the only one in Paris where women officiate as waiters. There rosy-cheeked girls, clad in the costume of Italian peasa keep the hearts of the youthful stude in perpetual unrest.

Henry III. began the Pont-Ne over which you may possibly stray your way back, to see the statue of He IV. The bronze horse which now s ports a figure of Henry IV. has h some strange adventures. It was o inally ordered in Tuscany, by Fer nand, the duke of that province; drif into the hands of Maria de Medicis, s fered shipwreck on the Normandy coa and, after remaining for a whole year the bottom of the sea, was fished up a brought to Paris, where it was deposit on the Pont-Neuf. Time was, when t first agitations of the Fronde occurr that the people compelled all who pa ed the statue in carriages to desce and kneel before the figure of the monarch. Even the Duke of Orlea did not escape this, in 1789.

As you pass along the crowded a glittering Boulevard Saint Michel, so sunny day, you will be tempted to dra near to the railings which surround immense bosquet of greenest foliage, a peering through the leaves, you will disti guish the ruins of the venerable Hôtel Cluny. Enter, and, almost any day in t week, you will find yourself accompanied



APSIS OF NOTRE-DAME.



THE NEW OPERA HOUSE.

ousands who come curiously to inspect the eat yellow carriages in which Louis XIV. sed to ride, and the thousand-and-one rel- s which have been dug from under the ac- umulated soil of centuries in Paris. The d Hotel Cluny affords one of the most arming of specimens of the architecture the Middle Ages; and attached to it are e gigantic ruins of the Palace of Thermes, here Emperor Julian used to take his baths hen he "wintered in his dear Lutetia."

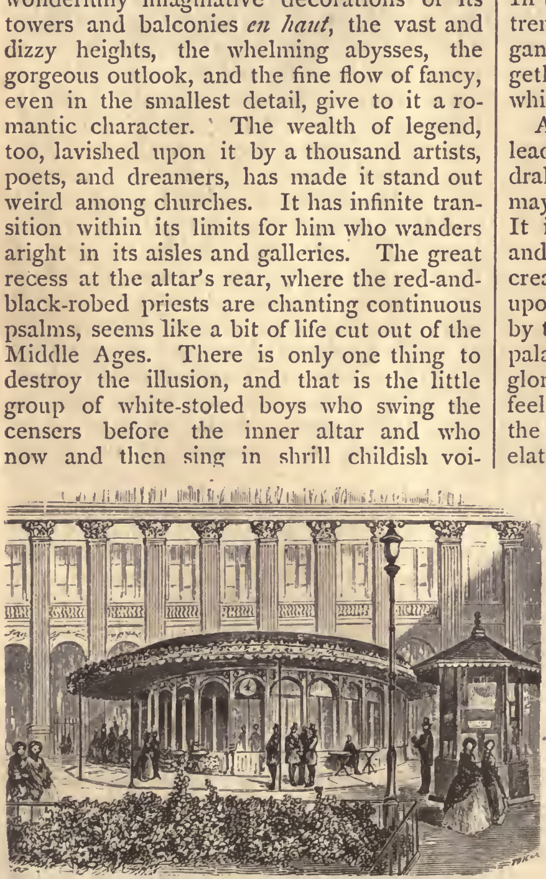
The Boulevard Saint Michel was once a mous rookery for revolution, but the anni- lation of all its eccentricities came when apoleon widened it, all the way from the rand fountain over whose basin St. Michael valiantly sawing off the dragon's head—up e hill past the Pantheon and the quaint old urches, even to where the houses begin to e scattered widely apart, and one gets a int of the fortifications. The old church of aint Etienne du Mont, a fine relic of the irteenth century, but much rebuilt and stored, is worthy a glance; it stands at the ill-top, with the heroic and aristocratic antheon for its neighbor. It is only a step om either of these monumental edifices in- odd dingy back streets, which have most f the characteristics of the sordid avenues f an Italian town, and where one may find ere living cheaper than in any other city in e universe. Scrupulous cleanliness pre- ails everywhere, however; there is none of e filth and absolute *déshabillé* of a London lley-way; there is no danger of pickpockets; nd no one will stab you in the back.

In wandering about the Latin Quarter, one comes suddenly upon the gloomy and hideous old church of Saint Sulpice, its twin towers looking awry, and at some little distance from it is the most venerable fountain in Paris, that of the "Innocents," which has been giving fresh water to every generation since the thirteenth century. Its present form is largely the work of the celebrated Jean Goujon, and around the terraces and the nymph-figures the Parisian women of the lower classes love to flock at eventide, and exchange scandal. Like the Tuileries gardens, it is a famous rendezvous for gossip; the children tell, with bated breath, how Maître Goujon, who wrought such noble figures, was killed on the day of the Massacre of Saint Bartholomew, while he was busily working upon the Fountain of the Innocents.

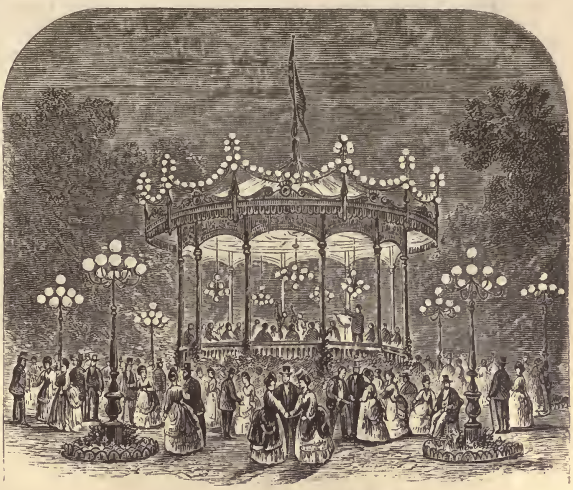
While you were on the left bank of the Seine, you might at least have paid your respects to the elegant dome of the Sorbonne —the seat of the Academy of Paris, and of the faculties of literature, of science, and of theology. Here, as in so many other monuments, you will see Richelieu's handiwork; he rebuilt the Sorbonne long after Robert de Sorbon had founded it under Louis IX. and gone his ways; and one cannot help thinking that the old cardinal did almost as much as Napoleon III. to improve the capital. If the Sorbonne does not especially interest you, stray thence to the great cathedral of Notre Dame. You must indeed have but little uplift in your soul if you can wander amid the gargoyles on the great roof-galleries of this superb cathedral without getting new inspiration.

From the Place du Parvis, on the venerable Isle St. Louis, with "God's Hotel," the great hospital on one hand, and the vast limestone mansions of New Paris on the other,—looking up to the front of the cathedral, the effect is grand. The sunlight breaks in brilliant tracery of gleams over the almost countless statues ranged above the huge doors, and a roseate glow is reflected from the rosace in the center of the façade. Firmly founded as the everlasting hills, its foundation-stones lying upon the very river-bed of the Seine, and on the ruins of a pagan temple, it is one of the most impressive monuments in Europe. Victor Hugo calls it the "book in stone," and indeed it is at once an epic and a romance. The sturdy majesty of its form—that of the Latin cross—and the superb symmetry of its gigantic proportions, give it an epic force; while the wonderfully imaginative decorations of its towers and balconies *en haut*, the vast and dizzy heights, the whelming abysses, the gorgeous outlook, and the fine flow of fancy, even in the smallest detail, give to it a romantic character. The wealth of legend, too, lavished upon it by a thousand artists, poets, and dreamers, has made it stand out weird among churches. It has infinite transition within its limits for him who wanders aright in its aisles and galleries. The great recess at the altar's rear, where the red-and-black-robed priests are chanting continuous psalms, seems like a bit of life cut out of the Middle Ages. There is only one thing to destroy the illusion, and that is the little group of white-stoled boys who swing the censers before the inner altar and who now and then sing in shrill childish voices. There is no mistaking these urchin
they are all the irreverent, incredulo
skeptical gamins of modern Paris, utte
devoid of any of the serious beliefs and s
perstitions which youths of the *moyen â*
possessed. In another portion of the cat
dral you shall see a group of market wome
barefooted, coarse-haired, grimy-armed, s
vory of the fish-barrel and the potato-sac
kneeling reverently before little straw-b
tomed chairs, and listening, with tears in th
tired eyes, to the pure voices of the wom
singing in some hidden gallery. Before t
entrance to the grand aisle sits the wither
old man who holds the *toupet* or brush fro
which holy water is sprinkled upon t
worshipers. He sits there, under the so
ber shadow of the great pillar, all day lon
Never a gleam of sunlight touches hi
never a soul salutes him; every one is t
busy with his or her own conscience, and
sprinkles, sprinkles, sprinkles; looking drea
ily afar off—as if he had eaten of the lotu
In the lateral chapels, many of which are e
tremely rich in decoration and design, el
gantly-dressed women kneel for hours t
gether, praying for the remission of sins f
which they fancy they are easily pardoned.

Ah! here is a dingy and grimy old doo
leading up great stone steps to the cath
dral-roof, where the lover of the picturesq
may wander for hours without ever weari
It is a long way up, and the steps are wo
and old; millions of feet have made gre
creases in them. Suddenly you stagger o
upon a wide platform, and Paris, threade
by the curving Seine, Paris with its hundr
palaces, its giant avenues, its vast towers, i
glorious parks, lies spread before you. Y
feel as if breathing a purer air; you are
the world, yet separated from it. You a
elated, jubilant, exalted. The hum an
din of the great capital smites but gent
upon your ears. A strong thrill of e
citement runs through you as you pre
to the outer railing, and look down fro
the dizzy height into the place belo
Are those ants crawling on their ant-hi
or are they really men in the marke
place? As you get tired, and seek
spot to repose, the old woman who h
her home in a little house in the belfr
invites you to a place on a rustic benc
Do they drink beer, then, on the cath
dral's top? Oh! yes, indeed, Monsieu
and champagne, too, when parties com
to see the sun rise. It is quite th
mode now in Paris, Monsieur, for brid
parties to come to the old tower her



THE PALAIS ROYAL—VIEW IN THE GARDEN.



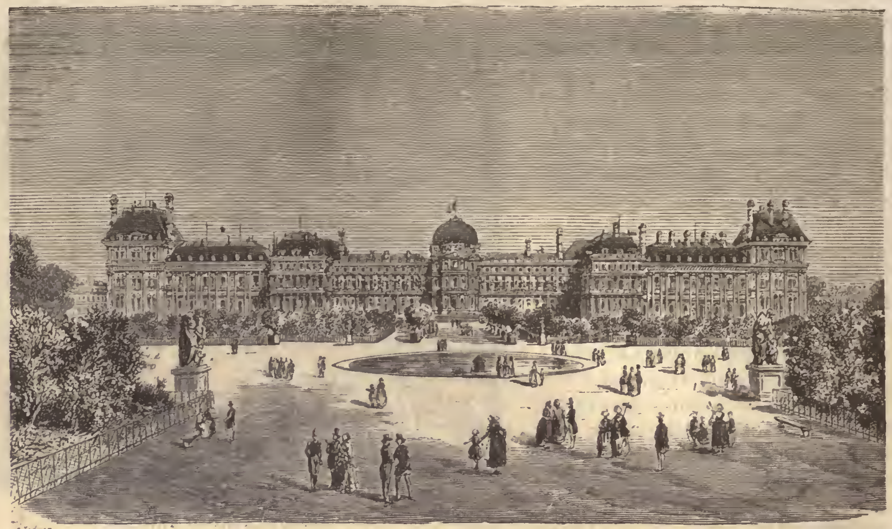
MABILLE. THE CENTRAL PAVILION.

t early morning, to make a cham- agne breakfast, and to view the sun- se. There was one young lady here me months ago, poor darling ! who as so frightened at some gargoyles hich she saw on one of the gallery alconies that she swooned, and was arried down-stairs, and home in a ab.

Perhaps the good woman or her hus- and will go with you to see the gar- oyles, fantastic figures which serve at ce as ornaments and rain-spouts, d which are as goblin-like and ghost- as figures in a fairy tale. As you and on one of the galleries overlook- g the vast descent from the upper latform to one of the lower roofs, you e ranged around, in rows, gigantic gures of dragons, hippogriffs, unnam- le monsters and compounds of men d beasts in sportive or ferocious attitudes. hey seem to have suddenly descended from me unknown region of the air, and to have en as suddenly petrified. Among these imals and monsters stands the figure of a ll old man, clad in the garb of the Middle ges, gazing outward into ether with a wild d puzzled expression upon his features. e shields his eyes with his hands, as if afraid look too carelessly upon some unutterable ory, and his long beard is blown back by e wind. Turning a corner suddenly, and ming upon this astonishing figure, it is difficult to persuade one's self for a moment that is not alive.

Notre Dame has had its days of splendor d consummate glories. Since its first one was laid in the tenth century, it has en riots, murders, vast mobs of thieves, onoclasts ; and kings have come there to be owned and married. The old cathedral essentially a Parisian product ; its Gothic oportions were hewn out of the limestone arries in and around the city, and for any hundreds of years architects wrought to it their hopes, their fears, their aspira- ons. There were long epochs between its ginning and its completion ; the first stone as laid in 1163 ; the choir was finished in 85 ; the triforium of the nave in 1215 ; the apels of the apsis were built in 1296 ; and e church was very frequently altered and utilated during the twelfth and thirteenth nturies. When the restoration began, in 45, it was feared that much of the antique auty of the venerable structure would be st ; but the French of to-day, with a praise- orthy care for detail, have copied in its exactest outline every stone and ornament of the edifice, and it stands rejuvenated in large degree. From front and rear the view is equally imposing. Although the structure is three hundred and ninety feet long, and one hundred and forty-four wide, and has a spire two hundred and eighty feet high, its flying buttresses and its florid pointed architecture give it a look of airy grace and elegance. There are few grander sights than that of the old cathedral, filled with twenty thousand worshipers, kneeling mutely in the somber shadows of the great pillars, while from the organ come thunderous outbursts of music, and from the concealed galleries the pure voices of the chanting women. Napoleon III. was married here.—Bah ! it seems almost like yesterday ; and only a score of months ago, the Commune sternly demanded the silver and the images from the great altars, that they might be melted into money with which to purchase bread for "the armies of Paris." The Commune made an effort also to destroy the venerable cathedral by fire ; but it was frustrated, and the florid spires and towers still kiss the crystal sky.

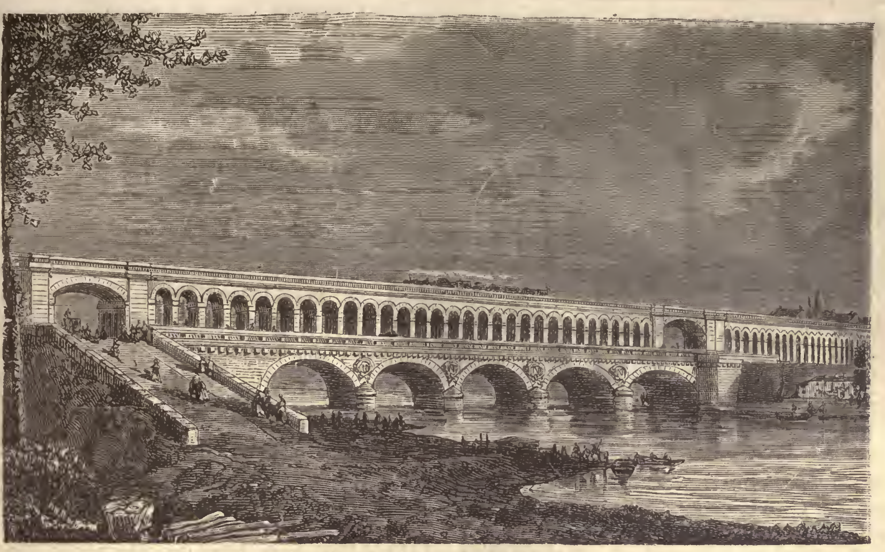
Montesquieu said that the Hôtel des Invalides was the most respectable place on earth, and that, were he a prince, he would rather have built it than have gained three battles. Montesquieu was enthusiastic ; enthusiasm was his prime quality. But there is nevertheless something really fine in the idea of this asylum established for the soldiers who won such colossal victories as made all Europe tremble, and the very earth quake. Charlemagne was wont to give his old sol-



THE PALACE OF THE TUILERIES.

diers into the charge of the abbeys and priories, that, in the sweet and sacred seclusion of the monastery, a thorough repose from the rude toils of war might be found. Philippe Auguste, the first of French sovereigns to create a permanent army, was impressed with the idea that there should be special retreats for the old and broken-down servitors of the army, and Saint Louis, his grandson, on his return from Palestine, founded an asylum for such of his gentlemen as had lost their sight amid the burning sands of Asia. This and similar asylums underwent varying fortune, until, in 1670, when Paris was overrun with meritorious soldiers who were dying of want, Louis XIV. issued a decree, ordering the immediate construction of the "Invalides," and set Louvois the architect at work upon it. Peter the Great, on a tour through France, visited the Invalides, and on his return to St. Petersburg founded a similar hospital there. In 1789, revolution-time, the people took the unresisting Hôtel, and carried away all the cannons and guns in triumph, while the toothless and wooden-legged soldiers looked on in dismay. In 1800, General Lannes made a solemn *entrée* at the Invalides, with the seventy-five flags which he had taken in Egypt, and under the great dome of the chapel where the proud "man of Elba" now sleeps, on that same day a Frenchman pronounced a noble and glowing eulogy of George Washington, the recently deceased president of the American Republic.

The Hôtel des Invalides is situated on the left bank of the Seine, not far from the Palais Bourbon, and has spread out before
it a vast esplanade, planted thickly w
trees. In the middle of this esplanade f
merly stood a fountain originally surmount
by the lion of Saint Mark, taken from Veni
by the Second Empire. But the Austria
took the old lion back in 1814. Approachi
the Hôtel from the esplanade, one arrives
what is known as the "Triumphal Batter
which consists of cannon ranged in ro
in the form of a battery, and fired by t
soldiers who are inmates of the instituti
only on occasions of great triumph or f
tivity. The interior of the edifice is arrang
with the utmost regard for the comfort of t
venerable warriors who inhabit it, and in t
galleries of the great court-yard there is
series of superb frescoes representing t
history of France. The chapel of the I
valides is decorated with banners taken
conquest, and every Sunday a delegation
the venerable invalid soldiers assists
"military mass." The scene on these occ
sions is very impressive; the old warriors,
their long blue coats and caps, hobble pa
fully in, and listen, with tears in their a
dimmed eyes, to the semi-martial, semi-spi
ual music which drifts to their ears from t
organ and the grand military band station
in a lateral gallery. The old Invalides a
all of a speculative turn of mind, and w
tell you campaign stories by the hour if y
will but show them a shining franc in yo
palm. But they only recognize one Empero
and in the days of Napoleon the Thi
when one spoke of the Emperor or His I
perial Majesty, they were always thinking
the "bronze artillery officer," and their ey



THE CIRCULAR RAILWAY VIADUCT.

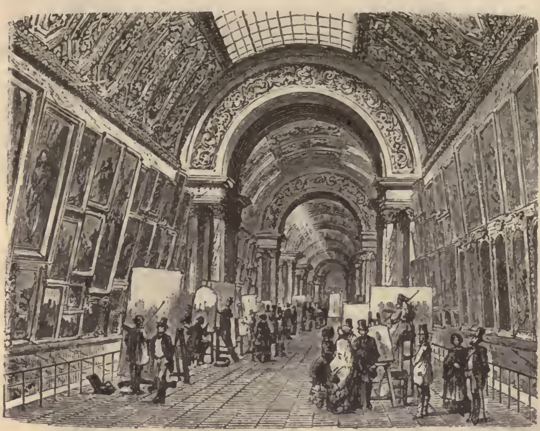
ould fill with tears, as they led you to "the mperor's tomb."

It is under the great dome of the Invalides -that gilded dome of which Napoleon First id, when told that the workmen of Paris ere furious with hunger: "Well, we must eep them at work! Set them to gilding e dome of the Invalides!" When the mains of the great warrior were returned Paris, a vast crypt was delved out of the arble foundation beneath the dome; and e entrance to it was shut by bronze doors, arded by colossal statues of "civil" and military" force. On each side of the tomb and life-like figures of the Emperor's favore marshals, Duroc and Bertrand. Around e tomb, in a covered gallery, are ranged elve statues emblematic of various vicries, and, in a black marble cave, upon hich a lamp throws a sepulchral gleam, ands a statue of the Emperor, in the cosme of his Coronation, and around him e grouped the flags taken by him from emies during his victorious campaigns. he pavement of the crypt forms a vast reole in marble of gold color, the rays of hich surround a laurel crown done in moic, in the midst of which is the monolith in e red granite of Finland, given to the Emeror by the Russian sovereign. Within this lock lie the remains of Napoleon, and the oted inscription, taken from the Emperor's ill, gleams above the entrance to the crypt:

> "I desire that my ashes may repose on the banks f the Seine, in the midst of that French people whom have so much loved."

Napoleon began his career at Saint Roch, that ugly and unprepossessing church where the insurrection in the old French revolution made its last stand. He introduced the *régime* of cannon as opposed to mobs, and taught the merciless theory of slaying the innocent with the guilty. Saint Roch was built in 1578, and reconstructed a century afterwards. Corneille sleeps under its pavement, and on Christmas Eves the carols and the glorious music given there, until midnight has past, have rendered it one of the most noted churches in the capital. Vast audiences from every class of society in the city gather there on Christmas Eve; and the sweet voices of the queens of song are attuned to the carols which are sung in honor of the Saviour's birth. The audiences on these occasions are enthusiastic, exuberant, welling over in tears; and I have rarely seen anything more impressive than the procession of moist-eyed mothers, leading their white-robed children to the communion altar, just as the great bells of the city chimed midnight.

Upon his breast in spring-time every Parisian wears a tiny knot of violets. These violets are purchased at the most famous flower-mart of Paris, that which clusters round the Madeleine, in the booths of which, any morning in spring, summer, or autumn, one may see numbers of fresh-cheeked, robust young Rosalinds, offering a wealth of perfume and of bloom for insignificant sums. Paris has always been famous for its love of flowers. Julian loved Lutetia because it was "a little island situated in the middle of the



A LOUVRE GALLERY.

Seine, overwhelmed with flowers and perfumes." Clovis said that Paris was surrounded with woods and with gardens, which made sweet the names of all the saints. Childebert, his son, planted round the palace of Thermes a magnificent garden filled with roses and fruit-trees, which the prince trained and grafted himself, and Charlemagne loved to wander in what he called the "city of gardens." The Madeleine has always seemed to me lovelier for its *entourage* of blossoms. It springs, a superb monument of the noblest Corinthian style,—its fair pillars and delicate columns upholding a massive yet airy roof,—from its bed of blossom and perfume, a perfect church. Founded in 1763 by the most godless of all men, Louis XV., left unfinished during the great revolution, dedicated to glory in 1806, and rebuilt for the third time during the years intervening between 1816 and 1832, it stands, fresh and charming as of old, a protest against all composite and bastard styles of architecture. Wander as you will, its perfect beauty always smites the senses. From front, from rear, it is the same; there are no quaint surprises, no disgusting disappointments, no perplexing problems in its make-up; you may always analyze it at a glance; you must admire it at first sight. Napoleon I. wished to make a library of it, and from time to time the skeptical Parisians have revolted against the idea of continuing it as a church; yet it still stands in the midst of one of the most fruitful parishes of Paris, consecrated to the Catholic faith. There have been storms beneath its roof. Father Hyacinthe has there uttered his foamy protests against the intolerance of Mother Church; vicars and *curés* have written violent letters protesting against its too strict confinement within the bounds of faith. Revolut has swept across its broad aisles, d med the ornaments in its sacred cha with blood and with tears, and defa the sublime front, with its majestic u and glorious bas-reliefs, by musket sh and cannon thunder. It is said t during the last struggle of the C mune in 1871 a party of sixty desper men, fleeing from the barricades of Rue de Rivoli, as the victorious tro of President Thiers came round corner from the Champs Elysées, t refuge in the chapel of the Madelei and set up the cry of "Sanctuary," terrible and formidable in the Mid Ages, but of so little use in our p saic modern epoch. The Commun were remorselessly murdered upon the v steps of the altar, by the red-breeched diery who cried "No quarter," as they th their bayonets into resistless and prostr forms. No shells, however, marred the p fection and beauty of the Madeleine r Save by a few defacing marks upon its fr near which raged a veritable fire of hell d ing those sad and terrible days of May, noble church bears no souvenir of the gr struggle for municipal freedom.

Wandering up the Boulevard Sevasto you will some day come to the charm little square which surrounds the old T St. Jacques. This ancient tower, wh once belonged to a still more ancient chur stands in one of the most brilliant modern sections of Paris. It is but a steps from the ruins of the Hôtel de Vi and round it clusters a series of charm gardens, in which, all day long, before Commune waves rolled over the great c little children with their nurse-maids pla happily. The statue of the good Pascal placed in a niche at the tower's foot, many a one came there to testify to the tr of the old saying, "*Le plus sûr est de croire* but after the fearful days of May and J of 1871 had passed over that section, garden of the tower St. Jacques becam grave-yard, and the little children pla there no longer. Hundreds of the vict who were shot in rows, in heaps, and batches, in the various barracks, were brou to this square with their hideous wounds s gaping in the sunlight. Great trenches w opened and they were buried hastily, t they might soon be forgotten. There quaint and curious gargoyles on the tower's top, and you cannot find a nobler pl to overlook sleeping or waking Paris, and oralize. The tower was built from 1508 to 22, but has been, like most of the Parisian onuments, latterly restored.

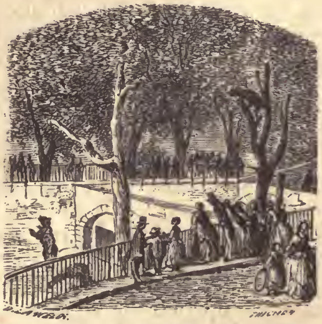
The Rue de Lafayette, which is in some spects the Broadway of Paris, and resembes our famous American promenade in its ight, the majestic outlook of its mansions, d its extent, contains some singular speciens of church architecture, the ugliest nong which is perhaps that dedicated to St. ncent de Paul. In this famous church, ich is comparatively of modern date, there e numerous remarkable frescoes, but the terior is an absurd compound of St. Sulpice, . Peter's at Rome, and the salient points the Madeleine. The Rue de Lafayette is deed a wonderful promenade, reflecting to e utmost the *outré* Parisian spirit. Long, gular, formal in style, yet sculptured with a ste and grace to which we may not hope attain for a long time, it is perhaps the ost impressive of Parisian promenades to e newly-arrived stranger. At one end it uches the quarters where misery and starvaon reign supreme, and it communicates at e other with the grand boulevards, at the oint where center the glories of the Grand pera and the superb square, around which e gathered the most brilliant devices of the apoleonic epoch.

The square of the Grand Opera, when oroughly completed, will probably be more illiant than any other in the world, but it as not the charm of historic association, and e grace and fancy accorded to many other ections of Paris. Situated on what is calll the "English Quarter" of the city, the quare has been monopolized by restaurants, *fés*, and superb shops, all of which minister the palates and the fancies of the stranger. hat great caravansery, the Grand Hotel, iscloses its severe yet bold front close to the pera; on the opposite corner, the Sporting lub shows its massive doors and liveried unkies; and near at hand is the Washington lub, where General Jones of Chicago and lijah Pogram of Boston play elegant little ames at billiards, and discuss international olitics with a freedom and intensity of expression which makes the Continentals stare. t is only a short distance thence to the Splendide Hotel," where huge delegations f Americans and English fritter away their noney in too luxurious living; and thence n to the American bankers, in whose readng-rooms hosts of elegantly-dressed, thin, ellow, dyspeptic-looking men are furiously eading the newly-arrived newspapers night nd day.

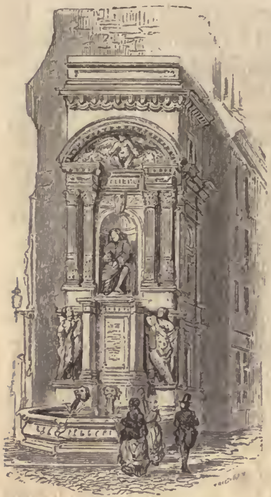
The Grand Opera, which will not be thoroughly completed for some years to come, turns a grave and dignified front to the Boulevard Hausmann, and a laughing, satiric, brilliant façade, shameless and filled with the low-minded art of the Second Empire, towards the grand boulevards. There is an air of intensified gingerbread about the façade which but illy accords with the grandiose proportions of the dome, the massive figures on the roof, of Apollo holding up his lyre, to make it responsive to the sun's rays, and the untamed Pegasus spreading his wings, and preparing to vault into the ether. Fine and imposing as is the Grand Opera, it is nevertheless no more to be envied than that of Vienna, which is every way simpler in decoration and general plan.

The Opera was for years a source of profound annoyance to the Emperor, who found that the really very moderate estimates he had made for its completion were totally insufficient; and that the Parisians, always ready to find fault with the paternal government, were angry because they were overtaxed to build it. It is, throughout Europe, considered an architectural failure, on account of the restriction of the plans from their original extent; but the interior, the stage, and the auditorium, will doubtless rank first among those of modern edifices. The old Opera, in the Rue Lepelletier, is a fine *salle*, acoustically, but somber and gloomy in exterior, and unventilated and uncomfortable within.

The gardens of the Palais Royal, once such a famous promenade for every class of Parisians, have latterly fallen into almost total disrepute, and are frequented only morning and evening by those whose slender purses compel them to breakfast and dine cheaply. Once upon a time all Paris gathered there: Cardinal Richelieu, in 1629, built the Cardinal Palace on the site of the gardens; and



THE BEAR'S DEN—GARDEN OF PLANTS.



THE FONTAINE MOLIÈRE.

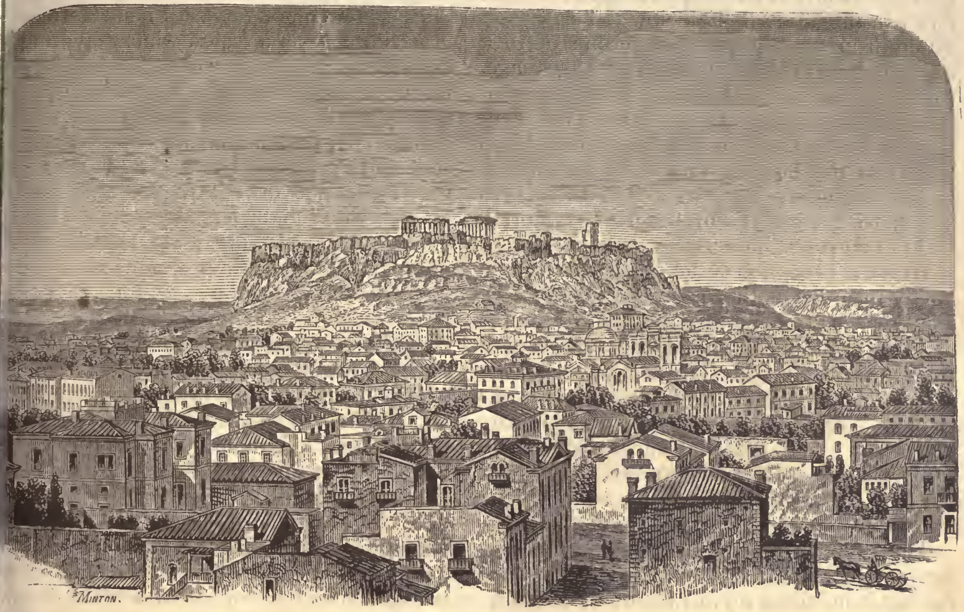
Anne of Austria, who came by and by to live in the building, named it the Palais Royal. Under the Regency, it was the seat of the government; the Communists, in their blind rage, remembered this, and therefore blackened its front with petroleum fires; and old *Egalité* Orleans transformed the palace-court into a vast bazar, which he rented to merchants of articles of luxury, and which finally became the most celebrated in Europe. Paris, good and bad, flocked to the brilliant spot, and, at evening, thousands of lamps shone gayly upon vast crowds of elegant men and superbly-dressed women, seated in cafés, in restaurants, or listening to music in the open air. It was at the Palais Royal that Camille Desmoulins plucked the leaf that was the rallying sign of the great revolution of 1789, and which led the eager populace to the taking of the Bastille. The garden has been the scene of almost indescribable political tumults. In 1791 the Pope was burned in effigy there, and in 1792 Lafayette's image suffered the same fate. Towards the beginning of the present century the great garden was entirely given over to gamblers, but that evil, by its monstrosity, checked and corrected itself.

The pet garden, in summer-time, in Paris, is Mabille. One may find an epitome of the world's population there any evening. Clergymen and gamblers from America, *roués* and princes from Spain, the apprentice and the earl from England, the nobleman and the peasant from Russia—the Turk, the Persian, the two-cent German prince, the Moldavian, the haughty Viennese, the imperative Italian, the adventurous Brazilian, are found side by side in the garden walks. M. Mabille laid the foundations of a colossal fortune when he opened the unassuming white gate leading from the Avenue Montaigne, over which *Jardin Mabille* is written. He
led captive the starving provincial girls,
thirsted for silks and perfumes, and for
butterfly and delicious existence offere
Queen Paris; and as they passed in sp
did review he summoned the world to
upon them. The taint of vulgarity, w
from time to time he had succeeded in bar
ing from his gardens, returned apace wit
grand epoch of corruption which came i
the second half of the reign of Napoleon
Little, and even the mad glare of the lig
the scent and blossom of rarest exotics,
rustle of diplomatic robes, and the occas
al presence of a sovereign, could not
the resort from scandal. The better clas
Parisians regard, and always have regar
Mabille with scorn and loathing.

Ah! *ma foi!* no,—you shall not exha
the imperial central city so quickly. In th
our few wanderings we have but ligl
touched upon the beauties which are n
remarked. We might once more stroll
the Seine banks, and wander by the sup
viaduct which serves as one of the strate
lines, and which the Prussians never s
ceeded in hitting with a single shell; or
might go seat ourselves in a cool nook
Goupil's Gallery, and gaze at the r
pictures; or stroll through the vast art-
leries of the Palace of Industry; or even
to the circus with the mob, and laugh hea
ly over the droll accent and droller antics
the English clowns,—ay, or, taking omnil
to a remote corner of Paris, saunter in
Jardin des Plantes, remembering how
poor besieged Parisians were latterly forc
to kill and eat even the pet elephants a
tigers. But no! in our stroll thus far
have lost our way. Here we are before t
old Molière fountain, in a section of the c
which has not yet fully felt the sweep
modernizing. Maître Molière! brave
cynic! good comedian! here's a health
thine immortality, in water drunk from t
fountain's basin! And now let us hasten
the Dîner Européen, and dine lightly,
Gustave, who consults the best condition
all his clients, thinks that one should n
eat too freely in summer-time in Paris.

Whose carriage is that, with so many pe
ple peering at it? President Thiers out
a ride? Yes—this is republican Paris! a
you have walked over many an insurre
tionist's grave this afternoon.

# MODERN ATHENS.



ATHENS AND THE ACROPOLIS.

THE city of Athens is like nothing but itself. ough it is frequently compared to Edin- rgh, there is little resemblance between the o cities beyond the fact that each terminates a precipitous rock, surrounded by bastioned lls. Old and new Edinburgh are separated a deep fissure, and the various epochs at ich the buildings were constructed, and the ferent elevations of the streets, give to the ottish city a picturesque effect that is want- ; in Athens. The Greek Capital lies for the ost part on a flat plain, and is wholly new, ing the growth of the last forty years; and e houses, of yellow-washed stucco, give a sh and light appearance to the town, which ars the traces of the Bavarian architects, o, under King Otho, constructed many of e public edifices. Excepting the broad and per part, Athens is a compact mass of build- gs, clinging to and spreading out, fan-like, m the Acropolis at its northern and eastern se. This singular rock rises abruptly from e plain to a height of about three hundred et above the level of the city. It is bold and accessible excepting at its western end, which opes gradually to the site of the ancient gora,—probably the heart of old Athens. he surface of the Acropolis is flat and ob- ng, measuring one thousand one hundred y four hundred and fifty feet; and on it ands the Parthenon, the sublimest ruin of ancient Greece, with the remains of the Propylæa, the Erechtheum, and the temple of Victory. The precipitous sides of the Acropolis are partially clothed with rank vegetation; but the bare and unadorned rock is its chief peculiarity, which is only impaired by the masses of débris that from time to time have been thrown over the parapet, and which give to the "Rock of Pallas," on its southern side, very much the appearance of a modern stone quarry. Other natural elevations around Athens somewhat detract from the imposing effect which would be produced, if the Acropolis alone broke the monotone of the plain of Attica. As it is, the attention is divided between that and its neighbors—the closely connecting rock of the Areopagus, or "Mars Hill;" the massive range of the Pnyx; the hill of the museum—crowned with an unsightly observatory—and the hill of Lycabettus, which pierces the air in a sharp cone at the north-east extremity of the city.

But what makes Athens *sui generis*, is its relation to the templed rock which overshadows it with a moral and physical grandeur to which no other city on the surface of the globe can aspire. From the streets below, the upper portions of the ruined Parthenon can be seen projecting above the bastioned walls of the Acropolis, as if ever asserting its hereditary claims over the innovations of to-day;

as if ever declaring in majestic muteness to the restless city at its feet,—*I*,—*I* am Athens. Nor can the modern life below it be disassociated from that stupendous throne of rock which upholds the monuments of a past age, whose glories all subsequent ages have but reflected or imperfectly copied. The silent city on the hill, which can never be hid, is linked to the bustling city at its feet, which is ever trying to be seen. It is a live man bound to a corpse; but the man is mortal, and the corpse is immortal.

With the exception of the olive groves, commonly regarded as the scene of Plato's retirement, which stretch along the plane a couple of miles from the city, and the few acres of trees in the "Queen's Garden," there is little foliage to refresh the eye in Athens or its vicinity. Even "Flowery Hymettus" is bare of verdure; and the wild thyme which still supplies immortal honey to the bees, gives but a cold, grayish glow to the surface once thick with olive-trees.

The "Queen's Garden," named from the former Queen Amelia, to whose rural tastes Athens is indebted for this luxurious inclosure of foliage, flower-beds, artificial waters, and winding walks, is the city's leafy crown. It half encircles the palace, and extends along a boulevard lined with pepper-trees, and containing many handsome private dwellings. The southern boundary of the Queen's Garden abuts upon a large open piece of ground called the "Square of the Olympium," at the extremity of which rise the ruined columns of the temple of the "Jupiter Olympius:"—the other end reaches to the King's Palace, a ponderous edifice of white marble, which, but for the portico in front, might pass for a hospital or military barracks. The "Boulevard des Philhellènes," running in front of the palace and its garden, extends in a circular direction past the square of the Olympium, the Acropolis, and the Temple of Theseus, where, connecting with other broad thoroughfares, and the "Boulevard de l'Université," it completes the circle of the entire city. The King's Palace is separated by a small inclosure of orange-trees from the "Square of the Constitution," where the principal hotels are situated. This, and the "Place de la Concorde," in another quarter of the city, are daily thronged with afternoon promenaders, where also the military bands perform twice a week. From this square extends the "Street of Hermes," more than a mile in length, lined with shops of every description, and leading out into the Piræus road. Æolus street, a somewhat similar thoroughfare, crosses the former at right angles and extends into a carriage drive as far as the village of Pat At the junction of the streets of Hermes Æolus are several cafés, which, favoring confluence of these two arteries of city form the rendezvous of a large class of c house politicians, who, in that efferves community, find abundant topics for i sant and exciting debate. Around this ce extends a network of narrow and tort streets, with buildings possessing little c to architectural beauty, and filled with a d population. The shop windows betray meretricious taste which prevails in con nities which retain something of the Orie character. There is a superabundant su of cheap jewelry and German "knick-knac which are so readily obtained from Vie and Berlin. These make their appear on the dresses of thousands of the middle lower classes of females, who aspire to tate Parisian fashions in their toilets and decorations of their houses. The bookst contain fewer volumes of standard litera than would be expected in a communit scholars like that of Athens. The nun of tobacco-shops is not surprising, in vie the fact that every third man is whiffin cigarette. Cigars, worthy of the name, a rarity; but the paper-covered substitut the almost inevitable accompaniment of ev man's walk, talk, or avocation. Little book cigar-paper, the tobacco-box, and brass rec tacle for ashes, are seen on the table in ev house. The Greek seems to think that only good thing that can come out of Ottoman Empire is Turkish tobacco. native and cheaper article, however, is w is mostly consumed in the country. In liant contrast to the generality of shops ar few, the show windows of which, be it jeweler's, tailor's, or silk mercer's, alm rival those of the Palais Royal.

With the exception of the Cathedral Metropolitan Church, there are no edifices religious worship which attract attention fr their external architecture or internal pointments, unless it be the three or four tle Byzantine churches which, scattered ab through the old city, deserve notice fr their peculiar and ancient construction. T Metropolitan Church is imposing from size; but the external coloring in stripes yellow and red have a tawdry look to t foreign eye. If from the thickly-settled a business quarters we proceed to the new parts of the city, things wear a more attr tive look. Here the streets are wide, a the side-walks generally clean. Balconi

trude from even the meanest edifice, and
regarded as a desideratum by all house-
ds, for the accommodation of the ladies of
family, who sit therein in passive enjoy-
nt of the street view during the long sum-
r afternoons and evenings. The dwellings
built very much on the same model, and
mostly intended for two families; having
entrance through a gate and court-yard
he first-floor apartments, and another front
r conducting to the suite of rooms above.
e walls are constructed of large cobble-
nes, roughly cemented, and are substantial
ugh for a fortress; but the enemy they
intended to provide against is more sub-
and powerful than the armaments of war.
rthquakes are not infrequent in Greece,
l have been attended with great loss of
and property. In Athens, however, they
e never exceeded a slight *tremblement*,
ficient to arouse the sleeper at night, but
endangering even a chimney-pot.

he dwelling-houses are generally furnish-
with great simplicity, and there is an ab-
ce of that comfortable home-look which
abundance of drapery and furniture gives
an English parlor or French salon. Even
the best houses carpets are sometimes
emed superfluous, or are visible only in the
pe of rugs before the sofas, or a square of
estry in the middle of the floor. But the
kedness below is atoned for by the gor-
usness above. Every ceiling, from dining-
m to bed-room, is decorated with colored
signs, and the salon is sometimes so gay
h arabesque as to suggest the idea that
carpet has been spread by accident on the
ling instead of the floor. The sofa is the
t of honor, and on it the guest is invited
seat himself. Two rows of chairs are gen-
lly seen at right angles to the sofa, which,
en duly occupied, give rather a formal ap-
arance to a social gathering. Black coffee
sweetmeats are invariably offered to visi-
s in many of the Greek families, as in the
ys of the Turkish *régime*.

Each dwelling-house in the better portions
the city has its garden in the rear. Thick
d high walls may hide it from the passing
ze; but there it is, a ceaseless pleasure to
occupants, and often an evidence of their
ltivated tastes. In very many of the gar-
ns, or in the court-yards of private dwell-
gs, the visitor notices small fragments of
cient sculpture set up against the wall, or
serted in it; portions of vases, bass-reliefs,
trunkless head, or a headless trunk, inscrip-
ns, etc., which were discovered for the
st part on the spot where they are now
seen, having been turned up in the excavations during the progress of the building. The removal of antiquities from the country is now forbidden by law; but the discoverer is permitted to retain them as his personal property.

Athens can boast of public edifices which rival many structures in the largest European capitals. After the King's Palace and the Cathedral, the University attracts attention from its strictly classic façade, the walls on each side of the center being windowless, and the white columns being relieved by a deep red interior wall. The "Arsakion," a Young Ladies' Institute, is a commanding structure of white stucco, with marble portal separated from the boulevard by a handsome iron railing. The "Varvakion," a large grammar school, the Orphan Asylums for boys and girls, the Ophthalmic Institution, the Polytechnic School, the Military Hospital, and the Observatory are creditable buildings, worthy of the high uses for which they are employed. Those of the Department of Finance and of the Interior, which latter contains the Post-Office, are massive, but without architectural elegance, as is also the National Bank of Greece, one of the most useful monetary establishments in Europe. Among the public buildings in process of construction, we see the Greek Academy, a superb structure of Pentelic marble, the character of which will closely approach that of the *Académie Française*, and which will cost upwards of a million of dollars; the *Boule*, or Chamber of Deputies; the Polytechnic School, and an Archæological Museum, for the preservation of Greek antiquities. All these institutions are objects of great pride with the Greeks; and many of them are founded and sustained by the munificence of private individuals, among whom Baron Sina, the wealthy Greek banker of Vienna, is prominent. The material progress of this, as well as other cities in Greece, though gradual, is marked. Forty years ago not a single structure now forming the City of Athens existed.

The vanity which induces the Greeks to name their children after Agamemnon, Alcibiades, Pericles, and other heroes of antiquity, suggests the street nomenclature. Thus we have all Athens marked and labeled with immortal names. The "Street of Hermes," and the "Street of Æolus," are the great business thoroughfares; while smaller ones bear the less divine appellations of Praxiteles, Euripides, Thucydides, Thrasybulus, and Solon. The "Boulevard des Philhellènes" is a slight tribute to the friends of Greece; and the

"Square of the Constitution," and the "Place de la Concorde," bring us suddenly down from the mythological and historic periods to the most recent of modern Hellenic events.

The national costume is rapidly disappearing from the streets of Athens and other large towns of Greece, but prevails in the islands and the interior. It is rather refreshing than otherwise, to turn to the relief of color and picturesque effect produced by the long, gold-tasseled red fez which many of the Greek women who have adopted the Frank dress still retain; and to the Albanian jacket and snowy fustanella of the men, which glitter along the streets, and attract the eye wherever there is an assemblage of people. It is at a distance, and in its general effect, that the so-called "Greek costume" is attractive. Closely examined, a man cannot look otherwise than effeminate with a series of short white petticoats wrapped around his loins, in spite of the leathern pouch, with protruding pistols, which surmounts them. The blue bagged trowsers and crimson sash of the Cretan—almost as common in Athens as in Crete—are equally characteristic and far more becoming. The national costume of the peasant women is now rarely seen; but the shaggy sheepskin capote of the shepherd meets the eye at every turn, and is rather picturesque as he walks beside his little overladen donkey, or drives before him a flock of goats, or a drove of strutting turkeys. The little patient donkey does most of the carrying trade. He is seen plodding along the thoroughfares with huge panniers of grapes, oranges, and vegetables, or buried beneath a mountain of brushwood, which seems to move along by its own volition. Frequently the poor brute is made to carry his master, or perhaps two masters at a time, who accelerate his movements by pokes and beatings, or stop them by a peculiar rippling sound of the lips. But the transportation of bundles, packages, boxes, and articles of furniture, however large, is the exclusive monopoly of a class of humanity as patient and enduring as the four-legged animal, and not much more advanced than the latter in intellectual endowments. At the corners of the principal business streets may always be seen a group of Maltese porters, strong-bodied men, each with a length of cord hanging over his shoulder, and eying watchfully the movements of the passer-by. If a stranger is supposed to be shopping, the Maltese "holds him with his glittering eye," and, lingering near the door of the shop he has entered, darts in when the customer has made his bargain, to secure the job of carrying the art home. If the purchaser is furnishing a ho the scene becomes amusing; for, unless shopkeeper knows his customer's reside and an agreement is made with him to s the articles home, the stranger, as he pa through the fashionable quarter of the to may be surprised to find himself followe a procession of Maltese porters, in single the first shouldering a bedstead, the seco wardrobe, the third a washstand, the fo a center-table, etc., while chairs, pots, frying-pans bring up the rear.

Athens is a peculiarly quiet city, excep in the vicinity of the market-place, where cries of the street hucksters and the tu of carts and *canaille* drown the air with cord. From the earliest hour of the morn however, in all quarters of the town is he the monotonous cry of the peddler in goods, as he trundles his little cart be him, dispensing his small stock to house and cook; and the newspaper boy with his cessant shout of "pente lepta—pente lep is often the unconscious teacher of the two words in modern Greek that the ne arrived stranger acquires. The habit many Greeks—and which is much remar upon by foreigners—of carrying a string glass or wooden beads in the hand, w they manipulate while walking the streets when engaged in conversation, has no gious significance. It is simply a mechan relief to the nervous system, as another twirls his cane, or a lady flirts her fan. T a Greek who joins you in the street may the string of beads from his wrist, and as converses pass, half unconsciously, bead a bead between his fingers, as if he were n tering a pater-noster.

Courtesy is an inborn trait of the Helle character, and was remarked upon by t elers as a distinguishing feature in the so manners of the Greek populations during days of Moslem supremacy. The hat is ways raised, as in Paris, when meeting parting in the street, and when going i and coming out of a shop. The salutati when near friends are about to part fo lengthened absence, or meet after a long terval, is a kiss on either cheek. The reigner is often amused at seeing two Gr gentlemen with hats off and hands clasp kissing each other violently in the open stre and if he resides in Athens long enough form any intimate acquaintances, he may still more surprised to find himself yielding the same affectionate demonstration. friend, the venerable Metropolitan bish

: initiated me into this, with us, unusual ceeding, by drawing me towards him on occasion of a public ceremonial, and be- ving a reverential kiss upon my cheek. der the impulse of the moment I returned compliment *in like manner*, being igno- t, or willfully blind to the fact that the hand ch held mine, and which was conveniently ed towards my lips, was inviting the mark respect which I had presumptuously be- wed upon his Holiness's face. When Mr. adstone officially visited the Ionian islands ne years ago, he saluted the hand of the al bishop, and bowed his head to receive benediction. The bishop hesitated so g, not being sure what was expected from n, that the English Commissioner lifted his d at the moment when the former had ncluded to bless it. The result of this joint vement was, that the head of the Commis- ner came in violent contact with the chin the prelate, to the inconvenience of both, l to the amusement of the assembly.*

Not the least interesting of street sights Athens are the long files of children of both es from the public schools and Orphan ylums, as they take their afternoon walk ough the boulevards—the boys in gray or e uniforms, and the girls in homespun cks and spotless white pinafores. They signs of the ever-progressive educational in Greece.

Long before a funeral procession comes in ht, the ear catches the low monotonous unt of the priests, who are preceded by ys in white robes bearing the crucifix and clesiastical insignia, in presence of which ery head is uncovered, and every hand kes the sign of the cross. The corpse is posed to full view in an open coffin of light terial, covered with white or black cloth, h silver or gilt decorations, the cover of ich, marked with a long diagonal cross, is ried before the procession. The body is essed in the customary clothes of the de- ased, the head slightly elevated, and the nds folded in front of a panel picture of Virgin set up on the breast. If it is a nale, the cheeks and lips are painted ver- lion, intended to reproduce a natural ex- ession, but which gives to the corpse an ar- cial and ghastly look. Even to one accus- ned to witness the exposure of the dead in iental countries, there is something pain- in the idea of exhibiting to the glare of y, and amidst the whirl and insensibility the public street, the features of a deceased person who in life may have been known only to the little group of mourners gathered about the remains. At Greek funerals the hearse is not generally employed, and the light open casket is borne by the hands of the nearest friends of the deceased, while the other mourners walk, not march, in a *group* around it. Thus they literally carry and accompany, rather than follow, their friend to the grave, and gaze upon the face which was dear to them up to the moment when he is laid in his last resting-place. The funerals of the poor are even more touching to behold. A single priest, perhaps, performs the chant, and half a dozen mourners, representing the little household, bear between them the coffin, which is composed of the cheapest material, and covered with white muslin. When a person of distinguished position dies, the funeral procession becomes an imposing spectacle, with the bishop and priests in their gorgeous sacerdotal robes, numerous lighted candles, and martial music. I once saw the body of a venerable bishop of the Greek Church carried in procession through the streets of Athens. He was seated in his bishop's chair, elevated above the people, and was clothed in his canonical robes, with miter on head and the crosier uplifted in his hand. A cloth around the forehead bound it to the back of the chair, but not sufficiently close to prevent the head from bobbing up and down, as if the dead man's pale and rigid features were saluting, for the last time, the people among whom he had exercised his holy office for over threescore years. In this position he was placed in the grave, a peculiar honor accorded to his ecclesiastical rank. The dead—chiefly from climatic considerations—are buried within twenty-four hours of their decease. This is very shocking to foreign ideas; but the custom has come to be complied with within less time than the law requires. Indeed the feeling is, that the sooner the painful duty is over, and the house freed from the distressing spectacle of a corpse, the sooner will the minds of the mourners be relieved from association with what is repulsive, and return to the inward contemplation of their friend, as they knew him in life. Thus it often happens that the first intimation of a death is conveyed in the printed invitation to the funeral. I have conversed with a gentleman at an evening party, who appeared to be in the highest enjoyment of physical health, and the day following witnessed his interment, he having expired in the mean time from apoplexy. I had once a business appointment with a near neighbor, and, on going to fulfill it, met his dead body coming down the door-steps. I was sitting one evening at the bedside of a distinguished American Missionary, who was describing to me his peculiar malady, and the next afternoon I saw him laid in the Protestant Cemetery. The modern Greek may well exclaim with the ancient Greek :—

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* Kirkwall's *Ionian Islands.*

> " Who knows what fortunes on to-morrow wait,
> Since Charmis one day well to us appeared,
> And on the next was mournfully interred ! "

It is the custom, after the decease of the occupant, to drape the interior of the house with mourning. I have seen every article of furniture, from piano to footstool, draped in black, and even a small streamer of crape attached to the key of the tobacco-box.

From this melancholy digression let us return to the streets of Athens. It is in the afternoon that they wear their most attractive appearance. The squares are then thronged with promenaders listening to the music of the bands ; and the principal avenues display many excellent equipages, among which the blue and silver livery of the King is prominent. The Athenian horseman is a very dashing character. The quiet trot which satisfies our Central Park riders would be quite intolerable to a Greek cavalry officer who is enjoying himself on the public promenade. Even there he rejoices in the suggestive rattle of his sword, and, "dashing his rowels in his steed," endeavors to emulate that impossible equilibrium of man and beast which only bronze equestrian statues have ever been able to attain ; or he breaks into a headlong gallop, after the manner of the three horsemen who carried " the good news to Ghent," and which, if attempted in one of our thoroughfares, might subject him to a penalty which would seriously interfere with his pecuniary resources.

It is the glorious sunlight of the winter days which makes Athens charming to the resident and the sojourner, and which should attract to it many of our countrymen in Europe who now seek winter quarters in the fogs of London or under the uncertain skies of Florence and Rome. Winter in Athens is generally an unbroken duration of cloudless skies ; and, with the exception of occasional sharp winds from the northern hills, the atmosphere is as soft as are the early days of October with us. After the autumn rains, a cheerful expanse of sunlight warms the wintry air ; and overcoats and shawls are worn more from precaution than from necessity. Snow falls upon the mountains, but
rarely whitens the streets of Athens.
dazzling crowns of snow on the summits
Hymettus and the range of the Parr
mountains, contrasting with their harmoni
slopes of varying purple, furnish one of
most charming spectacles in nature. But
of Greece is not exempt from the me
rological changes which afflict the gre
part of Europe. Much rain falls in the Ior
Islands, and in Corfu the winter winds
unusually severe. Attica alone is dry, wl
is partially attributable to the scarcity of
etation. There is also much fever preva
at certain seasons of the year, and what is
ignated as the " Greek " fever, although
in form and seldom fatal, is exceedingly
cult to shake off—its debilitating effects
maining in the system for years. Yet pec
live in Greece, as did the ancients, to an ex
ordinary age. It is no uncommon thing to
of the decease of individuals who had att
ed the age of ninety. Notarus, who presi
at the National Assembly in 1843, was
hundred and ten years old. A priest
Athens, who is chiefly noted for the num
of bottles of native wine that he imbibes da
is believed to be between ninety and a h
dred, and the bishop, whose funeral cerem
has just been alluded to, was about the sa
age.

The social life of the capital, although l
ited among the Greeks to morning visits
small reunions, is agreeable. Musical
dancing parties are much in vogue ; but b
and dinners are almost exclusively confi
to the Palace and to the Diplomatic Co
One or two dinners, balls, or *petites soirées*
given monthly by the King and Queen ;
the ball-room of the palace—one of the fir
in Europe—is brilliant on these occasi
with fair women in becoming toilets, and
chief men of the kingdom, glittering in
forms and with decorations. Society is v
exclusive in Athens, and private parties
apt to be but repetitions of the same peo
transferred to different parlors : the sa
small talk ; the same waiters bringing in
same trays of ices and cakes, prepared
the same *confiseur*. The Greek ladies dr
tastefully, without extravagance ; and ther
no assemblage without many faces which,
profile especially, exhibit the Greek type
beauty. They are calm and impassive,
compared with the French, and their dep
ment is marked by a sobriety of manner
cisely the reverse of that *abandon* which
observable in the ball-rooms of western Ca
tals.

The attractions of winter life in Athe

lminate with the carnival, when the streets e thronged with a promiscuous crowd of askers, composed almost exclusively of the wer orders, whose efforts to produce any- ng corresponding to the fêtes of Rome are nentable failures. The upper classes ignore ese proceedings, or confine themselves to urprise visits" upon their friends, disguised close dominoes and impenetrable masks. uring the carnival it is no uncommon thing a family to be visited by several parties of askers on the same evening, who preserve eir incognito so completely as to defy re- gnition by voice or manner.

But if Athens is charming in winter, and pecially in the spring—March and April ing the most attractive months—it is sim- detestable in summer. The foreigner o is compelled to reside in the Capital from ay to October is not to be envied. The un of Greece" is then no longer a glory, t a scourge to the eye. Every particle of getation wilts under its pitiless rays—sultry ys and sultry nights wearily succeed to each ner without the relief of a single refreshing eeze or a single shower. The wind blows, t it is a hot and feverish blast, filling the serted streets with dust—the same dust that ised the ancient Athenians—which, rolling ong like smoke-clouds from a field of battle, nds the hapless pedestrian, and disgusts the hapless individual within doors, who is left choose between open windows with dirt, or osed ones with suffocation. But worse than plague of dust is the plague of mosquitoes d gnats. The former may be partially ex- uded by window-blinds and bed-curtains, t the latter defy the inventions of man. e little gnat is invisible to the naked eye, d, not having the moral courage of the osquito to announce its approach, attacks ery exposed part of the human body, espe- lly the hands and wrists, leaving the skin a state of irritation which lasts for hours.

Those who can do so, fly from the summer ments of Athens to their country estates, to the islands. Those who are forced to nain seek consolation in sea-bathing; and m four o'clock until ten every morning, rriages filled with bathers are heard rolling ough the streets of Athens, on their way to baths of Phalerum.

The King and Queen sojourn at the beauti- island of Corfu during the summer months, where the climate, although warm, is less dry than that of Athens, and where their Majesties enjoy a delightful respite from the political annoyances of the capital.

But no climatic considerations wean the Greek from his country. He may take up his abode in foreign cities for the commercial advantages to be gained therefrom; or, if he can afford it, he will do as many others do—abandon himself to the illusions of the French capital; but, as a rule, foreign travel does not lessen his attachment to his native land, and the reappearance of the Grecian cliffs is as "blissful" a view to him as it was to the wandering Telemachus. Even those who do not return to Greece,—their interests and associations being bound up in the foreign land where they have reared their families and accumulated their fortunes,—do not forget her. No people are more sensitive to the national honor and shame than the closely-cemented societies of Greeks in the commercial cities of Europe and the United States. The number of Americans who visit Athens is small in comparison with the vast shoal of travelers who run over Europe and distribute their gold in places of far less intrinsic interest. This is not surprising, in view of the prevailing ignorance respecting Greece, and the current reports of danger to tourists from brigandage. This danger, although much exaggerated, exists, and should not be disregarded by the traveler. Athens, however, is as safe a city, so far as personal danger is concerned, as any in the world; and those who visit it, coming westward from the greasy lanes of Constantinople and the squalid towns of the Levant, are surprised at the cheerful and attractive appearance which the city presents. An exalted personage, who had been the recipient of all the honors which the Sublime Porte had it in its power to bestow, remarked, on his arrival at Athens: "This is the first time I have breathed for weeks. It is positively refreshing to get into a free and Christian air again." This is applicable as much to externals as to principles; for modern Athens is not unworthy of the language which Milton applied to the ancient capital:—

"On the Ægean shore a city stands,
Built nobly: pure the air and light the soil;
Athens, the eye of Greece."

# BROAD VIEWS.

NOT the astrologers, but the astronomers, illustrate the theme of aspects, and show the importance of viewing variously the subjects of our thought. When they would learn the distance of an asteroid, they observe it from at least two points in the orbit through which their telescope is borne. To use a single station, to look along a single line, does not suffice; but from a second point of view they can mark the exact position of the body upon that line.

In like manner objects of thought have their parallax; we need to take their bearings and to get side views from different points. It would seem as if Nature, in giving us two eyes, intimated that our mental sight also should be stereoscopic, not single. The single vision is vicious. If thy eye be compound, it shall be full of light, is the reading of the scientific scripture. Each observer has a base-line in his head, and an instrument at either end. But we need to see many times more than double, like insects which look through eyes composed of countless lenses. We must see not only the direction in which our thought lies, but what place it fills. Can we not think around subjects, and globe them in our mind as solidly as the image of the retinal cameras? In practice we must be definite; we must act yes or no; but in thought we may entertain a hundred aspects. We need to take the most elevated vantage-ground in large inquiries, to build high the watch-tower from which we are to gaze upon the vast and variegated phenomena of the world. The thinker should occupy the eagle's eyrie; he should stand where he can note the trend of the ground. For there are intellectual watersheds; our ideas tend eastward or westward as unconsciously as the current of the streams, and wear channels for themselves that are quite as fixed. Most minds run in grooves, and even the greatest ones are apt to get into the rut at last.

We may compare subjects of thought to solutions that crystallize differently in the laboratory of each individual mind; or to minerals that have several planes of cleavage; or to towns traversed by a score of railways, but presenting only a partial view to the traveler upon a particular line. Each subject of thought is a great bundle of data, which each mind will arrange in a different way; Nature making no protest against unfair or partial treatment, but waiting for a nation or a race to form its judgment. In questions of art, of philosophy, of science, of theology, the interested parties form in ranks of battle, insist upon fighting it out. Warfare is natural state of man, as of other anim Nothing will serve the partisan but a san nary arbitrament.

This would seem to be the necessit affairs, which are still settled as by fire sword. We are not civilized up to the p of quiet discussions; we think it shamef admit that we are wrong. But in tho we may certainly give time to impor questions. In great inquiries, mor always proposed than appears upon the face. How many kinds of yes and no the question contain? what are its imp tions, what the second significances whic beneath the words? In great questions t is secret writing between the lines. We r to apply our most solvent thought to sympathetic ink; the secret words are most important. In practice, we cannot lay our decision; it is a question of *pro con*, of right or left, of now or never, and must not sit upon the fence. But in tho we may linger upon the philosophic pe and ruffle our wings, as we believe, in sunlight of wisdom; nor need we to c down from the tripod until we have f made up our minds upon which side to scend. If we are prompt in practice, may avoid the reproach of vacillation w so often attaches to the speculative mi while yet we preserve an inviolate fairne our secret thoughts.

The understanding of great quest comes of subdividing them. Yet, thoug advance our knowledge we must study details, we are not now arguing for a mi knowledge, but rather for the study of the pects, of questions. These we must en vor to recognize; for they determine the ture of all that is said upon a given subj Thus, if a physiologist announces impor researches into life, we are first of all cerned to know whether his experiments honestly conducted. Far subtler prel naries and side-issues than this affect all q tions; and it is the failure to bear this c plexity in mind that hinders and imbit inquiry. Thus a certain reform is advoca What else do you mean? Do you in that the reform, being true in principl therefore admirable to the intellect? or it would benefit men to bring it about, that in consequence we should sympat with it? or that it is an urgent necessit the present, requiring blows while the i

hot? or that, though desirable and prac-
able, it is a question of the future, and can
realized only after a generation or after a
usand years? I know a philanthropist
o was absorbed in the affairs of future cen-
ies, and who yet persuaded himself that, if
kept his health, his plans would be accom-
shed before the vernal equinox. He was
sonable on all points except the question
the time that his enterprise demanded.
had not divided the question upon that
e.

Questions as various as these are constant-
nvolved in the single one that may be an-
unced. They clog and cling to it unseen,
the remora to the sailing ship. Until we
itually perceive these complexities we
ain at cross-purposes, and waste in quar-
ng the forces which should be given to
estigating.

Can there be no mitigation of the severi-
of this intellectual warfare? Goethe in-
res "whether a means may not be found
ereby, if one does not take his opponent's
ition, one can at least observe him in it?"
r argument contemplates yet more than
—the harmonizing of opposed positions.
may get at the reason of other people's
sons if we will. But we can do this in no
tistic mood, nor yet in the spirit of that
-satisfied literary culture which shudders
the inquiry into the *status* of other minds
uld prove wearisome, and holds the chief
l of man to be the avoidance of bores.
shall find necessary a finer temper than
. For there is a lion in the path which
would pursue. It would seem as if Nature
self fought against the method of thought
posed. Severe Nature endeavors to hold
h one of us to a specialty, to a single
ception of truth. She makes narrow the
ividual's thought, and denies conclusive-
s to the most labored systems of philoso-
, of government, and of religion. She in-
sts, not the great causes of deeds, but
at deeds themselves, to men of a single
a. Nature entreats us with the method of
simony; nor can we expect any sudden
gess at her hands, or find a short road to
wisdom.

But we are impatient of these secular pro-
sses. If it is Nature's nature to employ
m, it is quite as truly man's nature to
llenge them and to improve upon them.
will not permit broad views to remain
traband; we will not all consent to play
part of cogs in the machine, even though
be the intelligent machine, of the world.
is profound difficulty which we symbolize
by saying "Nature objects," does not settle the case against the integral method. That Nature which is outside of us, with which we deal, is inferior to us: her methods are not the best or the only available methods for us. In comparison with what the higher mind of man can do she is blind and dumb and slothful. We take our hints from Nature; she supplies us with principles, with materials, with opportunities; but human performance may, and does, transcend her own beginnings as far as the cultivated apple excels the crab, or as the photograph outlasts the reflection in the water, or as the steamboat outdoes the swimmer's speed. All civilization is a transgression of the narrow boundaries in which Nature would be pleased to have us live.

But we must not here discuss this view, which might form the sufficient foundation of a philosophy. Let us rather apply it to the explanation of the method proposed. On the one hand we are "made one with Nature;" and our thought, actions, character and development are prescribed like the growth of a plant. The Buddhist doctrine, reaffirmed by the mastering science of the present century, declares that the main currents of progress, its whirling eddies, and even its refluxes and retrogressions, the whole course of individual and of national life, are streams of unalterable force; and that human development follows a career as definite as the flight of a bomb-shell or of a moon. Given the data of being, and the exact civilization and barbarism of to-day are the inevitable result; and they would inevitably follow again were the same conditions again given. Nothing could have been in the least particular otherwise than it is. The current of events bears us forward as ice is swept along by the swollen current of the spring floods, or by the tides in a vast harbor that opens upon the sea. We drift, collide, and grind together; we veer our course at the lightest touch; we float awhile, and finally are absorbed into the restless stream of infinite force.

On the other hand, we see in the same glance our independence figured in the flight of the sea-gull, the light tenant of the east wind, as it hovers and careers above the passive ice-floe. Free to come and go wherever it lists, it bends its pinions against the airy stream which strives to beat it down behind the horizon. Not as the passive ice beneath it drifts, but impelled by the intense fountain of its heart, it shapes its course according to its own will, which is other than the wind's will. The air, the stream, are driven by the fates ; the bird compels them. Our will moves in a finer ether than that which bears the bird. Though, in the final definition, freedom should be denied to the will, yet it remains freer than anything else we know. Every event that happens is the resultant of an infinite series of forces ; but of those man's will is one. The human will is plastic : it helps in the creation. We may, therefore, hope to prove our superiority to the Nature that is outside of us. Using methods more direct than hers, we may hope to attain something of the habit of thought which she discourages, something of the results which she would withhold. This method, this habit, and these results, are implied in the doctrine of broad views.

An old habit of thought, a tradition of philosophy, avers that things and principles are simple. The assumption is erroneous. The tradition of Nature's simplicity is a bequest of that ignorance which preferred to construct theories rather than to inquire into facts,—which looked inward rather than outward for knowledge,—which depended confidently upon "intuitions," and evolved physics as well as metaphysics from the depths of consciousness. Our larger acquaintance with facts teaches us, on the contrary, that they are intricate to a degree hardly suspected until now. The complexity, rather than the simplicity, of Nature, forms the fitting keyword of investigation. The man of one idea, or of one set of ideas, is losing his dignity. For the single statement lacks integrity : the partial truth is in the high sense no truth. Yet to make up the fact many sides must be stated. We must tell at least two falsehoods in order to express a single truth.

We need not to look far for illustrations of this meaning. Thus the opposing doctrines of democracy and of monarchy, of the conservative and the destructive, of romantic and of classic art, of science and religion, are each, in complement to their antagonists, true aspects of government, of society, of culture, of progress ; yet either view held singly is insufficient. Again, under what different aspects do men order their lives ! according to temperament and constitution, one leads the outward, another the inward life. Few men are concerned equally with thought and with action. To make a successful career in the world, to get an independence, to win position, honors, a home, to satisfy friends and kindred, to found a family, to move buoyantly with the current of affairs,—these form, and justly, the leading features of life for most men. Material welfare is the soi of which culture grows, its light and air ; eral prosperity is one of the conditions v make individual culture possible. Bef people can produce many fine though must have many comfortable homes ; munities must win some leisure from struggle to live before there can be fit ence for those who concern themselves questions of the life. We may not, there depreciate money-making as the old ph phers did ; it is part of the order of mc development. Many men must thin thousands in order that a few may writ ems and scriptures. Most men must oc themselves with the present in order t few shall "look before and after." T could not have painted for a poor natio Bramanti or Buonarotti builded, nor Ph carved, nor Goethe sung ; for the art mand an environment of wealth, and men could not have come of poverty.

On the other hand, the scholar, the a the enthusiast, lead the inward or idea These concern themselves less with the ent than with the past and the future ; feel the freshness of ancient, the nearne future times ; nothing is remote or dre their alert and vital thought. To these their life is but a point of observation, personal affairs an accident of the Their interest is deeper in problems o eternal mind ; they strive to learn wh they came and whither they go, the c and tendencies of things, their parallax r than their profit. These are the preocc souls that measure the stellar and the at distances, and lose themselves in the in ceivable spaces of each, and do not get l from their wanderings in time for di They are content to forego the ordinary piness of men, to put aside approval and panionship, to walk alone, or with inv society, if, or at last, they may say Prospero,

> "In Nature's infinite book of secrecy
> A little can I read."

How opposed are these two lives ! ye may indulge in the luxury of doing justi each. The maker of money must reco the consecration of the scholar's life. scholar must not commit injustice in the toward the life of routine that the majori men must lead, nor forget that his own strike into the material and commonp that he is himself the flowering of the si cents and of the material prosperities. veriest Philistines have their uses, and ld be hard pushed to get along without ı. The life in the ideal seems, indeed, to me with each new generation more ely related with material circumstances. longer is it possible for a Homer to beg read and remain Homer. Wordsworth, ley, Milton, spoke independently of pub- id or favor; Robert Browning and Rus- published their earlier works at their own e expense. However much the world have needed these men, it wanted none em; nor would it have had them, had they enforced themselves upon their audien- The shrewder spirits of light are learn- these things as the world grows older; look earthward as well as starward, and a bank account; they do not, like ıb, "contract politic alliances with lows;" but with men of the world and usiness. I have seen a letter from a ous living poet who says: "I guard well friendships. They are worth more to me ı any conceivable fame."

s this a legitimate tendency toward rec- iling the ideal and the practical life? Or t it always be that either one alone shall enough to occupy the ablest person,— the law which urges a specialty upon ı of us will deny us an equal interest in earth and in the air? Are these opposed ects of life so large that one must choose orce between them? Modern art has a l alloy,—the attempt to combine the high stic spirit with a comfortable self-seeking. tendencies are incompatibles, that mix will not combine. Noble life and noble retain ever an element of penance and enunciation.

oncerning this theme we get but partial rances from the best authorities. Here two opposite views from the same center ulture,—poles of the larger including law. wthorne said, "I have learned to do hing contrary to my own genius." Mar- et Fuller's precept was, on the contrary, hen you find something that you do not ıt to do, do it." How true each statement, n interpreted as the complement of the er: yet how misleading, if taken for the le truth in the matter. Hawthorne's ing concerned the artist's work; Margaret ller's, the evolution of character. The ver of meeting unpleasant emergencies is essary for the man; for the artist, the ver to find and follow his gift. But he o would be a superior artist must first be perior man. Hawthorne's and Margaret's ing may therefore both avail him,—the first recept of art, the second a precept of life.

If we are dogmatic, it soon appears that to define is to confine; or the fact becomes an eel, and slips through our fingers. It is a question whether precepts do not work more injury than benefit, acting poisonously upon dull persons, who receive this or that one as an exclusive motto, the arms of a character. Jesuitry was justified to the masses by Paul's declaration that he was "all things to all men." Our best modern critics urge the claims of "sweetness and light;" nor can they easily overstate them. Yet other watchwords may be quite as important; we may also "do well to be angry." A gentle Oriental once drove the money-changers from the synagogue, and spoke of bringing "not peace, but a sword." The popular creeds praise love and renunciation; but they do not recognize the man of affairs or the gentleman; they have no word for some of the largest meanings of modern life. The man of affairs, thus ruled out of the accredited system, contracts a sense of outlawry; he comes to care for nothing but force and the intellect; the church loses him, he becomes too often estranged from culture, and it is left for the poet to argue for sweetness and light. Yet gentleness and force are both valuable. *La main de fer sous gant de velours* is one of the few wise mottoes; it states in the simplest terms a complex truth.

Let us look at another of the old quarrels in their opposing lights. Here is one of which the very name can hardly be mentioned without provoking feelings of passionate partisanship. The question is not, as it should be, a philosophic inquiry; it is a battle-cry. The champions of "woman's rights" insist not that you shall investigate, but that you shall fight. They declare that sex should not control the apportionment of the world's activities. The conservative, on the contrary, regards sex as a principal factor in that apportionment. It is not impossible for us, looking down upon the conflict, to see a method by which the difference may be reconciled.

Let us divide this question upon a different plane, as already suggested, and make two questions out of one. Let us consider not only the claims of male and female, but also the claims of the parties as human, in distinction from sexual beings. For nature is, in the first place, human, not merely masculine or feminine; nor, on the other hand, must we view character as dominated by either the human or the sexual; but as compounded of both. The rarer error is to underate the sexual difference. an error committed by so able a writer as J. S. Mill in his essay upon "The Subjection of Women." He there bases his argument almost entirely upon the common human nature of men and women. There are indeed large domains of thought, of feeling, of action, which, though they are modified by sex, concern us not so much as men and women distinctively, as in their broader human aspect; in which we are affected not as *vir* and *mulier*, but as *homo*. In these common traits and powers women are often the equals or the superiors of men. Yet in their own nature there is an important sense in which they may be held, without any derogation from their human dignity, to be subordinate to man. While in the world she may be commanding, blithe, and proud, the truly feminine woman seeks a master in love, and desires nothing so ardently as to find her conqueror.

This is what is meant by the "function" or "sphere" of the sex. The old familiar argument of the conservative shows that the woman of civilization, as such, tends generally toward domestic life; the man of civilization, as such, mainly occupies himself with affairs outside of the family; the man should provide for the household, the woman—when she has a household—direct it; the masculine mind in general has more of force, the feminine more of susceptibility; and so on through a list as long as that of the asteroids. But after all the characteristics of the sexes have been drawn, and their profound and varied causes traced, the more general characters still remain which belong to men and women equally, as human. A sexless being might still possess these common rights of man.

Such common rights and privileges may then be conceded with no less readiness to women than to men. By our definition they are not distinctively woman's rights; they are human rights; and in these there should be no restriction. Only let us find out, before proclaiming them, what these rights are. Not the least difficulty with the advocates of "woman's rights" is that they claim suffrage, for instance, as a universal or human right. But suffrage is not a universal right; it should be regarded rather as the duty of those who are qualified to exercise it; or as a privilege which in this country stands in need of limitation.

Woman's human rights, however, are more frequently invaded than any other. It would seem that they have not fairly established their right of "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." Women's rights and men's
rights, in the special sense, adjust themse
tolerably well to each other. But wher
stronger sex oppresses the weaker, the br
er human rights are endangered. The
man's party is misnamed. It is not
clearly seen that the needed thing is not
man's rights so much as human rights
women.

These two classes of rights cannot con
Sex imposes upon us strong laws, and e
ces them. Whatever liberty may be gra
to women, they are not more likely to f
into politics than men are likely to flock
the nursery. The characters of male
female are sufficiently well established t
in no danger from the proceedings of
reformers.

Thus much respecting the general th
of the case. But each individual mar
woman has rights which cannot be de
mined by rules. Each individual may
sent an exception to the general rule. T
to many unmarried women—and in Chris
dom there are at any moment millions of
men that are never to be married—the g
eral rule that woman's work is in the fa
is meaningless. Again: each woman wh
superior in ability to the average man of
community,—and it becomes the average r
not to invite comparison upon this point
confidently,—each superior woman may
sent an exception to the general rule t
women must fail in business competition v
men. Do not let us prejudge the quest
by theory; let us bear in mind the recor
the illustrious minority, from Deborah
Florence Nightingale. We cannot ar
dogmatically from the sex to the individu
If we desire a service, whether it be a vict
or a cure or a plea, it is the ability of
particular person to render that service,
not the sex of the person, that is the f
question. When a nail was to be driven i
Sisera's head, Jael did not find it necess
to send for a mechanic. If an office is to
filled, we do not say to the applicant, "Y
are a man, therefore you are capable."
it not quite as unwise to say, "You are a
man, and therefore you are incapable?"

It is instructive to see how the the
ists are meshed in their partial views
this question. Thus the able author of *W*
*man Suffrage—the Reform against Natur*
is trammeled by his unconscious desire fo
simple theory of the case—by that misle
ing idea which, lying latent among the m
tal machinery, has spoiled the thought of
many good deeds from the beginning of p
losophy. He is the prisoner of a phrase,

that old phrase, "the sphere of the sexes." o show that the sphere of the sex deter- ines the sphere of each individual will only possible when the exceptions to rules are olished. The fallacy is simple. If most omen must stay at home, it does not fol- w that all women must stay at home. Nor the facts bear out this theory; but your rtisan does not hold himself under obliga- on to explain the facts. "Joan of Arc was t a woman,—she was a supernaturally in- ired heroine," says he who insists upon the nple theory.

How many an argument is spoiled by the sumption of simplicity! We pass from one ep of the inquiry to another, and seem to ake progress toward the truth; but the ider-current of error bears us, without our nowledge, further and further from it; as oyagers, sledding northward upon the fro- n ocean, are borne by an imperceptible rrent to the south while they fancy them- lves nearing the Pole.

The situation is near the ludicrous when e advocate of the simple theory volubly ommands a woman of ability to her sphere." If she can act more ably, or re more speedily than the average man, e may be regarded as the best authority specting that sphere.

The question of individual ability is, in ort, the practical one in these cases. The uestion of ability is more central than that f sex. The latter, of course, will always rofoundly modify the former. But any tate of public opinion which hinders a wo- an from doing needed work that she is fit- ed to do is an injury to the community; for e community always needs skilled industry, nd wants more of it than it can find. It is ot the general complaint that there is a glut f ability. The incapables are still in excess. et us not hinder the able person because he is a woman. Men will not lack work o do after the women have done their best.

Another of the questions which need to be udged according to the broadest canons has lready been mentioned,—that of suffrage, nd of democratic government. Should the gnorant, the irresponsible, the unprincipled, hare equally with the best and wisest men he privilege of making the laws?

The answer is Yes and No. The ignorant nan may be justly debarred from the higher nd more difficult legislation, such as that which determines penalties, or tariffs, or con- erns diplomacy and the declaration of war nd peace. Yet there are many questions which the ignorant man may decide for himself better than any central government can decide for him; as, whether he needs a new road or aqueduct; or what amount of postal service he requires. This distinction is already indicated in the difference between our general and our local governments. May not both the monarchists and the democrats yet prove to be in the right? It is not unreasonable to suppose that a government, based upon both ideas, may delegate all the simpler ordinances to the people; while it shall reserve the harder problems of legislation for a higher personal power.

Again: the old quarrel between the Sentimentalists and the Realists, whether in art, in literature, or in life, springs from the failure of the contending parties to take an inclusive view. Sentimentalism is an affair of preferences; it adores its ideals, but cannot reason about them; it is eloquent concerning what we ought to do, but ignorant of how to do,—of the ways and means of doing. The sentimentalist seems to have no grasp upon the facts and working principles of life. How little does the florid talker in Congress know about the State, or the advocate of universal suffrage about government, or the average legislator about the proper limits to governmental interference, or the conventional preacher about either present or future life! The sentimental leaders occupy their time in ejaculation,—For shame! and God bless you! The rest of us are quite able to utter these sentiments; but the thing needed is intelligent leadership. Platform-orators, who would make us think that the continued rotation of the planet is conditional upon the success of their plans, cannot say a single just thing about those plans. Enthusiasts see men, as Hawthorne's Hollingsworth saw them, only as the friends or enemies of their schemes; they expend much of their force in declamation against the cool scholars who are busy with the profounder aspects of life; and ring the changes upon their own beliefs, desires, and intuitions. Ruskin rails at economic science, and rides upon his own notions of ethics, of art, and of political economy into the lists of the reformers' battle. Carlyle spends his lifetime in weeping, wailing, and gnashing of teeth because men are losing their reverence for kingship; nor is his sorrow ill-founded. But he is not great enough to rejoice that men have gained something, however little, of the power to rule themselves. With the best purposes in the world, these writers remain hopelessly partial in their thought.

Sentiment has excellent uses. But the

sentimentalists do not often help us to act wisely. Enthusiasm, however intense and pure, is not in this age of the world a sufficient qualification for leadership; and the man who is content to proclaim his feelings cannot, however eloquent his voice or pen may be, long command a hearing. The modern leader, to lead men wisely, must possess strong and definite thought. He who makes criticism a matter of personal taste, or art the pursuit of beauty alone, or religion a taking on trust, may have abundant following for a time. But he represents the old sentimental order; and the world finally discovers that his one or two intense convictions, however sincere they may be, are not a sufficient capital of authority.

On the other hand, the critical mind sees the difficulty of these positions that the sentimentalist accepts so readily: he sees tha the sentimentalist lives in half-truths. Forth with the critic commits the opposite fault he contracts a pallid skepticism; he laugh at the heated barbarian, as he calls th sentimentalist, and lets his own blood g down. His failure is the lack of vitality As a critic he is invaluable; but who is le to create? For that achievement none ap pears. Between these extremes of tempera ture and of light, the favoring mean fo growth is not found. Without knowledge we do nothing well. Without enthusiasm we attempt nothing at all. Could we com bine both in our service, everything might b brought to pass. In the new astrology th star of genius shines between these two as pects.

## MY SCHOOL IN FERN CITY.

When I was in my Sophomore year the College faculty found that too great application was telling on me, and sent me into the country for my health. Not to refine too closely, they rusticated me. This was owing to certain little irregularities which I could never see in the same light as the authorities did, though I tried my best to put myself in their place. What if Prof. Riggs was treated with an unexpected cold douche one morning? the effects of water on the human frame are extremely salutary, as no one should have known better than that distinguished anatomical scholar. And as for the affair of the calf—but it is of no use going over it all again. As I said, I could not see it from their point of view, and, what was more unfortunate, they could not see it from mine. So they sent me off to weep like the stricken deer in solitude.

There was not much love lost between Prof. Riggs and me, and he would have been ready, without a morsel of proof, to swear that I was the head and front of the offending. But perhaps I may as well admit that in this case there was plenty of proof, so much that Prof. Gorton took up the cudgels for me in vain. With him I was a favorite, and he fought my battle bravely; it was no fault of his if the other side was too strong. After sentence had been pronounced against me he took me apart to administer some very wholesome advice and rebuke, for it was no part of his plan that I should think he underrated the gravity of my offenses. He talked to me like a father, kindly but seriously, an I listened with a respectful soberness tha might have softened the stony heart of ol Riggs himself. I did not say a word for myself till he had finished, but then I thought i was my turn.

"Professor Gorton," said I, "what yo have been saying is perfectly true, and I am very much obliged to you. May I tell you an anecdote?"

He looked naturally rather surprised at this request, but assented readily enough. I fixed my eyes on his face while I spoke.

"Once upon a time—it's not a fairy story, though it begins like one—there was a man who died and left ten thousand dollars apiece to his three sons. Two of them set up in business, worked hard, and prospered as they deserved, but the other took his money and went off with it. At the end of a year he came back with empty pockets,—not a cent left of his ten thousand. So one of his friends, who had heard something about the high jinks he had been up to that year, took a severe moral stand and commenced lecturing him on his folly and imprudence. 'Look at your brothers! they have established a business and increased their capital already, while you, who had just as much to start with, have spent ten thousand dollars in a single year, without anything to show for it.'

"'That's a fact,' said he, squarely, 'I've spent my ten thou' and haven't got a confounded thing to show for it. But—I've had a blazing good time!'"

This was impertinent, I knew very well; t I was sure of my man. First the corrs of his mouth began to twitch, then his ole face seemed to break up altogether, d he burst out laughing.

"Very well, sir," he said presently; "very ell! if that is the state of your feelings I ve nothing more to say. Go to Sabton d enjoy the recollection of your 'blazing od time.' And," he concluded impresvely, "while you are about it, be thankful u got off with a scorching instead of a wnright roasting. You have had a pretty arrow escape, I can tell you."

Good old fellow! if I had been snatched ke a brand from the fire of wrath, only ruscated instead of expelled, I knew very well hom I had to thank for it. I did feel really rateful for his interest in my welfare, and ade a mental vow to prove myself worthy f it when I should have come back from xile. Still, I cannot say it was with any reat degree of gloom that I regarded this scapade and its consequences.

I had been consigned to the care of an old eacon in Sabton, whom I expected to find s stiff and cross-grained as one of his own ine-knots. But here again I fared better han I deserved. The deacon's grimness vas more in manner than anything else, and is peculiarities, once you knew how to take hem, made a very good pepper and salt for he humdrum every-day life. A keener sense f the ludicrous I never saw in any one, and do not think, to tell the truth, that the cirumstances which led to my coming under is roof exactly prejudiced him *against* me, hough I should not like this whispered about n the respectable and very serious society of vhich he was a member. But as no name is iven, no harm can be done.

I am not going to describe Sabton, which nly served as a kind of side-scene for the eal stage of my performances—Fern City. And I am not going to describe Fern City either, principally because there is nothing to describe. Why it should have been called Fern City is one of those mysteries dark enough to be the Sphinx's riddle. The first part of the name was all very well, for there certainly were ferns enough there to make it seem impossible there should be any anywhere else in the whole world; but City—! Why, Sabton, thirty miles away from a railroad, was positively a metropolis to it. There were perhaps twenty houses, scattered over—I was going to say as many miles; between them you looked over a flat, uninteresting country, where the poorly-farmed fields were like little dots of islands in that endless sea of brakes and ferns.

And yet here it was that I deliberately chose to spend a winter of my life. But no, I must exonerate myself from having done the fatal deed deliberately. I had laughed over the experiences of two fellows in my class who had kept school in little backwoods villages, and I thought it would be a fine thing to try it myself: then I am afraid I must own, little credit as it does to my disposition, that the fact of having been sent to Sabton made me extremely willing to be in any other place. And I had never seen Fern City; that must be set down to my credit.

The "City" and Sabton were in the same town, though ten miles apart, and Deacon ——, as one of the school-committee, and "head-selectman," had the educational affairs of the district pretty well in his own hands. But it is not to be supposed from this that the Deacon's own attainments were on an alarming scale. I found very little difficulty in convincing him of my ability to teach the young idea of the neighborhood; so, the necessary arrangements with all the authorities having been made, one fine morning in November beheld me, in company with the Deacon's man, Sam, looking down from the high wagon over the drooping head of the hobble-kneed old horse, Utica (or Utiky, as he was always called), who, at the rate of perhaps three miles an hour, was devouring the distance between me and the goal of my desires.

On entering the school-house I found the fire and the boys roaring together; but the human hubbub sank at my approach as by magic—the magic, I presume, of a "college-l'arnt" presence, for this my fame had preceded me. I had expected that some Elder of the settlement, venerable by years or honors, would usher me to the desk, and there introduce me with serious and appropriate remarks, according to long-established usage. In Sabton it would have been so, unquestionably; but Fern City was not yet up to this refinement. I was obliged to go through the ceremonies entirely alone, which was a shock to my feeling for the proprieties.

When my mind had somewhat recovered tone, I surveyed the room curiously. It was better filled than I had anticipated,—children and ferns appeared to grow wild in the "City." More than sixty specimens of humanity were collected before me, ranging in age, so to say, from the cradle to the grave, for some were babies with their fingers in their mouths, and others great hulking fellows, years older than their prospective teacher. Looking, I breathed a despairing sigh for the possibility of some such human barter as that suggested by Douglas Jerrold, whose "notion of a wife of forty was that she should be exchanged like a bank-note for two twenties," only I wanted to increase the quality at the expense of the quantity, and "swap" my threescore rough diamonds for half the number with a little more polish about them.

Among the young ladies I saw some pretty faces,—and with this statement perhaps it would be kinder to cut my description short. To enter into details would not prove to the advantage of any,—with the exception, perhaps, of one slender black-haired girl, whose toilet looked less the result of pure accident, and whose great black eyes were set in a face not so astoundingly and uniformly rosy. In the course of the general cross-examination which formed a part of the first morning's work, I learned that she was fifteen years old, and that her name was Julia Harding; information supplemented later by an obliging pupil, who told me she was the only child of "Square Harding, who's rich as all ou'-doors and lives up on th' Hill;" which was all very well as far as it went, but I could not help wondering why so rich a man should condemn himself and his family to a perpetual residence in Fern City, which, however much fun it might afford for a single school-term, as a permanency must be anything but funny. Perhaps when I got to thinking this the bloom was already just a little off the grape.

But I roused my flagging enthusiasm by the thought of "boarding round." This institution of a real backwoods school I had heard from everybody, and from Keene and Willey in particular, was sure to provide the richest fund of amusement. Well!—it had need to, for it certainly never provided *me* with anything else. I don't know whether 'twas the sweetness of remembering past sorrows, or whether the other fellows were all luckier than I, but I can safely say that among my various trials that same "boarding round" was the worst. Now I don't mean to assert that I had fared sumptuously at Sabton; the Deacon's table never to my knowledge groaned beneath a Roman banquet, but it was spread with country food, good if plain, and relishing enough to a healthy appetite. Not so at Fern City. Nothing but the instinct of self-preservation induced me to eat the daily beans, salt pork, and brown bread which came and went as regularly as the su and, alas! three times as often. Had I be born to it like the natives about me, a prepared by the discipline of previous ge erations, I might have taken it as stolidly they did; as it was, I never swallowed mouthful but under the most violent prote At length, after three weeks of this sort thing, it became too much for me; the bo rebelled against its mental tyrant, and d clared—I will starve; I will die; but I w eat no more beans!

It was on a Monday morning that this de perate oath was sworn. I would not go bac to dinner, but stayed in my desk, gloomi reviewing the situation. The boarding-roun mysteries always began on Monday evening the dismission of the afternoon school wa the signal for some shock-headed messeng of fate to stumble up to me with—"Please M Heywood marm says she expects you to ou house to-night"—the unvarying formula, delivered always with the same redness of fac and total lack of punctuation. To-nigh then, would bring me a change of quarters perhaps, *perhaps*, a change of food! Blessed thought! it was my one light ahead. A any rate things could not be worse, and migh be better, or if not, why then I could bu die and make an end of it. And I drifted o into pathetic speculations on my fate and th sensation it would cause in my College, wondering whether Prof. Riggs, when his rheumatism kept him awake at night, woul sometimes think remorsefully of the brillian promise that he had caused to be snuffed ou untimely,—for I chose to ignore that it wa to Sabton I had been sent, and that this Fer City expedition was entirely my own doing

I rang the bell that afternoon with a nervousness more like a boy expecting a feruling than a master dismissing his school; the I bent my head over some copy-books unti my summoner should come, with a kind o fancy that a sudden glance into his face would tell me something of my doom. Steps were heard, then the usual gabble of words; I hesitated a moment, looked up,—"beans" was written with a fatal plainness on every freckle of that boy's face. I took my hat and followed him without a word, but after we had walked a little way I made up my mind to know the worst at once. I assumed a light and easy air.

"So your ma'am expects me to supper, does she, Peters?"

"Yis, sir."

"And what is supper, do you think?" I went on, with a ghastly attempt at playful-ess. "Roast turkey and oyster sauce and nince pie?"

The miserable scamp took it all as a joke nade expressly for his amusement, and grinned revoltingly before he answered,—

"It's pork and b——"

"Peters," said I, turning upon him with orced composure, "don't say that word to ne, or I shall be obliged to knock you lown."

The youth opened his eyes and mouth together—"What word? beans?"

I seized him by the collar, gave him a little shake, and laid him gently down on a heap of brushwood by the roadside, and took myself off in another direction, with the parting nformation that they need not expect me at nis house that evening.

So the question was negatively settled. I should not eat beans to-night. Very good; but what should I eat? By this time I was ravenously hungry. I thought with regret, almost with compunction, of how much more I might have eaten in times of past abundance. Wouldn't I make up for it hereafter —if I got the chance! Had Fern City disclosed to me a Delmonico's that night, I am not sure I should have left it alive. But there was no Delmonico's there; there was not even a tavern. Why should there be? Nobody ever came to Fern City that could possibly help it, and if chance ever led some wretched wanderer into that wilderness, he hurried out of it again with all dispatch. I alone probably of the whole human race had voluntarily pitched my tent there.

So far as I could see, there were just three ways out of my desperate condition: to swallow my resolution and my beans at the Peters's supper-table; to get over to Sabton and beg a meal of the Deacon; or to starve. None of them appeared very agreeable to me, and I really don't know which I should have chosen, if the sight of Julia Harding's figure round a turn of the road had not all at once suggested a possible alternative.

I had been hurrying along at such a rate that I had overtaken her before she was halfway home, in spite of the long start she had of me. In another minute I was by her side.

Miss Julia, being a born coquette, knew perfectly well at fifteen how to use her great black eyes, and I have no doubt imagined it was of them I was thinking as I walked along silent and evidently preoccupied. And so it might have been if I had not been completely engrossed by another subject,—the practicability of satisfying my hunger at the expense of her father's larder, which was doubtless better furnished than the rest of the neighborhood. In the very nick of time she herself opened the way for me, by the mischievous question how I liked Fern City and boarding round. In a twinkling my doleful tale was told.

"If you have any parting request," I concluded mournfully, "it might be well to make it now, for no one knows what may happen. I was calculating just as I came up how long life could be sustained on one meal a week, for there is nothing to eat short of Sabton, and I can't well get over there oftener than once a week."

"Nothing to eat! why, I thought you said there were always beans!"

"Too true; but I should be little better than a cannibal devouring my own species; you can't live with—not, to say on—beans day after day without getting to have a sort of fellow-feeling for them, and as for me, I feel myself a vegetable already. The world appears to me but a wilderness of beans."

"I declare if that isn't complimentary," cried the young lady, tossing her curls; "I never was compared to a bean before!"

"But you are," said I boldly, "the lovely bein' that is going to help me out of this scrape."

"Now, Mr. Heywood, that *is* too bad!" pretending to cover her ears with her hands. "But how can I help you?" she continued, turning her great eyes on my face.

"By—excuse me, Miss Julia, for coming straight to the point—by giving me some supper."

She seemed highly delighted with the idea at first, then her manner suddenly grew constrained, and, with some hesitation, she said they would be very happy to have me take tea with them. But this did not suit my plan at all. I had heard too much of Squire Harding's unsociable and impatient disposition to make me wish to intrude, an unbidden guest, at his table; so, casting about for some excuse, I told Julia that I should prefer taking in my stores more privately, as my appetite would shock any tea-table.

"But what will you do?" said she. "You won't like to eat in the kitchen with Jim and Mary there," and she giggled desperately at the picture of her instructor in this dignified position.

"Why, no," said I, "not if it can be otherwise managed. I never envied the royal privilege of exhibiting at feeding-time. Let's see what we can contrive."

She entered with extreme readiness into

the situation, and the result of this combination of intellect was a scheme to introduce me through the window into a store-room not likely to be invaded that night, where I was to wait while she foraged for me.

All this was a pretty moral lesson to be given by a respectable and responsible school-teacher to the youth committed to his charge! Yes, I know and admit it; but a hungry man has no conscience.

Julia saw me safely in, and then started off on her errand, only coming back a moment to tell me that if I should grow impatient she believed one of the barrels was full of beans! I was careful not to investigate.

Presently she returned, not to the window but the door, with a candle—for by this time it was dark—and a plentiful supply of food, including a mince-pie, the sight of which recalled the imaginary feast with which I had spread the Peters's tea-board, and made me for an instant almost fear lest this might be as Barmecidal. I believe I had grown almost skeptical as to the existence of other viands than those to which I had been limited for the last three weeks.

What a meal I made! Miss Julia's amusement got the better of her politeness, and she laughed till the tears were in her eyes. I ate straight through the bill of fare, leaving nothing but empty plates to mark my progress. The last quarter of the mince-pie was vanishing under my attack, when the door opened, and Squire Harding, light in hand, confronted us,—looking, I am bound to say, as astonished as anybody at the encounter. Julia opened her lips, but no words came, and her olive cheeks rivaled any of the rosy damsels of my school. As for me, I felt I was in for it and might as well make the best of the situation; so I simply rose, still with the pie-plate in my grasp, and made a low bow, after which I finished to the last mouthful in silence, while the Squire delivered himself of some sentences, which for point and vigor were models of offensive oratory; then, nothing remaining to eat, I stood up again and arrested him with dignity at the unpleasant word—"scamp."

"Will you excuse me, sir," I said gravely, "for reminding you that one of my pupils is in the room."

"Eh?" growled the Squire; "yes, that's true. Julia, you can go."

This was not precisely what I had meant, as I endeavored to convey to Miss Julia by a look while I held the door open for her. She passed out, her face working in a most extraordinary manner, and as I closed the door and turned round, her father addressed me with an ominous politeness:—

"Now, young gentleman, perhaps you will have the goodness to explain all this?"

I did explain it from beginning to end, not neglecting the detail of a bean, and he listened in silence, watching me from under his gray shaggy eyebrows.

"And now, Mr. Harding," I concluded, striking an attitude, "you can take what course you see fit; I shall make no resistance. I have eaten not only of your bread and salt, but of your cold beef and mince-pie, and even if you should put me out of that window, my only sensation would be one of thankfulness that you did not come in time to deprive me of the only meal I have had for three weeks."

I don't know whether the oddity of the whole thing struck the Squire's sense of the ludicrous, or whether my perfect frankness disarmed him; but he smiled somewhat like an amiable bear at my peroration, and the end of it was, instead of the violent exit I had mentioned, an invitation into his sitting-room. In the course of our conversation there the circumstances that had led to my presence in the town came out, drawing from him another grim smile, and Prof. Gorton's name occurring, he listened with interest and asked a number of questions about him. It appeared they had been intimate when young men together, and, in spite of the years since gone by, the Squire still preserved a friendly feeling, and seemed pleased to hear me sound the praises of my good old Professor.

Will it be believed that this extremely questionable adventure of mine established me as a member of the very household I had invaded? Even so. The Squire, remarking to me in his own felicitous way that he preferred to see for himself the consumption of his provisions, himself suggested this arrangement, and made matters right with the school authorities. So now I lived in clover, and the only reminiscence of my former miseries was the persistency of Mary, instigated, as I presume, by Miss Julia's directions, in setting the bean-dish, when those vegetables formed a part of the *menu*, directly before my plate. But that rather added to my enjoyment, for out of my abundant security I could in a manner taunt and triumph over my ancient enemy.

Squire Harding was certainly a very peculiar man, and I could easily understand his having earned the reputation of being hard to get along with; but it was my conviction I could get along with any human being,—

excepting always old Riggs, who, to be sure, was never to my mind exactly human. Besides, I soon discovered that the Squire was rather unsociable than bad-natured: an early disappointment, I afterward heard it whispered, had first made him a misanthrope, and years had strengthened the habit of his mind; he could be savage enough to people who pestered him, but I let him severely alone, and we rubbed on together very tolerably. The worst I ever got from him was an occasional roughness or sarcasm, which I knew perfectly how to take.

Once out of bondage to the beans, I found Fern City a much more cheerful place than it had at first appeared to my jaundiced view. In fact, I made a pretty gay winter of it, what with sleighing parties, and "bees" of every description in the "City" itself, and frequent festivities over in Sabton at one house and another, sometimes at the Deacon's, where were to be had the most sublime cider and doughnuts ever permitted to cheer this wicked world. In all these excursions Miss Julia was my chosen companion, and we came to a very good understanding,—toward the last I believe rather a sentimental one. I know when I first went back to College I quite put myself out to be civil to old Riggs, because she had told me there was some kind of cousinship between the families. But of course I soon gave up that, as too great a strain for human nature to bear.

I kept the good resolution I had made before setting out for Sabton, and Prof. Gorton, in the fullness of his heart, rejoiced over my altered standing. I won't say that I did not indulge in some escapades to enliven my hard studying; but there were none of a sort to bring me to disgrace, and I was on the eve of an honorable graduation.

It was the last week of the term, the Sunday before the Commencement Wednesday which was to launch some forty of us "liberally educated"—Heaven save the mark!—upon a rejoicing world. Services were just over at the Second Congregational Church, and I was standing on the steps with some of my class-mates, among them Riggs, junior,—almost as good a fellow as his father, by the way,—watching the people come out of church. This was a very favorite College amusement, particularly on this Sunday, which brought together a good many new and pretty faces for the coming festivities. A remarkably pretty one had just appeared and stopped to speak to somebody in the crowd; I was wondering where I could ever have seen it before, when one of the fellows asked:—

"Who's that stunning pretty girl with your sister, Riggs?"

Riggs looked unutterable things as he answered, with his affected drawl—"That's my cousin, Miss Harding."

"*Julia*, by Jove!" I said to myself, and on the impulse I stepped forward and introduced myself, and having a great many inquiries to make, I took the liberty of accompanying her on her way home. It was a very agreeable walk,—at least for me; Riggs, who had had to fall back on his sister's company, did not look over-pleased, I observed, nor second by word or glance Miss Matilda Riggs's rather constrained invitation to me to come in with the rest. However, that was all one; I should as soon have thought of dropping in for a morning call at the cage of a wild beast I had been baiting, as of entering Prof. Riggs's house after all that had come and gone between us.

All the fellows were not of my mind, though. It was really astonishing, the good and amiable qualities which some of them suddenly discovered in that hitherto most unpopular of Professors; a much-abused man he had been, if the present estimate were true! Hats went off before him now with an eager flourish that must have rather surprised him if he thought about it at all, while Miss Riggs's spinster solitude was gladdened by the unwonted presence of those who thought it "just as well, you know, to be civil to the Professors' families." The fact was, Miss Julia Harding had made a decided hit in the college town, and no wonder either, for these last two years had made a beauty of her, and left just enough of the odd half-foreign look she always had, to give piquancy to the whole effect. No, I was not at all surprised at the way some of the fellows went on, but I was a good deal amused; it was so funny to have them trying to bring me round to their own enthusiasm, and then by and by to slip quietly out to meet the fair subject of the argument. For Julia and I had not been sworn comrades a whole winter for nothing; it was a pity if our two heads could not find some way of cheating the Riggs embargo.

But I am obliged to admit we came to grief in two days' time. Julia had been spending Tuesday with the Gortons, where I happened to drop in in the evening most opportunely to escort her back. It began raining just as we reached the house, so I stepped into the porch to say my parting words under shelter, and then, somehow, it all looked so snug and comfortable there that the next minute we were sitting together on a bench, chatting away as much at home as you please.

But the Fates were clearly bent on discouraging my stolen visits under any circumstances. Leaning back unguardedly I hit the bell-handle, which, being old and rusty, I suppose, had stuck at the last pull given by somebody, and which now flew back, full length, with a tremendous peal that brought the Professor himself in hot haste out of his study close by. Julia, I am sorry to say, deserted me most unhandsomely at the crisis, and ran round the corner of the house to a side-door, leaving me to bear the brunt of the Professor by myself. I suppose she thought I could run too, but I didn't incline to that, and I was not exactly sorry to have a parting brush with my old enemy.

He flung open the door, flaring the light above his head, for the blackness outside made it difficult to distinguish anything, and clearing his throat portentously, after his custom when he began to speak :—

"H'm! h'm! who's there—what is it?—who's there, I say?"—then as I moved round from the pillar where I had been standing,—"*You*, sir? What do you mean by darkening my door——"

"Allow me, Professor Riggs," said I with my best class manner, "to demonstrate two errors in your hypothesis: firstly, it is yourself in the door, not I; secondly, even if I were there, the slight additional obscuration of my presence would be scarcely appreciable in the general blackness of the night."

He looked at me as if, had he not been a responsible man and a Professor, he would have said wicked words to me then and there; as it was, he demanded hoarsely what I wanted. I replied that I should like to borrow an umbrella. It is to be remarked that my boarding-place was not two minutes' walk from his house, and the idea of my having rung that outrageous peal of bells simply to play off such a joke was quite too much for him. He fairly trembled with exasperation as he said :—

"It is well for you, young man, that I have nothing more to do with you!"

"Yes, sir," said I, "I quite agree with you; very well indeed for me, but it's hard on *you*, Professor! No, don't trouble yourself to bring the light any farther," as he made a kind of plunge towards me. "I can see very well, thank you, and I believe I won't wait for the umbrella. Good-night, Professor Riggs." And I walked up the street with happy heart.

Commencement-day always ended with ball, and this, our graduating ball, was glorious one. I danced a good deal wit Julia Harding, a good deal more than th junior Riggs, judging by the expression of h face, thought I had any business to. But a I had never been in the habit of consultin his judgment as to my proceedings, I did nc feel as blighted as I might by his disapprobation. In fact, if I had had my way, I shoul have danced with her the whole evening but that unluckily was altogether out of th question: she was so greatly in demand tha I considered myself very fortunate to fare a well as I did, particularly when I succeede in taking her down to supper.

I was in a decidedly sentimental mood and for once had not that fine appetite wit which I am usually blest. In the intervals of supplying my companion's wants, I munched away abstractedly at whatever came to hand, revolving a question which I was most anxious to ask, but to which I had not so far seen my way clear. Julia noticed my preoccupation, and began to rally me.

"When you are tired of sponge-cake, Mr. Heywood," said she, "there are other things to be had," and then, laughing as I started out of my reverie, "I declare your new dignities have driven such common things out of your mind!"

"Why, what do you suppose I was thinking of," said I. "Oh, Julia! doesn't this remind you of the time when we first knew each other?"

"Yes indeed," she answered, laughing, "especially of that evening when you were so hungry. By the way, there's an oversight! I don't see any beans on the table."

Sentiment and supper seemed to go hand in hand with me. That was by no means the evening I had been anxious to revive in her recollection; but this was the way she always served me now; the moment my manner grew particular she was sure to give the subject a ludicrous turn.

"I am sure, Julia——" I began, and stuck fast.

"I haven't a doubt of it," remarked Julia quietly, at the end of a long pause.

"Haven't a doubt of what?" asked I, a little bewildered.

"What you were going to say."

"But you don't know what it was."

"No, but I take it on trust."

"Because it was I?" I said, dropping my voice.

"Why certainly; is there anything in this orld a boy just out of College doesn't now? and didn't I see you graduate this ery day? The idea of my presuming to oubt in the face of your new diploma!"

"I am much obliged," said I, considerably hagrined by this speech, "for my part of a ompliment shared by my whole class,—it ight have been Bill Riggs himself!"

"Well, and what if it were Bill Riggs himelf?"

"Oh, if you put me on a level with iggs!——"

"Oh, I didn't say *that!*" said Julia, mishievously.

"Thank you, Miss Harding, that is very ind, certainly."

"Why, what have I said so out of the ay?" asked Julia in seeming bewilderment. You objected being put on a level with im, and I said I didn't put you there,—hough, after all, he is my cousin, while you re—" she stopped suddenly, and dropped er eyes, till I could see nothing but the long lack lashes.

"What, Julia?" I said eagerly, "I am—what?"

"You are going to get me another soft ustard," she answered, lifting her eyes innoently to mine.

"I understand perfectly, Miss Harding," I said with bitter emphasis as I nearly broke my back reaching after the delicacy in question; "I am nothing, of course"—though now I could logically deduce that conclusion from a request for a soft custard it would puzzle me to explain.

"You nothing? why, you seem to me a very reverend person, Carolus Heywood, A.B."

"A.S.S. more likely," said I, gloomily, "for fancying you would remember what we used to be to each other—"

"Why not let by-gones be by-gones?" she interposed.

"*By-gones!* Julia?"

"Now you are quarreling with me for saying the very thing you just said yourself! How unreasonable you are to-night, Mr. Heywood."

"Unreasonable because I have a better memory than—some other people."

"A good memory's a very convenient thing to have," rejoined Julia, composedly. "And that reminds me I promised the next reel to Mr. Jackson—there he is now, I believe, looking for me. *Au revoir*, Mr. Heywood; do eat something else, sponge-cake is so solid to make a whole meal of!"

With which parting recommendation she was off. And this is only a sample of the way she played with me all that evening and afterwards. It was positively not till the last five minutes we were together in ——— that I could get a satisfactory word from her.

However, all's well that ends well; and though Squire Harding sticks obstinately to his absurd notion that seventeen and twenty-one are too young to marry, I don't make myself miserable about the waiting, but fall back on the poet's assurance that "time is fleeting;" and meanwhile I have made some very agreeable visits at his house (Squire Harding's, not the poet's) in quite another capacity than that in which I first entered it as the half-starved schoolmaster of Fern City.

# TWO WAYS TO LOVE.

*"Dans l'amour il y a toujours l'un qui baise et l'autre qui tend la joue."*

## I.

He says he loves me well, and I
Believe it; in my hands, to make
Or mar, his life lies utterly;
Nor can I the strong plea deny
Which claims my love for his love's sake.

He says there is no face so fair
As mine; when I draw near, his eyes
Light up; each ripple of my hair
He loves; the very cloak I wear
He touches gently where it lies.

And roses, roses all the way
Upon my path fall, strewed by him;
His tenderness by night, by day,
Keeps constant watch, and heaps alway
My cup of pleasure to the brim.

The other women in their spite
Count me the happiest woman born,
To be so worshiped; I delight
To flaunt his homage in the sight
Of all, and pay them scorn for scorn.

I love him—or I think I do;
Sure one *must* love what is so sweet;
He is so tender and so true,
So eloquent to plead and sue,
So strong, though kneeling at my feet.

Yet I had visions once of yore,
Girlish imaginings of a zest,
A possible thrill,—but why run o'er
These fancies, idle dreams, no more.
I will forget them, this is best.

So let him take,—the past is past;
The future with its golden key
Into his outstretched hands I cast;
I shall love him,—perhaps,—at last,
As now I love his love for me.

## II.

Not as all other women may,
Love I my Love; he is so great,
So beautiful, I dare essay
No nearness, but in silence lay
My heart upon his path,—and wait.

Poor heart, its beatings are so low
He does not heed them passing by,
Save as one heeds where violets grow
A fragrance, caring not to know
Where the veiled purple buds may lie.

I sometimes think that it is dead,
It lies so still. I bend and lean
Like mother over cradle-head,
Listening if still faint breaths are shed
Like sighs the parted lips between.

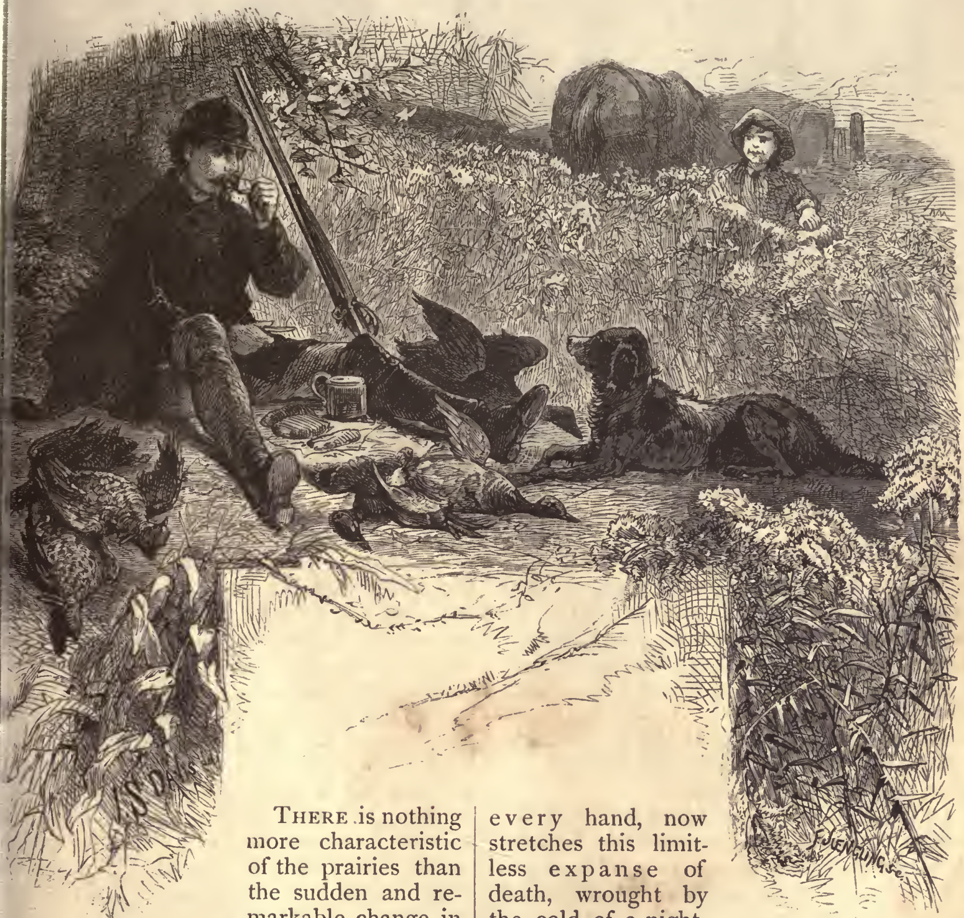
And then with vivid pulse and thrill
It quickens into sudden bliss
At sound of step or voice, nor will
Be hushed, although, regardless still,
He knows not, cares not, it is his.

I would not lift it if I could,
The little flame, though faint and dim
As glowworm spark in lonely wood,
Shining where no man calls it good,
May some day light the path for him;

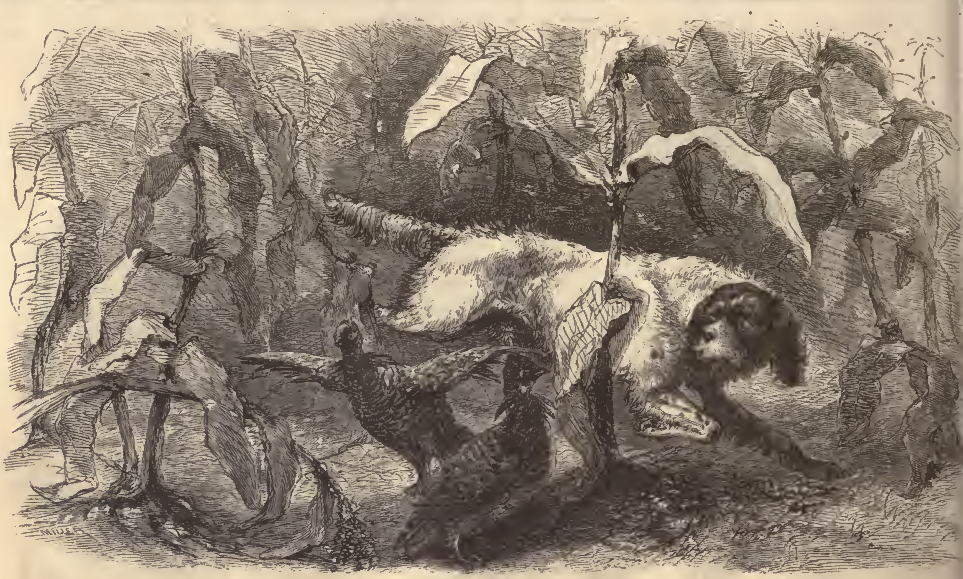
May guide his way, or soon or late,
Through blinding mist and falling rain,
And so content I watch and wait:
Let others share his happier fate,
I only ask to share his pain.

But if some day, when passing slow,
My dear Love should his steps arrest,
Should spy the poor heart, bending low,
Should raise it, scan it, love it?—so!
Why,—God alone can tell the rest.

# AUTUMN GAME ON THE PRAIRIES.



THERE is nothing more characteristic of the prairies than the sudden and remarkable change in their appearance as mmer passes into autumn. In the East, ough the frosts of October and November ay be sharp and frequent, yet the universal evalence of "tame grass"—as Western en term timothy, red-top, blue grass, etc. keeps the pastures, the hill-sides, and the ghways "dressed in living green." The rests may change, the leaves may fall, all se may mark the dying year; but the earth elf maintains its pleasing garb of summer rdure. Not so with the prairies. To-day u may walk, mile after mile, through grass ee-deep and of the richest green, and nong flowers which still are in their sum-er bloom; but to-morrow, after a single avy frost, you move over the same scene, eading at every step on 'the grass that has ithered, and the flower thereof that has ded away.' Far as the eye can reach, on every hand, now stretches this limitless expanse of death, wrought by the cold of a night. In place of the varying shades of green, there now meets the eye one wide waste of reddish-yellow herbage, relieved only by the whiter tint of the vast fields of corn, which have, themselves, thus suddenly met their final change. When the fierce fires rise on these withered plains, kindled by some reckless creature for wantonness or his own convenience, or, oftener, by the careless match or finished cigar, or ashes shaken from the universal pipe, the very blackness of desolation is left behind the flames. The loss, to tillers of the prairie, is often appalling: barns, stacks, corn, even the very home itself. Said one of Sherman's veterans to me, recently, raising himself to his full six feet, his eye flashing as when he stormed McAllister: "Mr. C., if I should catch a man firing the prairie at this time, as God helps me, I would shoot him down in



IN THE CORN.

his deed!" Only a few miles from me, an emigrant, traveling in his close-covered wagon *with the wind*, was overtaken by the flames, coming down on him unseen. Horses, family, wagon, were all destroyed in a moment; and himself lived barely long enough to tell the tale. Yet every night, from this to winter, the red sky in every direction will show the appearance in the distance of a burning Chicago.

To those, however, who love to follow the game of the prairies, the alteration by frost has many compensations.

The change in the habits of the feathered denizens of the prairie is as great as in the prairie itself. The grouse—or shall we say chickens, as the custom is?—which yesterday lay in the stubble, under the very nose of your dog and muzzle of your gun, and which, in the grass, you could not *kick up with your boot*, now gather in flocks of from fifty to one hundred and fifty; and, under the warning spring and cackle of some old drummer of a past decade, rise in the distance and fly booming on for miles, to the infinite disgust of man and dog, who have not yet even suspected their presence. The green and the blue-winged teal now gather in clusters in every prairie pond, preparatory to their early flight southward, from the autumn frosts. The mallard, bred in the locality, are joined by their brethren from the North; and in vast numbers alternate from the corn and stubble-fields to the water, giving promise of unfailing shooting till long
after snow. The great whooping crane-
the white and the brown—visit the cor
morning and evening; then stand in flock
far out on the warm prairie, or soar in t
mid-day sun, mere snow-flakes in the va
height they delight in.

The brant, with noisy brattle, and the wil
goose, with his well-known "honk!" se
the luscious cornfields which they rememb
so well since they left them last Sprin
or even the year before. All this exube
ance of feathered life, with the fine braci
air and the cloudless sky—that glory of a
glories of the West—in place of the swelte
ing heat of August, make the man of th
gun almost reconciled to the death of gra
and flower, and to the faded look of th
prairie.

The vast variety of the game of the pra
rie, in autumn, cannot be better set for
than by the detail of a single day's shootin
That I will now attempt.

In the first place we must have our hor
and buggy. So long are the stretches fro
field to field, or from pond to pond, and s
heavy and abundant is the game, that an
thing like going out afoot, and so returnin
is out of the question. A goose will weig
12 pounds: a brant, 6; a mallard or chicke
3 to 4 pounds: it is impossible to lug gam
like this around or even to get it home.

Therefore, with old Peter to do the di
tances and the burden, and my little te
year-old, with his own happy chat and e
joyment of the thing, to hold him, on o

asion ; behold us afield ! We come to the ornfields, skirting the vast prairie. It is yet orning, and the grouse and mallard have ot done feeding. Leaving my little boy to eep the road, I enter the field. Bess, my og, takes to her work, at once, ranging mong the stalks and rapping a perfect tatoo on them with her tail, in her eager quest r game. We pass but a little way, when whir-r ! whir-r ! " far ahead, out of scent and ut of shot, rises a whole pack of fifty birds, nd are off, far as the eye can follow them. ess crouches ; looks back ; fears reproof ; nd is evidently much relieved when kindly idden to "hold up." Slowly and carefully e now does her work ; often looking back, at she may not lose me in the wilderness of orn,— for these sagacious creatures want an's company in their hunt,—and soon she as her reward. Down the wind—we must lways hunt against or across it—comes that cent that electrifies the bird-dog, and sets very nerve tingling. With eye fixed, lip uivering, the whole body in excited tension, e steals on. No nosing the ground ; no gnoble tracking ; breast high her delicate rown head is borne, and, for her, the unierse lies in that tainted air. She stops ; oks once around at me ; then becomes fixd as stone. A step forward—up rises the allant bird, brown, round, and lusty, and ackles his defiance, as over the tall stalks e sweeps with his powerful wings. But I m ready, too ; a moment for raising my gun, cocking it as it is raised,* then the explosion, and the bird falls heavily to the earth, while the flecked feathers come floating by me, down the wind. Up rises another at the report, as near and as swift ; the trusty trigger is true to the touch, and he, too, falls. A moment, and I am again loaded—for I use a Parker breech-loader—and, at the word, Bess "seeks dead !" Nosing it for a moment, she shows evident pleasure at my praise,—praise costs little and goes a great way, with both dogs and men,—then, on the word, she passes to the other bird. But it is not there ! A few feet, and she has the track ; it was wing-broken, and has made good a run of many a rod, in our delay. It was a small foot, good reader, that brushed this ground, and the step was light and swift ; the ground itself is loose and dry, and non-retentive of scent ; but so keenly and surely does this noble creature press on the trail, that I am put to my best pace, lest I lose sight of her in the corn. And now, a rush, a rustle ; she has it under her paws, and holds it firmly till my arrival. "Good dog !" and then the tension is all gone ; the chase is gained ; and she wags her tail with satisfaction.

Our run through the corn has brought us in sight of a stubble which borders it ; now, Bess must follow, not lead ; for here is where

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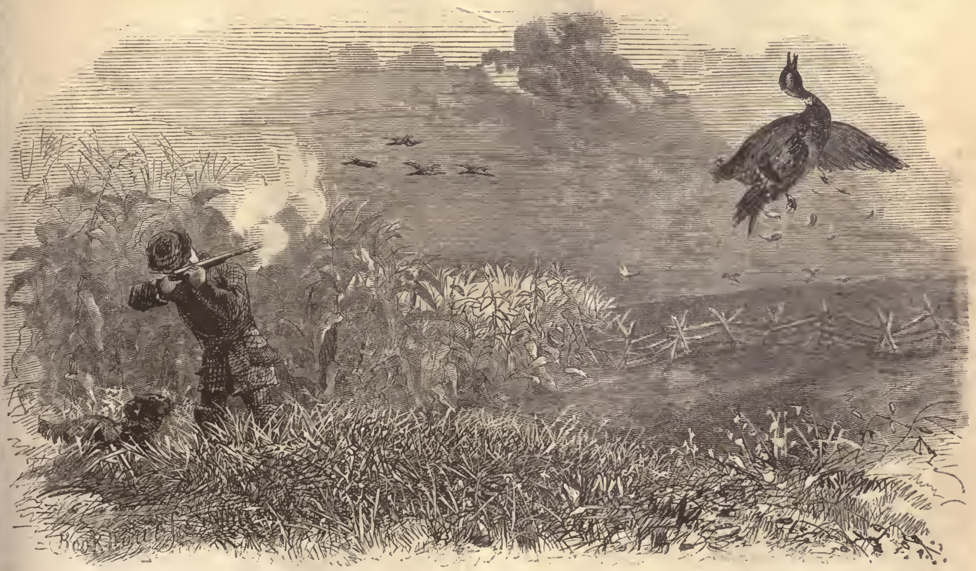
* Would that we could persuade all brethren to do that, and make companionship in the field so much safer.



SHOOTING A MALLARD DUCK

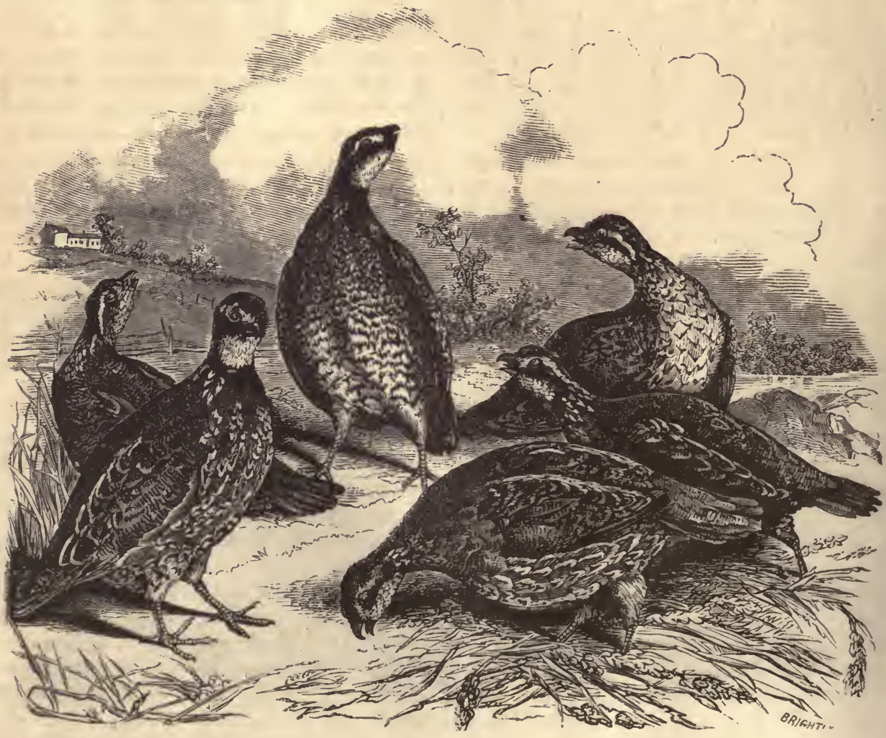
the mallard loves to feed, on mornings like this; and his long neck and wary eye will wait for neither man nor dog, when seen. One motion of my hand—no word—and Bess falls behind me, following as meekly and quietly as she was before eager and swift on her range. And in good time. Just as my face shows outside of the corn, with a "quack! quack!" up spring a dozen mallard, not eight rods off. I fire, but, taken by surprise, I miss; and, at the report, a single duck rises on my left. Him I secure, and his "thud," as he strikes the ground, tells of fat four pounds weight. This is all out of Bess's line; but, on the word, she recovers the duck, as she did the grouse, and I start for the buggy—glad that the bulky game is not destined for my back.

The little chap in the buggy, has marked, with a boy's eye, the rise of the birds and their fall, and pats my companion on the head, as she takes her place with us for a ride. It is small mercy to make a dog hunt the field and run the road.

Now for a long ride over the prairie, in the direction of certain ponds. To aquatic birds water is absolutely essential, after feeding. High in the air above us, a long line of geese is sailing southward, utterly beyon reach. But we do not repine. We sent mentalize rather, repeating to ourselves th well-remembered lines of Bryant :—

> "Whither, 'midst falling dew,
> While glow the heavens with the last set of day,
> Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursu
> Thy solitary way?
>
> Seek'st thou the plashy brink
> Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide;
> Or where the wild billows rise and sink
> On the chafed ocean's side?
>
> In vain the fowler's eye
> Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong;
> As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
> Thy figure floats along."

But here comes another troop of a doze geese, looming up over the prairie, half mile off; low down, and coming noisily hurriedly on, as if they had just gobbled u one cornfield, and were in haste to begi on another. They are quite low, but the pass us too far ahead, and we philosophiz on their ignoble haste and huddle, as compared with that stately spring flight whic Hawes sings :—



AMERICAN QUAIL.

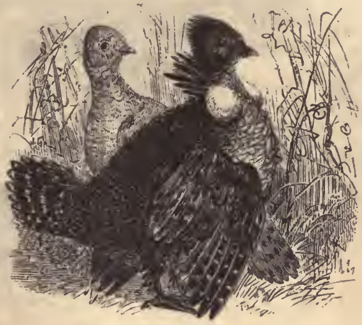
"Hawnk! honk! and forward, to the nor'ward, is the trumpet tone;
What goose can lag, or feather flag, or break the goodly cone!
Hawnk! onwards to the cool blue lakes, where lie our safe love-bowers;
No stop; no drop of ocean brine, near stool nor blue-light tory;
Our traveling watchword is, '*our mates, our goslings, and our glory!*'
Symsonia and Labrador for us are crowned with flowers:
And not a breast on wave shall rest, until that heaven is ours!"

But now, as we drive along, come four others, in slow, uncertain flight, plainly ready to alight in the first convenient pond. They are led by a primitive, patriarchal gander, who has plainly seen men and smelt powder before, for, as we lay by our philosophy and take up our gun, he bears easily off, and passes us, just out of range. A noisy flock of brant, flying high over our heads, takes off my eye, for a second; when my little boy cries out, "Papa, papa, the geese have lighted down, right ahead of us; I guess there's a pond!" Sure enough, going a little farther, there is a pond; and right in the center of it, on a little mud-bed, stands the leader, with the other geese sitting around him. It is just the thing: they are as good as in our hand. "Jossy, turn out, and drive into the prairie, far enough from the pond not to scare them. The old gander will watch you and Pete; but I'll slip out and crawl up behind that bunch of weeds at the edge of the pond, and we'll get them!"

Soon the little fellow drives away and stops, just at the right distance. A horse seems rather an attraction than an object of fear to a goose; at any rate the sentinel has missed no one from the buggy, and pronounces matters all right. I am on my hands and knees, slowly and quietly making my way to the clump of weeds. I reach it safely, and peering through their tops, I see the birds at six rods from me; the three sitting, having turned over the watch to the leader, and he watching intently *the boy and horse.* Withdrawing my cartridges of No. 4 shot—a privilege which is one of the chief beauties of a breech-loader—I insert those of BB, and cautiously raise myself up to shoot. But now comes vexation.

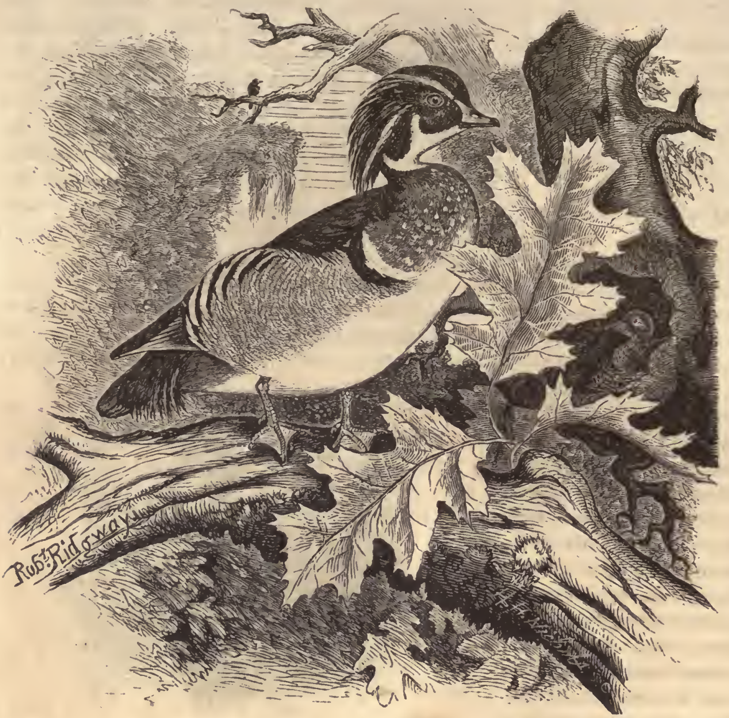
The wind has been growing to a gale. As I rise, the tall rushes and flags are blown down on my gun-barrels and held with so much force that I cannot lift them. Stooping again, I draw them back to clear the weeds; but "honk! honk!" the old fellow has taken the alarm, and, with a bound and flap, swings off, with two of the others, on the wind. The fourth rises to his feet; I fire. With a single outstretch of his great wings, he falls on the bar, dead. Vexed, I fire, ineffectually, at the retreating three, and watch them till they fade in the distance. Such are the chances, even in shooting. One minute before, I would have thanked no man for three of those geese; for they were standing, literally touching each other; now, I am forced to be content with one.

Bess, meantime, is having her trouble. She had difficulty in making her way to the game through the soft, tenacious mud; to get it to land bothers her still more. Lift that twelve pounds she can't; and to drag it settles her in the mud so that she cannot move. Were it water, that she might swim, all would be clear sailing. As it is, she can neither lift, drag, nor swim. She looks wistfully at me. There is no help for it: though not palmated, I am at least broader-footed than she is; and trying the wade, I am pleased to find the mud not over my boot-tops. A truly noble bird, as I lay it on the grass;—young, for its under mandible will break with its weight; fat, for it is fresh from the cornfields; and desirable in an economical light; for, like Patrick's pig, "it raised hisself." The little boy is on hand for the prize; and as I deposit it under the seat, remarks, "I tell *you*, that'll make a grand dinner." How this gastronomy crowds itself upon all things human!



PINNATED GROUSE.

We have just seated ourselves, when a fine mallard swirls down over us and alights at the border of the pond. A cartridge of No. 4 now; a short creep in the grass, an inglorious shot at the sitting bird, and he is ours. Had I raised him he would have fallen in the mud and water, out of reach. As I lay the fine bird, with its deep-green head and neck, and canvas back, by the side of the goose, the little chap can hold in



THE BRIDAL DUCK.

no longer. "I tell you what, papa, this is business! we're just *more'n* going for them, this morning!" With this explosion he takes up the reins, and subsides. He has been but three years in the West, and he has the whole lingo: there is no stopping it. Great is Young America, and will prevail!

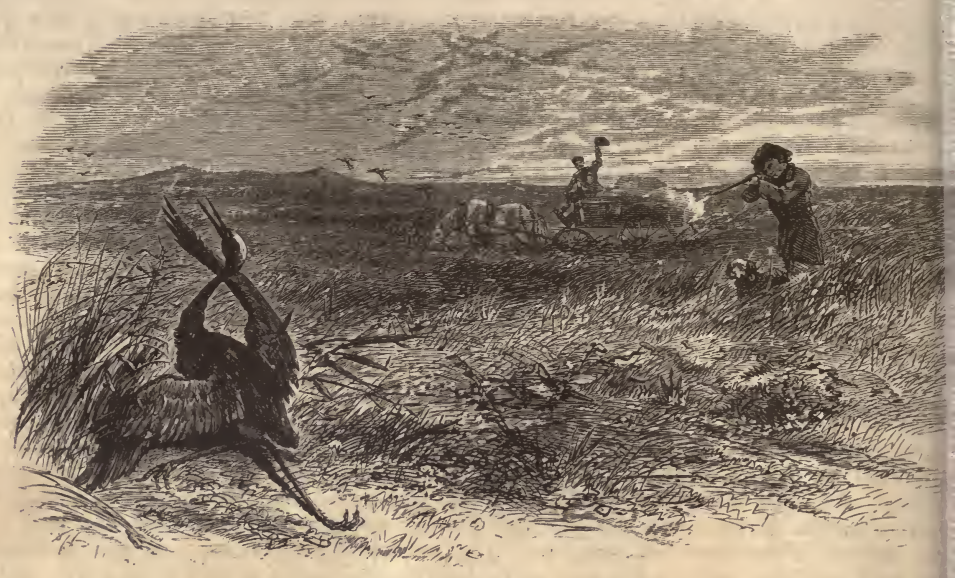
For a mile, now, nothing appears. We are making a stretch directly across the prairie to other ponds and fields, and soon seem riding right out *into space*, for the horizon lies, but a little way before us, without house, tree, fence or field to break in on the outline. But it is nowhere level ground, to any great extent, for gentle undulations, and occasional elevations with corresponding descent, vary the monotony of the scene and of the ride. "See, see!" the little fellow cries out: and there, coming down the wind, are a hundred and fifty chickens, flapping their wings, for a few strong strokes, then sailing on with their wings set, as in very glee and wantonness of motion. They may go miles, in this way, without alighting; it is their wont. This particular flock, however, has flown its flight, and settles, but a little distance off, in the deep, brown grass. Where are they now? Invisible, and at such times *always* invisible to man and dog, notwithstanding fancy sketche which show them all i sight, and the dogs ready to eat them. But through the tops of thi withered grass, ever pair of keen black eye *sees you*, and marks every motion. Ordinarily they will not lie to th dog at this season; bu on a sunny day, after night of sharp frost they are, sometimes very tame. Such ar the conditions of thi day, and Bess and I wil try the birds. Passin around to get the wind the dog has made bu a few stretches, to an fro, before the well known scent strikes her She stops; draws slowly on, her nose jus clearing the grass; the comes to a full stand I step up to the dog, an in an instant the whol pack is in the air, with single spring, scattering in every direction It is a poor shot that cannot get a bird wit each barrel, in such a case: and I am no that shot. One is a young bird, fully grown the other an old cock, that may have drummed on the prairies for years. See, as w lift him: the pointed black feathers, projecting from the neck, giving him his name "pinnated;" the yellow wattles on eithe side of his neck, with which, distended t the size of an orange, he booms defiance t his enemies or love to his mates. For, sa to say for him, Tetrao has no particula love. Hence, I suppose, his name—Cupido Tetrao Cupido; lawless Tetrao. The dea little quail will fight to the death for hi choice; and the mate he has achieved wit a bloody crown, he will stick to for the res of the season. The ruffed grouse will d the same; but this fellow, what shall we sa for him? Not only not monogamous, he i not polygamous even; promiscuous rather utterly common. But the one at our fee will boom and set bad examples no more The gallant bird has, every inch of him, th inexpressible game look of his family: w throw a veil over his failings, and deposi him in the buggy.

Passing on, we soon draw near a cornfield om which a sweep of prairie slopes down to large weedy pond. Here we ought to find rant. . To do so, the horse must go on, and ie hunter must hide himself. Giving direcons to my little boy to keep out of the way, r the brant likes not nearness to man or east, I step inside of the corn just far nough to be hidden, and yet to command a iew of the edge of the field and of the prairie eyond. A shot from below me, in the field, uts me on my guard: my neighbor missed is aim, for here comes an old grouse just outde the field line, his natural speed quickned by the shot behind him. I have no time o withdraw the BB now:—*they* are for brant: –just time to throw up my gun, as he asses me, and the heavy shot, as they strike im dead, pitch him at least six feet forward nd out of his line of flight. Down! down n the corn! close down! for right on me omes a flock of eleven brant. At my shot, hey veer out of the direct line over me, but hey were too near and coming too swiftly o get wholly away. Thanks for the BB in ny only cartridge, now: I had no time to nsert another. Getting their motion, I fire, and one of the birds leaves the rest, sets his vings, and slopes off, motionless, for the disant pond. Every hunter knows this to be he sign of a fatal shot. Sixty rods off he trikes in the pond, a few rods from its edge, ounding twice and throwing up the water in pray by the force of his fall. Reloading, I give the word to Bess, who has watched the all: she rushes ahead of me to the water, plunges in, snuffs the scented surface in every direction, but no bird is there. Whenever a water-bird is shot, over the land, it makes at once for the water; if shot on the water, or if it falls into it, it will make for the weeds on shore, or for the deep grass of the prairie.

So I call Bess in from the water: she is following the line of the shore, when her wondrous nose detects the outward trail; up the prairie again and towards the field she boldly and rapidly treads it. A pause: her head is lifted a little higher, then plunged downward in the grass: and there, before me, lies the beautiful bird, dead; a rich cream-color, the whole length below; glossy brown above, with the exquisite orange of the bill and the legs adding nature's own faultless finish to the bird.

I confess that, for look, habit, delicacy for the table, the brant is my favorite of the prairie game. I may well say "good dog!" to the expectant Bess, this time; for without her instinct and sagacity I should no more have secured this dead bird than the rest of the flock that flew away. Now for the buggy again, with the game. I cross the field, and coming out, find that it corners on another field. Toward that corner, eighty rods away, I bear, looking intently for the uprising duck or grouse; when, far on, in the very corner itself, I see a sight that stops me short. Three motionless figures in grayish brown, four feet high, as erect as posts, and as motionless too, are standing there, the largest and wariest bird of the prairies, the great whooping cranes. I have not made more than one step out of the rows, when they see me; they pause a moment, then with a wild croak spread their sail-like vans, and bear lazily away. Never mind! "ilka dog maun ha'e his day," my turn may come. A beat through the field in another course, and Bess warns me of grouse ahead; I have just time to get ready, when up rises the pack. I bring one down, miss another, and pass on. This field is about done, I say to myself, and am drawing near the outskirts, when "croak! croak!" just beyond me; and there are the three brown gentlemen, with a fourth, picked up by the way, swinging in from their circle over the prairie to their favorite field again. They are coming right in our teeth; now is your time, Messrs. Parker, if you want to see what your beautiful little 12-gauge breech-loader can do. I mustn't stir a finger to change my shot. Down to the ground; and make myself as much a corn-blade as I can. Blessings on this hunting-coat that my wife made me in July out of my old army shelter, just the tint of the faded corn! Not a breath, now; not a wink of the eye. Alas! three bear off just enough to make it hopeless for the No. 4. But the oldest chap of all says, "Come on, cranes; who's afraid!" when a flash; an explosion; and, crumpled up and riddled, with the jeer in his very jaws, he comes heavily down. Not the blue marsh-heron, man of the East, that you call a "crane," feeble of flight, loathsome in habit and lurking-place, with the figure, when dead, of the reptiles he feeds on; but the whooping crane, with body like a turkey, and wings like a swan, that delights in the clean corn of the field and, in a gale that would throw a frigate on her beam-ends, sweeps up, in very sport, into the empyrean, and for long hours sails in grand circles in the sunshine, a mile high; ever and anon trumpeting forth his joy in the cry that gives him his name and which just reaches the ears of the pigmy race he looks down upon.

What is that we see, far out on the blackened surface of the burnt prairie? One of



SHOOTING A CRANE.

the prairie's most singular sights. We have read of the Spanish soldiers in Cuba mistaking a distant row of the scarlet flamingoes for a British army of invasion; but who would have thought of a company of Shakers choosing that black, lonely plain for one of their dances! More than a dozen of them; grave, formal fellows, leaping in the air, first from one foot, then from the other, then from both; now to a partner, now by themselves; and evidently enjoying the whole thing. It is but a troop of cranes, executing one of the most ludicrous and preposterous games that can be seen among the whole feathered race. And this they will do for hours together.

Our ride has now brought us to a beautiful creek, the Beaver. Along its banks, where the ravages of the annual prairie fires have been stayed, fine oaks lift themselves in their reddened foliage, in beautiful relief against the background of the rising prairie. Just as sure as oaks bear acorns, and as there is water under the oaks, just so sure are there wood-ducks feeding on them, and lying around in the sun, on bank and stream, lazily digesting them. Stealing along the bank, I peer over; and there in a basin of the creek at least thirty wood-duck are floating, preening themselves in the sun. Did ever eye rest on creatures more beautiful? "*Anas sponsa*," the Bridal Duck, poetical old Linnæus dubbed this fowl: and no jeweler could furnish forth a bride with gems to excel the array in which Nature has
decked these gorgeous birds. Every c
and shade of color, between glossy bl
and stainless white; all that the prism
give of distinct hue or blending of hu
exists here in perfection. As I cha
one of my No. 4 cartridges for one of
8, for a sitting shot, the other nature wi
in me almost relents. To tell the tru
I have always preferred fair shots at sin
birds to shots at flocks. In the first ca
if you miss, you miss; if you hit, you k
But at flocks, for one bird that you get, y
send more away to sicken and die w
wounds not immediately fatal. I cann
therefore, sympathize in the wonted sayi
of a friend of mine, "I just like to m
'em!" I do not! The clean, single shot
me, where the whole matter is with the bi
I fire at; not with those which mere chan
and stray pellets lay out with the others,
send crippled and suffering away. But som
thing else is more potent, in this case, th
the better nature. In the act of raisi
my gun, "buzz, whirr, chitter," at my ve
feet, and on every side of me, a hundr
quail flirt up, and the gentry of the gorgeo
crests, taking the alarm, spring from the w
ter, and are off in an instant. I fire at
laggard and bring him down; another qu
springs up from my toes; in sheer vexati
and disgust, I let go the No. 4 at him, a
blow him forward ten feet in his fall.

Cold as this September water is, Be
plunges from the bank, and soon brings
my hand the duck that had fallen. For t

t thirty rods, at least three hundred quail e from the bushes: one continual whir in path, and a hundred plaintive calls on ry side of me. I see no more difficulty in ting one hundred and fifty in an afternoon n in getting a dozen; but when one is er wood-duck, pinnated grouse, brant and se, he does not lose his time on dear little drix. "Cru-k-k! cra-k-k!" and up spring fine drakes, as I tread on a dry stick; I one down; the bushes hide the other; l he passes away. A moment for my cartdge, then a look over the bank. He is ng-broken. If I show myself, or let Bess er him, ten to one, he will dive, as his bit is, seize a root or a stalk, hold on and own. More than once I have reached wn to my shoulder, in clear water, and lled them off, dead; this fellow I might ver see. No, let him skulk in, just under e water as he is, near that log by the ore; now! I fire, and he turns over side the log; I have but to step out and cure him. To Bess, the whole procedure unscientific, and outside the rules.

At the report of my gun, a rustle and ratching on a tree, a little ahead, and a fine x-squirrel just whisks into his hole. There a certain lady in my home with whom the uirrel is the favorite of all game; and I ver pass one by. Inserting a BB cardge, I fire into the hole, and through the tten limb; the immense dust and clatter art Sciurus from his hiding-place, and he shes up the tree, ensconcing himself on the pposite side from me. Now for it! Round nd round, across and sideways, I go; at very point, I find him on the other side. The sun is dipping; I am miles from home, and can't wait. Calling my little boy to leave the buggy, and come upon the other side of the tree, I at last have the squirrel on my side, shunning the new danger. It is small glory to add him to my game, though much satisfaction, for the fox-squirrel is the largest and finest of his family.

Now for home. A long ride before us, in the deepening gloaming.

We are on time, now, and shall not leave the buggy to hunt. But game of all kinds must "ware fire!" for old Peter stands the gun. Two miles accomplished, the open prairie is reached; when we see before us a stately crane standing on the grass. A short run as we draw near, a short flight, and he alights again, folding his wings up slowly, as if entirely at ease as to the range even of BBs. And he may be. But there is another thing that he left out of his calculation. Laying by my Parker, I quietly draw my little Howard rifle from its case, slide from the buggy on the side opposite him: and tell my boy to keep slowly on. He misses one from the two,—hunters out here declare that the crane can *count ten*,—and marks a figure standing, motionless, as the buggy passes on. "Croak!" it is too late, a flash, a whip-like report, and the tall bird lies stretched on the prairie. He makes no motion as he lies: a $\frac{44}{100}$ copper cartridge, striking squarely on the side, leaves no life behind. "Plumbed him, didn't it," says Young America, as I load in the game.

Our day and our shooting are done; and with them this sketch of the Autumn Game of the Prairies.

◆

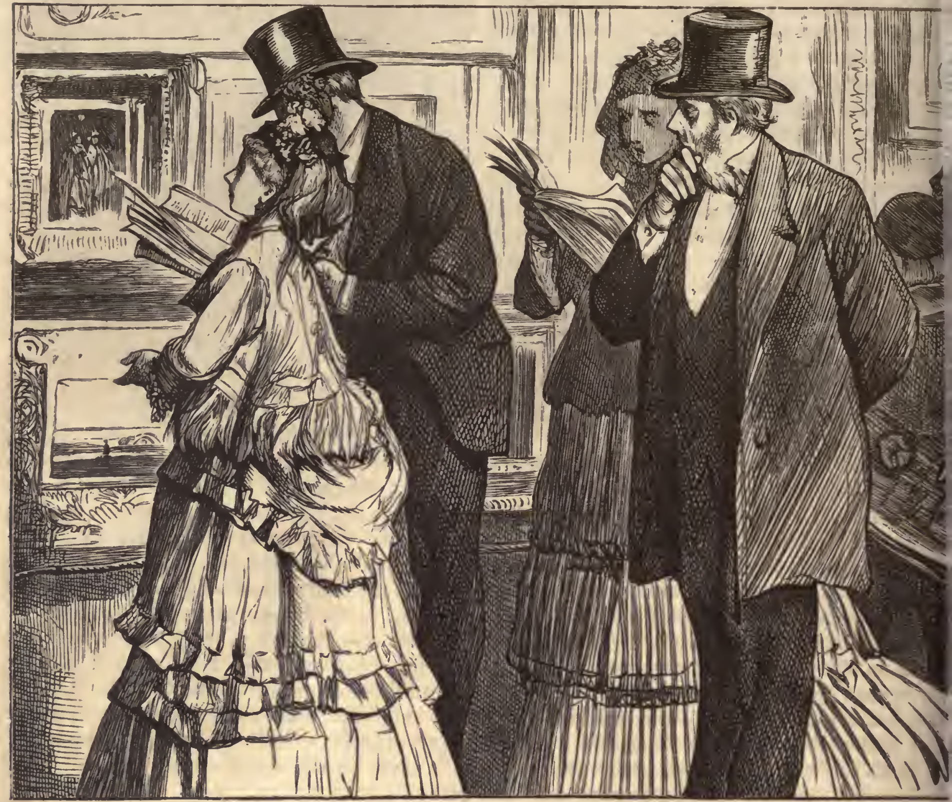
## HER FACE.

It minds me of a landscape in the May,
When rarest mist doth wrap the distant height,
The base smiles clear, and shows the lights at play
And every feature is revealed to sight.

So round her mouth doth light in beauty break,
The power to read her very heart seems given;
But lo! her brow Thought's mystic veil doth take,
And no one sees how near she is to Heaven!

# AT HIS GATES.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.



## CHAPTER XXXII.

The drawing-room within was very different from the wild conflict of light and darkness outside. There was music going on at one end, some people were reading, some talking. There were flirtations in hand, and grave discussions. In short, the evening was being spent as people are apt to spend the evening when there is nothing particular going on. There had been a good deal of private yawning and inspection of watches throughout the evening, and some of the party had already gone to bed, or rather to their rooms, where they could indulge in the happiness of fancying themselves somewhere else — an amusement which is very popular and general in a country house.

But seated in an easy chair by the fire was a tall man, carefully dressed, with diamond studs in his shirt, and a toilette which, though subdued in tone as a gentleman's evening-dress must be, was yet too elaborate for the occasion. The fact that this new guest was a stranger to him, and that his father seated by him in close conversation, mad at once apparent to Ned that it must be den. Clara was close to them listening a look of eager interest to all they s These three made a little detached group one side of the fire. At the other corner Mrs. Burton, with her little feet on a f stool, as near as possible to the fender. had just said good-night to the dignified m bers of the party, the people who had to considered; the others who remained w mere young people, about whose proceedi she did not concern herself. She was tak no part in the talk at the other side of fire. She sat and warmed her little toes pondered; her vivid little mind all astir working, but uninfluenced by, and somew contemptuous of, what was going on arou and her chilly little person basking in ruddy warmth of the fire.

Ned came up and stood by her when came in. No one took any notice of h the few persons who remained in the ro

ıg other affairs in hand. Ned was fond
s mother, though she had never shown
ondness for him. She had done all for
which mere intellect could do. She had
very just to the boy all his life; when
ot into scrapes, as boys will, she had not
ed him up emotionally, it is true, but she
taken all the circumstances into account,
had not judged him harshly. She had
ı tolerant when his father was harsh.
had never lost her temper. He had al-
; felt that he could appeal to her sense
ıstice—to her calm and impartial reason.
; is not much like the confidence with
:h a boy generally throws himself upon his
her's sympathy, yet it was a great deal in
l's case. And accordingly he loved his
her. Mrs. Burton, too, loved him per-
s more than she loved any one. She was
ıg her best to break his heart; but that is
at all uncommon even when parents and
dren adore each other. And then Ned
; not aware that his mother had any share
:ntionally or otherwise in the cruel treat-
nt he had received.

'Who is that?" he asked under his breath.

'A Mr. Golden, a friend of your father's,"
d Mrs. Burton, lifting her eyes and turning
:m calmly upon the person she named.
ere was no feeling in them of one kind or
other, and yet Ned felt that she at least
l not admire Mr. Golden, and it was a com-
t to him. He went forward to the fire, and
ıced himself, as an Englishman loves to do,
front of it. He stood there for ten minutes
so, paying no particular attention to the
nversation on his right hand. His father,
wever, looked more animated than he had
ne for a long time, and Clara was bending
:ward with a faint rose-tint from the fire
ıging the whiteness of her forehead and
roat, and deeper roses glowing on her
ıeeks. Her blue eyes were following Mr.
olden's movements as he spoke, her hair
as shining like crisp gold in the light. She
as such a study of colour, of splendid flesh
ıd blood, as Rubens would have worshipped;
ıd Mr. Golden had discrimination enough
perceive it. He stopped to address him-
lf to Clara. He turned to her, and gave
:r looks of admiration, for which her brother,
tterly enough biassed against him on his
vn account, could have "throttled the fel-
w!" Ned grew more and more wrathful
he looked on. And in the meantime the
te young ladies came fluttering to say good-
ght to their hostess; the young men went off
the smoking-room, where Ned knew he
ıght to accompany them, but did not, being too fully occupied; and thus the family were left alone. Notwithstanding, however, his wrath and his curiosity, it was only the sound of one name which suddenly made the conversation by his side quite articulate and intelligible to Ned.

"I hear the Drummond has a pretty daughter; that is a new weapon for her, Burton. I wonder you venture to have such a family established at your gates."

"The daughter is not particularly pretty; not so pretty by a long way as Helen was," said Mr. Burton. "I don't see what harm she can do with poor little Norah. We are not afraid of her, Clara, are we?" and he looked admiringly at his daughter, and laughed.

As for Clara she grew crimson. She was not a girl of much feeling, but still there was something of the woman in her.

"I don't understand how we could be supposed to be afraid for Norah Drummond," she said.

"But I assure you I do," said Mr. Golden. "Pardon me, but I don't suppose you have seen the Drummond herself, the Drummond mamma—in a fury."

"Father," said Ned, "is Mr. Golden aware that the lady he is speaking of is our relation—and friend? Do you mean to suffer her to be so spoken of in your house?"

"Hold your tongue, Ned."

"Ned! to be sure it is Ned. Why, my boy, you have grown out of all recollection," said Golden, jumping up with a great show of cordiality, and holding out his hand.

Ned bowed, and drew a step nearer his mother. He had his hands in his pockets; there were times, no doubt, when his manners left a great deal to be desired.

"Ah, I see! there are spells," said Mr. Golden, and he took his seat again with a hearty laugh—a laugh so hearty that there seemed just a possibility of strain and forced merriment in it. "My dear Miss Burton," he said, in an undertone, which however Ned could hear, "didn't I tell you there was danger? Here's an example for you, sooner than I thought."

"Mother," said Ned, "can I get your candle? I am sure it is time for you to go up-stairs."

"Yes, and for Clara too. Run away, child, and take care of your roses; Golden and I have some business to talk over; run away. As for you, Ned, to-morrow morning I shall have something to say to you."

"Very well, sir," said Ned solemnly.

He lighted his mother's candle, and he gave her his arm, having made up his mind not to let her go. The sounds of laughter which came faintly from the smoking-room did not tempt him; if truth must be told, they tempted Clara much more, who stood for a moment with her candle in her hand, and said to herself, "What fun they must be having!" and fretted against the feminine fetters which bound her. Such a thought would not have come into Norah's head, nor into Katie Dalton's, nor even into that of Lady Florizel, though it was a foolish little head enough; but Clara, who was all flesh and blood, and had been badly brought up, was the one of those four girls who probably would have impressed most deeply a journalist's fancy as illustrating the social problem of English young womanhood.

Ned led his mother not to her own room, but to his. He made her come in and placed a chair for her before the fire. It is probable that he had sense enough to feel that had he asked her consent to his marriage with Norah Drummond he would have found difficulties in his way; but short of this, he had full confidence in the justice which indeed he had never had any reason to doubt.

"Do you like this man Golden, mother?" he asked. "Tell me, what is his connection with us?"

"His connection, I suppose, is a business connection with your father," said Mrs. Burton. "For the rest, I neither like him nor hate him. He is well enough, I suppose, in his way."

"Mrs. Drummond does not think so," said Ned.

"Ah, Mrs. Drummond! She is a woman of what are called strong feelings. I don't suppose she ever stopped to inquire into the motives of anybody who went against her in her life. She jumps at a conclusion, and reaches it always from her own point of view. According to her view of affairs, I don't wonder, with her disposition, that she should hate him."

"Why, mother?"

"Well," said Mrs. Burton, "I am not in the habit of using words which would come naturally to a mind like Mrs. Drummond's. But from her point of view, I should say, she must believe that he ruined her husband—drove him to suicide, and then did all he could to ruin his reputation. These are things, I allow, which people do not readily forget."

"And, mother, do you believe all this? Is it true?"

"I state it in a different way," she said. "Mr. Golden, I suppose, thought th ness could be redeemed, to start with. he drew poor Mr. Drummond into work in the concern, he did it in a m when there was nobody else to rel And then you must remember, Nec Mr. Drummond had enjoyed a good c profit, and had as much right as any others to suffer in the loss. He was ig of business, to be sure, and did not what he was doing; but then an ig man has no right to go into business. Golden is very sharp, and he had to pr himself if he could. It was quite natu should take advantage of the other's fo ness. And then I don't suppose he imagined that poor Mr. Drummond commit suicide. He himself would have done it under similar circumstan nor your father."

"Had my father anything to do with t said Ned hoarsely.

"That is not the question," said Burton. "But neither the one nor the would have done anything so foolish. were they to suppose Mr. Drummond wo This sort of thing requires a power of r ing other people's ways of thinking whic possess, Ned. After he was dead, an could not be helped, I don't find anyt surprising," she went on, putting her nearer the fire, "in the fact that Mr. Go turned it to his advantage. It could hurt Drummond any more, you know. course it hurt his wife's feelings; but I not clear how far Golden was called upo consider the feelings of Drummond's It was a question of life and death for self. Of course, I do not believe for a ment, and I don't suppose anybody wh opinion is worth considering, could bel that a poor, innocent, silly man destr those books——"

"Mother, I don't know what you speaking of; but it seems to me as if were describing the most devilish piec villany——"

"People do employ such words, no dou said Mrs. Burton calmly; "I don't my But if that is how it appears to your m you are right enough to express yourself Of course, that is Mrs. Drummond's opin I have something to say to you about Drummonds, Ned."

"One moment, mother," he cried, wit tremor and heat of excitement which puz her perhaps more than anything she had met with in the matter. For why sho Ned be disturbed by a thing which did rn him, and which had happened so ago? “You have mentioned my father. have said *they*, speaking of this man's ious—— Was my father concerned?” s. Burton turned, and looked her son in ce. The smallest little ghost of agita- —a shadow so faint that it would not showed upon any other face—glided hers.

That is just the point on which I can you least information,” she said; and after a pause, “Ned,” she continued, are grown up; you are capable of ing for yourself. I tell you I don't I am not often deterred by any from following out a question I am ested in; but I have preferred not to w up this. I put away all the papers, king I might some day care to go into it deeply. You can have them if you To tell the truth,” she added, sinking voice, betrayed into a degree of confi- ce which perhaps she had never given to an creature before, “I think it is a bad that this man has come back.”

A sign of what?”

rs. Burton's agitation increased. Though as the very slightest of agitation, it star- Ned, so unlike was it to his mother.

Ned,” she said, with a shiver that might artly cold, “nobody that I ever heard of strong as their own principles. I do know, if it came to me to have to bear hether I could bear ruin and disgrace.”

Ruin and disgrace!” cried Ned.

I don't know if I have fortitude enough. haps I could by myself; I should feel that as brought about by natural means, and blame was useless and foolish. But if had to bear the comments in the news- ers, the talk of everybody, the reflections our past, I don't know whether I have itude to bear it; I feel as if I could not.”

Mother, has this been in your mind, le I have been thinking you took so little erest? My poor little mamma!”

The wicked little woman! And yet all t she had been saying was perfectly true.

Ned,” she said, with great seriousness, is dread, which I can never get quite out my mind, is the reason why I have been very earnest about the Merewethers. I e never, you know, supported your father's h that you should go into the business. the contrary, I have always endeavoured secure you your own career. I have hed that you at least should be safe——”

Safe!” he cried. “Mother, if there is a sibility of disgrace, how can I, how can any of us, escape from it—and more especially I? And if there is a chance of ruin, why I should be as great a villain as that man is, should I consent to carry it into another house.”

“It is quite a different case,” she cried with some eagerness, seeing she had overshot her mark. “I hope there will be neither; and you have not the least reason to suppose that either is possible. Look round you; go with your father to the office, inspect his concerns as much as you please; you will see nothing but evidences of prosperity. So far as you know, or can know, your father is one of the most prosperous men in England. Nobody would have a word to say against you, and I shall be rich enough to provide for you. If there is any downfall at all, which I do not expect, nobody would ever imagine for a moment that you knew anything of it; and your career and your comfort would be safe.”

“O mother! mother!” Poor Ned turned away from her and hid his face in his hands. This was worse to him than all the rest.

“You ought to think it over most carefully,” she said; “all this is perfectly clear before you. I may have taken fright, though it is not very like me. I may be fanciful enough” (Mrs. Burton smiled at herself, and even Ned in his misery half smiled) “to consider this man as a sort of raven, boding misfortune. But you know nothing about it; there is abundant time for you to save yourself and your credit; and this is the wish which, above everything in the world, I have most at heart, that, if there is going to be any disaster—I don't expect it, I don't believe in it; but mercantile men are always subject to misfortune—you might at least be safe. I will not say anything more about it to-night; but think it over, Ned.”

She rose as she spoke and took up her candle, and her son bent over her and touched her little cold face with his hot lips. “I will send you the papers,” she said as she went away. Strange little shadow of a mother! She glided along the passage, not without a certain maternal sentiment—a feeling that on the whole she was doing what was best for her boy. *She* could provide for him, whatever happened; and if evil came he might so manage as to thrust himself out from under the shadow of the evil. She was a curious problem, this woman; she could enter into Mr. Golden's state of mind, but not into her son's. She could fathom those struggles of self-preservation which might lead a man into fraud and robbery; but she could not enter into those which tore a generous, sensitive, honourable soul in pieces. She was an analyst, with the lowest view of human nature, and not a sympathetic being entering into the hearts of others by means of her own.

No smoking-room, no jovial midnight party, received Ned that night. He sat up till the slow November morning dawned reading those papers; and then he threw himself on his bed, and hid his face from the cold increasing light. A bitterness which he could not put into words, which even to himself it was impossible to explain, filled his heart. There was nothing, or at least very little, about his father in these papers. There was no accusation made against Mr. Burton, nothing that any one could take hold of—only here and there a word of ominous suggestion which chilled the blood in his veins. But Golden's character was not spared by any one; it came out in all its blackness, more distinct even than it could have done at the moment these events occurred. Men had read the story at the time with their minds full of foregone conclusions on the subject—of prejudices and the heat of personal feeling. But to Ned it was history; and as he read, Golden's character stood out before him as in a picture. And this man, this deliberate cold-blooded scoundrel was sleeping calmly under his father's roof—a guest whom his father delighted to honour. Ned groaned, and covered his eyes with his hands to shut out the hazy November morning, as if it were a spy that might find out something from his haggard countenance. Sleep was far from his eyes; his brain buzzed with the unaccustomed crowd of thoughts that whirled and rustled through it. A hundred projects, all very practicable at the first glance and impossible afterwards, flashed before him. The only thing that he never thought of was that which his mother had called the wish of her heart—that he should escape and secure his own career out of the possible fate that might be impending. This, of all projects, was the only one which, first and last, was impossible to Ned.

The first step which he took in the matter was one strangely different. He had to go through all the ordinary remarks of the breakfast-table upon his miserable looks; but he was too much agitated to be very well aware what people were saying to him. He watched anxiously till he saw his father prepare to leave the house. Fortunately Mr. Golden was not with him. Mr. Golden was a man of luxury, who breakfasted late, and had not so much as made his appearance at the hour when Mr. Burton, who above e
thing, was a man of business, started fo
station. Ned went out with him, avo
his mother's eye. He took from his fat
hand a little courier's bag full of papers w
he was taking with him.

"I will carry it for you, sir," he said.

Mr. Burton was intensely surprised;
days were long gone by when Ned w
strut by his side, putting out his ches
imitation of his father.

"Wants some money, I suppose!"
Burton—no longer the boy's proud
genitor, but a wary parent, awake to all
possible snares and traps which are se
such—said to himself.

They had reached the village before
had begun to speak of anything more
portant than the weather or the game. T
he broke into his subject quite abruptly.

"Father," he said, "within the last
days I have been thinking of a great m
things. I have been thinking that for
only son to set his face against business
hard lines on you. Will you tell me fra
whether a fellow like me, trained so di
ently, would be of real use to you? C
I help you to keep things straight, save
from being cheated?—do anything for y
I have changed my ideas on a great m
subjects. This is what I want to know."

"Upon my word a wonderful conversi
said his father with a laugh; "there mus
some famous reason for a change so sud
Help *me* to keep things straight!—Keep
from being cheated! You simpleton!
have at least a capital opinion of yourself.

"But it was with that idea, I suppose,
you thought of putting me into the busine
said Ned, overcoming with an effort his
boyish impulse of offence.

"Perhaps in the long-run," said Mr.
ton jocularly; "but not all at once, my
fellow. Your Greek and your Latin w
do you much service in the city, my b
Though you have taken your degree—ar
deuced deal of money that costs, a g
deal more than it's worth—you would h
to begin by singing very small in the off
You would be junior clerk to begin with
fifty pounds a year. How should you
that suit your plans, my fine gentlem
Ned?"

"Was that all you intended me fo
asked Ned sternly. A rigid air and t
was the best mask he could put upon
bitter mortification.

"Certainly, at first," said Mr. Burt
"but I have changed my mind altogether

ıbject," he added sharply. "I see that altogether deceived in you. You never l be of any use in business. If you were ɔlden's hands, perhaps—but you have ɔurself be influenced by some wretched ır other."

Ias Mr. Golden anything to say to your ess?" asked Ned.

e question took his father by surprise.

:onfound your impudence!" he cried, a keen glance at his son and sputter of sed words, which sounded very much wearing. "What has given you so sud- ın interest in my business, I should like ıow? Do you think I am too old to ge it for myself?"

t was the sight of this man, father," said with boyish simplicity and earnestness, l the knowledge who he was. Couldn't ve you instead of him? I pledge you vord to give up all that you consider ense, to settle steadily to business. I am fool, though I am ignorant. And then ım ignorant, no man could serve you so as your son would, whose interests are ame as yours. Try me! I could serve better than he."

You preposterous idiot!" cried Mr. Bur- who had made two or three changes anger to ridicule while this speech was g delivered. "You serve me better than len!—Golden, by Jove! And may I if I were to accept this splendid offer of s, what would you expect as an equiva- ? My consent to some wretched mar- : or other, I suppose, allowance doubled, e provided, and my blessing, eh? I ɔose that is what you are aiming at. Out it—how much was the equivalent to "

Nothing," said Ned. He had grown ıson; his eyes were cast down, not to ay the feeling in them—a choking sensa- was in his throat. Then he added slowly not even the fifty pounds a year you offer- ne just now—nothing but permission to d by you, to help to—keep danger off."

Ir. Burton took the bag roughly out of hand. "Go home," he said, "you young ; and be thankful I don't chastise you for r impudence. Danger!—I should think were the danger if you were not such a . Go home! I don't desire your further ıpany. A pretty help and defender you ıld be!"

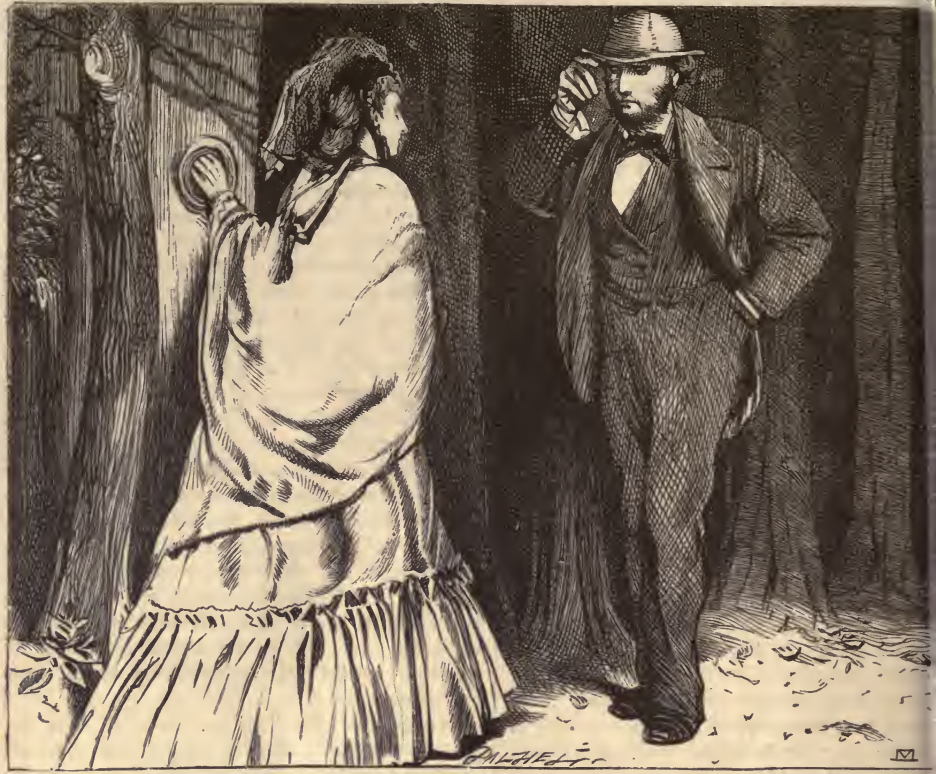
ınd Ned found himself suddenly stand- alone outside the station, his fingers gling with the roughness with which the had been snatched from him. He stood still for half a minute, undecided, and then he turned round and strolled listlessly back along the street. He was very unhappy. His father was still his father, though he had begun to distrust, and had long given over expecting any sympathy from him. And the generous resolution which it had cost him so much pain to make, had not only come to nothing, but had been trampled under foot with derision. His heart was very sore. It was a hazy morning, with a frosty, red sun trying hard to break through the mist; and everything moved swiftly to resist the cold, and every step rang sharp upon the road; except poor Ned's, who had not the heart to do anything but saunter listlessly and slowly, with his hands in his pockets and his eyes fixed wistfully upon nothing. Everything in a moment had become blank to him. He wondered why the people took the trouble to take off their hats to him—to one who was the heir of misery and perhaps of disgrace and ruin, as his mother had said. Ruin and disgrace! What awful words they are when you come to think of it—dreadful to look forward to, and still more dreadful to bear if any man could ever realize their actual arrival to himself!

Norah was standing at the open door of the Gatehouse. He thought for a moment that he would pass without taking any notice; and then it occurred to him in a strange visionary way that it might be the last time he should see her. He stopped, and she said a cold little "Good morning" to him, without even offering her hand. Then a sudden yearning seized poor Ned.

"Norah," he said, in that listless way, "I wish you would say something kind to me to-day. I don't know why I should be so anxious for it, but I think it would do me good. If you knew how unhappy I am——"

"Oh Ned, for heaven's sake don't talk such nonsense," cried impatient Norah. "*You* unhappy, that never knew what it was to have anything go wrong! It makes me quite ill to hear you. You that have got everything that heart can desire; because you can't just exactly have your own way—about—me— Oh, go away; I cannot put up with such nonsense—and to me, too, that knows what real trouble means!"

Poor Ned made no protest against this impatient decision. He put on his hat in a bewildered way, with one long look at her, and then passed, and disappeared within his father's gates. Norah did not know what to make of it. She stood at the door, bewildered



too, ready to wave her hand and smile at him when he looked round; but he never looked round. He went on slowly, listlessly, as if he did not care for anything—doing what both had told him—the father whom he had been willing to give up his life to—the girl who had his heart.

That afternoon he carried out their commands still more fully. He went away from his father's house. On a visit, it was said; but to go away on a visit in the middle of the shooting season, when your father's house is full of guests, was, all the young men thought, the most extraordinary thing which, even in the freedom of the nineteenth century, an only son, deputy master of the establishment, had ever been known to do.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

It was a long time before it was fully understood in Dura what had become of Ned. At first it was said he had gone on a visit, then that he had joined some of his college friends in an expedition abroad; but before spring it began to be fully understood, though nobody could tell how, that Ned had gone off from his home, and that though occasional letters came from him, his family did not always know where he was or v he was about. There was no distinct au rity for this, but the whole neighbourh became gradually aware of it. The gen idea was that he had gone away beca Norah Drummond had refused him; and consequence was that Norah Drummond looked upon with a certain mixture of dis proval and envy by the youthful commun The girls felt to their hearts the grandeur her position. Some were angry, tak Ned's part, and declaring vehemently that had "led him on;" some were sympathe feeling that poor Norah was to be pitied the tragical necessity of dismissing a lov but all felt the proud distinction she h acquired by thus driving a man (they did say boy) to despair. The boys, for the m part, condemned Ned as a muff—but in th hearts felt a certain pride in him, as prov that their side was still capable of a great of decision and despair. As for Norah, wh the news burst upon her, her kind little he was broken. She cried till her pretty e were like an old woman's. She gave hers a violent headache, and turned away from consolation, and denounced herself as wickedest and cruelest of beings. It was

al that Norah should believe it implicitly.
er that scene in the Rectory garden, when
or Ned, in his boyish passion, had half
own the responsibility of his life upon her
ulders, there had been other scenes of a
t unsimilar kind; and there was that last
eting at the door of the Gatehouse, when
had dismissed him so summarily. Oh, if
had only looked round, Norah thought;
d she remembered, with a passing gleam
consolation, that she had intended to wave
r hand to him. "What shall I do? Oh,
at shall I do?" she said, "if—anything
uld happen to him, mamma, I shall have
led him! If anybody calls me a murderess,
hall not have a word to say."

"Not so bad as that, my darling," Helen
d, soothing her; but Helen herself was
ry deeply moved. This was the revenge,
punishment she had dreamt of. By her
ans, whom he had injured so deeply, Regi-
ld Burton's only son had been driven away
m him, and all his hopes and plans for his
y brought to a sudden end. It was revenge;
t the revenge was not sweet. Christianity,
aven knows, has not done all for us which
might have done, but yet it has so far
anged the theories of existence that the
gue craving of the sufferer for punishment
its oppressors gives little gratification when
is fulfilled. Helen was humbled to the dust
th remorse and compunction for the passing
ought, which could scarcely be called an
tention, the momentary, visionary sense of
umph she had felt in her daughter's power
s she believed) to disturb all the plans of the
hers. Now that was done which it had
ven her a vague triumph to think of; and
ough her tears were not so near the surface
Norah's, her shame and pain were deeper.
nd this was all the more the fact because she
red not express it. A word of sympathy
om her (she felt) would have looked like
thing so much as the waving of a flag of
iumph. And, besides, from Ned's own
mily there came no word of complaint.

The Dura people put the very best face upon
possible. Mrs. Burton, who had never
een known to show any emotion in her life,
f course made none of her feelings visible.
er husband declared that "my young fool
f a son" preferred amusing himself abroad
doing any work at home. Clara was the
nly one who betrayed herself. She assured
atie Dalton, in confidence, that she never
ould bear to see that hateful Norah again—
at she was sure it was all her fault. That
ed would never have looked at her had not
he everything in her power to "draw him on"—and then cast him off because somebody better worth having came in her way. Clara's indignation was sharp and vehement. It was edged with her own grievance, which she was not too proud to refer to in terms which could not disguise her feelings. But she was the only one of her house who allowed that Ned's disappearance had any significance. His mother said nothing at all on the subject even to her husband and her child; but in reality it was the severest blow that fate had ever aimed at her. Her hopes for his "career" toppled over like a house of cards. The Merewethers, astounded at the apology which had to be sent in reply to their invitation to Ned for Christmas, suddenly slackened in their friendship. Lady Florizel ceased to write to Clara, and the Marchioness sent no more notes, weighted with gilded coronets, to her dear Mrs. Burton. So far as that noble household was concerned, Ned's prospects had come to an end. The son of so rich a man, future proprietor of Dura, might have been accepted had he been on the spot to press his suit; but the Ladies Merewether were young and fair, and not so poor as to be pressed upon any one. So Lady Florizel and the parliamentary influence sunk into the background; and keenly to the intellectual machine, which served Mrs. Burton instead of a heart, went the blow. This was the moment, she felt, in which Ned could have made himself "safe," and disentangled himself from the fatal web which instinct told her her husband was weaving about his feet. There was no confidence on business matters between Mr. Burton and his wife; but a woman cannot be a man's constant companion for twenty years without divining him, and understanding, without the aid of words, something of what is going on in his mind. She had felt, even before Golden's arrival, a certain vague sense of difficulty and anxiety. His arrival made her sure of it. He had been abroad, withdrawn from the observation of English mercantile society for all these years; but his talents as the pilot of a ship, desperately making way through rocks and sandbanks, were sufficiently well known; and his appearance was confirmation sure to Mrs. Burton of all her fears. Thus she felt in her reticent, silent breast that her boy had thrown up his only chance. The son of the master of Dura could have done so much—the son of a bankrupt could do nothing. He might have withdrawn himself from all risk—established himself in a sure position—had he taken her advice; and he had not taken it. It was the hardest personal blow she had ever received.

It did not move her to tears, as it would have done most women. She had not that outlet for her sorrow; but it disarranged the intellectual machinery for the moment, and made her feel incapable of more thinking or planning. Even her motherhood had thus its anguish, probably as deep an anguish as she was capable of feeling. She was balked once more—her labor was in vain, and her hopes in vain. She had more mind than all of her family put together, and she knew it; but here once more, as so often in her experience, the fleshly part in which she was so weak, overrode the mind, and brought its counsels to nought. It would be hard to estimate the kind and degree of suffering which such a conviction brought.

Time went on, however, as it always does; stole on, while people were thinking of other things, discussing Ned's disappearance and Norah's remorse, and Mr. Nicholas's hopes of a living, and Mary's trousseau. When the first faint glimmer of the spring began, they had another thing to talk of, which was that Cyril Rivers had appeared on the scene again, often coming down from London to spend a day, and then so ingratiating himself with the Rectory people, and even with Nicholas, the bridegroom elect, that now and then he was asked to spend a night. This time, however, he was not invited to the great house; neither would Mrs. Drummond ask him, though he was constantly there. She was determined that nobody should say she drew him on this time, people said. But the fact was that Helen's heart was sick of the subject altogether, and that she would have gone out of her way to avoid any one who had been connected with the Burtons, or who might be supposed to minister to that revenge of which she was so bitterly ashamed. While Cyril Rivers went and came to Dura village, Mr. Golden became an equally frequent visitor at the House. The city men in the white villas had been filled with consternation at the first sight of him; but latterly began to make stiff returns to his hearty morning salutations when he went up to town along with them. It was so long ago; and nothing positively had been proved against him; and it was hard, they said, to crush a man altogether, who, possibly, was trying to amend his ways. Perhaps they would have been less charitable had he been living anywhere else than at the great house. Gradually, however, his presence became expected in Dura; he was always there when there were guests or festivities going on. And never had the Burtons been so gay. They seemed to celebrate their son's departure by a double rush of dissi tion. The idea of any trouble being near pleasant, so brilliant a place was ridicul and whatever Mrs. Burton's thoughts on subject might have been, she said nothi but sent out her invitations, and assemb her guests with her usual calm. The Rect people were constantly invited, and so ind were the Drummonds, though neither No nor her mother had the heart to go.

Things were in this gay and festive st when Mr. Baldwin suddenly one morn paid his daughter a visit. It was not one his usual visits, accompanied by the t aunts, and the old man-servant and the t maids. These visits had grown rarer of la Mrs. Burton had so many guests, and of s rank, that to arrange the days for her fat on which the minister of the chapel could asked to dinner, and a plain joint provid grew more and more difficult; while the people grew more and more alarmed and dignant at the way Clara was going on. " dress alone must cost a fortune," her a Louisa said. "And the boy brought up if he were a young Lord; and the girl ne to touch a needle nor an account-book in life," said Mrs. Everest; and they all kn by experience that to "speak to" Clara w quite futile. "She will take her own w brother, whatever you say," was the verd of both; and Mr. Baldwin knew it was a tr one. Nevertheless, there came a day wh he felt it was his duty to speak to Clara. " have something to say to Haldane; and som thing to arrange with the chapel manager he said apologetically to his sisters; and we down all alone, in his black coat and white tie, with his hat very much on the ba of his head, to his daughter's great house.

"I have got some business with Halda and with the chapel managers," he said, peating his explanation; "and I thought I was here, Clara, I might as well come and see you."

"You are very welcome always, papa."

"But I don't know if I shall be welco to-day," he went on, "because I want speak to you, Clara."

"I know," she said, with a faint smil "about our extravagance and all that. It of no use. I may as well say this to you once. I cannot stop it if I would; and don't know that I would stop it if I could."

"Do you know," he said, coming forwa to her, and laying his hand on her should for though he wore his hat on the back of head, and took the chair at public meeting he was a kind man, and loved his only chil o you know, Clara, that in the City—you y despise the City, my dear, but it is all-ortant to your husband—do you know y say Burton is going too fast? I wish I ld contradict it, but I can't. They say in a bad way. They say——"

Tell me everything, papa. I am quite to bear it."

Well, my dear, I don't want to make you appy," said Mr. Baldwin, drawing a long ath, "but people do begin to whisper, in best-informed circles, that he is very vily involved."

'Well?" she said, looking up at him. too drew a long breath, her face, perhaps, ed by the tenth of the tint. But her blue s looked up undaunted, without a shadow hem. Her composure, her calm question, ve even Mr. Baldwin, who was used to daughter's ways, half out of himself.

Well?" he cried. "Clara, you must be d. If this is so, what can you think of rself, who never try to restrain or to rem- ?—who never made an attempt to retrench save a penny? If your husband has even slightest shadow of embarrassment in his iness, is this great, splendid house, full of sts and entertainments, the way to help through?"

'It is as good a way as any other," she l, still looking at him. "Papa, you speak ignorance of both him and me. I don't w his circumstances; he does not tell me. s he that enjoys all this; not me. And if really should be in danger, I suppose he ks he had better enjoy it as long as he ; and that is my idea too."

'Enjoy it as long as he can! Spend other ple's money in every kind of folly and ravagance!" cried Mr. Baldwin aghast. lara, you must be mad."

'No, indeed," she said quietly. "I am y much in my senses. I know nothing ut other people's money. I cannot con- l Mr. Burton in his business, and he does tell me. But don't suppose I have not ught this all over. I have taken every cumstance into consideration, papa, and ry possibility. If we should ever be ned, we shall have plenty to bear when t comes. There is Clary to be taken into sideration too. If there were only two s between Mr. Burton and bankruptcy I uld give a ball on one of those days. ry has a right to it. This will be her only ment if what you say is true."

To describe Mr. Baldwin's consternation, utter amazement, the eyes with which he templated his child, would be beyond my power. He could not, as people say, believe his ears. It seemed to him as if he must be mistaken, and that her words must have some other meaning, which he did not reach.

"Clara," he said, faltering, "you are beyond me. I hope you understand yourself —what—you mean. It is beyond me."

"I understand it perfectly," she said; and then, with a little change of tone, "You understand, papa, that I would not speak so plainly to any one but you. But to you I need not make any secret. If it comes to the worst, Clary and I—Ned has deserted us —will have enough to bear."

"You will always have your settlement, my dear," said her father, quite cowed and overcome, he could not tell why.

"Yes. I shall have my settlement," she said calmly; "but there will be enough to bear."

It was rather a relief to the old man when Clary came in, before whom nothing more could be said. And he was glad to hurry off again, with such astonishment and pain in his heart as an honest couple might have felt who had found a perverse fairy changeling in their child's cradle. He had thought that he knew his daughter. "Clara has a cold exterior," he had said times without number; "but she has a warm heart." Had she a heart at all? he asked himself; had she a conscience? What was she?—a woman or a—— The old man could have stopped on the way and wept. He was an honest old man, and a kind, but what kind of a strange being was this whom he had nourished so long in his heart? It was a relief to him to get among his chapel managers, and regulate their accounts; and then he took Mr. Truston, the minister, by the arm, and walked upon him. "Come with me and see Haldane," he said. Mr. Truston was the same man who had wanted to be faithful to Stephen about the Magazine, but never had ventured upon it yet.

"I am afraid you are ill," said the minister. "Lean upon me. If you will come to my house and take a glass of wine."

"No, no; with my daughter so near I should never be a charge to the brethren," said Mr. Baldwin. "And so poor Haldane gets no better? It is a terrible burden upon the congregation in Ormond Road."

"It must be indeed. I am sure they have been very kind; many congregations——"

"Many congregations would have thrown off the burden utterly; and I confess since they have heard that he has published again, and has been making money by his books——"

"Ah, yes; a literary man has such advantages," said the minister with a sigh.

He did not want to favour the congregation in Ormond Road to the detriment of one of his own cloth; and at the same time it was hard to go against Mr. Baldwin, the lay bishop of the denomination. In this way they came to the Gatehouse. Stephen had his proofs before him, as usual; but the pile of manuscripts was of a different complexion. They were no longer any pleasure to him. The work was still grateful, such as it was, and the power of doing something; but to spend his life recording tea-meetings was hard. He raised his eyes to welcome his old friend with a certain doubt and almost alarm. He too knew that he was a burden upon the congregation in Ormond Road.

"My dear fellow, my dear Stephen!" the old man said, very cordially shaking his hand, "why you are looking quite strong. We shall have him dashing up to Ormond Road again, Mrs. Haldane, and giving out his text, before we know where we are."

Stephen shook his head, with such attempt at smiling as was possible. Mr. Baldwin, however, was not so much afraid of breaking bad news to him as he had been at the great house.

"It is high time you should," he continued, rubbing his hands cheerfully; "for the friends are falling sadly off. We want you there, or somebody like you, Haldane. How we are to meet the expenses next year is more than I can say."

A dead silence followed. Miss Jane, who had been arranging Stephen's books in the corner, stopped short to listen. Mrs. Haldane put on her spectacles to hear the better; and poor Mr. Truston, dragged without knowing it into the midst of such a scene, looked around him as if begging everybody's forbearance, and rubbed his hands faintly too.

"The fact is, my dear Haldane—it was but for five years—and now we've come to the end of the second five—and you have been making money by your books, people say——"

It was some little time before Stephen could answer, his lips had grown so dry. "I think—I know—what you mean," he said.

"Yes. I am afraid that is how it must be. Not with my will—not with my will," said Mr. Baldwin; "but then you see people say you have been making money by your books."

"He has made sixteen pounds in two years," said Miss Jane.

Stephen held up his hand hurriedly. "I know how it must be," he said. "Everybody's patience, of course, must give w last."

"Yes—that is just about how it is."

There was very little more said. Baldwin picked up his hat, which he hac on the floor, and begged the minister to him his arm again. He shook hands affectionately with everybody; he gave t as it were, his blessing. They all bore people ought to bear a great shock, with faces, without any profane levity. " take it very well," he said, as he went "They are good people. Oh, my Truston, I don't know a greater sign of difference between the children of this v and the children of the light than the w which they receive a sudden blow."

He had given two such blows withi hour; he had a right to speak. And in cases, different as was the mien of sufferers, the blow itself had all the ap ance of a *coup de grâce*. It had not curred to Mr. Baldwin, when he made classification, that it was his own whom he had taken as the type of the dren of wrath. He thought of it in the rail going home; and it troubled him. " Clara! her brain must be affected," thought; he had never heard of anythin heathenish as her boldly-professed detern tion to give a ball, if need was, on the ev her husband's bankruptcy, and for the re that they would have a right to it. It horr him a great deal more than if she had ri somebody else's money in trade and Poor Clara! what might be coming upon But, anyhow, he reflected, she had her se ment, and that she was a child of n prayers.

Mrs. Burton said nothing of this st which had fallen upon her. It made fears into certainty, and she took cer steps accordingly, but told nobody. Stephen's room at the Gatehouse there silence, too, all the weary afternoon. T had lost the half of their living at a b The disaster was too great, too sudden overwhelming to be spoken of; and to of them, to him who was helpless and c do nothing, it tasted like the very bitter of death.

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

Mrs. Burton said nothing about troubles to any one: she avoided ra than sought confidential intercourse her husband. She formed her plans declined to receive any further informa on the subject. Her argument to her that no one could have any right to pose she knew. When the crash came, come it must, she would be universally sidered the first of the victims. The y fact of her entertainments and splenurs would be so much evidence that she w nothing about it—and indeed what did know? her own fears and suspicions, her ier's hints of coming trouble—nothing re. Her husband had never said a warnword to her which betrayed alarm or iety. She stood on the verge of the preice, which she felt a moral certainty was ore her, and made her arrangements like queen in the plenitude of her power. here will be enough to bear," she repeated herself. She called all the county about in these spring months before people had yet gone to town. She made Dura blaze h lights and echo with music: she filled full of guests. She made her entertainnts on so grand a scale, that everything that d hitherto been known there was thrown o the shade. The excitement, so far as citement could penetrate into her steady le soul, sustained and kept her up; or at st the occupation did, and the thousand rangements, big and little, which were cessary. If her husband was ever tempted seek her sympathy in these strange wild lliant days which passed like a dream—if burden on his shoulders ever so bowed the an down that he would have been glad to an it upon hers, it is impossible to say; looked at her sometimes wondering what s in her mind; but he was not capable of derstanding that clear determined intellince. He thought she had got fairly into e whirl of mad dissipation and enjoyed it. he was playing into his hands, she was ing the best that could be done to veil his ttering steps, and divert public attention om his business misfortunes. He had no ore idea why she was doing it, or with what liberate conscious steps she was marching rward to meet ruin, than he had of any other comprehensible wonder in heaven or earth.

The Haldanes made no secret of the stress which had fallen upon them. It was less loss than the cost of one of Mrs. urton's parties, but it was unspeakable to em who had no way of replacing it. By ne of those strange coincidences, however, hich occur so often when good people are riven to desperation, Stephen's publisher uite unexpectedly sent him in April a heque for fifty pounds, the produce of his st book, a book which he had called "The Window," and which was a kind of moral of his summer life and thoughts. It was not, he himself thought, a very good book; it was a medley of fine things and poor things, not quite free from that personal twaddle which it is so difficult to keep out of an invalid's or a recluse's view of human affairs. But then the British public is fond of personal twaddle, and liked those bits best which the author was most doubtful about. It was a cheap little work, published by one of those firms which are known as religious publishers; and nothing could be more unexpected, more fortunate, more consoling, than this fifty pounds. Mrs. Haldane, with a piety which, perhaps, was a little contemptuous of poor Stephen's powers, spoke of it, with tears in her eyes, as an answer to prayer; while Miss Jane, who was proud of her brother, tried to apportion the credit, half to Providence and half to Stephen; but anyhow it made up the lost allowance for the current year, and gave the poor souls time to breathe.

All this time the idea which had come into Dr. Maurice's mind on the day of the picnic in October had been slowly germinating. He was not a man whose projects ripened quickly, and this was a project so delicate that it took him a long time to get it fully matured, and to accustom himself to it. It had come to full perfection in his mind when in the end of April Mrs. Drummond received a letter from him, inviting Norah and herself to go to his house for a few days, to see the exhibitions and other shows which belong to that period of the year. This was an invitation which thrilled Norah's soul within her. She was at a very critical moment of her life. She had lost the honest young lover of her childhood, the boy whose love and service had grown so habitual to her that nobody but Norah knew how dreary the winter had been without him; and she was at present exposed to the full force of attentions much more close, much more subtle and skilful, but perhaps not so honest and faithful. Norah had exchanged the devotion of a young man who loved her as his own soul, for the intoxicating homage of a man who was very much in love with her, but who knew that his prospects would be deeply injured, and his position compromised, did he win the girl whom he wooed with all the fascinations of a hero in a romance, and all the persistency of a mind set upon having its own way. His whole soul was set upon winning her; but what to do afterwards was not so clear, and Rivers, like many another adventurer in love and in war, left the morrow to provide for itself. But Norah was very reluctant to be won. Sometimes, indeed, capitulation seemed very near at hand, but then her lively little temper would rise up again, or some hidden susceptibility would be touched, or the girl's independent soul would rise in arms against the thought of being subjugated like a young woman in a book by this "novel-hero!" What were his dark eyes, his speaking glances, his skilful inference of a devotion above words, to her? Had not she read about such wiles a thousand times? And was it not an understood rule that the real hero, the true lover, the first of men, was never this bewitching personage, but the plainer, ruder man in the background, with perhaps a big nose, who was not very lovely to look upon? These thoughts contended in Norah with the fascinations of him whom she began to think of as the *contre-héros*. The invitation to London was doubly welcome to her, insomuch that it interrupted this current of thought, and gave her something new to think about. She was fond of Dr. Maurice: she had not been in town since she was a child: she wanted to see the parks and the pictures, and all the stir and tumult of life. For all these six years, though Dura was so near town, the mother and daughter had never been in London. And it looked so bright to Norah, bright with all the associations of her childhood, and full of an interest which no other place could ever have in its associations with the terrible event which ended her childhood. "You will go, mamma?" she said, wistfully reading the letter a second time over her mother's shoulder. And Helen, who felt the need of an interruption and something new to think of as much as her child did, answered "Yes."

Dr. Maurice was more excited about the approaching event than they were, though he had to take no thought about his wardrobe, and they had to take a great deal of thought; the question of Norah's frocks was nothing to his fussiness and agitation about the ladies' rooms and all the arrangements for their comfort. He invited an old aunt who lived near to come and stay with him for the time of the Drummonds' visit, a precaution which seemed to her, as it seems to me, quite unnecessary. I do not think Helen would have had the least hesitation in going to his house at her age, though there had been no chaperon. It was he who wanted the chaperon: he was quite coy and bashful about the business altogether: and the old aunt, who was a sharp old lady, was not only much amused, but had her suspicions aroused. In the afternoon fore his visitors arrived, he was partic fidgety. "If you want to go out, Henry, receive your guests," the old lady saic without a chuckle of suppressed amuse "probably they will only arrive in tin get dressed before dinner. You may them to me."

"You are very kind," said the dc but he did not go away. He walked one end of the big drawing-room to other, and looked at himself in the n between the windows, and the mirror the mantelpiece. And then he took u position before the fireplace, where of c there was nothing but cut paper. " absurd are all the relations between and women," he said, "and how is it I cannot ask my friend's widow, a wo in middle life, to come to my house— out——"

"Without having me?" said the a "My dear Henry, I have told you befo I think you could. I have no patience the freedom of the present day, in res to young people, but, so far as this go think you are too particular—I am sure could——"

"You must allow me to be the best ju aunt, of a matter that concerns myself," Dr. Maurice, with gentle severity. "I k very well what would happen: there wo be all sorts of rumours and reports. Pe might not, perhaps, say there was anyth absolutely wrong between us— Pray ma ask what you are laughing at?"

For the old lady had interrupted him a low laugh, which it was beyond her po to keep in.

"Nothing, my dear, nothing," she said a little alarm. "I am sure I beg your don, Henry. I had no idea you were sensitive. How old may this lady be?"

"The question is not about this lady, dear aunt," he answered in the dogma impatient tone which was so unlike h "but about any lady. It might happen be a comfort to me to have a housekeepe could rely on. It would be a great pleas to be able to contribute to the comfort Robert Drummond's family, poor fell But I dare not. I know the arrangem would no sooner be made than the wo would say all sorts of things. How old Mrs. Drummond? She was under twe when they were married, I know—and p Drummond was about my own age. That let me see, how long ago? Norah is ab eighteen, between eighteen and ninete er mother must be nearly, if not quite, ty, I should think——"

"Then, my dear Henry——" began the l lady.

"Why, here they are," he said, rushing to e window. But it was only a cab next or, or over the way. He went back to his sition with a little flush upon his middle- ed countenance. "My dear aunt," he re- med, with a slight tremor in his voice, "it not a matter that can be discussed, I as- re you. I know what would happen; and know that poor Helen—I mean Mrs. Drum- ond—would never submit to anything that ould compromise her as Norah's mother. ven if she were not very sensitive on her vn account, as women generally are, as orah's mother of course she requires to be ubly careful. And here am I, the oldest end they have, as fond of that child as if e were my own, and prevented by an ab- rd punctilio from taking them into my use, and doing my best to make her happy! s I said before, the relations between men d women are the most ridiculous things in e world."

"But I do think, Henry, you make too uch of the difficulties," said the old aunt, isying herself with her work, and not ven- ring to say more.

"You must allow me to be the best judge," said, with a mixture of irritation and supe- rity. "You may know the gossip of the awing-rooms, which is bad enough, I don't ubt; but I know what *men* say."

"Oh, then, indeed, my poor Henry," said e old lady, with vivacity, eagerly seizing the portunity to have one shot on her own side, I can only pray, Good Lord deliver you; r everybody knows there never was a bad ece of scandal yet, but it was a man that t it on foot."

Aunt Mary thus had the last word, and tired with flying colors, and in very high ather from the conflict; for at this moment e Drummonds arrived, and Dr. Maurice ished down-stairs to meet them. The old nt was a personage very well worth know- g, though she has very little to do with this story, and it was with mingled curiosity and nusement that she watched for the entrance Mrs. Drummond and her daughter. It ould be a very wise step for him anyhow to arry, she thought. The Maurice family ere very well off, and there were not many oung offshoots of the race to contend for the octor's money. Was he contemplating the lea of a wife young enough to be his aughter? or had he really the good sense to think of a woman about his own age? Aunt Mary, though she was a woman herself, and quite ready to stand up for her own side, considered Helen Drummond, under forty, as about his own age, though he was over fifty. But as the question went through her mind, she shook her head. She knew a great many men who had made fools of themselves by marrying, or wishing to marry, the girl young enough to be their daughter; but the other class, who had the good sense, &c., were very rare indeed.

There was, however, very little light thrown upon the subject by Aunt Mary's observations that evening. Mrs. Drummond was very grave, almost sad; for the associations of the house were all melancholy ones, and her last visit to it came back very closely into her memory as she entered one room—the great old gloomy dining-room—where Norah, a child, had been placed by Dr. Maurice's side at table on that memorable occasion, while she, unable even to make a pretence of eating, sat and looked on. She could not go back now into the state which her mind had been in on that occasion. Everything was calmed and stilled, nay, chilled by this long interval. She could think of her Robert without the sinking of the heart—the sense of hopeless loneliness—which had moved her then. The wound had closed up: the blank, if it had not closed up, had acquired all the calmness of a long-recognized fact. She had made up her mind long since, that the happiness which she could not then consent to part with, was over for her. That is the great secret of what is called resignation: to consent and agree that what you have been in the habit of calling happiness is done with; that you must be content to fill its place with something else, something less. Helen had come to this. She no longer looked for it—no longer thought of it. It was over for her, as her youth was over. Her heart was tried, not by active sorrow, but by a heavy sense of past pain; but that did not hinder her from taking her part in the conversation—from smiling at Norah's sallies, at her enthusiasm, at all the height of her delight in the pleasure Dr. Maurice promised her. Norah was the principal figure in the scene. She was surrounded on every side by that atmosphere of fond partiality in which the flowers of youth are most ready to unfold themselves. Dr. Maurice was even fonder than her mother, and more indulgent; for Helen had the jealous eye which marks imperfections, and that intolerant and sovereign love which cannot put up with a flaw or a speck in those it cherishes. To Dr. Maurice the specks and flaws were beauties. Norah led the conversation, was gay for every one, talked for every one. And the old aunt laughed within herself, and shook her head: "He cannot keep his eyes off her; he cannot see anything but perfection in her,—but she is a mere excited child, and her mother is a beautiful woman," said Aunt Mary to herself; "man's taste and woman's, it is to be supposed, will be different to the end of time." But after she had made this observation, the old lady was struck by the caressing, fatherly ways of her nephew towards this child. He would smooth her hair when he passed by her; would take her hand into his, unconsciously, and pat it; would lay his hand upon her shoulder; none of which things he would have ventured to do had he meant to present himself to Norah as her lover. He even kissed her cheek, when she said good-night, with uncontrollable fondness, yet unmistakable composure. What did the man mean?

He had sketched out a very pretty programme for them for their three days. Next evening they were to go to the theatre: the next again, to an opera. Norah could not walk, she danced as she went up-stairs. "The only thing is, will my dress do?" she said, as she hung about her mother in the pretty fresh room, new prepared, and hung with bright chintz, in which Mrs. Drummond was lodged. Could it have been done on purpose? For certainly the other rooms in the house still retained their dark old furniture; dark-coloured, highly-polished mahogany, with deep red and green damask curtains—centuries old, as Norah thought. Mrs. Drummond was surprised, too, at the aspect of this room. She was more than surprised, she was almost offended, by the presence of the old aunt as chaperon. "Does the man think I am such a fool as to be afraid of him?" she wondered, with a frown and a smile, but gave herself up to Norah's pleasure, rejoicing to see that the theatre and the opera were strong enough to defeat for the moment and drive from the field both Cyril and Ned. And the next day, and the next, passed like days of paradise to Norah. She drove about in Dr. Maurice's carriage, and laughed at her own grandeur, and enjoyed it. She called perpetually to her mother to notice ladies walking who were like themselves. "That is what you and I should be doing, if it were not for this old darling of a doctor! trudging along in the sun, getting hot and red——"

"But think, you little sybarite, that is what we shall be doing to-morrow," cried He half amused and half afraid.

"No, the day after to-morrow," said No "and then it will be delightful. We can l at the people in the carriages, and say, ' are as good as you;—we looked down u you yesterday.' And mamma, we are go to the opera to-night!"

"You silly child," Helen said. But to e that danced so, and cheeks that glowed what could any mother say?

It was the after-piece after that opera, h ever, which was what neither mother daughter had calculated upon, but which, doubt, was the special cause of their inv tion, and of the new chintz in the bedroo and of all the expense Dr. Maurice had b at. Norah was tired when they got ho She had almost over-enjoyed herself. chattered so that no one could say a wo Her cheeks were blazing with exciteme When the two elder people could get a he ing, they sent her off to bed, though she p tested she had not said half she had to s "Save it up for to-morrow," said Dr. Mauri "and run off and put yourself to bed, o shall have you ill on my hands. Mrs. Dru mond, send her away."

"Go, Norah, dear, you are tired," s Helen.

Norah stood protesting, with her pre white cloak hanging about her; her ro ribbons a little in disorder; her eyes like t sunbeams. How fondly her old friend look at her; with what proud, tender, adori fatherly admiration! If Aunt Mary had been away in bed, then at least she m have divined. Dr. Maurice lit her can and took her to the door. He stooped do suddenly to her ear and whispered, "I ha something to say to your mother." Nor could not have explained the sensation t came over her. She grew chill to her ve fingers' ends, and gave a wondering glance him, then accepted the candle without a wo and went away. The wonder was still her eyes when she got up-stairs, and looked herself in the glass. Instead of throwing her cloak to see how she looked, as is a gi first impulse, she stared blankly into the gla and could see nothing but that surpri What could he be going to talk about? Wh would her mother say?

Helen had risen to follow her daught but Dr. Maurice came back, having clos the door carefully, and placed a chair for h "Mrs. Drummond, can you give me t minutes? I have something to say to you he said.

"Surely," said Helen; and she took her seat, somewhat surprised; but not half so much surprised as Norah was, nor, indeed, so much as Dr. Maurice was, now that matters had finally come to a crisis, to find himself in such an extraordinary position. Helen ran lightly over in her mind a number of subjects on which he might be going to speak to her; but the real subject never entered her thoughts. He did not sit down, though he had given her a chair. He moved about uneasily in front of her, changing his attitude a dozen times in a minute, and clearing his throat. "He is going to offer me money for Norah," was Helen's thought.

"Mrs. Drummond," he said—and his beginning confirmed her in her idea—"I am not a—marrying man, as you know. I am—past the age—when men think of such things. I am on the shady side of fifty, though not very far gone; and you are—about forty, I suppose?"

"Thirty-nine," said Helen, with more and more surprise, and yet with the natural reluctance of a woman to have a year unjustly added to her age.

"Well, well, it is very much the same thing. I never was in love that I know of, at least not since;—and—and—that sort of thing, of course, is over for—you."

"Dr. Maurice, what do you mean?" cried Helen in dismay.

"Well, it is not very hard to guess," he said doggedly. "I mean that you are past the love-business, you know, and I—never came to it, so to speak. Look here, Helen Drummond, why shouldn't you and I, if it comes to that—marry? If I durst do it I'd ask you to come and live here, and let Norah be child to both of us, without any nonsense between you and me. But that can't be done, as you will easily perceive. Now, I am sure we could put up with one another as well as most people, and we have one strong bond between us in Norah—and —I could give her everything she wishes for. I could and I would provide for her when I die. You are not one to want pretences made to you, or think much of a sacrifice for your child's sake. I am not so vain but to allow that it might be a sacrifice—to us both."

"Dr. Maurice," said Helen, half laughing, half sobbing, "if this is a joke——"

"Joke! am I in the way of making such jokes? Why, it has cost me six months to think this joke out. There is no relaxation of the necessary bonds that I would not be ready to allow. You know the house and my position, and everything I could offer. As for settlements, and all business of that kind——"

"Hush," she said. "Stop!" She rose up and held out her hand to him. There were tears in her eyes; but there was also a smile on her face, and a blush which went and came as she spoke. "Dr. Maurice," she said, "don't think that I cannot appreciate the pure and true friendship for Robert and me——"

"Just so, just so!" he interposed, nodding his head; he put his other hand on hers, and patted it as he had patted Norah's, but he did not again look her in the face. The elderly bachelor had grown shy—he did not know why; the most curious sensation, a feeling quite unknown to him was creeping about the region of his heart.

"And the love for Norah——" resumed Helen.

"Just so, just so."

"Which have made you think of this. But—but—but——" She stopped; she had been running to the side of tears, when suddenly she changed her mind. "But I think it is all a mistake! I am quite ready to come and stay with you, to keep house for you, to let you have Norah's company, when you like to ask us. I don't want any chaperon. Your poor, dear, good aunt! Dr. Maurice," cried Helen, her voice rising into a hysterical laugh, "I assure you it is all a mistake."

He let her hand drop out of his. He turned away from her with a shrug of his shoulders. He walked to the table and screwed up the moderator lamp, which had run down. Then he came back to his former position and said, "I am much more in the world than you are; you will permit me to consider myself the best judge in this case. It is not a mistake. And I have no answer from you to my proposal as yet."

Then Helen's strength gave way. The more serious view which she had thrust from her, which she had rejected as too solemn, came back. The blush vanished from her face, and so did the smile. "You were his friend," she said with quivering lips. "You loved him as much as any one could, except me. Have you forgotten you are speaking to—Robert's wife?"

"Good Lord!" cried Dr. Maurice, with sudden terror; "but he is dead."

"Yes, he is dead; but I do not see what difference that makes; when a woman has once been a man's wife, she is so always. If there is any other world at all, she must be so always. I hate the very name of widow!" cried Helen, vehemently, with the tears glittering in her eyes. "I abhor it; I don't believe in it. I am his wife!"

Dr. Maurice was a man who had always held himself to be invincible to romantic or high-flown feelings. But somehow he was startled by this view of the question. It had not occurred to him before; for the moment it staggered him, so that he had to pause and think it over. Then he said, "Nonsense!" abruptly. "Mrs. Drummond, I cannot think that such a view as this is worth a moment's consideration; it is against both reason and common sense."

She did not make any reply; she made a movement of her hand, deprecating, expostulating, but she would not say any more.

"And Scripture, too," said Dr. Maurice, triumphantly; "it is quite against Scripture." Then he remembered that this was not simply an argument in which he was getting the better, but a most practical question. "If it is disagreeable to you, it is a different matter," he said; "but I had hoped, with all the allowances I was ready to make, and for Norah's sake——"

"It is not disagreeable, Dr. Maurice; it is simply impossible, and must always be so," she said.

Then there was another silence, and the two stood opposite to each other, not looking at each other, longing both for something to free them. "In that case I suppose there had better be no more words on the subject," he said, turning half away.

"Except thanks," she cried; "thanks for the most generous thoughts, the truest friendship. I will never forget——"

"I do not know how far it was generous," he said moodily, and he got another candle and lighted it for her, as he had done for Norah; "and the sooner you forget the better. Good night."

Good night! When he looked round the vacant room a moment after, and felt himself alone, it seemed to Dr. Maurice as if he had been dreaming. He must have fallen down suddenly from some height or other—fallen heavily and bruised himself, he thought—and so woke up out of an odd delusion quite unlike him, which had arisen he could not tell how. It was a very curious sensation. He felt sore and downcast, sadly disappointed and humbled in his own conceit. It had not even occurred to him that the matter might end in this way. He gave a long sigh, and said aloud, "Perhaps it is quite as well it has ended so. Probably we should not have liked it had we tried it," and then went up to h lonely chamber, hearing, as he thought, h step echo over all the vacant house. Yes, was a vacant house. He had chosen that should be years ago, and yet the feeling no was dreary to him, and it would never be an thing but vacant for all the rest of his life.

### CHAPTER XXXV.

It was difficult for the two who had thu parted at night to meet again at the breakfas table next morning without any sign of tha encounter, before the sharp eyes of Aunt Mary and Norah's youthful, vivacious powers o observation. Dr. Maurice was the one wh found the ordeal most hard. He was sullen and had a headache, and talked very little not feeling able for it. "You are bilious Henry; that is what it is," the aunt said But though he was over fifty, and prided himself on his now utterly prosaic character, the doctor felt wounded by such an explanation He did not venture to glance at Helen, even when he shook hands with her; though he had a lurking curiosity within him to see how she looked, whether triumphant or sympathetic He knew that he ought to have been gay and full of talk, to put the best face possible upon his downfall; but he did not feel able to do it; not to feel sore, not to feel small, and miserable, and disappointed, was beyond his powers. Helen was not gay either, nor at all triumphant; she felt the embarrassment of the position as much as he did; but in these cases it is the woman who generally has her wits most about her; and Mrs. Drummond, who was conscious also of her child's jealous inspection, talked rather more than usual. Norah had demanded to know what the doctor had to say on the previous night; a certain dread was in her mind. She had felt that something was coming, something that threatened the peace of the world. "What did he say to you, mamma?" she had asked anxiously. "Nothing of importance," Helen had replied. But Norah knew better; and all that bright May morning, while the sunshine shone out of doors, even though it was in London, and tempted the country girl abroad, she kept by her mother's side, and watched her with suspicious eyes. Had Norah known the real state of affairs, her shame and indignation would have known no bounds; but Helen made so great an effort to dismiss all consciousness from her face and tone, that the child was balked at last, and retired from the field. Aunt Mary, who had experience to back her, saw more clearly. Whatever had been going to happen had happened, she perceived, and had not been successful. Thus they all breakfasted, watching each other. Helen being the only one who knew everything and betrayed nothing. After breakfast they were going to the Exhibition. It had been deferred to this day, which was to be their last.

"I do not think I will go," said Dr. Maurice; and then he caught Norah's look full of disappointment, which was sweet to him. "*You* want me, do you, child?" he asked. There was a certain ludicrous pathos in the emphasis which was almost too much for Helen's gravity, though, indeed, laughter was little in her thoughts.

"Of course I want you," said Norah; "and so does mamma. Fancy sending us away to wander about London by ourselves! That was not what you invited us for, surely, Dr. Maurice? And then after the pictures, let us have another splendid drive in the carriage, and despise all the people who are walking! It will be the last time. You rich people, you have not half the pleasure you might have in being rich. I suppose, now, when you see out of the carriage window somebody you know walking, it does not make you proud?"

"I don't think it does," said the doctor with a smile.

"That is because you are hardened to it," said Norah. "You can have it whenever you please; but as for me, I am as proud——"

"I wish you had it always, my dear," said Dr. Maurice; and this time his tone was almost lachrymose. It was so hard-hearted of Helen to deny her child these pleasures and advantages, all to be purchased at the rate of a small personal sacrifice on her part—a sacrifice such as he himself was quite ready to make.

"Oh, I should not mind that," cried Norah; "if I had it always I should get hardened to it too. I should not mind; most likely then I should prefer walking, and think carriages only fit for old ladies. Didn't you say that one meets everybody at the Academy, mamma?"

"A great many people, Norah."

"I wonder whom we shall meet," said the girl; and a sudden blush floated over her face. Helen looked at her with some anxiety. She did not know what impression Cyril Rivers might have made on Norah's heart. Was it him she was thinking of? Mrs. Drummond herself wondered, too, a little. She was half afraid of the old friends she might see there. But then she reflected to herself dreamily, that life goes very quickly in London, that six years was a long time, and that her old friends might have forgotten her. How changed her own feelings were! She had never been fond of painters, her husband's brothers in-arms. Now the least notable of them, the most painty, the most slovenly, would look somehow like a shadow of Robert. Should she see any of those old faces? Whom should she meet? Norah's light question moved many echoes of which the child knew nothing; and it was to be answered in a way of which neither of them dreamed.

The mere entrance into those well-known rooms had an indescribable effect upon Helen. How it all rushed back upon her, the old life! The pilgrimages up those steps, the progress through the crowd to that special spot where one picture was hung; the anxiety to see how it looked—if there was anything near that "killed" it in colour, or threw it into the shade in power; her own private hope, never expressed to any one, that it might "come better" in the new place. Dr. Maurice stalked along by her side, but he did not say anything to her; and for her part, she could not speak—her heart and her eyes were full. She could only see the other people's pictures glimmering as through a mist. It seemed so strange to her, almost humiliating, that there was nothing of her own to go to—nothing to make a centre to this gallery, which had relapsed into pure art, without any personal interest in it. By-and-by, when the first shock had worn off, she began to be able to see what was on the walls, and to come back to her present circumstances. So many names were new to her in those six years; so many that she once knew had crept out of sight into corners and behind doorways. She had begun to get absorbed in the sight, which was so much more to her than to most people, when Mr. Rivers came up to them. He had known they were to be in town; he had seen them at the opera the previous night, and had found out a good deal about their plans. But London was different from Dura; and he had not ventured to offer his attentions before the eyes of all the world, and all the cousins and connections and friends who might have come to a knowledge of the fact that an unknown pretty face had attracted his homage. But of a morning, at the Royal Academy, he felt himself pretty safe; there every one is liable to meet some friend from the country, and the most watchful eyes of society are not on the alert at early hours. He came to them now with eager salutations.

"I tried hard to get at you at the opera last night," he said, putting himself by Norah's side; "but I was with my own people, and I could not get away."

"Were you at the opera last night?" said Norah, with not half the surprise he anticipated; for she was not aware of the facilities of locomotion in such places, nor that he might have gone to her had he so desired; and besides, she had seen no one, being intent upon the stage. Yet there was a furtive look about him now, a glance round now and then, to see who was near them, which startled her. She could not make out what it meant.

"Come, and I will show you the best pictures," he said; and he took her catalogue from her hand and pointed out to her which must be looked at first.

They made a pretty group as they stood thus,—Norah looking up with her sunshiny eyes, and he stooping over her, bending down till his silky black beard almost touched her hair. She little, and he tall—she full of vivacity, light, and sunshine; he somewhat quiet, languishing, Byronic in his beauty. Norah was not such a perfect contrast to him as Clara was—the Rubens to the Byron; but her naturalness, the bright, glowing intelligence and spirit about her—the daylight sweetness of her face, with which soul had as much to do as feature, contrasted still more distinctly with the semi-artificiality of the hero. For even granting that he was a little artificial, he was a real hero all the same; his handsomeness and air of good society were unmistakable, his conversation was passable; he knew the thousand things which people in society know, and which, whether they understand them or not, they are in the habit of hearing talked about. All these remarks were made, not by Norah, nor by Norah's mother, but by Dr. Maurice, who stood by and did not pretend to have any interest in the pictures. And this young fellow was the Honourable Cyril, and would be Lord Rivers. Dr. Maurice kept an eye upon him, wondering, as Helen had done, Did he mean anything? what did he mean?

"But there is one above all which I must show you—every one is talking of it," said Mr. Rivers. "Come this way, Miss Drummond. It is not easy to reach it; there is always such a crowd round it. Dr. Maurice, bring Mrs. Drummond; it is in the next room. Come this way."

Norah followed him, thinking of nothing but the pictures; and her mother and D Maurice went after them slowly, saying noth ing to each other. They had entered th great room, following the younger pair, whe some one stepped out of the crowd and cam forward to Helen. He took off his hat an called her by her name—at first doubtfull then with assurance.

"I thought I could not be mistaken," h cried, "and yet it is so long since you hav been seen here."

"I am living in the country," said Hele Once more the room swam round her. Th new-comer's voice and aspect carried h back, with all the freshness of the first impre sion, to the studio and its visitors again.

"And you had just been in my mind," sai the painter. "There is a picture here whic reminds us all so strongly of poor dear Drun mond. Will you let me take you to it? I is exactly in his style, his best style, with a that tenderness of feeling—it has set us a talking of you and him. Indeed, none of h old friends have forgotten him; and this so strangely like his work——"

"Where is it?—one of his pupils, pe haps," said Helen. She tried to be very com posed, and to show no emotion; but it w so long since she had heard his name, so lon since he had been spoken of before her! Sh felt grateful, as if they had done her a pe sonal service, to think that they talked o Robert still.

"This way," said the painter; and ju then Norah met her, flying back with her eye shining, her ribbons flying, wonder and e citement in her face.

Norah seized her mother by the hand gasping in her haste and emotion. "O mamma, come; it is our picture," she cried

Wondering, Helen went forward. It w the upper end of the room, the place of h nour. Whether it was that so many peopl around her carried her on like a body-guar making her a way through the crowd, or th the crowd itself, moved by that subtle symp thy which sometimes communicates itself t the mass more easily than to individual melted before her, as if feeling she had th best right to be there, I cannot tell. But a at once Helen found herself close to the crin son cord which the pressure of the throng ha almost broken down, standing before a pi ture. One picture—was there any other i the place? It was the picture of a face look ing up, with two upward reaching hands, fror the bottom of an abyss, full of whirling cloud and vapour. High above this was a bank o heavenly blue, and a white cloud of faintl ndistinct spectators, pitiful angel forms, and one visionary figure as of a woman gazing down. But it was the form below in which the interest lay. It was worn and pale, with the redness of tears about the eyes, the lips pressed closely together, the hands only appealing, held up in a passionate silence. Helen stood still, with eyes that would not believe what they saw. She became unconscious of everything about her, though the people thronged upon her, supporting her, though she did not know. Then she held out her hands wildly, with a cry which rang through the rooms and penetrated every one in them—"Robert!"—and fell at the foot of the picture, which was called "Dives"—the first work of a nameless painter whom nobody knew.

It would be impossible to describe the tumult and commotion which rose in the room to which everybody hastened from every corner of the exhibition, thronging the doorways and every available corner, and making it impossible for some minutes to remove her. "A lady fainted! Is that all?" the disappointed spectators cried. They had expected something more exciting than so common, so trifling an occurrence. "Fortunately," the newspapers said who related the incident, "a medical man was present;" and when Helen came to herself, she found Dr. Maurice standing over her, with his finger on her pulse. "It is the heat, and the fatigue—and all that," he said; and all through the rooms people repeated to each other that it was the heat and the dust and the crowd, and that there was nothing so fatiguing as looking at pictures. "Both body and mind are kept on the strain, you know," they said, and immediately thought of luncheon. But Dr. Maurice thought of something very different. He did not understand all this commotion about a picture; if his good heart would have let him, he would have tried to think that Helen was "making a fuss." As it was he laid this misfortune to the door of women generally, whom there was no understanding; and then, in a parenthesis, allowed that he might himself be to blame. He should not have agitated her, he thought; but added, "Good Lord, what are women good for, if they have to be kept in a glass house, and never spoken to? The best thing is to be rid of them, after all."

I will not attempt to describe what Helen's thoughts were when she came to herself. She would not, dared not betray to any one the impression, which was more than an impression—the conviction that had suddenly come to her. She put up her hand, and silenced Norah, who was beginning, open-mouthed, "Oh, mamma!" She called the old friend to her, who had attended the group down into the vestibule, and begged him to find out for her exactly who the painter was, and where he was to be heard of; and there she sat, still abstracted, with a singing in her ears, which she thought was only the rustle of the thoughts that hurried through her brain, until she should be able to go home. It was while they were waiting thus, standing round her, that another event occurred, of which Helen was too much absorbed to take any but the slightest cognizance. She was seated on a bench, still very pale, and unable to move. Dr. Maurice was mounting guard over her. Norah stood talking to Mr. Rivers on the other side; while meanwhile the stream of the public was flowing past, and new arrivals entering every moment by the swinging doors. Norah had grown very earnest in her talk. "We have the very same subject at home, the same picture," she was saying; her eyelashes were dewy with tears, her whole face full of emotion. Her colour went and came as she spoke; she stood looking up to him with a thrill of feeling and meaning about her, such as touch the heart more than beauty. And yet there was no lack of beauty. A lady who had just come in, paused, having her attention attracted to the group, and looked at them all, as she thought she had a right to do. "The poor lady who fainted," she heard some one say. But this girl who stood in front had no appearance of fainting. She was all life and tenderness and fire. The woman who looked on admired her fresh, sweet youthfulness, her face, which in its changing colour was like a flower. She admired all these, and made out, with a quick, observant eye, that the girl was the daughter of the pale, beautiful woman by the wall, and not unworthy of her. And then suddenly, without a pause, she called out, "Cyril!" Young Rivers started as if a shot had struck him. He rushed to her with tremulous haste. "Mother! you don't mean to say that you have come here alone?"

"But I do mean it, and I want you to take care of me," she said taking his arm at once. "I meant to come early. We have no time to lose."

Norah stood surprised, looking at the woman who was Cyril's mother; in a pretty pause of expectation, the blush coming and going on her face, her hand ready to be timidly put out in greeting, her pretty mouth half smiling already, her eyes watching with an interest of which she was not ashamed. Why should she be ashamed of being interested in Cyril's mother? She waited for the approach, the introduction—most likely the elder woman's gracious greeting. "For she must have heard of me too," Norah thought. She cast down her eyes, pleasantly abashed; for Lady Rivers was certainly looking at her. When she looked up again, in wonder that she was not spoken to, Cyril was on the stair with his mother, going up. He was looking back anxiously, waving his hand to her from behind Lady Rivers. He had a beseeching look in his eyes, his face looked miserable across his mother's shoulders, but—he was gone. Norah looked round her stupefied. Had anything happened?—was she dreaming? And then the blood rushed to her face in a crimson flush of pride and shame.

She bore this blow alone, without even her mother to share and soften it; and the child staggered under it for the moment. She grew as pale as Helen herself after that one flash. When the carriage came to the door, two women, marble-white, stepped into it. Dr. Maurice had not the heart to go with them; he would walk home, he said. And Norah looked out of the window, as she had so joyfully anticipated doing in her happiness and levity, but not to despise the people who walked. The only thought of which she was capable was—Is everybody like that? Do people behave so naturally? Is it the way of the world?

This is what they met at the Academy, where they went so lightly, not knowing. The name of the painter of the "Dives" reached them that same night; it was not in the catalogue. His name was John Sinclair, Fifth Avenue, New York.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

"You must be dreaming," cried Dr. Maurice with energy. "You must be dreaming! With my—folly—and other things—you have got into a nervous state."

"I am not dreaming," she said very quietly. There was no appearance of excitement about her. She sat with her hands clasped tightly together, and her eyes wandering into the unknown, into the vacant air before her. And her mind had got possession of one burden, and went over and over it, repeating within herself, "John Sinclair, Fifth Avenue, New York."

"I will show you the same picture," she went on. "The very same, line for lin It was the last he ever did. And in h letter he spoke of Dives looking up—— John Sinclair, Fifth Avenue, New York!"

"Helen, Helen!" said Dr. Maurice wit a look of pity. He had never called he anything but Mrs. Drummond till the evenin before, and now the other seemed s natural; for, in fact, she did not even notic what he called her. "How easy is it t account for all this! Some one else mus have seen the sketch, who was impressed b it as much as you were, and who knew th artist was dead, and could never claim hi property. How easy to see how it may hav been done, especially by a smart Yanke abroad."

She shook her head without a word, wit a faint smile; argument made no difference to her. She was sure; and what did it matter what any one said?

"Then I will tell you what I will do," he said. "I have some friends in New York. I will have inquiries made instantly about John Sinclair. Indeed it is quite possible some one may know him here. I shall set every kind of inquiry on foot to-morrow, to satisfy you. I warn you nothing will come of it—nothing would make me believe such a thing; but still, to prevent you taking any rash steps——"

"I will take no rash steps," she said. "I will do nothing. I will wait till—I hear."

"Why this is madness," he said. And then all at once a cold shudder passed over him, and he said to himself, "Good God! what if she had not refused last night!"

But the very fact that she had refused was a kind of guarantee that there was nothing in this wild idea of hers. Had there been anything in it, of course she would have accepted, and all sorts of horrors would have ensued. Such was Dr. Maurice's opinion of Providence, and the opinion of many other judicious people. The fact that a sudden reappearance would do no harm made it so much less likely that there would be any reappearance. He tried hard to dismiss the idea altogether from his mind. It was not a comfortable idea. It is against all the traditions, all the prejudices of life, that a man should come back from the dead. A wild, despairing Dives might wish for it, or a mourner half frantic with excess of sorrow; but to the ordinary looker-on the idea is so strange as to be painful. Dr. Maurice had a true affection for Robert Drummond; but he could not help feeling that it would be out of all character, out of harmony, almost an offence upon decency that he should not be lead.

It was curious, however, what an effect his fancy of Helen's had in clearing away he cloud of embarrassment which had naturally fallen between her and him. All hat produced that cloud had evidently disappeared from her mind. She remembered t no more. It was not that she had thrust t away of set will and purpose, but that without any effort it had disappeared. This was, it is true, somewhat humiliating to Dr. Maurice; but it was very convenient for all he purposes of life that it should be so. And she sat with him now and discussed the matter, abstracted in the great excitement which had taken possession of her, yet calmed by it, without a recollection that anything had ever passed between them which could confuse their intercourse. This unconsciousness, I say, was humiliating in one sense, though in another it was a relief to the man who did not forget; but it confused him while it set Helen at her ease. It was so extraordinary to realise what was the state of affairs yesterday, and what to-day—to enter into so new and wonderful a region of possibilities, after having lived so long in quite another; for, to be sure, Helen had only known of Dr. Maurice's project as regarded herself since last night; whereas, he had known it for six months, and during all that time had been accustoming himself to it, and now had to make a mental spring as far away from it as possible—a kind of gymnastic exercise which has a very bewildering effect upon an ordinary mind.

It was a relief to all the party when the Drummonds went home next morning; except, perhaps, to the old aunt, who had grown interested in the human drama thus unexpectedly produced before her, and who would have liked to see it out. The mother and daughter were glad to go home; and yet how life had changed to them in these three days! It had given to Helen the glow of a wild, incomprehensible hope, a something supernatural, mixed with terror and wonder, and a hundred conflicting emotions; while to Norah it had taken the romance out of life. To contemplate life without romance is hard upon a girl; to have a peep, as it were, behind the scenes, and see the gold of fairyland corroding itself into slates, and the beauty into dust and ashes. Such a revolution chills one to the very soul. It is almost worse than the positive heartbreak of disappointed love, for that has a warm admixture of excitement, and is supported by the very sharpness of its own suffering; whereas in Norah's pain there was but disenchantment and angry humiliation, and that horrible sense that the new light was true and the other false, which takes all courage from the heart. She had told her mother, and Helen had been very indignant, but not so wroth as her daughter. "Lady Rivers might have no time to wait—she might have wanted him for something urgent—there might be something to explain," Helen said; but as for Norah, she felt that no explanation was possible. For months past this man had been making a show of his devotion to her. He had done everything except ask her in words to be his wife. He had been as her shadow, whenever he could come to Dura, and his visits had been so frequent that it was very evident he had seized every opportunity to come: yet the moment his mother appeared on the scene, the woman whom in all the world he ought to have most wished to attach to the girl whom he loved, he had left her with shame and embarrassment—escaped from her without even the politeness of a leave-taking. Norah had wondered whether she cared for him in the old days; she had asked herself shyly, as girls do, whether the little flutter of her heart at his appearance could possibly mean that sacredest, most wonderful and fascinating of mysteries—love? Sometimes she had been disposed to believe it did: and then again she had surprised herself in the midst of a sudden longing for poor Ned with his big nose, and had blushed and asked herself angrily, was the one compatible with the other? In short, she had not known what to make of her own feelings; for she was not experienced enough to be able to tell the difference—a difference which sometimes puzzles the wisest—between the effect produced by gratified vanity, and pleasure in the love of another, and that which springs from love itself. But she was in no doubt about the anger, the mortification, the indignant shame with which her whole nature rose up against the man who had dared to be ashamed of her. Of this there could be no explanation. She said to herself that she hoped he would not come again or attempt to make any explanation, and then she resented bitterly the fact that he did not come. She had made up her mind what she would say, how she would crush him with quiet scorn, and wonder at his apologies. "Why should you apologize, Mr. Rivers? I had no wish to be introduced to your mother," she meant to say; but as day after day passed, and he gave her no opportunity of saying this, Norah's thoughts grew more bitter, more fiery than ever. And life was dull without this excitement in it. The weather was bright, and the season sweet, and I suppose she had her share of rational pleasure as in other seasons; but to her own consciousness Norah was bitterly ill-used, insomuch as she had not an opportunity to tell, or at least to show Cyril Rivers what she thought of him. It had been an immediate comfort to her after the affront he had put upon her, that she would have this in her power.

The change that had come upon the lives of the two ladies in the Gatehouse was, however, scarcely apparent to their little world. Norah was a little out of temper, fitful, and ready to take offence, the Daltons at the Rectory thought; and Mrs. Drummond was more silent than usual, and had an absorbed look in her eyes, a look of abstraction for which it was difficult to account. But this was all that was apparent outside. Perhaps Mr. Rivers was a little longer than usual in visiting Dura; he had not been there for ten days, and Katie Dalton wondered audibly what had become of him. But nobody except Norah supposed for a moment that his connection with Dura was to be broken off in this sudden way. And everything else went on as usual. If Mrs. Drummond was less frequently visible, no one remarked it much. Norah would run over and ask Katie to walk with her, on the plea that "mamma has a headache," and Mrs. Dalton would gather her work together, and cross the road in the sunshine and "sit with" the sufferer. But the only consequence of this visit would be that the blinds would be drawn down over the three windows in front, Mrs. Dalton having an idea that light was bad for a headache, and that when she returned she would tell her eldest daughter that poor dear Mrs. Drummond was very poorly and very anxious for news of a friend whom she had not heard of for years.

And the picture of Dives, which had been hung in a sacred corner, where Helen said her prayers, was brought out, and placed in the full light of day. It was even for a time brought down-stairs while the first glow of novel hope and wonder lasted, and placed in the drawing-room, where everybody who saw it wondered at it. It was not so well painted as the great picture in the Academy. It was even different in many of its details. There was no hope in the face of this, but only a haggard passionate despair, while the look of the other was concentrated into such an agony of appealing as cannot exist whe there is no hope. Dr. Maurice even, wh he came down, declared forcibly that it w difficult for him to trace the resemblanc Perhaps the leading idea was the same, b then it was so differently worked out. H looked at the picture in every possible ligh and this was the conclusion he came to ;— No; no particular resemblance,—a coinc dence, that was all. And John Sinclair was perfectly well-known painter, residing in Ne York, a man known to Dr. Maurice's frien there. Why there was no name to the pictu in the catalogue nobody could tell. It wa some absurd mistake or other; but Joh Sinclair, the painter, was a man who had bee known in New York for years. "Depend upo it, it is only a coincidence," Dr. Maurice sai After that visit, from what feeling I cann say, the picture was taken back up-stair Not that Mrs. Drummond was convince but that she shrank from further discussio of a matter on which she felt so deeply. Sh would sit before it for hours, gazing at it, car less of everything else; and if I were to r produce all the thoughts that coursed throug Helen's mind, I should do her injury wit the reader, who, no doubt, believes that th feelings in a wife's mind, when such a hop entered it, could only be those of a hal delirious joy. But Helen's thoughts were n wildly joyful. She had been hardly and painfully trained to do without him, to put hi out of her life. Her soul had slid into ne ways, changed meanings; and in that tim what change of meaning, what difference c nature might have come to a man who ha returned from death and the grave? Coul it all be undone? Could it float away like tale that is told, that tale of seven long years Would the old assimilate with the new, an the widow become a wife again without som wrench, some convulsion of nature? No long before she had denounced the nam vehemently, crying out against it, declarin that she did not believe in it: but now, whe perhaps it might turn out that her widowhood had been indeed a fiction and unreal— now! How she was to be a wife again; how her existence was to suffer a new change, an return into its old channel, Helen could no tell. And yet that Robert should live again that he should receive some recompense for all his sufferings; that even she who had been in her way so cruel to him, should be able to make up for it—for that Helen would have given her life. The news about John Sinclair was a discouragement, but still it did not touch her faith. She carried picture up-stairs again, and put it rever-ly, not in its old corner, but where the shine would fall upon it and the full light day. The fancifulness of this proceeding l not occur to her, for grief and hope, and the deeper emotions of the heart, are vays fanciful: and in this time of suspense, en she could do nothing, when she was iting, listening for indications of what was ming, that silent idol-worship which no one ew of, did her good.

Meanwhile Dura went on blazing with hts, and sweet with music, making every y a holiday. Mrs. Burton did not walk so uch as she used to do, but drove about, ving her orders, paying her visits, with autiful horses which half the county envied, d toilets which would have been remarked ven in the park. "That little woman is sing her head," the Rector said, as he oked at an invitation his wife had just re-ived for a fête which was to eclipse all e others, and which was given in celebra-on of Clara's birthday. It was fixed for the h of July, and people were coming to it om far and near. There was to be a garden arty first, a sumptuous so-called breakfast, nd a ball at night. The whole neighbour-ood was agitated by the preparations for is solemnity. It was said that Ned, poor ed, whose disappearance was now an old tory, was to be disinherited, and that Clara as to be the heiress of all. The importance hus given to her birthday gave a certain olour to the suggestion; it was like a coming f age, people said, and replaced the festi-ities which ought to have taken place on he day when Ned completed his twenty-irst year, a day which had passed very uietly a few weeks before, noted by none. But to Clara's birthday feast everybody was nvited. The great county people, the Merewethers themselves, were coming, and in consideration of Clara's possible heiress-ship, it was whispered that the Marchioness had thoughts of making her son a candidate for the place deserted by Cyril Rivers. Cyril, too, moreover was among the guests: he was one of a large party which was coming from town, and the village people were asked, the Daltons and the Drummonds, beside all the lesser gentry of the neighbourhood. It was to Katie Dalton's importunate beseechings, seconded, no doubt, by her own heart, which had begun to tire of seclusion and long for a little pleasure, that Norah relinquished her first proud determination not to go; and Dr. Maurice had just sent a box from town containing two dresses, one for the evening, and one for out-of-doors, which it was beyond the powers of any girl of nineteen to refuse the opportunity of wearing. When Norah had made up her own mind to this effort, she addressed herself to the task of overcoming her mother's reluctance; and, after much labour, succeeded so far that a compromise was effected. Norah went to the out-door fête, under the charge of Mrs. Dalton, and Helen with a sigh took out her black silk gown once more, and prepared to go with her child in the evening. The Daltons were always there, good neighbours to support and help her; and seated by Mrs. Dalton's side, who knew something of her anxiety about that friend whom she had not heard of for years, Mrs. Drummond felt herself sustained. When Norah returned with the Daltons from the garden party, Mr. Rivers accompanied the girls. He came with them to the door of the Gatehouse, where Katie, secretly held fast by Norah, accompanied her friend. He lingered on the white steps, waiting to be asked in; but Norah gave no such invitation. She went back to her mother triumphant, full of angry delight.

"I have been perfectly civil to him, mamma! I have taken the greatest care—I have not avoided him, nor been stiff to him, nor anything. And he has tried so hard, so very hard, to have an explanation. Very likely! as if I would listen to any explanation."

"How did you avoid it, Norah, if you were neither angry nor stiff?"

"Katie, mamma, always Katie! I put her between him and me wherever we went. It was fun," cried Norah, with eyes that sparkled with revengeful satisfaction. Her spirits had risen to the highest point. She had regained her position; she had got the upper hand, which Norah loved. The prospect of the evening which was still before her, in which she should wear that prettiest ball-dress, which surely had been made by the fairies, and drag Cyril Rivers at her chariot-wheels, and show him triumphantly how little it mattered to her, made Norah radiant. She rushed in to the Haldanes' side of the house to show herself, in the wildest spirits. Mrs. Haldane and Miss Jane—wonder of wonders—were going too; everybody was to be there. The humble people were asked to behold and ratify the triumph, as well as the fine people to make it. As for Mrs. Haldane, she disapproved, and was a great deal more grim than ordinary; but, for once in a way, because it would be a great thing to see, and because Mr. Baldwin and his sisters were to be there too,—"as much out of their proper place as we," she said, shaking her head—she had allowed herself to be persuaded. Miss Jane required no persuading. She was honestly delighted to have a chance of seeing anything—the dresses and the diamonds, and Norah dancing with all the grandees. When Norah came in, all in a cloud of tulle and lace, Miss Jane fairly screamed with delight. "I am quite happy to think I shall see the child have one good dance," she said, walking round and round the fairy princess. "Were you fond of dancing yourself, Miss Jane?" said Norah, not without the laugh of youth over so droll an idea. But it was not droll to Miss Jane; she put her hands, which were clothed in black with mittens, on the child's shoulders, and gave her a kiss, and answered not a word. And Stephen looked on from that immoveable silent post of his, and saw them both, and thought of the past and present, and all the shadowy uncertain days that were to come. How strange to think of the time when Miss Jane, so grave and prosaic in her old-maidish gown, had been like Norah? How wonderful to think that Norah one day might be as Miss Jane! And so they all went away to the ball together, and Stephen in his chair immoveable till his nurses came back, and Susan bustling about in the kitchen, were left in the house alone.

One ball is like another; and except that the Dura ball was more splendid, more profuse in ornament, gayer in banks of flowers, richer in beautiful dresses and finery, more ambitious in music than any ball ever known before in the country, there is little that could be said of it to distinguish it from all others, except, perhaps, the curious fact that the master of the house was not present. He had not been visible all day. He had been telegraphed for to go to town that morning, and had not returned; but then Mr. Golden, who was a far more useful man in a ball-room than the master of the house, was present, and was doing all that became a man to make everything go off brilliantly. He was the slave of the young heroine of the feast to whom everybody was paying homage; and it was remarked by a great many people, that even when going on the arm of Lord Merewether to open the ball, Clara had a suggestion to whisper to this amateur major-domo. "He is such an old friend, he is just the same as papa," she said to her partner with a passing blush; but then Clara was in uncommonly brilliant looks that evening, even for her. Her beautiful colour kept coming and going; there was an air of emotion, and almost agitation about her, w gave a charm to her usually unemoti style of beauty. Lord Merewether, was under his mother's orders to be " attentive," almost fell in love with Clar excess of his instructions, when he not this unusual fluctuation of colour and t It supplied just what she wanted, and m the Rubens into a goddess—or so at l this young man thought.

But Helen had not been above an hou this gay scene when a strange restless seized upon her. She did her best to strug against it; she tried hard to represent herself that nothing could have happened home, no post could have come in since left it, and that Norah needed her th She saw Mr. Rivers hovering about with explanation on his lips trying to get at since Norah would have nothing to say him; and felt that it was her duty to rem by her child at such a moment. But, afte while, her nerves, or her imagination, or so incomprehensible influence was too much her. "You look as if you would fair Mrs. Dalton whispered to her. "Let Dalton take you to the air—let Charlie you something; I am sure you are ill."

"I am not ill; but I must get home. am wanted at home," said Helen with brain swimming. How it was that she did she never could tell afterwards; but she ma aged to retain command of herself, to reco mend Norah to Mrs. Dalton's care, and nally to steal out; no one noticing her in t commotion and movement that were alwa going on. When she got into the open with her shawl wrapped about her, her sens came back. It was foolish, it was absurd but the deed was done; and, though her re lessness calmed down when she stepped o into the calm of the summer night, it was ea ier then to go on than to go back; and Nor was in safe hands. It was a moonlight nig as is indispensable for any great gathering the country. To be sure it was July, a before the guests went home, the short nig would be over; but still, according to hab a moonlight night had been selected. It w soft and warm, and hazy—the light very m low, and not over bright,—the scent of t flowers and the glitter of the dew filling t air. There was so much moon, and so mu light from the house, that Helen was n afraid of the dark avenue. She went on, lieved of her anxiety, feeling refreshed a eased, she could not tell how, by the blowi of the scented night-air in her face. But b fore she reached the shade of the avenu e one rushed across the lawn after her. turned half round to see who it was, king that perhaps Charlie or Mr. Dalton hurried after her to accompany her home. figure, however, was not that of either. man came hurriedly up to her, saying, a low but earnest tone, "Mrs. Burton, 't take any rash step," when she, as well e, suddenly started. The voice informed who spoke, and the sight of her upturned in the moonlight informed him who lis- ed. "Mrs. Drummond!" he exclaimed. y had not met face to face, nor exchanged ds since the time when she denounced in the presence of Cyril Rivers in St. ry's Road. "Mrs. Drummond," he re- ted, with an uneasy laugh; "of all times he world for you and me to meet!"

'I hope there is no reason why we should et," said Helen impetuously. "I am go- away. There can be nothing that wants ing between you and me."

'But, by Jove, there is though," he said; ere is reason enough, I can tell you—such s as will make the hair stand upright on r head. Ah! they say revenge is sweet. hall leave you to find it out to-morrow en everybody knows."

'What is it?" she asked breathlessly, and n stopped, and went on a few steps, hor- ed at the thought of thus asking informa- n from the man she hated most. He went along with her, saying nothing. He had hat on, and the rose in his coat showed a le gleam of colour in the whitening of the it.

"You ought to ask me, Mrs. Drummond," said; "for revenge, they say, is sweet, and would be glad to hear."

"I want no revenge," she said hurriedly; d they entered the gloom of the avenue e by side, the strangest pair. Her heart gan to beat and flutter—she could not tell y; for she feared nothing from him; and at once there rose up a gleam of secret umph in her. This man believed that bert Drummond was dead, knew no bet- . What did she care for his news? if in- ed she were to tell him hers!

"Well," he said, after an interval, "I see u are resolved not to ask, so I will tell you. have my revenge in it too, Mrs. Drum- ond; this night, when they are all dancing, rton is off, with the police after him. It ll be known to all the world to-morrow. ou ought to be grateful to me for telling u that."

"Burton is off!—the police—after him!" e did not take in the meaning of the words.

"You don't believe me, perhaps—neither did his wife just now; or at least so she pretended; but it is true. There was a time when he left me to bear the brunt, now it is his turn; and there is a ball at his house the same night!"

She interrupted him hurriedly, "I don't know what you mean. I cannot believe you. What has he done?" she said.

Mr. Golden laughed; and in the stillness his laugh sounded strangely echoing among the trees. He turned round on his heel, waving his hand to her. "Only what all the rest of us have done," he said. "Good night; I am wanted at the ball. I have a great deal to do to-night."

She stood for a moment where he had left her, wondering, half paralyzed. And then she turned and went slowly down the avenue. She felt herself shake and tremble—she could not tell why. Was it this man's voice? Was it his laugh that sounded like something infernal? And what did it all mean? Helen, who was a brave woman by nature, felt a flutter of fear as she quickened her steps and went on. A ball at his house—the police after him. What did it mean? The silence of the long leafy road was so strange and deep after all the sound and movements; the music pursued her from behind, growing fainter and fainter as she went on; the world seemed to be all asleep, except that part of it which was making merry, dancing, and rejoicing at Dura. And now the eagerness to get home suddenly seized upon her again,—something must have happened since she left; some letter; perhaps—some one—come back.

When she got within sight of the Gate-house, the moon was shining right down the village street as it did when it was at the full. All was quiet, silent, asleep. No, not all. Opposite her house, against the Rectory gates, two men were standing. As she went up into the shadow of the lime-trees, and rang the bell at her own door, one of them crossed the road, and came up to her touching his hat. "Asking your pardon, ma'am," he said, "there is some one in your house, if you're the lady of this house, as oughtn't to be there."

A thrill of great terror took possession of Helen. Her heart leapt to her mouth. "I don't understand you. Who are you? And what do you want?" she asked, almost gasping for breath.

"I'm a member of the detective force. I ain't ashamed of my business," said the man. "We seen him go in, me and my mate.

With your permission, ma'am, we'd like to go through the house."

"Go through my house at this hour!" cried Helen. She heard the door opened behind her, but did not turn round. She was the guardian of the house, she alone, and of all who were in it, be they who they might. Her wits seemed to come to her all at once, as if she had found them groping in the dark. "Have you any authority to go into my house? Am I obliged to let you in? Have you a warrant?"

"They've been a worriting already, ma'am, and you out," said Susan's voice from behind. "What business have they, I'd like to know, in a lady's house at this hour of the night?"

"Has any one come, Susan?" Helen said.

"Not a soul."

She was standing with a candle in her hand, holding the door half open. The night air puffed the flame; and perhaps it was that too that made the shadow of Susan's cap tremble upon the panel of the door.

"I cannot possibly admit you at this hour," said Mrs. Drummond. "To morrow, if you come with any authority; but not tonight."

She went into her own house, and closed the door. How still it was and dark, with Susan's candle only flickering through the gloom! And then Susan made a sudden clutch at her mistress's arm. She held the candle down to Helen's face, and peered into it, "I've atook him into my own room," she said.

### CHAPTER XXXVII.

The Gatehouse was full of long, rambling, dark passages with mysterious closets at each elbow of them, or curious little unused rooms—passages which had struck terror to Norah's soul when she was a child, and which even now she thought it expedient to run through as speedily as possible, never feeling sure that she might not be caught by some ghostly intruder behind the half-shut doors. Mrs. Drummond followed Susan through one of these intricate winding ways. It led to a corner room looking out upon the garden, and close to the kitchen, which was Susan's bedchamber. For some forgotten reason or other there was a sort of window, three or four broad panes of glass let into the partition wall high up between this room and the kitchen, the consequence of which was that Susan's room always showed a faint light to the garden. This was her reason for taking it as the hiding-place for the strange guest.

Mrs. Drummond went down the dark
sage, feeling herself incapable of speech
almost of thought; a vague wonder wh
should be so hotly pursued, and how it
that Susan should have known this and ta
it upon herself to receive and shelter
who was a stranger to her, passed thro
Helen's mind. Both these thing were stra
and must be inquired into hereafter, bu
the meantime her heart was beating
high with personal emotion to be able
think of anything else. Was it possible
thus strangely, thus suddenly, she was
meet him again from whom she had been
long parted? Their last interview rus
back upon her mind, and his appeara
then. Seven years ago!—and a man cha
altogether, becomes, people say, ano
being in seven years. This thought qui
ed vaguely through Helen's mind. So m
thoughts went pursuing each other, s
and noiseless as ghosts. It was not ab
two minutes from the time she came into
hall until she stood at the threshold of
san's room; but a whole world of questio
of reflections, had hurried through
thoughts. She trembled by intervals wit
nervous shiver. Her heart beat so violen
that it seemed at once to choke and to pa
lyze her. To see him again—to stand f
to face with him who had come back out
the grave,—to change her whole being,—
be no more herself, no more Norah's moth
but Robert's wife again! Her whole fra
began to shake as with one great pulse.
was not joy, it was not fear; it was the w
der of it, the miracle, the strange, stran
incomprehensible, incredible—Could he
there?—nothing more between the two w
had been parted by death and silence
that closed door?

Susan turned round upon her just bef
they reached it. Susan, too, hard, bony w
man, little given to emotion, was tremblin
She wiped her eyes with her apron and ga
a sniff that was almost a groan, and thr
the candle into Helen's hand.

"Oh, don't you be hard upon him, M
Helen as was!" cried Susan with a sob; a
turned and fled into her kitchen.

Helen stopped for a moment to stea
herself—to steady the light of the poor ca
dle which, held by such agitated, unstea
hands, was flickering wildly in her grasp. A
then she opened the door.

Some one started and rose up sudden
with a movement which had at once fear an
watchfulness in it. Her agitation blind
her so that she could not see. She held

light. If her misty eyes could have made out,—and then all at once there came a :e which made her nerves steady in a mo- it, calmed down her pulses, restored to self-command.

' Helen, is it you ? I thought it must be wife."

The blood rushed back to Helen's heart h an ebb as sudden as the flow had been, king her faint and sick. But the revulsion 'eeling was as strong, and gave her strength. e light gave a leap in her hand as she adied herself, and threw a wild broken am upon him.

" Mr. Burton," she said, " what are you ing here ?"

" Then the news had not come," he cried, :h a certain relief; " nobody knows as yet? ell, well, things are not so bad, then, as I ought."

She put the candle on the table and looked him. He was dressed in his morning othes, those light-colored summer garments iich made his full person fuller, but which this hour, and after the scene from which e had just come, looked strangely dis- derly and out of place. His linen was ushed and soiled, and his coat, which was a color aud material which showed specks id wrinkles as much as a woman's dress, id the look of having been worn for a week ght and day. The air of the vagabond hich comes so rapidly to a hunted man had ome to him already, and mixed with his ibitual air of respectability, of wealth and elf-importance, in the most curious, almost itiful way.

" Tell me," she said, repeating her question lmost without knowing what she said, " why re you here ?"

He did not answer immediately. He made n effort to put on his usual jaunty look, to peak with his usual jocular superiority. But omething—whether it was the flickering, eeble light of the candle which showed him ier face, or some instinct of his own, which iecessity had quickened into life—made him iware all at once that the woman by his side vas in a whirl of mental indecision, that she vas wavering between two resolves, and that his was no time to trifle with her. In such circumstances sometimes a man will seize ipon the best argument which skill could select, but sometimes also in his haste and excitement he snatches at the one which makes most against him. He said—

" I will tell you plainly, Helen. I am as your husband was when he went down to the river—that night."

She gave a strange and sudden cry, and turning round made one quick step to the door. If she had not seen that Dives in the exhibition, if she had not been in the grip of wild hope and expectation, I think she would have gone straightway, driven by that sudden probing of the old wound, and given him up to his pursuers. At least that would have been her first impulse; but something turned her back. She turned to him again with a sudden fire kindled in her eyes.

" It was you who drove him there," she said.

He made a little deprecating gesture with his hands, but he did not say anything. He saw in a moment that he had made a mistake.

" You drove him there," she repeated, " you and—that man; and now you come to me and think I will save you—to me, his wife. You drove him to despair, to ruin, and you think I am to save you. Why should I? What have you done that I should help you? You had no pity on him; you let him perish, you let him die. You injured me and mine beyond the reach of recovery; and now you put yourself into my hands—with your enemies outside!"

He gave a shudder, and looked at the window as if with a thought of escape; and then he turned round upon her, standing at bay.

" Well," he said, " you have your revenge; I am ruined too. I don't pretend to hide it from you; but I have no river at hand to escape into to hide all my troubles in,—but only a woman to taunt me that I have tried to be kind to—and my wife and my child dancing away close by. Listen; that is what you call comfort for a ruined man, is it not?"

He pointed towards Dura as he spoke. Just then a gust of the soft night-wind brought with it the sound of the music from the great house, that house ablaze with gaiety, with splendour, and light, where Clara Burton all jewelled and crowned with flowers was dancing at this moment, while her mother led the way to the gorgeous table where princes might have sat down. No doubt the whole scene rose before his imagination as it did before Helen's. He sat down upon Susan's rush-bottomed chair with a short laugh. One candle flickering in the dim place revealing all the homely furniture of the servant's bedroom. What a contrast! what a fate! Helen felt as every generous mind feels, humbled before the presence of the immediate sufferer. He had injured her, and she, perhaps, had suffered more deeply than Reginald Burton was capable of suffering;

but it was his turn now; he had the first place. The sorrow was his before which even kings must bow.

While she stood there with pity stealing into her heart, he put down his head into his hands with a gesture of utter weariness.

"Whatever you are going to do," he said faintly, "let Susan give me something to eat first. I have had nothing to eat all day."

This appeal made an end of all Helen's enmity. It had been deep, and hot, and bitter when all was well with him—but the first taste of revenge which Ned's disappearance gave her had appeased Mrs. Drummond. It had been bitter, not sweet. And now this appeal overcame all her defences. If he had asked her to aid in his escape she might have resisted still. But he asked her for a meal. Tears of humiliation, of pitying shame, almost of a kind of tenderness came into her eyes. God help the man! Had it come to this?

She turned into the kitchen, where Susan sat bolt upright in a hard wooden chair before the fire, with her arms folded, the most watchful of sentinels. They had a momentary discussion what there was to set before him, and where it was to be served. Susan's opinion was very strongly in favor of the kitchen.

"Those villains 'ud see the lights to the front," said Susan. "And then Miss Norah, she'll be coming home, and folks with her. Them p-licemen is up to everything. The shutters don't close up to the very top; and if they was to climb into one o' the trees! And besides, there's a fire here."

"It is too warm for a fire, Susan."

"Not for them as is in trouble," said the woman; and she had her way.

Helen arranged the table with her own hands, while Susan made up with her best skill an impromptu meal—not of the richest or choicest, for the larder at the Gatehouse was poorly enough supplied; but fortunately there had been something provided for next day's dinner which was available. And when the fugitive came in to the warm kitchen—he who the day before had made all the household miserable in Dura over the failure of a salmi—he warmed his hands with a shiver of returning comfort, and sniffed the poor cutlet as it cooked, and made a wretched attempt at a joke in the sudden sense of ease and solace that had come to him.

"He was always one for his joke, was Mr. Reginald," Susan said with a sob; and as for Helen, this poor pleasantry completed her prostration. The sight of him warming
himself on this July night, eating so ea
like a man famished, filled her with an
scribable pity. It was not so much m
nimity on her part as utter failure o
How could she lay sins to this man's c
who was not great enough in himse
frighten a fly? The pity in her heart
her like an ache, and she was ashamed.

But what was to be done? She went
ly, almost stealthily (with the strange fe
that they might hear her out of door
which she was not herself aware), up t
bed-room, which was over the drawing-r
and looked out into the moonlight.
men still kept their place opposite a
Rectory gate—and now a third man, on
the Dura police, with his lantern in his h
joined them. Helen was a woman full
the natural prejudices and susceptibil
Her pride received such a wound by the
pearance of this policeman as it woul
difficult to describe. Reginald Burton
her enemy, her antagonist; and yet now
remembered her cousin. The Burtons
been of unblemished good fame in all
branches till now. The shame which
been momentarily thrown upon her husb
had been connected with so much ang
that Helen's pride had not been called
permost. But now it seized upon her.
moment the Dura policeman appeared, it
came evident to her that all the world kn
and the pang ran through her proud h
like a sudden arrow. Her kindred w
disgraced, her own blood, the honest, g
people in their graves; and Ned—poor,
nocent Ned!—at the other end of the wo
The pang was so sharp that it forced te
from her, though she was not given to we
ing. A policeman! as if the man was
thief who was her own cousin, of her o
blood! And then the question return
What was to be done? I don't know w
horrible vision of the culprit dragged thro
the street, with his ignominy visible to
whole world, rose before Helen's imagi
tion. It did not occur to her that suc
capture might be very decorously, v
quietly made. She could think of noth
but the poor ragged wretch whom she had o
seen handcuffed, his clothes all muddy w
the falls he had got in struggling for his lib
ty, and a policeman on either side of h
This was the only form in which she co
realise an arrest by the hands of justi
And to see the master of Dura thus drag
through the village, with all the people rou
once so obsequious, staring with stupid,
pudent wonder! Anything, anything rat

an that! Helen ran down-stairs again, artling herself with the sound she made. n the quiet she could hear the knife and rk which were still busy in the kitchen, ad the broken talk with Susan which the gitive kept up. She heard him laugh, and made her heart sick. This time she turned o the other side, to the long passage oppote to that which led to the kitchen, which as the way of communication with the partments of the Haldanes. The door ere, which was generally fastened, was open o-night, and the light was still in Stephen's indow, and he himself, for the first time for ears, had been left to this late hour in his hair. He was seated there, very still and otionless, when Helen entered. He had ropped asleep in his loneliness. The canles on the table before him threw a strange ght upon the pallor of his face, upon the losed eyes, and head thrown back. His air had grown grey in these seven years; is face had refined and softened in the long uffering, in the patient, still, leaden days hich he had lived through, making no comlaint. He looked like an apostle in this wful yet gentle stillness—and he looked as f he were dead.

But even Mrs. Drummond's entrance was nough to rouse him—the rustle of her ress, or perhaps even the mere sense that here was some one near him. He opened is eyes dreamily.

"Well, mother, I hope you have enjoyed t," he said, with a smile. Then suddenly ecoming aware who his companion was, 'Mrs. Drummond! I beg your pardon. What has happened?"

She came and stood by him, holding out er hand, which he took and held between his. There was a mutual pity between these two—a sympathy which was almost tenderness. They were so sorry for each other—so destitute of any power to help each other! Most touching and close of bonds!

"Something has happened," she said. "Mr. Haldane, I have come to you for your advice."

He looked up at her anxiously.

"Not Norah—not—any one arrived——"

"Oh, no, no; something shameful, painful, terrible. You know what is going on at the great house. Mr. Haldane, Reginald Burton is here in Susan's kitchen, hidden, and men watching for him outside. Men—policemen! That is what I mean. And oh! what am I to do?"

He held her hand still, and his touch kept her calm. He did not say anything for a minute, except one low exclamation under his breath.

"Sit down," he said. "You are worn out. Is it very late?"

"Past midnight. By-and-by your mother will be back. Tell me first, while we are alone and can speak freely, what can I do?"

"He is hiding here," said Stephen, "and policemen outside? Then he is ruined, and found out. That is what you mean. Compose yourself, and tell me, if you can, what you know, and what you *wish* to do."

"Oh, what does my wish matter?" she cried. "I am asking you what is possible. I know little more than I tell you. He is here, worn-out, miserable, ruined, and the men watching to take him. I don't know how it has happened, why he came, or how they found it out; but so it is. They are there now in front of the house. How am I to get him out?"

"Is that the only question?" Stephen asked.

She looked at him with an impatience she could not restrain.

"What other question can there be, Mr. Haldane? In a few minutes they will be back."

"But there is another question," he said. "I believe this man has been our ruin—yours and mine—yours, Mrs. Drummond, more fatally than mine. Golden was but one of his instruments, I believe—as guilty, but not more so. He has ruined us, and more than us——"

She wrung her hands in her impatience.

"Mr. Haldane, I hear steps. We may but have a moment more."

He put his hand upon her arm.

"Think!" he cried. "Are we to let him go—to save him that he may ruin others? Is it just? Think what he has made us all suffer. Is there to be no punishment for him?"

"Oh, punishment!" she cried. "Do you know what punishment means, when you make yourself the instrument of it? It means revenge; and there is nothing so bitter, nothing so terrible, as to see your own handiwork, and to think, 'It was not God that did this; it was me.'"

"How can *you* tell?"

"Oh, yes, I can tell. There was his son. I thought it was a just return for all the harm he had done when his poor boy—— But Ned went away, and left everything. It was not my fault; it was not Norah's fault. Yet she had done it, and I had wished she might. No; no more revenge. How can I get him away?"

"I am not so forgiving as you," he said.

Helen could not rest. She rose up from the seat she had drawn to his side, and went to the window. There were steps that frightened her moving about outside, and then there was the sound of voices.

"Come in and go over the house! Come in at this hour of the night!" said a voice. It was Miss Jane's voice, brisk and alert as usual. Helen hurried into the hall, to the door, where she could hear what was said.

"But Jane, Jane, if anyone has got in? A thief—perhaps a murderer! Oh, my poor Stephen!"

"Nonsense, mother! If you like to stay outside there, I'll go over all the house with Susan, and let you know. Why, Mrs. Drummond! Here are some men who want to come in to search for some one at this time of night."

"I have told them already they should not come in," said Helen.

She had opened the door, and stood in front of it with a temerity which she scarcely felt justified in; for how did she know they might not rush past her, and get in before she could stop them? Such was her idea—such was the idea of all the innocent people in the house. The Dura policeman was standing by with his truncheon and his lantern.

"I've told 'em, mum, as it's a mistake," said that functionary; "and that this 'ere is the quietest, most respectablest 'ouse—"

"Thanks, Wilkins," said Helen.

It was a positive comfort to her, and did her good, this simple testimony. And to think that Wilkins knew no better than that!

"Will you keep near the house?" she said, turning to him, with that feeling that he was "on our side" which had once prepossessed Norah in favour of Mr. Rivers. "My daughter will be coming back presently, and I don't want to have her annoyed or frightened with this story. No one except the people who belong to it shall enter this house to-night."

"As you please, ma'am; but I hope you knows the penalty," said the detective.

Helen did not know of any penalty, nor did she care. She was wound up to so high a strain of excitement, that had she been called upon to put her arm in the place of the bolt, or do any other futile heroic piece of resistance, she would not have hesitated. She closed the door upon Mrs. Haldane and her daughter, one of whom was frighte and the other excited. As they all ca into the hall, Susan became visible, with candle in her hand, defending the passage the kitchen. Something ludicrous, someth pathetic and tragic and terrible was in aspect of the house, and its guardians— one been wise enough to perceive wha meant.

"If Susan will come with me," said M Jane briskly, "after that idiot of a ma romance, my mother will think we are going to be murdered in our beds. If Su will come with me, I'll go over all the hous

"We have examined ours," said Hel "Susan, go with Miss Jane. Mrs. Halda Mr. Stephen is tired, I think."

"Stephen must not be alarmed," said M Haldane with hesitation. "But are you s it is safe? Do you really think it is sa You see, after all, when our door is open is one house. A man might run from c room to another. Oh, Jane—Mrs. Drummo —if you will believe me, I can see a shad down that passage! Oh, my dear, you young and rash! The men will know bett let them come in."

"I cannot allow them to come in. Th is no one, I assure you, except your sc who wants your help."

"You are like Jane," said the old lad "you are so bold and rash. Oh, I wish had begged them to stay all night. wouldn't mind giving a shilling or tw Think if Stephen should be frightene Oh, yes, I am going; but don't leave m dear. I couldn't be alone; I shall be frig ened of my life."

This was how it was that Helen was Stephen's room again when Miss Jane can down, bustling and satisfied.

"You may make yourself perfectly eas mother. We have gone over all the roon —looked under the beds and in the cu boards, and there is not a ghost of anythin Poor Susan is tired sitting up for us all; told her I'd wait up for Norah. Well, no you don't ask any news of the ball, Stephe Norah has danced the whole evening; have never seen her sitting down onc Her dress is beautiful; and as for herself, m dear! But everybody was looking the best. I don't admire Clara Burton in a ge eral way; but really Clara Burton was som thing splendid—Yes, yes, mother; of cours we must get Stephen to bed."

"Good-night," said Helen, going up him. She looked in his face wistfully; b now the opportunity was over, and wha ld he say? He held her hand a moment, ing the tremor in it.

'Good night," he said; and then very low added hurriedly, "The gate into the Dura ods—the garden door."

'Thanks," she said, with a loud throb of heart.

The excitement, the suspense, were carng Helen far beyond her will or intention. e had been sensible of a struggle at first ether she would not betray the fugitive. w her thoughts had progressed so fast d far, that she would have fought for him, tting even her slight strength in the way defend him or protect his retreat. He s a man whom she almost hated; and yet her thoughts were with him, wondering s he safe by himself, and what could be ne to make him safer still. She left the aldane's side of the house eagerly, and hured down the passage to the kitchen. He s there, in Susan's arm-chair before the e. His meal was over, and he had turned the fire again, and fallen into a doze. hile she was moving about in a fever of xiety, he himself, with his head sunk on s breast, was unconscious of his own danr. Helen, who felt incapable of either restg or sleep, stood still and looked at him in a rt of stupor.

"Poor dear, poor dear!" said Susan, holdg up her hand in warning, "he's been worted and worn out, and he's dozed off—the est thing he could do."

He might rest, but she could not. She ent down the few steps to the garden, and tole out into the night, cautiously opening nd closing the door. The garden was walled all round. It was a productive, wealhy garden, which, even when the Gatehouse ad been empty, was worth keeping up, and ts doors and fastenings were all in good order. There was no chance of any one getting in y that side. Mrs. Drummond stole out into he white moonlight, which suddenly surged upon her figure, and blazoned it all over with silver, and crept round, trembling at every pebble she disturbed, to the unused door which opened into the Dura woods. It had been made that there might be a rapid means of communication between the Gatehouse and the mansion, but it had never been used since the Drummonds came. She had forgotten this door until Stephen reminded her of its existence. It was partially hid behind a thicket of raspberry-bushes, which had grown high and strong in front. Fortunately, a rusted key was in the lock. With the greatest difficulty Helen turned it, feeling as if the sound, as it grated and resisted, raised whirlwinds of echoes all round her, and must betray what she was doing. Even when it was unlocked, it took all her strength to pull it open, for she could do no more. For one moment she pressed out into the dark, rustling woods. Through the foliage she could see the glance of the lights from the house and the moving flicker of carriage-lamps going down the avenue. The music came upon her with a sudden burst like an insult. Oh, heaven! to think that all this should be going on, the dancing and laughter, and *him* dozing there by Susan's kitchen fire!

She paused a little in the garden in the stillness—not for rest, but that she might arrange her thoughts without interruption. But there was no stillness there that night. The music came to her on the soft wind, now lower, now louder; the sound of the carriage-wheels coming and going kept up a low, continuous roll; now and then there would come the sound of a voice. It was still early; only a few timid guests who feared late hours, old people and spectators like the Haldanes, were leaving the ball. It was in full career. The very sky seemed flushed over Dura House, with its numberless lights.

Helen formed her plan as she crept about the garden in the moonlight. Oh, if some kindly cloud would but rise, and veil for a little this poor earth with its mysteries! But all was clear, well seen, visible; the clear night and the blue heavens were not pitiful, like Helen. Man is often hard upon man, heaven knows, yet it is man only who can feel for the troubles of mankind.

# THE QUEEN OF THE BEES.

Going from Motiers Travers à Boudry to Neufchâtel, said the young professor of botany, you follow a road shut in between two walls of rock, of a great elevation. They are from five to six hundred feet high, and are carpeted with wild plants; mountain thyme, ferns, cranberries, ground ivy and other vines, which produce an admirable effect.

The road winds through the defile, mounts, descends, turns, is level or precipitous according to the thousand inequalities of the ground. Gray rocks overarch it in some places, in other places they divide and show you the blue distance, the dark melancholy depths skirted by pines, as far as the eye can reach. Behind all flows the Reuss, which leaps in cascades, creeps along under thickets, foams, smokes, and thunders in the abysses. The echoes bring you the tumult and roaring of the waves, like a great continuous hum.

Since my departure from Tübingue the weather had constantly been fine; but, as I reached the top of this gigantic staircase, about two leagues from the little village of Noirsaigue, I suddenly saw great clouds of dark gray gathering over my head, and they soon invaded all the defile. This vapor was so thick that it penetrated my clothing like a heavy dew. Although it was only two o'clock in the afternoon, the sky had become dark as at the approach of night, and I saw that a terrible storm was at hand.

Looking all around for a shelter, I noticed through one of those large embrasures which unfold to you the perspective of the Alps, at two or three hundred paces from me, on the slope which leads down to the lake, an old châlet quite gray and mouldy, with little round window-panes, a sloping roof covered with large stones, an outside staircase with carved railing, and one of those basket balconies where the young Swiss girls are fond of hanging out their white chemises and little red petticoats. At this moment a tall woman in a black cap was in the act of folding the linen, and taking in the other things, which the wind was blowing about.

On the left of this building a large beehouse placed against the beams of the balcony, formed a projection above the valley.

You can well imagine that, without losing a moment, I sprang forward through the heath to gain this refuge, and it was well I did, for I had hardly reached the door when the storm burst forth with terrible fury. Every gust of wind seemed as if it would sw away the châlet, but its foundations v solid, and the security of the good pe who welcomed me, completely reassi me.

Here lived Walter Young, his wife Ca rine, and their only daughter, little Roe I remained with them three days, for wind, which went down towards midni had heaped up so much fog in the Valley Neufchâtel that our mountain was liter drowned in it. One could not go twe paces from the châlet without losing his w Every morning, when the good people s me take my stick and buckle on my b they would exclaim :—

"Good heavens! what are you going do, M. Hennétius? Don't think of starti You'll get nowhere. In heaven's name s with us."

And Young, opening the door, would s "See, sir, one needs to be tired of life to r it among these rocks. The holy dove its could not find its ark in the midst of such fog."

A single glance at the hill decided me put my stick behind the door again.

Walter Young was a man of the old time. He was nearly sixty. His fine fa had a calm and benevolent expression. H had a real apostle's head; his wife, in a gre black silk cap, pale and dreamy, had th same cast of countenance. These two s houettes, traced upon the little lead-frame window-panes of the châlet, recalled to m past memories, like those pictures of Albe Durer, the sight of which alone takes us bac to the simple faith, the patriarchal manne of the fifteenth century. The long brow beams in the sitting-room, the pine table, th chairs of ash-wood, with flat-backs cut out the form of a heart, the pewter cups, the sid board covered with flowered dishes, th Christ of old box-wood on an ebony cros and the worm-eaten clock with its china fa and numberless weights completed the ill sion. But there was another charm, beside in the face of the daughter, little Roese I see her still, in her stiff head-dress wi wide watered ribbons, her delicate figu draped in a loose blue garment, falling to th knees, her little white hands crossed in a attitude of reverie, her long fair tresses,— slender, graceful, airy creature. Yes, I s Roesel seated in the large leather arm-chai against the blue curtain of the alcove, smilin to herself, listening and dreaming.

On my arrival her sweet face had touched e, and I wondered why she looked so sad d suffering. Why did she droop her beau- ul, pale forehead? Why did she not raise r eyes?

Alas! the poor child had been blind from r birth. She had never seen the broad sur- ce of the lake, the blue sheet of water which ends so harmoniously with the sky, the fish- men's boats which furrow it, the wooded mmits which tower above it, and are reflect- l tremulously in its waves, the mossy rocks, e Alpine plants, so green, so bright, so lendid in color; nor the sun sinking behind e glaciers, nor the great evening-shadows overing the valleys, nor the golden brooms, or the wide heaths—nothing! She had seen one of these things—nothing of what we w every day from the little windows of the hâlet.

What sad and bitter irony, I said to my- elf, looking through the small, round win- ow-panes into the fog, and watching for the unshine. What a bitter irony of fate! To e blind here, here, in the face of this sub- me nature, of this illimitable grandeur, to e blind! O my God, my God, who can udge thy impenetrable decrees, who can ispute the justice of thy severity, even hen it weighs heavily upon the innocent? ut to be blind in the presence of thy grand- st works, thy works which unceasingly re- ew our enthusiasm, our love, our admiration or thy spirit, thy power, and thy goodness! What crime can the poor child have com- nitted to merit such a hard fate?

And I reflected upon these things. I asked myself what compensation Divine mercy could grant to this creature after having deprived her of the greatest of its benefits. And, finding none, I doubted its power.

"Presumptuous man," said the poet-king, "dares to glorify himself in his science and to judge the Eternal One! But his wisdom is as folly, his light as darkness."

On that day a great mystery of nature was to be revealed to me, doubtless to humiliate my pride and teach me that nothing is impossible with God, with whom, alone, it rests, to multiply our senses, and to satisfy those which are good in his sight.

Here the young professor took from his tortoise-shell snuff-box a slight pinch, which he delicately snuffed up his left nostril, raising his eyes to the ceiling with a contemplative air; then after a few seconds he continued as follows:—

Has it not sometimes seemed to you, dear ladies, when you have gone into the country on pleasant summer-days, especially after a light shower, when the warm air, the white vapor, the thousand perfumes and the sweet breath of the plants penetrated and warmed you, that the foliage in the broad solitary walks, the bowers and bushes, leaned down to you, as if to seize and embrace you; that the little flowers, the daisies, the forget-me-nots, the convolvulus in the fresh turf, in the shadow of the hedges, and the mosses along the walks raised their hoods, and followed you with a long, long look,—have you not felt an unspeakable languor, a desire to sigh without any apparent reason, even to shed tears, and have you not asked yourself, "My God, my God, why does so much love penetrate me? Why do my knees bend? Why do I weep? Whence comes it all?" From the life, from the love of thousands of beings which surround you, which lean towards you, which spring forward to hold you, and murmur gently—"I love thee! I love thee. Remain—oh, do not leave me!"

It is because of these myriad little hands, these thousand looks and sighs and kisses of the air, the leaves, the breeze, the light, all this immense creation, this universal life, this infinite soul, pervading the sky, the earth, and the sea. It is this, ladies, that makes you tremble, sigh, and sit down by the roadside, your heads bowed down, sobbing and knowing not how to express the feelings of your overcharged hearts. Yes, this is the cause of your deep emotion.

But imagine, now, the rapt enthusiasm, the religious sentiment, of a being who should always be in such a state of ecstasy. Were he blind, deaf, miserable, abandoned by every one, do you think he would have anything to envy us? That his destiny would not be infinitely more beautiful than ours? For myself, I do not doubt it. Doubtless you will tell me it is impossible, the human soul would succumb under the weight of such felicity, and, besides, whence would it come? What organs could convey to it, always and everywhere, the feeling of universal life? I do not know, ladies. Nevertheless, listen and judge.

The day of my arrival at the châlet I had remarked a singular fact—that the young blind girl was especially anxious about the bees. While the wind blew outside, Roesel, her head leaning on her hand, seemed very attentive.

"Father," said she, "I think the third hive in the bee-house, on the right, near the end, is still open. Go and see; the storm comes from the north; all the bees are in. You can close the hive!"

And the old man went out at the side-door, came back again, and said—

"It is all right. I have closed it, my child!"

Then, half an hour afterward, the young girl awaking again, as if from a dream, murmured: "There are no more bees outside; but under the roof of the bee-house, some are waiting, they belong in the sixth hive from the door. Go, let them in, father!"

And the old man immediately went out. He stayed more than a quarter of an hour, then came back to tell his daughter that all was right, the bees had just gone in. The child bent her head and answered, "It is well."

Then she seemed to fall asleep. I, standing near the stove, lost myself in deep thought. How could the poor blind girl know that all the bees had not gone into this or that hive? That such a hive was open? It seemed inconceivable to me, but as it was only an hour since I had arrived, I thought I had no right to interrogate my hosts about their daughter. It is painful to question people about what touches them so nearly. I supposed that Young agreed to his daughter's observations from complaisance; to make her think that she was useful, that her foresight saved the bees from many accidents. This idea seemed to me the simplest, the truest,—I thought no more about it.

We supped about seven o'clock on cheese and milk, and when night came, Young took me into a tolerably large chamber up one flight of stairs, furnished with a bed and a few chairs, and wainscoted with pine, like most of the Swiss châlets. You are separated from your neighbors only by partitions, and can hear every step, every word. That night I slept to the whistling of the wind, and the rattling of the window panes, beaten by the rain.

The next day the wind had gone down. We were plunged in fog. When I awoke I saw that my little window-panes were white—coated with fog. I opened my window. The valley looked like an immense steam-bath. Some spires of pine-trees alone stood out, relieved in outline upon this mass of vapor that filled the air; below, the clouds had accumulated in regular layers down to the surface of the lake. All was calm, motionless, silent.

Going down into the sitting-room I found my hosts at breakfast.

"We are waiting for you," said Yc gayly.

"Pardon us," said the mother, "it is breakfast hour."

"Oh! that is right—that is right. I th you for not minding my laziness."

Roesel seemed more lively than she been the night before,—the brightest c glowed on her cheeks.

"The wind has gone down," said she; " storm is over."

"Must we open the hive?" asked You

"No, no; the bees would be lost in fog, and then, everything is soaked v water. The brambles and mosses are full o The least gust would drown many of th Let us wait. Ah! I know very well they tired—they want to work—it torments th to eat their honey, instead of gathering But I don't want to lose them. Several the hives are already weak; they wo perish in winter. To-morrow we will se

The two old people listened gravely, a made no objection. About nine o'clock young blind girl wished to visit the be Young and Catherine followed her. I so likewise, from a very natural feeling curiosity. We crossed the kitchen, the d of which opened on a narrow terrace outsi Above it rose the roof of the bee-house. was thatched, and from the eaves hung magnificent honeysuckle and some festoo of wild grape-vine. The hives stood cl together on three shelves.

Roesel went from one to the other, care ing them with her hand and murmuring:

"A little patience—a little patienc There's too much fog this morning. Oh, t misers who are complaining!"

And we heard inside a vague buzzing whi grew louder and louder until she had passe This rendered me more attentive. I felt th some strange mystery was underlying it, b what was my surprise, on entering the sittin room again, to hear the blind girl say in melancholy voice:

"No, father, I would rather not see to-d than lose my eyes. I will sing, I will something to amuse myself, no matter wh but the bees must not go out."

While she was speaking in this way I look at Walter Young, who, looking out of t window, answered simply:—

"You are right, my child; yes, I think y are right. Besides, you would not see muc the valley is perfectly white. Pshaw! it not worth seeing."

And while I stood quite stupefied, t child said: "Ah! how beautiful it was d ore yesterday. Who would have thought .t the storm on the lake would have brought so much fog. Now we must fold our ıgs again and creep along like a poor cater- llar."

Then, after a few moments' silence: "How ppy I was under the great pines of the indenwald; how the honey-dew rained m heaven. It fell on all the branches. hat a harvest we had! What a harvest! d how sweet the air was on the shores of e lake, in the rich pasturage of Tanne- atte,—and the green moss; and the fra- ant grass. I sang, I laughed; the wax, the ney filled our cells. What happiness to be erywhere, to see everything, to hum in the pths of the woods, on the mountain, in the lley."

Again there was silence. With mouth ide open, and eyes starting from my head, listened intently, not knowing what to ink or say.

"And when the shower came," she con- nued smiling, "how frightened we were! nd how that great clap of thunder terrified s! A large drone, nestling under the same rn with me, shut its eyes at each flash of ghtning; a grasshopper sheltered itself nder its great green wings, and the poor ttle crickets clambered up on a high peony escape from the flood. But what was ost terrible was the nest of linnets quite ear us in the brushwood. The mother flew ight and left around us, and the little ones pened their large yellow beaks till we could ee down their throats. How frightened we vere! oh, how frightened! I shall remem- er it long. Thank heaven, a gust of wind rought us to the hill-side. Adieu! baskets, he vintage is over. We must not hope to go out thus very soon."

At these true descriptions of nature, this ecstasy, this worship of the day, of light, it was not possible for me to doubt.

"The blind girl sees," I said to myself, 'she sees with thousands of eyes. The bee-house is her life, her soul. Every bee bears a part of it through space and returns, drawn by thousands of invisible threads. The blind girl penetrates into the flowers, the mosses. She becomes intoxicated with their perfume. When the sun shines she is everywhere,—on he hill, in the valleys, in the forests,—as far as her sphere of attraction extends." And I was confounded by this strange magnetism, and said to myself, "Honor, glory, honor to he power, the wisdom, the infinite goodness of the Eternal One. Nothing is impossible o Him; every day, every hour, reveals to us his grandeur." While I was absorbed in these enthusiastic thoughts Roesel addressed me, smiling sweetly.

"Stranger!" said she.

"What is it, my child?"

"You are much astonished, and you are not the first one. The rector Hégel of Neufchâtel and other travelers have come expressly to see me. They thought I was blind. You thought so too, didn't you?"

"It is true, my child; I thank God that I was mistaken."

"Oh! said she, I hear that you are good, —yes, I hear it in your voice. When the sun shines, I will open my eyes to look at you, and when you go away I will go with you as far as the foot of the hill." Then, laughing archly, she added: "Yes, I will make music for your ear, and rest on your cheek; but take care,—take care,—you must not try to catch me; if you do, I will sting you. Promise me not to be angry."

"I promise, Roesel," I answered, with tears in my eyes, "and I promise you also to kill no more bees nor insects of any kind, unless they are hurtful."

"They are God's eyes," murmured she. "I have only my poor bees to see with, but He has all the hives, all the ant-hills, all the leaves of the forest, every blade of grass. He sees, He feels, He loves, He suffers, He does good with all these things. Ah! M. Hennétius, how right you are not to make the good God suffer, who loves you so much."

I had never been more affected. For a moment I could not speak. Then I said:—

"So, my dear child, you see by your bees. How can you do that?"

"I don't know, M. Hennétius; perhaps it is because I love them very much. When I was very small they adopted me. They have never done me harm. When I was little I liked to listen for hours, alone, on the floor of the bee-house, to their humming. Still I could see nothing; all was black around me, but insensibly the light came. At first I saw the sun a little, when it was very warm; then a little better; then the clematis and the honeysuckle of the châlet, like a shadow; then the full blaze of light. I began to go out of myself. My mind went away with the bees. I saw the mountain, the rocks, the lake, the flowers and mosses, and in the evening, all alone, I thought of them. I thought these things beautiful, and when any one spoke of this or that,—of the huckleberries, the mulberries, the heath,—I said to myself, I know these things. They are black, brown, green. I saw them in my mind, and every day I knew them better through my dear bees. So I love them dearly, indeed, M. Hennétius. If you only knew how it troubles me when we must take the honey or the wax away!"

"I believe it, my child, I believe it."

My delight at this discovery was unbounded. For several days Roesel told me of her impressions. She knew all the flowers, all the Alpine plants, and gave me descriptions of a great many which had not yet received scientific names, and which are found, no doubt, only on inaccessible heights. The poor young girl was often moved in speaking of her dear friends, the little flowers. "How many times," said she, "have I talked for hours with a bit of golden broom or a tender forget-me-not with great blue eyes, and sympathized in their griefs. All would like to go away—to fly. All complain of withering in the ground, and being obliged to wait days and weeks for a drop of dew to refresh them!"

And thereupon Roesel undertook to tell me long stories of these endless conversations. It was marvelous. Only to hear her, one would fall in love with a wild rose or feel lively sympathy or deep compassion for the feelings of a violet, for its misfortunes and its concealed sufferings.

What shall I say more, dear ladies? It is painful to leave a subject in which the soul has so many mysterious outlets, and fancy such a scope; but everything in this world below must end, even the sweetest dreams.

Early in the morning of the third day, a light breeze softly lifted the fog from the lake. From my window I saw it roll up, heavier and heavier, and the breeze carried it farther and farther away, disclosing first a bit of blue, then the steeple of a hamlet, some green summits, then a skirting of pines, a valley, and the immense floating mass rose and rose towards us. By ten o'clock it had passed by, and the heavy cloud, resting on the arid summits of Chasser, still menaced us, but a last effort of the wind carried it over to the other side, and it disappeared in the gorges of Sainte-Croix. Then this sturdy Alpine vegetation seemed to renew its youth; the heather, the lofty pines, the old chestnut-trees, bathed in dew, glowed with a more vigorous health. There was something about them joyous, laughing, and grave at the san time. One felt the hand of God in all th —His eternity.

I went down-stairs thoughtfully. Roes was already in the bee-house. Young, ha opening the door, showed her to me seate in the shadow of the wild grape-vine, h head drooping, as if asleep.

"Take care," said he, "don't wake he Her spirit is away. She sleeps, she dream She is happy."

The bees were whirling about in tho sands, like a wave of gold, above the abys I looked at this marvelous spectacle for som minutes, praying softly that God would co tinue his love to the poor child.

Then, turning round, I said: "Maste Young, it is time for me to go." He hin self fastened my bag over my shoulder an gave me my stick. Mother Catherine looke at me with emotion. They both accon panied me to the door of the châlet.

"Farewell," said Walter, pressing m hand, "a pleasant journey, and think of u sometimes!"

"I shall never forget you," answered I ir a very melancholy tone. "May your bee prosper. May you receive from heaven th happiness which you deserve."

"Amen, M. Hennétius," said good moth er Catherine, "amen! A pleasant journey Take care of yourself."

I left them. They remained on the terrac until I had reached the road. Three time I turned and waved my hat. They wave their hands. Good people! Why do we no meet with such every day?

Little Roesel accompanied me to the foo of the hill, as she had promised. For a long time her sweet music lightened the fatigu of my way. I seemed to recognize her ir every bee that came to buzz in my ear, and I thought I heard her say playfully in her childish voice: "Take courage, M. Hennétius, take courage. Isn't it very warm? Look here, must I sting you? Ha, ha, ha don't be afraid. You know we are good friends."

It was not until we had reached the end of the valley that she at last took leave of me, when the loud murmur of the lake drowned her gentle humming; but the thought of her followed me all through my journey, and I think it will never leave me.

# LOITERING ABOUT A FRENCH CHATEAU.

GENTLY swelling hills and broad valleys,
tivated surfaces and patches of dark woods,
all tenements and country mansions, were
leading characteristics which unveiled
mselves before me as I sat perched on the
of a diligence lumbering through one of
southern departments of France. The
e morning and lofty perch kindled a gentle
ilaration.

Efforts to get up a conversation with the
ver, with whom I sat alone, were not en-
uraged by him in the early morning. He
dressed himself to his horses, and I was a
ll-flower. The "eûh" was the refrain to
e occasional "voyons," "allez," and "al-
ns donc" which he pronounced, and this
s all. But a breach was made in this wall
reserve when we reached a cluster of
uses on the side of a hill, by sharing with
n a bottle of grape-juice while the mail
s being taken out. This touched him.
e patted the bottle caressingly and said it
s the friend of man, which I afterwards
scovered was his standing joke. From the
ver branch of a tree swung the sign, "Au
on d'Or," and above the lettering was ex-
oited an execrable yellow lion intended to
golden.

My attention was arrested by three or
ur geese which waddled past us, with sticks
velve to eighteen inches long run through
eir bills. The why was asked. It was to
eep them from getting through the fences
to the garden-patches or potager,—for an
closure where vegetables are grown the
renchman calls a potager ; that devoted to
ass, trees, or flowers is a garden. I subse-
ently observed that when the geese were
ot thus accoutered they were tended all day
ng by a little girl, until they were housed
night. The goose is habituated to the pres-
nce of the shepherdess but is too stupid to
anifest affection. In France, as with us,
is bird is the often-used figure of stupidity ;
e French also press the turkey into the
me service, which we do not. If the Gaul
ould see the astute American gobbler in his
ild state he would probably change his
pinion as to the extreme dullness of the
ird ; but he has seen only the tame one,
nd him civilization has degenerated.

The conversational machine having been
bricated by the judicious outlay of ten
ous, questions and answers were in order.

"One sees by the accent of Monsieur that
e is a stranger in these parts?"

"Where do you suppose I am from!"

"From the north of France, I expect." As the whip said this he turned up the bottle—it was empty. The first reflection was gratifying to vanity,—to talk French like a Frenchman ; but it was poisoned by the afterthought that this was an adroit method of getting another bottle.

"At any rate," continued he, "you don't talk like the people about here. Are you Norman?"

"I am—but I left Normandy many hundred years ago."

"I see that Monsieur is something of a blagueur."

"I left Normandy for England, thence emigrated to America."

"Ah! I see, your forefathers. Misfortunes, I suppose, have driven you out of your country."

"No: I can make a good livelihood in my country."

"Perhaps you could not stay, eh?"

"On the contrary, everything invites me to remain."

"Then why—you will pardon me—why do you go into a strange country?"

"To see it."

"What a droll idea!"

I saw that the explanation as to my presence there was not entirely satisfactory. There was doubtless an underthought that my absence was an obligatory one with which the strong arm of the law had had something to do. Still, he was inclined to accept my statement, for when he drove diligence to Clermont last year he had seen another American, who, like me, was there to see.

"What manner of man was he?" I asked.

"He was a nasillard."

In my language I would have been obliged to say that "he talked through his nose ;"—the Frenchman presented the peculiarity plump, in one word.

"His beard grew out from under his chin like a hook," continued he ; "he chewed tobacco, and drank water instead of wine."

In these traits I at once recognized my beloved countryman.

"I can complete your description," I said. "He did not sit upright, did not keep his feet down, and asked many questions."

"Why, do you know him?"

"I do."

"How odd! Well, he was a drôle de corps."

My journey in the diligence ended toward noon, when we arrived at a village with a score of humble houses. Leaving luggage at the inn, I cut a stout stick and struck out on foot for my destination—a château about six miles off. After stepping off two or three miles briskly, I loitered by the wayside to talk with the peasants cultivating the soil. They were generally polite, taking off their hats when I addressed them. They did not look as well as those I had seen during the morning part of my journey. Their tenements were meager and badly constructed, and their food consisted chiefly of bread, the cheese and sour wine of the locality, and very rarely meat. With this fare they labored hard through daylight. As a rule, each one was the owner of the few acres which he cultivated. I talked to several, leaning over their fences, as they stood with implement in hand, and they manifested a willingness to chat in every instance. They were hardly as ignorant as they looked, for they affect dullness as a foil to the superior intelligence of those who sometimes oppress them. They were shrewd in petty bargaining and in knowledge of human nature, but were without instruction. Further on I fell in with the rural postman, who was going to the place I was seeking, and we made the rest of the journey together. On arriving at the château, a most hospitable welcome was extended to me, and I was much scolded for not apprising my hosts of the day of my arrival, in order that a carriage might have been dispatched for me to the village. My luggage was immediately sent for, and I was soon ensconced in an antique chamber with lofty ceiling and windows.

The exercise, country air, and a bath made of me a "belle fourchette" when the time for dinner arrived. This was a repast to have gladdened the heart of Brillat Savarin, and accompanied by that gayety which is as indispensable to prandial occupation in France as bread or wine. Besides the members of the family there was but one guest other than myself, a young Parisian, who was an ardent republican.

The following day I was given a great straw hat, and offered a white blouse—the country gentleman affects the white blouse, the blue being monopolized by the lower class—and told to make myself thoroughly at home. Thus accoutered, and with a stout stick, I knocked about the neighborhood to see the people, for I had long since discovered that there is little difference in the upper classes of different civilized countries, and that the characteristics of a nation must be sought for in its common people. Occasi ally I found my way to a hamlet containir dozen houses on the crest of a hill a half-r off, where I made the acquaintance of school-master and carpenter of the pla The school-house was a tumble-down building of primitive character, where a sc of dull boys were taught the simplest ru ments. The school-master himself was c sluggish understanding, and untrained compared with his colleague in Ameri He called up two or three of the least dull his lads to read, which they did in t sing-song manner which seems to be comn to the boys of all countries—for I have he the little Arabs going through much same tones, accompanying them, howev with a swaying to and fro of the body.

The teacher ordered the lads to perfc what he called the evolutions, which consis of various marchings to measure and bo ing to me as they passed. I had never se anything so indifferent as this in the way common schools in America; but, in just to the French, it must be allowed that t region is one of the most backward in Fran in education and intelligence. The peo are Auvergnats, although outside the bord of Auvergne. At Paris they are genera coal-heavers and water-carriers, and are no for strong arms and weak heads. "Il avait ni hommes ni femmes—ils étaient to Auvergnats" is a common saying attribu to one of the inhabitants of this regi When a soirée or other entertainment l been somewhat mixed, the Parisian raill says, "C'était bien composé—comme un d'Auvergnats." Thus these people, thou they make none themselves, are the cause wit in others. The defenders of the Auv gnats repel the charge of stupidity by citi the names of two of Auvergne's intellectu ornaments,—Pascal the poet and Rouher t minister.

My carpenter acquaintance was from t Burgundy country and was as vivacious as t school-master was dull. I asked him w all the Burgundians were gay.

"It's the wine," answered he with conv tion.

It was not long before I discovered th all the carpenter's savings went down throat. He was a great talker, and consid ed the clever man of his little neighborhoo His hands moved the plane with the activ of his tongue, and shaved off the wood-r bons with the grace and ease of a han craftsman. He knew nothing of politi yet that was the theme of his heart. He w ing one day to "libre Amérique," when he d laid by enough to take him there, from ich I inferred that his chances of reaching at country were slim.

When Sunday arrived the château inmates my sex did not attend mass—only the stess, whom I volunteered to accompany. y especial friend, her son, said he did not go, cause the man who played the ophicléide stracted his attention and disturbed his votions, whereupon he was informed that was a sad scamp whom St. Peter would rtainly shut out when his turn came.

Considering the understanding of the arers, the sermon was admirable. For out half an hour they were simply talked about their daily duties and short-comings -none of that laboring after effects and rorating which is so much in vogue with certain class of preachers in America. It as easy to see that the priest had the hearts all the women and children, and a num-er of the men who hung about the door. he man of the ophicléide *did* furnish a ther grotesque picture, perched on his high ool, with his immense wind instrument. hen we returned, the young gentleman be-re referred to gave us some imitations of is musician which created hearty laughter, nd which the hostess endeavored to dis-ourage, but was at length obliged to join erself. This young gentleman, whom I hall call Paul, was the life of the house-old.

Two or three times we had the curé to din-er. He was an amiable convive who con-ributed his full quota to the good things which were said. He was created for a diner-out, being both wit and gastronomer. He was very fond of billiards, and, as there was a able in the house, he enjoyed himself over he green baize with naïf expansion. I played several single-handed games with the père, in most of which, to his exceeding joy, e came off conqueror, amidst the noisy applause of the spectators, chief amongst whom, of course, was the ever-talky Paul. After one of these victories, Paul, patting him on the back, said :—

"Mon père, henceforth the path of duty is plain—unfrock yourself and devote the rest of your life to carroms."

"Madame," said the père to the hostess, "I call upon you to put this scapegrace under lock and key—he should not be allowed to run free—he chaffs the cloth."

"The père is growing vain because he has beaten America," said Paul. "I will give him a turn to reduce him to a humble state of mind. Come, O père—let the fight begin between Wickedness and the Church!"

In this bout the curé also came off victorious. Waving his cue as if it were a banner, he said :—

"Behold! the Church has put its foot on the neck of the reviler."

"Flambé!" was the ejaculation of the Parisian.

The curé invited the gentlemen to dinner at his house, and the host, Paul, and myself accepted.

"And try, mon père," said Paul, "not to put us on ascetic fare."

"Ah, the brigand!" Turning to me: "All my teaching has been lost on the young man —he is given over to riotous living."

"When I come," continued Paul, "if you insist on my drinking some champagne I shall allow myself to be persuaded."

"Scélérat! va," was the response of the black-robed.

We met at the curé's table his vicaire—a proletaire whom the church was unable to refine to the conventional point. Toward the end of the repast, to the surprise of Paul, a bottle of champagne was produced, when the curé explained that he had got into a bad habit of spoiling the young gentleman, indicating Paul, but that this would be the last time. After the repast cards were brought out, and a game played peculiar to the country, for a few sous. The vicaire was the principal winner, and his satisfaction was irrepressible.

In the château the routine of the day was: at eight, coffee, milk, or soup, according to taste, with bread and butter; at noon, a fork-breakfast of the most solid, flanked with wines; and at seven, the ordinary dinner. On one occasion we had the wife of a notary and her daughter at breakfast. Paul averred that she was the "femme incomprise" of Balzac, and in effect there was a resemblance. The daughter was the typical girl of sixteen of rural France—quiet-mannered and timid. Miss Petroleum, rustling and rattling in ribbons and chains, of unquailing eye and bold speech, was to this person as black is to white. I could not help making the reflection to myself, as I looked upon her, that, after all, there is nothing like modesty in a woman. She was shy of us for some time, keeping her hands folded on her lap and her eyes on the floor. She answered briefly, "Oui Monsieur," and "Non Monsieur," raising her eyes for a moment to drop them as her lips closed. The glance of a strange man was terrible to encounter, it seemed. But when we all repaired to the lawn and played "les petits papiers" her timidity gradually wore off, and at the end of an hour she clapped her hands with delight when, according to the "papers," the curé (who was present) met the object of his affections up the chimney, and passionately declared he was all afire.

Not a jewel on her hands—no barbaric rings in her ears—no ribbons of glaring red or blue on her head. Only a little cross about her neck—la croix de sa mère. Robe of simple cut and hue clothed her lithe, well-formed person. Her own clever hands had put the garment together. She knew how to prepare appetizing food—and to eat it; else no such roses on her cheeks. A full lung and strong arm were hers. She was worthy to be the mother of an ameliorated race of men. Her name was Julie, and she was a treasure, although her dot was only thirty thousand francs. Like Cosette, she had a fortune of gold and pearls, but the gold was on her head and the pearls were in her mouth.

Julie's mind was graceful but somewhat immature. She asked me if one could go by rail to America. This may be a natural question a hundred years hence; at this time it sounds odd.

Paul volunteered information respecting my country. The aborigines were red-skins, with small hands and feet. Pale faces from beyond the seas killed them and took their places, and they, through climatic and other influences, were approximating to the original race, evidences of which were furnished by Americans at Paris, especially the women, who garbed themselves in the rainbow with the Indian's love of color, and booted and gloved smaller than their sisters of any other land. The past furnished the untutored Indian; the future would give the æsthetic redman—the highest type of civilization. At present the Americans were in a transition state.

As a matter of conscience, I endeavored to extirpate this theory from the mind of the young person, but doubt if I succeeded very well, as Paul stoutly maintained himself.

The intellectuality of these three women was incontestably inferior to that of their American sisters in the same station of life; but the French had compensating qualities. Their lives, not brilliant, were symmetrical. There was no feverish, consuming aspiration, no mental tour de force, but an existence that flowed evenly and naturally onward from day to day to the end. Eccentricities they had none; each marched in her allotted sphere. No craving for publicity in journals or on th rostrum. No desire to live in great publ hotels and array themselves for the gallerie An innate idea of art kept them within th limits of harmonious propriety.

In a village of a thousand inhabitant seven miles off, I went to see a physicia whom I had known four or five years befo in Paris. I had known him as a medic student in the Latin quarter—one of the liv liest young men of that lively neighborhoo He was photographed on my mind as a your gentleman who dislocated himself in the fo ward two of the Closerie de Lilas and sporte the costume of a canotier at Bougival. M surprise was great when I discovered that m whilom farceur of the Rue Bonaparte ha disappeared in a staid, decorous count physician with a wife and child.

The history of my doctor friend was th of many others. Whilst in the neighborhoo of the Luxembourg he had breathed fire an vengeance against the reigning dynast burned with tumultuous enthusiasm for Gan betta and Rochefort, and loudly proclaime himself a radical red. Graduating, he pre cipitated himself like a bottle of champagn with his revolutionary ideas into his countr home, and delivered himself with beady effe vescence; but time settled him as it doe that beverage. Parental advice, a girl wit a dot, and three months of argument cleare him of froth.

I took him to task for his desertion of th immortal principles. "Does freedom's fir no longer burn in that manly breast?" aske I, tapping that part of his frame.

"Don't chaff me," said he, with a wear smile. "What could I do? On one sid my debts hanging over me in the Latin quar ter, and all my relations down on me; on th other, peace, forgiveness, and comparativ prosperity. Que voulez-vous, mon cher? I was written."

There were two phases to my friend' character. One was the aspiration to highe and larger life, the other was the practica desire to avail himself of what was within hi immediate reach. A contest between striv ings after present contentment and dream of wonderful possibilities. The conscious ness that, as time rolled on, he was sinkin more deeply into the platitude of a narro life, brought with it many vain regrets.

"If you come back to see me in five o six years," said he, "you will find me as muc of a crétin as those you now see aroun me."

"I will find, rather," said I, "a doctor wh s taken some ventre, wears the red ribbon, d is perhaps deputy."

In the evening we repaired to what he lled the club, in the center of the village, mposed of two miserable rooms, one a lliard and the other a reading room, the tter garnished with the *Débats*, *Journal musant*, and the *Figaro*.

"You see," said he, as he showed me this ggarly account of things, "we are dans le ouvement."

Which showed that the soul of the blagueur ill lived, in spite of the provincial extin-isher put upon it.

There was entertainment at the club. The embers were gathered to hear two men ay poorly on violins. A half-hour of this ıfficed to drive me out. My friend, as a llar of the club, felt it his duty to remain encourage art.

Meeting him half an hour later, we strolled rm-in-arm in the moonlight along the white igh road on the outskirts of the village.

"What do you think of the entertain-ient?" asked he.

"Navrant!"

"That is the word—that is the word," epeated he, as he sighed.

Then he lived over again his life of the atin quarter, when he used to dine at the afé d'Europe and lodge in the hôtel of Père oseph in the Rue Bonaparte, both now lemolished by the iconoclastic Haussman. Did I recollect Gambetta when he used to erorate at the Café Procope, and Paul, ules, and other amiable Bohemians of our cquaintance who ate at his board—two rancs, wine compris, and the lovely Fifine vhom he loved with a love she never de-served? I naturally stimulated him in these eminiscences, and he gave full rein to the oast for an hour. The expansive student was again before me, but when we returned to his house he slipped back into his rôle of the staid physician.

His wife, who had never crossed the lines of her native prefecture, regarded her husband with a sentiment where affection and admiration struggled for mastery. Her eyes followed him with the submissive watchfulness of a dog's—meant in no disrespectful sense. He who had lived eight years in Paris and restored the sick to health was indeed a wonderful man, and so constantly and completely was she absorbed in contemplation of him that the presence of a stranger scarcely aroused her curiosity.

With naïf vanity, he requested me to say something to him in English in presence of his father, to allow him to pose. Knowing his feebleness in the language of Shakespeare, I slowly and distinctly enunciated several simple words, which he caught and replied to with considerable effort. "My son speaks it like an Englishman," observed the old gentleman; at which the son turned his face away, recalling to my mind the old Gunnybags at home who are always telling their guests that their daughters speak French like Frenchwomen.

The doctor told me that it was at this village where the misunderstanding occurred between imperial and municipal authorities. The Emperor was making a triumphant tour through the region, and at each place he was received with firing of cannon. No cannonade marked his entry into this village, and the Emperor called up the delinquent mayor to ask why. This functionary was prepared for the contingency. He had thirteen reasons to offer why the cannon was not fired, the first of which was, he hadn't any cannon—when his majesty stopped him, saying that would suffice.

Paul bowled me back to the château in a break, over a macadamized road in perfect order. The hospitality with which I was received on my return, after a two days' absence, made me feel as if it were a new home.

# A VISIT TO "THE GRANGE."

Out in one of the suburbs of London, far west of all its bustling commerce, and of all the glitter of its fashionable world, stands an old rambling house, set in an old rambling garden. The trim velvet of the English turf lies there beneath the shade of gnarled old hawthorn trees that lift their wealth of fragrant blossoms to the very roof that covers "The Grange," and the moss-grown walls that shut in that smooth grass and venerable shrubbery were built long before any of us were thought of.

In the quaint old times we love to read about, those early days of George the Second, when Pall Mall was trodden by Fielding and Goldsmith, and the banks of the Thames rang with the laughter of "jolly Mary Bellenden" and all the other merry maids of honor, and when Bozzy and Dr. Johnson were hobnobbing beneath the classic shades of Covent Garden Piazza, a certain kindly-natured, sentimental, pompous, and moral old bookseller, retired from trade, was busy in that very garden and that very house. Busy peopling those fragrant shades with the forms of men and women we have all known or read of; calling up Sir Charles Grandison with his over-perfect manners, his stiff courtesy, his immortal bow, or portraying in still stiffer lines the timid virtues of Pamela, whom that saucy rogue Fielding caricatured so remorselessly in his *Joseph Andrews*. In the dusty shadows of the summer-house that once stood there—vanished with the mouldering leaves of a forgotten year—we can fancy the honest old moralist looking up from his prosing as if to catch the very glimmer of his Clarissa's white gown among the trees, or perhaps to detect the bold eyes of Lovelace peering through the front palings. Doubtless in that same summer-house sat the fair and fashionable friends to whom he submitted his pictures of the aristocratic world, and who criticised the manners of Sir Charles with such feminine shrewdness, as they sipped their fragrant Bohea, that the worthy but plebeian author was almost tempted to throw his ideal of manly perfection into the fire.

"There is nothing so insipid as an edifying hero," and Sir Charles Grandison is forgotten; Clarissa Harlowe is tabooed as "immoral" by a generation nurtured on *Guy Livingstone* and the works of Ouidà, whose leisure hours are spent in perusing the cold and classic pages of *Red as a Rose*, or *Cometh up as a Flower*, and Richardson is fast sinking out of mind,—coming to classified by worthy mothers of families "one of those disreputable writers of t last century," and left to gather dust up an upper shelf in a safe and quiet oblivic Sir Charles Grandison, once the glass fashion and the mould of form, vanishes wi the author of his being. Amen, we say wi Taine. "He never was guilty of an u worthy action nor a false gesture. His co science and his peruke were alike irreproac able. Let him be canonized—and stuffed

Other shadows haunt the garden-walks ar the long rambling passages of the Gran to-day. As we enter beneath the quaint o roof, we see that a new spirit vivifies tl place. It is an artist, not a moralist, wl rules there now. Tall cabinets of curio workmanship stand in the low wide hall, ar in all the available niches of the house, fille with choice old china, that would have flu tered the gentle heart of Elia with deligh And everywhere walls and wainscotings ar hidden by pictures. Prints from Dür and the early masters, photographs fror Rossetti and the other Pre-Raphaelites while all over the house, high and low, hun on walls, stacked in corners, tucked awa behind doors, stretching along the passage are paintings in oil and water-color, in ever stage of incompleteness, by the master of th Grange, the friend of poets and painter Edward Burne Jones. It is he whon Browning calls "the pleasant, gifted man dear to us all," to whom Rossetti writes son nets, and to whom Swinburne dedicated hi Poems and Ballads, in these among othe words :—

> "Though the world of your hands be more graciou
> And lovelier in lordship of things,
> Clothed round by sweet art with the spacious
> Warm heaven of her imminent wings,
> Let them enter, unfledged and nigh fainting,
> For the love of old loves and lost times,
> And receive in your palace of painting
> This revel of rhymes."

Out of this "palace of painting" comes t meet us the artist himself, a smile of greetin in the sweet bright eyes that flash wide-ope in the gentlest mirth, or grow dreamy witl introverted musings. Gentleness and sweet ness of the most refined description seen the prominent characteristics of his nature, a childlike simplicity and kindliness, joined t the imagination of a poet. If Keats had been a painter he might have given u "Phyllis and Demophoon" or "Pygmalion;"

Burne Jones had been a poet he could ave written Endymion and St. Agnes' Eve. n fact his pictures are all poems in color, nd though his own theory is that painting ould have no more to do with definite ideas r connected story than the finest music, yet e paints in poems, for the poems come. Pictures, that is, the highest and noblest ictures," he says, "should be utterly independent of any purpose; perfect color and erfect grace of line should be enough for the rtist, nor should we require his picture to escribe character or represent an incident ny more than we demand that Beethoven's ymphonies should be descriptive." And e showed us two tall uprights painted as exmplars of this theory, two exquisite naked igures in the midst of flames, the lines all spiring upwards, a dream of symmetry and olor.

But the public, he admitted, were not eady for this kind of Art, and therefore he still painted stories,—stories such as Chaucer, and Keats, and Shelley, and William Morris tell, however; not such as we hear in the theater or the market; stories for poets and dreamers, for artists and lovers, those deepest of all dreamers. He has the faults of a dreamer; his form is often crude, harsh, and angular, his color sometimes, but far less often, not to be realized out of a dream. His brain has sped too fast for his hands; they have not had time to mould with academical correctness the bodies wherewith those thick-coming fancies are to be clothed. It is as though one had learned to run before learning to walk, and were ever toiling after the rudiments. His color is either rich and glowing, like Giorgione's, or set in some strange key of bronze-like green, or pale and severe as an old statue. Generally he delights in dusky eyes, deep-set below wide foreheads, and great folds of heavy somber drapery; deep blue, rich and glowing crimson, saffron and softened gold, and the singular and unearthly bronze-green before mentioned. He paints whole pictures in this key, as another would in sepia or red ocher, and the weird minor effect of it reminds one of Schumann's moonlight songs. His "Phyllis and Demophoon," in the Water-color Exhibition of 1870 (and which he calls one of his best works), was in a paler modification of this tint. The figure of the youth coming towards the spectator, with an expression of weary and satiated indifference in his eyes, behind which lurked a shadow of remorseful regret; the floating form of the nymph beside him, vainly striving to retain the fleeting love which had passed forever beyond the reach of her clasping arms, were as strong as they were beautiful. Terribly pathetic was the eager, wistful appeal of her despairing eyes, full of a longing never to be satisfied, a hunger never to be appeased. It was a picture to haunt one's dreams for days and years, to lurk in dim corners of the memory, and suddenly flash out with its burden of unavailing regret, of longing and despair. It reminded one of Rossetti's sonnet called "A Superscription," beginning

> "Look in my face: my name is Might-have-been;
> I am also called No More, Too Late, Farewell."

The same pathos, though by no means so intense, haunts the large picture called "Love among the Ruins," of which his favorite bronze-green is again the predominant, though not the universal tint. Two lovers are seated among the crumbling ruins of an old temple, whose broken capitals, half-hidden by tall weeds, lie about their feet. A sense of desolation, of the transitory nature of human joy, of the broken and ruined end of the beauty that has been, seems to haunt all the picture, and to have cast a sudden shadow over the quicker perception of the girl, who leans away from her lover's side with wide-open eyes, startled by some unseen subtle terror that possesses her.

Our artist seems to be of the poet's opinion, that

> "The dusky strand of Death, inwoven here
> With dear Love's tie, makes Love himself more
> dear,"

for in another corner we catch a glimpse of a noble sketch, the figures as yet undraped, which the glowing words of the artist clothe for us in completed color. It is to represent two lovers in a bright and sunshiny garden, half hidden in roses, gay as the birds and the flowers. The thread of their life floats round them in a golden coil, ascending at last to a solemn arch under which, mantled in heavy-falling, dusky drapery, sit the three Fates, who hold the end of the golden thread, and are just about to sever it. It is a fine contrast, the gay unconscious lovers among the roses, the somber, unrelenting Fates above,—a picture whose subtle suggestions Hawthorne would have loved to muse upon.

But there are lighter fancies of love in the studio than those that are spiced with death. There is a pretty conceit of "Love praying for Eloquence," representing a little Cupid, his hands folded in an attitude of meek helplessness, pleading before the marble statue of Mercury for that gift of eloquent language which true love lacks. There was also a romantic picture called "Le Chant d'Amour," where a knight is devoutly kneeling in a flowery meadow to listen to the tune his lady plays upon a little organ of which Love himself blows the bellows. And in the Water-color Exhibition of 1870 was one of the prettiest and quaintest of all, "Love disguised as Reason," wherein a sly and demure Cupid, dressed in the flowing robes of a student, his dangerous arrows masked as pens, his bow hidden away, and a big book tucked under his arm, is laying down the law to two fair and innocent damsels, wandering in the very twilight-land of Fancy. Far in the distance lies just such a quaint little village as the old Italians loved to paint, and the whole atmosphere of the picture breathes repose,—repose unruffled even by the threatening twinkle in the eyes of the dangerous young masker.

In another corner we see a picture of the knights that failed to find the Sleeping Beauty. Here they lie prostrate, tangled in a thicket of wild roses, while past their slumbering forms comes striding the powerful figure of the true Prince, the rose-leaves falling in showers around him, and doubling their pink and white beauty in the reflections of his burnished armor. And here is Pan consoling Psyche. The jolly and benevolent old god, half hidden in a tangle of wild flowers, stretches comfortable arms to the poor child, who creeps, despairing and forlorn, her dripping hair clinging about her shivering limbs, out of the cruel river which has refused to drown her.

And even now we have not half named over the treasures of this overflowing studio. Literally overflowing, for we go from room to room of that queer old rambling-house, and everywhere find pictures. In one little room, all by itself, we are shown the artist's youngest darling, a great sketch for a picture to be called "Troy Town," of most elaborate construction.

"It will take two or three years to finish that," said the artist, looking at the immense canvas with its partially blocked-out design; "and yesterday I began another larger still. And I have besides about forty other pictures in the studio under way," he added, with something of the air of a naughty child expecting punishment after confession. "People complain that they don't get their pictures, but there is always something more to be done. And one can't work steadily at one thing very long without fatiguing both the eye and the mind."

*Hinc illæ lachrymæ.* How long must t world wait for those forty pictures, and f that other forty that are ready to spring any moment, like full-armed Minerva, fro the artist's brain? This fertile imaginatio this wealth of fancy, this endless successi of beautiful dreams, just noted on a canv and then left, tempt him along a path fruitless toil, and mock us with the vision an unproductive industry. Should that brus which seems to paint visible poetry, be sto ped to-morrow, what would be left to us Scarcely half a dozen works that the arti himself would call finished, and scores an scores that he would be most reluctant t expose to the general eye, for of most them, indeed, the general eye could mak nothing. Delicious reveries, half-moulde dreams, incomplete conceptions, they sadde while they charm. "That which should b glorified in art," says Balzac, "and all crea tions of the mind are comprehended in th word, is, above all, courage. To muse, t dream, to invent beautiful works, is a delici ous occupation,—it is to smoke enchanted ci gars. But unless the artist throws himself head long into his work, like Curtius into the gulf without stopping to think; if he contemplate difficulties instead of conquering them, one by one, like the lovers in the fairy tales (who to win their princesses have to comba ever-renewed enchantments), the work wil remain unfinished, it will perish in a corne of the studio, where production will become impossible, and the artist will assist at the suicide of his own talent."

It was perhaps because these words, lately read, were ringing in our ears, that all the lovely fragments of the artist's dreams, just dawning into visible form about us, seemed penetrated with a terrible significance, and the cup of beauty at our lips was made bitter with fear. For there stood the large water-color called "Love among the Ruins," and the sad and startled eyes of the young girl, catching her first glimpse of the shadow behind the light, seeing in the broken pillars about her feet all that Love's fairest temple might come to be, called the mind back to the same dreary fancies.

There might be music and merriment enough at the Egyptian banquets, but the guest that caught sight of the *memento mori* overhanging the roses was quite likely to have something of the sparkle quenched in his wine, to see evermore before his unwilling eyes,

——"a shaken shadow intolerable,  
Of ultimate things unuttered the frail screen"

# MR. BEECHER AS A SOCIAL FORCE.

THE forces which operate in the development and direction of human society are generally found to be abstract and aggregated powers, but occasionally a single man becomes a distinct social force acting upon an entire nation, or even upon the world itself.

Such a force is Mr. Beecher. Men of all parties, and of the most divergent creeds, freely recognize him as an element of power in the nineteenth century.

There are few residents of New York, or visitors to the great Metropolis, who are not more or less familiar with that wide, spacious, and intensely plain church-structure which stands in Orange street, Brooklyn, about eight minutes walk from the Fulton Ferry. The building itself is admirably suited to the character of the occupant of its pulpit. It is capacious, light, thoroughly well ventilated, cheerful—having no sympathy with a "dim religious light," and while it has very little, indeed, to amuse the eye, or to challenge sensuous admiration, there is an air about it which addresses itself to the higher nature of man.

If you are about to hear Mr. Beecher for the first time, it is more than probable that you go with some degree of prejudice, and with a disposition to apologize to yourself or to some one else for this indulgence, so doubtful in its propriety. And perhaps, too, these feelings will not be overcome after having once pressed your way through that crowd, but there will always be left the conviction that you ought to hear him again, and do him the justice of letting him speak for himself against your prejudices and those of the world.

But when you have heard Mr. Beecher several times you will begin to recognize the fact that the occupant of Plymouth pulpit is a distinct social force, or, we should say, an embodied combination of social forces. You will conclude that he possesses an organization wonderful for its complexity, and yet still more for its harmony of parts, and you will be led to ask: What are his peculiarities? What are the secrets of his power and influence? One who has enjoyed his acquaintance, and often felt his power, would probably begin by speaking of the great breadth and fullness of the man. Mr. Beecher, to-day, is probably one of the roundest men living. He presents some side to every human being he approaches. More than this, he draws men toward him by the magnetism which seems to pervade all his powers. Every faculty seems to evolve an influence, and the mighty current composed of these concurring influences makes the man a magnet, the force of which is such as to draw great masses of his fellow-beings toward his way of viewing the great problems of life and human destiny. His sympathies are as broad as his perceptions, and to use his own words, addressed to the writer in conversation, "All the roads in creation meet at my door, and I am like a cow owned and milked by a half-dozen families."

In this particular he is a "debtor to all men," and, accordingly, all feel that they can come and put in a claim for the receipt of some benefit. All denominations can claim him, for he is broad enough in his sympathies and comprehensive enough in his sweep of the truth to afford a support for all.

The Baptist may claim him because, in his view, "the Congregationalist is a *dry* Baptist, and the Baptist is a *wet* Congregationalist." The Methodist may claim him because of the ardor and freedom of his speech; his love of revivals; his respect for the responsible agency of man. The Presbyterian may claim him, because of his education and his early church connection; and because, after a rigid examination by "good old father Hughes of Ohio," he was pronounced so thoroughly orthodox that he "leaned a little t'other way." The Quaker, too, may claim him, because of his high regard for the intuitions of the moral sense, and his standing declaration of independence from all bondage to outward ordinances, and slavish submission to the man-imposed bandages and badges of ecclesiasticism. The Low Church Episcopalian can claim him because of his intense love of the beautiful, and his admiration of order and symmetry. And even the High Church and the Catholic can find something in him for his touch of antiquarianism, and his open and avowed confession that between the world on the one side, and the Church in its comprehensive sense, embracing all forms and sects, on the other, there is enough of Truth, enough of Christ in every denomination to save a man; and one need not abjure his own sect in order to be saved, if he will but make the most of the Light and Truth which are conveyed to him in the channels nearest to his hand.

The best proof of the comprehensiveness of the man is found in the character of that vast congregation which twice every Sunday faces him as he stands on the Plymouth platform. Behind the neat little desk, made of olive-wood from Jerusalem, which bears the name of that ancient city carved in Hebrew characters, there is a focal center in which are collected all the sympathies of human nature; and from which radiate lines of communication that bear messages of peace and good-will to every name, age, class, and condition known to humanity.

In connection with the mind-breadth and heart-breadth of Mr. Beecher, he is most happy in possessing that combination which the great Roman poet pronounced the necessary conditions of a perfect organization,—the "*mens sana in corpore sano.*"

A bad digestion does not contribute to great clearness of thought, nor does the bile of a jaundiced constitution bring out the affectionate qualities of a man. Now Mr. Beecher stands before the world as a living demonstration of the advantage of a conscientious respect paid to the laws of the body, and the conditions which secure great strength and the continuance of good health. That square, massive, compact form is thrilled in every member with the clear rushing currents of Nature's best arterial blood, and is electrified by Nature's strongest nervous fluids. Not only is such a body no hindrance to the exercises of the soul, but it is a most competent instrument for the expression of all the thoughts and emotions of the higher nature.

Mr. Beecher's intuitive faculty is another important element of his power. Other men have rapid and accurate intuitions, but they are either limited and partial, or they are not rendered effective upon other minds, because they are not supported and illustrated by the operations of reason and imagination. But Mr. Beecher, with his remarkable intuitions in respect to men, as well as in regard to truth, duty, and all that is necessary and becoming to times and places, can invariably summon his reason and powers of illustration (more especially the latter) to set forth his intuitions and to elaborate his conclusions.

Many men of genius fail as teachers because their splendid intuitions are not coupled with those powers which are necessary to make them plain to the average minds around them.

One of the most gifted mathematicians of this country endeavored, for a few years, to fill a professorship in a university, but did not prove a successful teacher; and the mortification experienced by his sensitive m
was unendurable. His genius strode al
with the gait of a giant, while the capaci
of the pupils toiled and sweated by his si
like infant toddlers agonizing to keep p
with a champion pedestrian. He fou
it impossible to shorten his steps to
tread of average minds, and what was comp
hended by him at a glance, he took
granted could be grasped by the powers
the ordinary pupil. Therefore it is not s
prising that he failed as a teacher.

But it is not so with Mr. Beecher;
possesses that unusual and happy com
nation of faculties which enable him to co
prehend quickly, anticipate accurately, a
fix his conclusions upon the minds of t
masses of men. Having risen to a men
eminence, and surveyed the expanded ho
zon commanded by this height, he is ab
and willing to go back, and use his feet ov
a toilsome way, in the effort to conduct th
struggling multitude, who cannot soar li
him, to the same elevation. These gif
make Mr. Beecher a great instructor. Oth
great speakers carry men by means of the
emotions and sentiments; Mr. Beecher nev
does this. He draws men onward by ope
ations upon their conscience and heart, u
on their judgment, and their sense of th
beautiful, the true, and the good, and nev
by appeals to their fear.

His rapid and accurate intuition serve
him in the place of prudence; but that M
Beecher makes no mistakes cannot be a
serted. He does, however, enjoy a quic
moving sense of what is fitting for the hou
the place, the occasion, the men, and the a
propriate means and instrumentalities.

The dramatic sense enters very largely int
his constitution as an operative force. H
analytical power seldom takes the direction
abstraction, but of impersonation of qualitie
Where he puts a truth or a quality before h
hearers, his mind instinctively sees it and se
it forth as a living, moving thing. He natu
rally adapts everything to scenic representa
tion.

"I never hear," said he recently to th
writer, "of the experience of others who a
troubled, or struggling, or groping their wa
that their condition does not instantly pr
sent itself as a drama before my eyes and
do not *think* of it, but I *see* it." If his fee
ing be such, Mr. Beecher must be dramatic i
his style and manner.

He is not theatrical; but that he coul
have made an eminent actor no one ca
doubt. His voice, his action, his look, h

whole person *act* his meaning, and his entire organization becomes a kaleidoscope to represent his ever-varying mental methods and emotions. But no one who has a clear conception of the difference between the theatrical and dramatic, and who is fairly acquainted with Mr. Beecher's nature and style, can maintain that the occupant of Plymouth pulpit indulges in mere theatrical effects. Illustrations and comparisons, metaphors and impersonations are perfectly natural to him, and characterize his manner even in private conversation.

Mr. Beecher's language and voice should not be passed over, as much of his pulpit power is based on them. Other influential speakers use their voices as instruments, but, like instruments, they are not parts of themselves.

But no listener can fail to be impressed with the fact that Mr. Beecher's voice is eminently peculiar in this respect; that, as an organ, it is a part of himself; its varying quality and pitch, its entire range, fits his meaning and shows it as perfectly as the thin, close dress of an athlete hides and yet reveals the muscles and movements of the body. The changes of his voice in pitch, quality, and inflection are often so sudden, and yet so entirely unforced and natural, that the hearer expects for the moment to see another personage in the drama stepping on the stage, and essaying to take up another part; and yet it is no trick of the ventriloquist, nor is it the effect of a theatrical training. What is offensive in even the most skilled imitator of Mr. Beecher is most beautiful and impressive in him.

The transitions of his voice are so accurate, even in its most rapid and in its nicest distinctions, that no hearer can mistake the speaker's real meaning. He may pass from a quiet demonstration, or hot denunciation, to sincere approval or latent irony, and the inflections and qualities of his voice will show forth the meaning of his thoughts with entire clearness and precision in detail.

The hearer carries away the conviction that the intensest sincerity must be behind what he sees and hears, for it would be both a moral and physical impossibility for any mortal to act a borrowed part and sustain it over such length of time and variety of specification.

The words of the English tongue are to him as the forces of a mighty army. At one time, at his bidding, they fall into line, dressed in glittering uniforms for a holiday parade. Again, at the voice of his command they thunder, and roar, and storm like the opening of batteries upon a besieged fortress. And then they flash along the line in the glitter of a brilliant bayonet charge; while again they leap forward in the whirl and roar and clatter of a cavalry onset. One no longer wonders that there is a divine philosophy in ordaining the living voice as the vehicle for conveying the saving truths of the Gospel to the world, as distinguished from the less stirring impressions transmitted by the printed page.

Mr. Beecher likewise possesses, in a high degree, that indescribable power which men choose to call magnetic. A company feels the atmosphere of his presence as soon as he enters the room. We have stood and watched the brightening countenances of guests or spectators when it was whispered from one to another that Mr. Beecher had come in. We have seen a lagging meeting electrified by his arrival, after its proceedings were half over, when the universal sentiment was, "Now, for the remainder of the evening, we shall enjoy what we anticipated." It is a general conviction among managers, that if they can only induce Mr. Beecher to preside they will have a successful meeting, whatever its object may be.

Intimately interwoven with this magnetic force, there is in Mr. Beecher an endless thread of golden good-humor and flashing wit. With this combination of powers he is sure not only to command the attention of his audience, but to carry away their admiration, even if he fails to compel assent. Probably he never stood before an audience which he did not master, and he has, perhaps, been as thoroughly tested in this regard as any man living. Other men may always preserve their self-possession, but Mr. Beecher never even loses his good-humor and his ready wit. He is more than self-poised under the most trying circumstances.

No better illustration of the power of this good-humor, self-command, and ready wit, not only in controlling, but in actually winning over a hostile audience, was ever more clearly displayed in modern times than when, in October, 1863, Mr. Beecher found himself upon the platform of Exeter Hall, in London. There he stood in the midst of a storm of popular indignation, but as fast as the thunderbolts were hurled against him they were conducted away by his imperturbable good-nature, while, backed by conscious power, he calmly abided his time, shooting forth, when the storm for an instant lulled, an occasional shaft of wit, and again, with irresistible kindliness, giving the conscience of the audience a jog, and ever appealing to the Britisher's national love of fair play. An intimate friend of Mr. Beecher, who sat by his side on that occasion and was thrilled by the grandeur of the contest, declared to the writer that it was the most sublime and touching scene he ever witnessed. He could see the mighty multitude slowly but surely abate their fury and yield to the magic of the charmer; until, as one mass, they sat thrilled with admiration at the feet of America's greatest orator. The change of sentiment in that hall is well illustrated by the old lady who began by shaking her umbrella in the speaker's face, and ended by crowding toward him, hoping to at least touch the hem of his garment with the end of the same useful article.

Taste, too, enters as a very delicate but potent ingredient into the constitution of Mr. Beecher's power. He is a most sensitive critic in all the departments of the fine arts, and perhaps Nature has no more loving or appreciative admirer than Mr. Beecher. He is skilled in gardening, and a friend informs the writer that the display of taste in gardening that one notices when passing through the streets of the beautiful capital of Indiana, owes its inspiration and origin very largely to the enthusiasm of Mr. Beecher when a resident of that city. He is extremely susceptible to the influence of music, and the skilled organist, as he deftly passes his hand over the key-board of his instrument, plays, at the same time, upon the sympathies of Mr. Beecher's soul. He is melted to tears or aroused to enthusiasm in response to the varying strains of harmony, and he recently declared in public that he loved everything in music from a jewsharp to David's harp. This full circle of sympathy with the whole world of art makes Mr. Beecher a near brother to a vast multitude of highly organized souls, and through them he exerts a mighty influence upon mankind. Here too, then, is illustrated his potency as a social force.

Mr. Beecher's style can be indicated by a few salient points. His style is himself. It is a perennial stream, drawing its supplies from the inexhaustible fund of Nature's own providing. It is unconstrained, free, full, flowing, exuberant, and spontaneous. There is no straining after effect or unnecessary use of figures, but the varied play of his powers bears toward some great central point which he designs to enforce. With all his ideality he never ceases to teach common sense; and however many golden threads he n weave into his discourse, one always fe that there is solid wear in it, suitable every-day use.

If he has a fault of style it is in the ov balancing of logic by his rhetoric, and if errs in action it is on the side of over-chari In his nature the affectionate element p dominates, and his style often takes its co plexion more from his heart than his he Whatever cold critics may say, the world, a vast court of humanity, has already pass its judgment upon this great preacher's st and purpose.

Mr. Beecher's capacity for work often s prises even those who know him best. H pulpit duties, and the ministerial cares of great congregation, would prove too mu for most men of superior strength; b these, onerous as they are, have been f many years but part of his great work. T Press, the Pulpit, and the Platform, to s nothing of pastoral work, are all migh levers in his hands, each of which he wor with as much will and energy as if it alo engrossed his attention and absorbed his e tire force.

His weekly task could never be accon plished if he did not rigidly observe thre imperative conditions. He regards the law of health, he works systematically, and a proaches his tasks with promptitude.

The full, ruddy cheeks, standing out i boyish plumpness, speak of a full supply thoroughly oxygenized blood, and tell of e uberant vitality well maintained. He take great interest in horses, and believes tha "the best thing for the inside of a man is th outside of a horse." Like the late Dr. Cu ler, he knows that the horse does more t keep him than he does to keep the horse.

There are certain hours when he wi see strangers and entertain his friends, an his regulations are firmly adhered to. I his system due time is allotted to the recre ation of his powers, and this he religiousl observes. "Come ye apart and res awhile," is as much a part of his creed as "and to every man his work." He believe that fishermen who never stop to mend thei nets will soon cease entirely to catch an fish.

His promptitude in facing his tasks is on of his noblest qualities. The willingness t spring from his chair and go forward to ope the door to the last duty which has knocked is not the least important element in th character of the man whom we believe to b at this hour a most decided social force.

# A VILLAGE BALL IN THE HARZ.*

THE time was a pleasant evening in early ummer, a year or two before that notable ummer in which the avalanche of Bismarck-sm burst over astonished Germany, absorbng the principalities, and annihilating the princelings.

The place was a mountain village in the beautiful Hanoverian Harz; and the persons were a cosmopolitan party of students, consisting of a smooth-faced bureaucratic Russian, a shaggy half-civilized Cossack, a dark-eyed melancholy Pole, a stalwart ruddy-faced Englishman, a fiery revolutionary Frenchman, and a small Yankee (myself).

We had been walking pretty steadily all day, and had been overtaken by a thunder-storm, so that we presented a somewhat weather-beaten appearance, and, arriving at our inn a little after sundown, expected only the luxury of taking our ease and our suppers.

We found the little establishment, however, in a state of such bustle and preparation, that, dusty and weary as we were, we could hardly get any attention paid to our needs. The landlord was hurrying about with as much agility as his pursy figure would allow, arranging chairs in the large reception-room, and superintending the covering of the floor with sawdust—the Harz substitute for dancing cloths. The landlady was whisking her cap-ribbons up-stairs and down-stairs, busied in energetic supervision that seemed to require the exercise of her voice as much as that of her body, and the landlady's daughter, that appendage without which no well-regulated inn is complete, was so absorbed in the congenial operation of adjusting her coquettish ribbons before the little mirror in the drinking-room, that she did not notice our approach.

It was through her, however, that we finally obtained the succor we needed; for a complimentary reference to her eyes and her ribbons touched her heart at once, showing her that we were "anständige Herrn," which might be here translated "appreciative gentlemen," and deserving of attention; and so in a few minutes we were drying our clothes and feet before the capacious kitchen fireplace, while our modest suppers were being prepared by her own fair hands. From her we also learnt what all these preparations meant.

There had that day been a shooting-match in the village, and a ball was to be given in honor of the victors, and if we would like to take part—why, she would promise to find us partners. At the word ball, our fatigue seemed to vanish, our dust and foot-soreness were forgotten, and we readily took advantage of the kind Trüdchen's promise to put us on a good footing with the best society of ——dorf, and booked her besides for more dances than the poor child could possibly get through with in the course of the evening, in spite of her protestations that she had already promised herself to a score or so of Wilhelms and Friedrichs.

Our American, moreover, who was in special favor, on the ground either of his first compliment, or of his being the youngest of the party, was successful enough to obtain the loan of a pair of Trüdchen's slippers, which, as she had a sturdy little foot, were not much too small for him. Before the work of our renovation was quite complete the revelry commenced, and we could hear the sharp scraping of fiddles and perceive by the shaking of the house the vigorous thumpings of the dancers.

When we entered the room, the first impression I received was that we were, after all, mistaken about the dancing having commenced, and that a threshing-match was being carried on.

The impression was not an unjustifiable one, for the thumping of the feet was as regular and vigorous as the striking of flails, and the air was so full of the sawdust thus raised, that the figures of the dancers were but dimly apparent as they plunged and twisted through the clouds like Homeric combatants. It took us some minutes to accustom our eyes to the thickness of the air, and then, as no master of ceremonies appeared to put us on our proper footing, we managed, during an interval in the conflict, I should say dance, to overcome our native bashfulness sufficiently to introduce ourselves to some of the blooming damsels who stood along the walls, reddened and panting with their recent exertions, looking like rows of peonies.

It was not difficult to get near enough to them to exchange words, for the men of the party, believing that their duties were finished with the end of the dance, made no attempt to entertain their fair partners, but congregated themselves, as if for self-defense, in awkward clusters on the other side of the room, holding their hands safely in their wide pockets, and only venturing an occasional observation on the results of the day's matches.

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* An extract from a Student's Journal.

One alone of their number, a handsome-looking fellow, who by the feather in his cap had evidently gained some distinction with his gun, seemed to think that this gave him some additional responsibility in regard to the entertainment of the ladies, and stood irresolutely near the middle of the room, looking very hard at the girl opposite to him.

"They will be more companionable after they have had their schnapps," said Trüdchen, who had reappeared to take charge of me, in reply to my inquiry as to whether Harz sharpshooters were always so dumb. When the dance recommenced, however, some of the sharpshooters found their partners missing, the damsels, nothing loth to try a little novelty, having been embezzled by the foreigners during the interval. As there were not quite enough girls to go round, some of the heroes of the day had to stand by and wait their turn, which they did with no very amiable expressions of countenance, vowing to themselves probably that they would in future stand guard over their partners.

Thanks to Trüdchen's kind offices, I was very well provided for. She first bestowed upon me her own fair hand, already pledged to the "first-shot," who stood in the corner scowling at me, and when she was called away by her household duties, she handed me over to a special friend, whom she enjoined to take all possible care of me. There was no doubt that Gretchen was as well able to take care of me as I of her; for she was a strapping damsel of five feet ten at least (my own height is five feet *four*), and her well-proportioned arm and fist looked massive enough to have felled half a dozen small students. However, she was not ferocious; her disposition seemed to be as mild as her physical powers were great, and the only use she made of her strength was to swing me through the mazes of the dance so that my feet hardly touched the ground. I did not have occasion to learn the "steps," for I made none, having found that the best way to go through the Harz village round dance was to launch out boldly and let my partner swing me to time. The method was somewhat exhausting, and my breath was completely gone, long before Gretchen thought of stopping.

I found my friends were getting on as swimmingly as myself; the most of them had already adopted my resigned method of dancing, but the Englishman, Stephens, whose athletic spirit revolted at the thought of ever temporary subjection to the weaker sex, had managed, after an exhausting struggle, to ge an "even swing" with his partner, and the Cossack, Hussakowski, had twisted himsel out of the arms of his fair lady, and, much to her amazement, was executing a "*pas seul*" around her, after some original Cossack model.

I suppose I ought to describe the costumes of the dancers, but I failed to take a note of the details at the time, and can hardly trust my memory now. I have merely a dim impression of short petticoats of thick material and bright variegated hues, sometimes so arranged by looping up, as to show two or three layers of colors, white knitted handkerchiefs fastened cross-wise upon the bosom, colored handkerchiefs decorated with ribbons and wound turban-fashion about the head, brown or red stockings, and high-heeled shoes. Some few of the women carried about their necks large bead necklaces made of amber or rock-crystal. The general effect of the toilet was that of richness of color, and the bright rosiness or ruddiness of the cheeks accorded harmoniously enough with the rich browns, reds, and blues of the petticoats, handkerchiefs, and stockings.

The men wore green shooting-coats and gray knee-breeches and stockings.

Although it was essentially *their* festival, the men seemed less festive or appreciative of the occasion than the women, and their faces were much more stolid and inexpressive.

They warmed up somewhat as the evening advanced, and the effect of their visits to the adjoining *trink-saal* became apparent, but it seemed to be rather in the direction of quarrelsomeness than gayety.

The drinking-hall, as the little corner where the landlady dispensed the schnapps and beer was called, was a very necessary institution after the inhaling of so much sawdust, and it seemed as if the latter had been placed upon the floor as a thirst awakener. If that were the object it was completely successful, for the glasses of schnapps were unintermittent, and the beer flowed from the barrels in steady streams.

Towards midnight the frequent libations strongly affected the behavior of our friends in the green shooting-coats, and they began to be indignant at the impudence of the strangers in presuming to pick out the prettiest damsels, and at the bad taste of their former partners in preferring these unknown foreigners to the victors from the shooting-ground.

They showed their discontent by fiercely wning at us from their corners, occasion- y pushing us unnecessarily when in the azes of the dance, and muttering in audi- e stage whispers "*Verdammte Fremden*," *Dumme Kerle*," and the like. As the hnapps worked its way up into their solid eads, the frowns grew deeper, the oaths ore energetic, and the pushes more vicious, d it seemed likely that the dance would d with assault and battery. The affair ould not have been so one-sided as at rst sight it seemed, for in all probability ur fair partners would have stood up for e strangers, and their right to make their wn selections, and if moral force had not een sufficient, their strong arms would ave proved a great addition to our fighting owers.

We were, however, spared the trial, and he Thusneldas were saved from the temp- ation to fight against their rightful Her- nanns, for at this critical juncture Hussa- owski came to the rescue, and, noble Cos- ack as he was, sacrificed himself for the afety of his comrades.

"Friends," said he to the sharpshooters, "in the next room there are still Schnapps, Kümmel, Bier, and Knickebein. Let us leave this fatiguing exercise, and drink and be merry, and *I* will pay the cost." "Hoch zum Kossack," shouted the sulky ones, preferring the schnapps at the cost of the stranger even to the prospect of a quarrel, and they rushed into the trink-saal, from which they did not emerge again during the progress of the ball.

Towards the small hours of the night, having, when totally exhausted, extricated ourselves with some difficulty from the arms of our still indefatigable partners, we retired to our apartment, bearing with us the helpless body of the self-sacrificing Cossack. After a few hours of confused slumbers, in which, in the case of the writer at least, visions of swinging in a state of endless vertigo absorbed the dreaming hours, we found ourselves again upon the road, fast losing the effect of the dissipation's *Katzenjammer* (student name for blues) under the influence of the inspiriting morning air, and hoping that our presence at the ball had not sown the seeds of any serious dissensions in the breasts of the swains and maidens of ——dorf.

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## A LETTER TO A YOUNG JOURNALIST WHOSE EDUCATION HAS BEEN NEGLECTED.

You are quite right, I think, in believing that there is such a thing as the Profession of Journalism, that it yields to no other in importance at the present day, and that a course of study might be framed which should prepare for and lead up to it, as directly as the studies of the lawyer or the physician lead up to their professions. When this is distinctly recognized, we shall have fewer unprincipled Bohemians among journalists, and our papers will take a higher tone, and fulfill more perfectly the function which rightfully belongs to them of being chief instruments in popular education.

You ask me to tell you what you can do to make up for deficiencies in your early training, and what studies would be most useful to a young man who purposes to devote himself to journalism. No knowledge will come amiss to a journalist, but I should name History, Political Science, and Political Economy as three main studies, if they ought not rather to be called three branches of the same study. There are two errors which I would avoid in the choice of studies: first, the error of preferring Rhetoric and what goes under the vague term of Belles-Lettres to such studies as I have named; and second, the error of underrating the value of your actual work as an instrument of educational discipline. Do not, if I may advise, abandon your work, even temporarily, for the sake of attempting to carry out an ideal course of systematic study, such as you think you could accomplish if you only had the entire control of your time. You would probably fail, for in your case it should have been begun earlier. Not that such a systematic training is not invaluable when it is of the right kind. It is what we really mean when we talk about a "liberal education." It is what our colleges are supposed to give, but do not, because they are still busy trying to impose the liberal education of the sixteenth century upon the nineteenth; it is what colleges of American growth will give in some, I fear, distant future. The man who has missed a college education, is very apt to believe that no individual exertion can supply its place as a preparatory discipline. I am afraid that in so believing we pay American colleges too great a compliment, at least until the average results of their education shall be a good deal more valuable than they are now. I even think that, if the matter were carefully inquired into, it would be found that the ablest of college graduates have been men who, ignoring pretty much the college education, employed the leisure which college life afforded in educating themselves.

However this may be, the question before you is whether or not there is anything to prevent your setting before yourself, as an aim, that systematic mastery of some portion of the vast field of knowledge which is supposed to be, but so rarely is, the result of a college education. I do not believe there is; but what you need is something more than the "course of reading" you ask me to mark out for you. The process is a process for a lifetime, and the course must grow in your own mind gradually as you proceed.

For a starting-point and center take yourself and your present stock of ideas, however acquired, many of them doubtless needing correction—and your *work*. Do not, as I have said, abandon your work to devote yourself wholly to study, because, your object being knowledge, your work is one of the very best sources of knowledge, and just what will give point and value to all the rest. Only put intelligence always into your work, and reserve leisure enough for study to save yourself from becoming a drudge.

For example, the main part of your work will be writing. Well, the way to learn to write is—to write at first, perhaps, very badly. If you would learn to swim, you don't sit on the bank and study a treatise on swimming; you pitch in and strike out. The way to learn to write well is to learn to think well, and the best of all ways to learn to think well is first to practice thinking, and next to familiarize yourself with the manner of thinking of good thinkers. I do not say that the Rhetorics and Logics are altogether useless, but I think their rules will carry you a very little way in comparison with practice in these two directions.

In the same way you want, for example, to understand Political Economy. What is to hinder, provided you have sufficient perseverance? Political Economy is not Abracadabra. It is, or ought to be, common-sense applied to the discovery of the laws which govern certain social phenomena. There are two sources of information open to you, in my judgment equally valuable and necessary, namely, systematic treatises and current discussions. In the treatise you get results systematized by the mind of some powerf thinker, say Mill, never indeed without son admixture of error, but yet thoughts arrang in clear and logical order; principles digest into a method, and bearing the impress the logical mind which has arranged ther The current discussions, in reflecting tl actual experience of business life, give yo the text and the practical application, wi data for the discovery of new principles an the correction of old errors. It is not of s much consequence what side a treatise take —indeed you must read all sides—as it that it should be strong and forcible—a master-work.

After diligent reading in such books, an following up current discussions and reporting, besides abstracting and writing as candidly and well as you are able, say for th next five or the next ten years, you will begi to find, if you have any aptitude, that yo have mastered these complicated subjects i the only way in which they can be mastered namely, by study combined with practical familiarity extended over a considerable perio of time, and, so far as Political Economy is concerned, you will have made yourself a journalist with an opinion to be respected. If you find a man who thinks he can prepare himself for journalism in any shorter way, you may safely set him down as a pedant or an ass. What you may or may not have lost by not going to college is this—direct contact with the powerful and well-trained mind of a competent living teacher, one who has both a perfect grasp and a living interest in his subject. But as such minds are at any rate rare, and, in this country, are not often attracted towards college professorships, the chances are not very great that such would have been your college experience. Moreover, college professorships, as colleges are now, sequester men from contact with the living world, because they form no real or living part of it, and hence their teachers are too apt to dwindle into pedants; while it is above all things needful to success in your profession that you should keep yourself in direct contact with the world of action round you.

The case is the same with the study of Politics. Place yourself in the stream of current thought, even though, for lack of fundamental principles, you may at first often find yourself at a loss in forming judgments. To remedy this, begin a leisurely course of reading, to extend say over the next ten years, among the recognized masters of historical and political science, carefully avoid-g second-hand twaddlers, and always reembering that the true object of study is to e how much thought you can get out of e smallest amount of reading, not how uch reading you can do with the smallest mount of thought. Such study will be profitble in two directions. While the historian ives you the record of the past, the political hilosopher will help you to a key to its meanng, and both will guide you through the maze f contemporary events, which are history in he making. And with such a clew a great leal of contemporary writing may be very ummarily dismissed—need give it only a lance. You will know beforehand exactly what Mr. Blank Blank will say on Protecion, and about what sort of dust the Hon. Dash Dash will endeavor to throw in the eyes of his constituents; and the fact that nine-tenths of current political writings consist of such material renders the task of keeping up with the political current not altogether hopeless. The set of that current is determined at last—or perhaps I ought rather to say represented at last—by a very few leading minds, possessed of clearness and strength enough to see the way, and integrity enough to follow it. If it were not so, good government would be impossible, for events would be not temporarily but constantly under the control of pig-headed doctrinaires and knavish demagogues. It should be your ambition as a journalist to become, so far as your ability allows, one of those representative minds.

It is ideas and principles that you are in search of, and gradually every earnest and independent man who is living to any purpose finds that around even the smallest nucleus of original power he has gathered a body of such principles and ideas, which, whether near to or far from the truth, at any rate constitute his actual intellectual and moral working capital. You cannot load on these ideas as you would load a cart, by merely transferring them from books, though this is a very common notion of education. Nothing is really yours that you have not incorporated into the very substance of your mind. You must let your mind grow. You can no more, by willing it, add a cubit to your mental than you can to your corporeal stature.

Education, especially self-education, is even more a moral than it is an intellectual process. Ideas enough are lying about loose everywhere; it is the will to use them and the tact to discriminate between them and the power to organize them that we need, and success here depends upon the aim we have in view. We have more ideas than we ever use, but the man who is in earnest keeps up a constant process of selection, guided by his will, and moves in a definite direction upward towards a higher and higher ideal of character and efficiency, or downwards to the devil. If we allow ourselves to drift, we get ideas indeed, but we gradually lose what little individuality we began with; while, on the other hand, this constant effort at selection and organization gradually brings us to a certain individual philosophy; in other words, our knowledge forms itself into a logical and symmetrical whole, larger or smaller according to our native ability, but which *is* a whole, and constitutes our real self, and gives us our position and influence.

A first-rate journalist should be a man of speculative ability, and your speculative ability, or capacity for mastering principles, will constantly grow stronger if your studies and practice are rightly directed. The evidence will be that your thought will extend itself in wider circles, embracing details in higher and higher generalities, until these details not only arrange themselves under the principles of those provisional divisions, which we call the sciences, but the sciences themselves are co-ordinated into one great general science, which is philosophy. It is the foolish delusion of a certain class of ignoramuses who are fond of calling themselves "practical" men, that philosophy is the spinning of brain-cobwebs by a class of incapables who are not quite up to what they call "real" work. Every really able man, in whatever calling, who is a leader and originator and not a mere subordinate, is so by virtue of a certain philosophy, that is a grasp of principles, whether he knows it or not. Often he does not know it, and can give no account to himself of his own philosophy, but nevertheless he has it lying unconsciously at the bottom of his practical sagacity. It is the advantage which the trained mind—whether self-trained or otherwise — has over the untrained, however powerful, that training enables the man to give an account to himself of his philosophy, to think about his thinking. This power comes by practice and by the study of the works of the able thinkers. Whether you fully master them or not, you imbibe their spirit and method.

In the matter of reading, the important question is not so much what to read as what *not* to read. The necessity for reading at all being a calamity and a consequence of our finite imperfections, we may liberate ourselves from a good deal of it by a little vigorous and well-directed thinking, without which no reading is of any value. Discount from your calculation say nine-tenths of current books. They have their use or they would not exist, but they are not meant for thinkers. They are a sort of expanded gossip, out of which one may pick facts but very seldom derive ideas, except by way of suggestion. Many of them are the work of men who set themselves professionally to write on subjects about which they have really nothing to say, and to mumble their topic as a toothless dog mumbles a bone.

The journalist must have regard to form as well as matter, and so should study art and literature; but here too I cannot undertake to prescribe to you, because I have no idea what writers would soonest wake you up to a sense of beauty. You must find out that for yourself. The most I could do would be to tell you of books which have educated me; but, unless you are a precise duplicate of me, and in precisely the same circumstances, they would not have the same effect upon you. Neither can I hold up my own education as a model. One thing is certain, that you must begin with some original germ of sensibility in your own mind, and with that and a little self-reliance you can help yourself better than any one else can help you. If you want to know whether or not a book suits you, *try it*—don't run to a reviewer. And if it suits you, stick to it, though all the reviewers should be against you. If Mr. Tupper or any other pretentious twaddler stirs at first—pardon the supposition—what you suppose to be the innermost depths of your being, swear by him till you learn enough to outgrow him. I hope you will not begin quite so low down, but if you love Tupper and don't love Shakespeare, hug your Tupper to your bosom till growth in wisdom shall release you. You can't understand Shakespeare till you have fairly had it out with Tupper.

Some books will *not* suit you either because they are above you or because they are below you. In regard to the former, there is a certain reading by faith out of which knowledge at last comes, but it mu not be carried too far. Rather find, if poss ble, what suits your condition. The whol somest food is not always commended to o palates or our digestions by the learne doctors' prescriptions. Its wholesomene for us depends in a measure upon the idi syncrasies of our own appetites, though thes are apt enough to be dyspeptic.

The safeguards against this latter calamit are a vigorous will, an earnest purpose, an a wholesome modesty. There is a youn man upon record who thought Shakespeare greatly overrated poet. There are a goo many such young men not upon record They write the poetry for the newspapers and live in constant expectation of bein discovered, quite unconscious that they wer discovered a long time ago.

I am aware that I have failed to do the thing you asked of me, namely, give you a "course of reading." I do not think it a profitable thing to attempt, but if you think otherwise, there are several Guides to Inquiring Young Men by gentlemen whose learning is much greater than mine. I wrote one myself once, but it was when I was younger and knew much more than I do now; and it was a very little one. There are histories of literature, there is some good criticism, and there are the booksellers' catalogues, and in the latter you have the titles without the advice. It is the easiest thing in the world to learn what books on any subject are held in general esteem. What you need is not to make up an unmanageable list of them, or to read other men's comments on them, but to sit down and thoroughly digest some *one* of them, and when you have fairly done that you will know how to pick your way among the rest quite as well as the average writer of "courses" can direct you. One book will easily lead on to another—the main point is to *master the first one*, which need not of necessity be the very best one. One soon gets the freedom of any intellectual domain if he only puts his heart into it, but a little independent thinking will carry one a great deal further than too much subservient reading.

# AUTUMN VOICES.

## I.

### THE LITTLE MAID'S SONG.

O HAPPY, happy shining day!
The time to dance and sing and play!
  I wish I only knew
Why all the clouds have gone to sleep,
And lie, like flocks of lazy sheep,
  Far up there on the blue.

The aster must be glad that nods
So cheery to the golden-rods;
  Wide open is its eye;
And happy is the scarlet vine,
That runs along the dark green pine,
  As if to reach the sky.

This afternoon, down at the brook,
A bright-eyed squirrel stopped and took
  A dozen little drinks;
Some nuts were lying at my feet,
He looked as if he thought them sweet,
  And gave some knowing winks.

Just then a little leaf quite brown
Into the brook came rustling down,
  And sailed off like a ship;
The squirrel gave his tail a whisk,
Then made a funny sidewise frisk,
  And left me with a skip.

O, if I were a squirrel too,
There are some things that I would do,—
  Climb up this tree, perhaps;
And, perched upon its yellow head,
Eat nuts, and see the countries spread
  With colors, like the maps.

There's red and yellow, green and pink,
And purple too,—it makes me think
  Of Joseph's little coat;
The wood is in a rainbow drest;
The hills are like a robin's breast,
  Or like my pigeon's throat.

Such pretty colors everywhere!
Such pleasant feelings in the air!
  I'm glad as glad can be.
Here, Rover, come, let's take a run,
And catch a good-night from the sun
  Behind the maple tree.

## II.

### THE PILGRIM'S REVERY.

THE waning moon shines pale and still;
  The winds in russet branches die;
Day faints upon the darkening hill,
  And melts into the days gone by.

The vanished days! now dim and far,
  Yet none so dead they cannot wake
And stir in me, as yon high star
  Quivers, deep-visioned, in the lake.

They glimmer down the moon's long beam,
  They rustle in the russet tree;
They fade in twilight's melting dream,
  And slide in starlight down to me.

I feel the hush of brooding wings,
  The warmth of tender joys far flown,
And little flights and flutterings
  Of blessings that were once my own.

But O most sweet, and O most sad,
  Of all these lost delights that thrill!—
The blessings that I almost had,
  But life can never more fulfill.

And yet 'tis strange, but these are more
  My own, to-night, than all beside,—
Glad stars upon a distant shore,
  That draw my sails across the tide.

Fade, golden evening, fade and sink!
  Burn, crimson leaves, burn out and fall!
For life is greater than we think,
  And death the surest life of all.

## TOPICS OF THE TIME.

### The New York Woman.

WHAT kind of a being is the typical New York Woman? Our neighbors across the water evidently regard her as something very different from the typical Englishwoman; and they form their judgments not so much by what they know of the New York Woman at home, as by what they see of her abroad. They find her extravagant in her tastes, something more than self-assured in her bearing, "loud" in her dress, and superficial in her education and accomplishments—if she has any. Now we do not admit that a woman who can be thus characterized is the type of New York womanhood. The world does not hold better women, or better educated women, or better mannered women, than are to be found in great numbers in this much defamed city; but the Englishman does not see them, for they jealously guard their society when he comes here, and when they travel they are unobtrusive and do not attract his attention. The average traveling Englishman in New York knows just as little of the best society of New York as the average traveling American does of the best society of London.

Yet the Englishman has an apology in what he sees, and, perhaps, in all that he sees, for the severity of his judgment. There is a type of womanhood in New York—and it has, alas! far too many representatives—of which every American, everywhere, has reason to be ashamed. The same type can be found in all the large cities of the country, but it exists in perfection here. It lives in hotels and boarding-uses; it travels, it haunts the fashionable watering-aces; it is prominent at the opera and the ball; in ort, it is wherever it can show itself and its clothes. rejoices over a notice of itself in the *Evening Chat- box*, or the *Weekly Milk and Water*, as among the oudest and most grateful of its social achievements. s grand first question is: "Wherewithal shall I be othed?" and when that is answered as well as it n be, the next is: "How and where can I show my othes so as to attract the most men, distress the eatest number of women, and make the most stun- ng social sensation?" We have no fear of exag- erating in this characterization. We have seen ese women at home and away; and their presump- on, boldness, vanity, idleness, display, and lack of ll noble and womanly aims are a disgrace to the ity which produces them, and the country after hose name they call themselves.

Of course there is a sufficient cause for the pro- uction of this type of woman, and it is to be found n her circumstances and way of life. It is preva- ent among the *nouveaux riches*—among those of umble beginnings and insufficient breeding and education. It is fostered in boarding-houses and hotels —those hotbeds of jealousy and personal and social rivalry and aimless idleness. The woman who finds herself housed and clothed and fed and petted and furnished with money for artificial as well as real wants, without the lifting of a finger, or the burden of a care, and without the culture of head or heart that leads her to seek for the higher satisfactions of womanhood, becomes in the most natural way precisely what we have described. It would be unnatural for her to become anything else. The simple truth is, that unless women have a routine of duty that diverts their thoughts from themselves, and gives them something to think of besides dress and the exhibition of it, they degenerate. The only cure for this that we know of is universal house-keeping. There is no man who can afford to pay a fair price for board, who cannot afford to keep house; and house-keeping, though it be never so humble, is the most natural and the healthiest office to which woman is ever called. There is no one thing that would do so much to elevate the type of New York womanhood as a universal secession from boarding-house and hotel life, and a universal entrance upon separate homes. Such a step would increase the stock of happiness, improve health of body and health of mind, and raise at once the standard of morals and manners.

The devil always finds work for idle hands to do, whether the hands belong to men or women; but American men are not apt to be idle. They are absorbed in work from early until late, and leave their idle wives, cooped up in rooms that cost them no care, to get rid of the lingering time as they can. Is it kind to do this, or is it cruel? If it is kind in its motives, it is cruel in its results. The whole system of boarding-house and hotel life is vicious. To live in public, to be on dress parade every day, to be always part and parcel of a gossiping multitude, to live aimlessly year after year, with thoughts concentrated upon one's person and one's selfish delights, to be perpetually without a routine of healthy duty, is to take the broadest and briefest road to the degradation of all that is admirable and lovable in womanhood. It is to make, by the most natural process, that gay, gaudy, loud, frivolous, pretentious, vain, intriguing, unsatisfied, and unhappy creature which the Englishman knows as "The New York Woman."

### The Art of Speaking and Writing.

A MUSICIAN is not accounted an artist who, although thoroughly versed in the science of music, knows nothing practically of the art. It matters very little to the listening world how much he knows, if he can neither play nor sing. A man may talk or write very intelligently of picture and sculpture without the slightest practical skill in either branch of performance. So there are multitudes of men with well-stored minds, who live without access to the public, simply because they are not accomplished in the arts of expression by pen and tongue. These men have been trained for public life. They have expected to obtain a livelihood by public service. All their education has been shaped to this end, yet they lack just that one thing which will enable them to do it. That mode of approach and expression which is essential to their acceptableness as writers and speakers is lacking; and so their lives are failures.

The professorship of rhetoric and elocution has been regarded in most colleges as rather ornamental than useful; and only here and there has its incumbent manifested the disposition and the power to magnify his office, and perform the great duty that is placed in his hands. Slovenly writers and awkward and unattractive speakers are turned out of our colleges every year, almost by thousands, whose failure in public life is assured from the first, because they have acquired no mastery of the arts of expression. Men of inferior knowledge and inferior mental culture surpass them in the strife for public favor and influence, by address and skill. They are disgusted with the public, and charge their failure upon the popular stupidity. "Our honest toil has been in vain," they say; "for the people cannot appreciate what we are, or what we have done. They like the shallow man best."

This is not a just judgment. The brighter and stronger the man, the better the people like him, always provided that he understand the arts of writing and speech. Mr. Beecher, Mr. Phillips, Mr. George W. Curtis, and Mr. Collyer are not shallow men, but they are accepted everywhere, and in all assemblies, as the masters of oratory. Mr. Webster, Mr. Clay, and Mr. S. S. Prentiss, in the old days, were not shallow men, but they were orators, and their power over multitudes was the power of giants.

Not one of these men would now be heard of as men of national reputation had they not won the mastery of expression.

There is a quality in all good writing—writing thoroughly adapted to its purpose—which we call "readableness." It is hard to define it, because in different productions it depends on different elements. Wit and humor impart this quality, if they are spontaneous and unobtrusive. Eminent lucidity, gracefulness of structure, epigrammatic terseness and strength, downright moral earnestness, gracefulness and facility of illustration, apposite antithesis, forms of expression and uses of words that are characteristic of individual thought and feeling—each and all of these have their function in imparting readableness to the productions of the pen. We find Carlyle readable through a quality which is Carlyle's own—which he neither borrowed nor has the ability to lend. Emerson and Lowell and Holmes are readable because of their individual flavor. There are ten thousand educated men in America who are fairly capable of comprehending these writers, yet who would render them all unreadable by undertaking to clothe their thoughts and fancies in their own forms of language. When this strong individual flavor is lacking—an element that belongs mainly to genius—art must be more thoroughly cultivated. No man of moderate ability and education can possibly make himself acceptable as a writer without a skill in the arts of expression which can be won alone through patient study and long practice.

We have but few men in the country who designedly write for the few. We all seek to write for the million and to find the largest audience. Readableness, then, must depend very largely upon still another element, which is, perhaps, more important than all —direct, intelligent ministry to the public need. People will not be interested in the discussion of subjects that have no practical relation to their life. Any production, in order to be readable, must be based on a knowledge of the wants of the people and the age. What will amuse, instruct, enlighten, or morally and intellectually interest the people? The writer who is not sufficiently in sympathy with the people and the age to answer this question intelligently to himself, cannot be readable, except by accident. The man who shuts himself up in his library, away from his kind, and refuses to make himself conversant with their wants and with the questions that concern them, has no one to blame but himself if they refuse to read what he writes.

The clergyman, conscious of Christian purpose and of thorough culture, and earnestly believing that he understands the message of his Master, finds with grief that he is not an accepted teacher. Let him learn, if it be not too late, that it is his mode of presenting truth that makes him impotent. Water tastes better from cut-glass than from pewter, and people will go where they are served from crystal. Salt is salt, but what if it have lost its savor? There are very few preachers who fail in knowledge of tl message, but there are multitudes who know noth of the people to whom they deliver it, or of the of so proclaiming it that men will pause to hear heed. The art of writing and speaking is b shamefully and fatally neglected. Without it, c tivated to its highest practicable point, the learning the schools is comparatively useless. Without the preacher is utterly unprepared for his work; the grand, essential thing which will make his kno edge and culture practically available is wanti The man who cannot say well that which he to say may safely conclude that he has no call to t pulpit.

There is no editor of a newspaper or a magazi who is not constantly returning manuscripts full useful and good material, which he cannot publi because it is not readable. The style is turgid, involved, or affected, or slovenly, or diffuse. If t style happens to be good, the subject is uninterestin or it is treated for scholars, and lumbered wi redundant learning. Of course the editor would n hurt the pride of the writers, and in his politeness simply says that their productions are not "avail ble." They think the editor stupid, and he is co tent, so long as they do not accuse him of ill-natur It is only when they charge him with the purpose refusing all writing that is better than his own th he loses patience, and regrets that he had not bee frank and definite in the statement of his reasons fo declining their offerings.

### Sectarian Culture and what Comes of it.

It is not to be denied that that culture whic accompanies devotion to sectarian systems and idea is not admirable. It is equally beyond dispute that the style of personal character which accompanies such culture is not lovable. The limit of sympathy is alike the limit of culture and of lovableness. It is a matter of surprise that men whose Christian honesty, purity, and self-devotedness are conceded on every hand, are often men with whom we do not like to associate—men to whom we do not find ourselves attracted—men with whom we have little that is common. There are clergymen of great power and influence in their own denomination who are so entirely out of place in general society that they never appear in it. Their whole life runs in a sectarian rut, and tends toward, and ends at, a sectarian goal. There are great multitudes of laymen of the same sort, who have no associations outside of their own church. Hugging the thought that they monopolize the truth, they can regard no other sect with hearty toleration and respect. Their sympathies are shortened in every direction, and their culture fails to be admirable, because it is based on one-sided views of truth, and limited by the prescribed tenets of their faith. It is not an answer to this statement to say that true Christianity is never popular, and that even its Founder was not popular. It was the narrow sects hat hated Him. It was the Scribes and Pharisees whom He denounced that despised Him. The common people heard Him gladly, and followed Him, and eceived His society and ministry by thousands.

It is also not to be denied that there are styles of character and culture only indirectly formed by Christian ideas, or influenced by them, that are extremely lovable. There are men and women who have had no conscious Christian experience, whose faith is either a negative or a most indefinite quantity, who make no public profession of piety, who do not even privately count themselves among Christians in name, yet who are nevertheless among the most amiable that we know. Their courtesy, their benevolence, their thorough integrity of character, their hearty good-will manifested in all society, their toleration and charity, make them universal favorites. They ignore all sects and all religious and political differences, and become social centers sometimes for the church itself. Many Christians prefer them for companions to those who are enrolled with them on church registers, and are puzzled to know why it is that they love them more than they do those who are nominally their brethren.

The most lovable men and women we know are under the control of one of two motives, viz.: the sympathy of humanity, or the sympathy of Christianity. Both are alike universal in their bearing and reach, and both produce the finest results on human character that are possible to be achieved. Those who are under the control of the sympathy of humanity know no sect, and they only become unlovely when they single out some class of men as the recipients of their good-will and their good offices. The humanitarian who delivers himself to one idea, and concentrates his sympathies and his charities upon a single class, not only injures his own character but his lovableness and popularity. Precisely as when one concentrates his sympathies and labors upon a sect, does he cease to draw the hearts of all men to him. No matter what faith we receive into our heads, our hearts will love the man who loves all men, whether he loves them as a man or a Christian; and our hearts are right. The man who knows no limit to his human sympathy, and the Christian who knows no limit to his Christian sympathy, are those who hold the hearts of the world, and who, in that sympathy, possess the only solid basis for a broad and catholic culture.

The Christian ought to be the better and the broader man. The Christian of genuinely catholic sympathies is the better and broader man; but, alas! a Christian of this type is exceedingly rare. The whole culture of the Christian church is sectarian, and only here and there do men break through the walls that have been built around them, into that large liberty of sympathy and thought which is every Christian's birthright. We fail everywhere to recognize in our sympathies those whom the Master recognizes; for the Master's love is simply the love of humanity, based on a broader knowledge of its nature, its possibilities, and its destiny. The sympathy of humanity is wholly good so far as it goes, but it falls short of Christianity in that it fails to recognize the immortal in the mortal.

We are led to this exposition by the contemplation of a notorious fact in the literary history of the time. It is a subject of sorrow among the churches of the country that the higher literature of the day is very largely the product of men and women who have little Christian faith, or none at all. Did it ever occur to these churches, or the preachers who represent them, to ask why this is the case? Why is it that these men and women have the culture that makes their productions acceptable to the world? Why is it that they, without any organized schools to help them, or organized bodies to patronize them, produce that which is read by all schools and all bodies, and are the grudgingly acknowledged leaders in literary art? There is some sufficient reason for this, and it is not a reason that redounds to the credit of the type of Christianity which prevails. It is time to look this matter squarely and candidly in the face. These men and women are not base usurpers of a sway which by any fairly-achieved right belongs to others. They rule because they have the power to rule. They prevail because of excellence. The public are not deceived by them, nor is their pre-eminence the result of accident. Either their sympathy of humanity is better, as a basis of culture and an inspirer of thought, than the sympathy of Christianity, or the sympathy of Christianity—pure and large and catholic—does not prevail among the churches. Something is wrong somewhere; and we can find that something nowhere but in the narrowing and dwarfing influence of sectarian culture.

The sympathy of humanity was strong in Shakespeare, and it was given to him to weave at once his own crown and that of the language in which he wrote. It was strong in Dickens, and the whole Christian world turned away from its own fountains to drink at that which his magic pen uncovered. It is strong in the hundred men and women whose brains and hands provide the books which the world is reading to-day. Is there no higher source of inspiration? We believe there is, and that it is that sympathy of Christianity which not only ignores but despises and hates all sectarian bonds and bounds. The Christian who does not embrace all mankind in his Christian regard, with the largest toleration and good-will, and who does not refuse to become the slave of a system and the creature of a creed, can never produce a literature which the world will read. It has been tried in books, in magazines, in newspapers, and on the platform, and it has always failed. We must have a broader church before we get a better literature, and before the present literary powers will be deposed from their sway.

## THE OLD CABINET.

"My friend Mr. A.," I said, introducing an old city acquaintance to Theodosia last evening. The conventional phrase came very naturally to my lips, but it had, for the first time, a strange sound. You know what startling looks familiar landscapes sometimes put on.

After he had gone away Theodosia and I talked it over together.

"Who are my friends?" It is a dangerous question. You can easily run over the names of your acquaintances; but how many people are there in the list of whom you are perfectly sure—sure not only of their liking for you, but of your liking for them? Not "true friends," as the saying is when you mean people who will speak to you just as graciously the day after your barns burn down as the day before—but people you care to have a good deal of, barns or no barns.

I think some of the friendliest people I know have the fewest friends. Yes—men and women of whom it is said, they make friends everywhere, they adapt themselves so well to others, they are so winning to so many different kinds of people—not shallow, facile souls, mind you, but deep and steadfast. Everybody likes them, and if they don't like everybody, at least they are kind to and appreciative of everybody, and they have their cronies here and there. They have their cronies, but friends—how many? I think if they have one friend they do well.

Theodosia stopped me there. She said I was talking about something beside ordinary friendship; that I ought not to narrow the word down to such use; that she didn't believe in these violent, absorbing friendships anyhow, or rather that she thought it a terrible mistake to think that they are necessary to one's happiness. She was surprised to hear me talk in that cynical fashion—I with my romantic notions concerning the universal brotherhood,—who won't join the lodge because I don't want any man to fish me out of the water instead of my shipwrecked neighbor, merely because I can tip him a wink and the other poor devil can't.

I find, however, that Theodosia doesn't so much object to the violent cases, as she still calls them, so long as they are in no way forced,—so long as the persons keep their proper relations (a world of philosophy in that little phrase). But we should make up our minds, she says, not to be miserable if we are denied the full cup of sympathy.

When I come to think of it—some of the happiest lives, apparently, I have known have been utterly devoid of friendship, in the intense sense. Perhaps you can point, among your acquaintances, for instance, to a woman of middle age, with many of her early comrades about her, with children married and away, yet not so far away that they never can be seen by her, with a husband still living, and yet with no real companion among them all. That might seem a dreary lot enough—yet behold the heart of grace, t hand to help, the voice to cheer, the face shining li the sun, the wilderness that blossoms as the rose.

It is just this, that the human has its limitation and that the only happy is the unselfish life. Son one has written in great distress to the Old Cabin about what was said here some time ago concerni the inadequacy of human sympathy. Only one si of the subject was presented then. A sympat merely human, and a friendship merely human, ca never suffice. First or last, that is something eve one has to find out for himself.

But, dear heart unknown, did you think I held little worth this earthly comradeship? Shall I te you a secret? I think that if it were taken away fro me to-day I would do to-night what Shargar threat ened, but never did—I would cut my throat.

How would it do for us to say to-day some of th things we intend to say in our last illness? Hono bright! are you not saving up several fine, generous pathetic little speeches to be made on your death-bed all the scenery set, full company on the stage, gran final tableau? Ten chances to one you'll forget then then; or have a rattling in your throat that will shak them out of shape. Forth with them now like men— "My dear boy, you have been the light and comfort of my life;" "My dear girl, without you I would have been nothing in this world."

I wonder what it is in people that makes us like them. There must be a certain amount of common information as a basis for congeniality; but surely it is not quantity, in any sense: no—it is with a friend as it is with an author, we are won by a certain quality, and mere quantity and mere faculty go for nothing, except as they give proof of the quality. There are books you can read by the hour, with instruction and even entertainment, and yet neither for the frowsy cover, nor the blurred page, nor any of the accidental outward belongings have you a bit of that attachment which in the case of books, as of people, betokens an affection for the innermost part. And there are plenty of men and women of whom you thoroughly approve, who really inform and amuse you, with whom indeed, if circumstances conspire, you can become reasonably intimate, and whom you never think of in the way of earnest friendship. But, bless me, haven't the poets been singing all this since the beginning of days!—only they have another word for friendship.

How much is it safe for us to see of our friends? There is such a thing as relying too much upon the means of grace for one's religion, and there is a weakening of friendship which comes of too great indulgence in the luxury of it. The separation of friends, for a ne, is not always the dreadful calamity we imagine. you look back over your own life, you shall see here it has been best, though the parting were agony d the meeting long delayed.

Oh, this long separation of the World from its one riend—surely in the end we shall know that it was ell.

AND what has beauty to do with friendship? heodosia believes that Beauty should win. She oesn't see why that quality should be grudged its legiimate influence. Her artist soul is loyal to Beauty verywhere, and despises the Beast. Well, so say I: t Beauty win—all to which it is entitled. Indeed, ndeed, that shall never be hindered, despite the praers. But, there is a law of compensation, most otent.

I believe I will write a little story for Theodosia's enefit. The heroine shall not be unlike Theodosia erself, and she shall have two lovers. One is Beauty and the other is the Beast. And the long and he short of it is that she gives her hand to Beauty—who, like her, has a soul for the Beautiful—after which she meets with a railroad accident, and loses her prettiness, her eyesight, and her lover all at once—that is, her handsome lover. Then comes the Beast, and with his sweet voice, and gentle hand, and loyal heart, gains my lady's deep, undying love. Of course her eyesight comes again, and she wonders that she ever thought the Beast unbeautiful.

What a trite story it will be, Theodosia, after all!

It seems to be considered a matter of course, that we overrate the work of our friends. But I do not think it follows. I think if I had been intimate with Milton I should have been more astonished at "Paradise Lost" than anybody who read the poem without knowing the author. When you are very well acquainted with a person, no matter how high your opinion of his genius, you cannot help thinking that you have a pretty good idea of his limitations; you cannot help being surprised at any extraordinary display of force. When Brown paints a great picture, or Jones writes a great book—why, that was to be expected, they had done so and so before; in the nature of things they were to do the like again; they are men of position and promise, and there is almost no limit to what they may accomplish in their peculiar lines. But your friend Robinson—you are with him when he writes his book, you know his prejudices, his ignorances, the rocks where he is likely to split. And when at the twilight, with sails outspread, he glides away from all these, by paths you knew not of, into the lonely, golden seas of genius,—though you would have been grievously disappointed had he not made a good voyage, still you are hardly prepared for this fine flight of his.

IF love is blind, then hate is blind not merely, but deaf as an adder. It is not enough to say that outside of love there may be something less than hate. Shelley knew what hurt him when he made his complaint of the Reviewer:—

> "Alas! good friend, what profit can you see,
> In hating such a hateless thing as me?"

AS for the Reviewers—I magnify their office as much as any man—and yet I am wildly glad that there are some things wholly outside the realm of technical criticism. It is a blessed consolation that there are a few writings, such as the Bible, Shakespeare, and the Constitution, which men generally agree to comment upon and expound rather than criticise—and I have turned with a sense of infinite relief from the whole world of expression, and the whole universe of critics, to the old colored woman who comes to our house on Mondays to help with the week's washing—because she is a picture of no school, a poem whose verses may not be scanned; because her unselfish, womanly life, and saintly presence and conversation have essential beauties and nobilities beyond the touch of art or the impertinence of *Kames' Elements.*

## NATURE AND SCIENCE.

### Furnace Heat.

THE warming of houses by hot-air furnaces presents many advantages, among which are the avoidance of draughts, the better distribution of the heat throughout the halls and rooms of the building, the continual introduction of fresh air from without, and the confinement of the coal and ashes to the cellar. On the other hand, there are certain disadvantages attending the use of this method of warming which have so important a bearing on the health of the persons subjected to it that they cannot be disregarded with impunity.

Prominent among these disadvantages is the dryness of such artificially heated air. It is true that the chamber of the furnace may contain a water-pan, and this may be filled with water, but in the great majority of instances it is too small to accomplish the purpose for which it is intended. Hot dry air is consequently inhaled, and, coming in contact with the delicate membranes of the air-passages, removes too large a proportion of moisture from them, and thereby produces an irritation which frequently causes disease of the throat and lungs.

When diseases of the throat and lungs already exist, it is of the utmost importance that this deficiency of moisture should be corrected. The remedy is very simple and may be applied in a variety of ways: 1st. By increasing the surface of the water-pan in the furnace-chamber, or by adding one or more pans, placing them at a little distance over each other.

2d. By spreading a wet towel at a short distance in front of the hot-air register, and dipping its lower edge into water placed in a shallow tin vessel. 3d. To throw steam into the air of the room by placing a tin vessel containing water on a small gas-stove, or at a height of six or eight inches over the lighted gas-burner.

Another and perhaps more serious difficulty is the escape of the gases of combustion from the fire-box into the air-chamber. To prevent this, the utmost care should be taken *at the commencement of the winter* to close all seams and cracks in the ironwork with fire-cement, and remove all the soot and ashes from the radiator and pipes. Even when this has been properly done these insidiously poisonous gases will still find their way through the red-hot iron of the fire-box. This can only be prevented by the use of a soap-stone or fire-brick lining, by which the iron is kept below a dull red heat. The lining will obstruct the free passage of the heat, but the loss from this cause may be remedied by increasing the surface of the radiator in the hot-air chamber.

### Science and Legislation.

In the struggle that science is making in every civilized land to gain some consideration of her demands, too little attention is paid to the services that she has rendered to the human race in past ages. The laws of every country bear to a greater or less extent the impress of the results that have been derived from scientific investigations, but how rarely do we find in the records of the same nations any indications of their encouragement of such investigations.

The great Hebrew Legislator planned his laws on a sound scientific basis: he regulated the diet of his people to suit the climate of the lands to be occupied; he ordered the burial of every species of excrement and refuse; he fixed the lines of prohibition of marriage, and founded and erected his system with such success that the frequent escape of the Hebrew race from the effects of terrible epidemics has by some been ascribed to the sanitary regulations of their religious code.

In China likewise scientific principles constitute the basis on which the laws are founded. Nothing is wasted. Whatever the earth in her bounty yields is returned. Not a particle of sewage is lost, and as the result we find that one-third of the human race is supported within the limits of that monarchy and yet the land has lost nothing of its fertility.

Egypt, Greece, Rome, also give evidence of the influence of scientific knowledge in elevating them to the lofty position they each in turn occupied. The very armies of the Roman Empire depended on advances in science for their efficiency. How to move such a mass,—on what to feed it, to keep it in health,—how to improve its means of attack and defense,—all these are scientific problems of the highest order.

Turning to our own time, the explanation offered on all sides of the results of the Franco-German w is the more thorough education of the Germa whereby they were rendered more efficient, and cou act more intelligently toward the accomplishment the desired end. The lesson taught by these fac has now been so clearly perceived by all Europe nations, that enactments are appearing everywher the object of which is to aid as liberally as possible the advance and dissemination of scientific knowled among the masses, not only for the purpose of i creasing the military power, but also to improve the literary culture. It may not be possible to insti ideas of refinement of language and manners int the mind of him who is to spend his life in manu labor, but he can be taught to lessen his labor, or t obtain more favorable results from the same amoun of exertion. When this step is gained the othe follows of itself. In place, therefore, of the antagonis that letters so generally display in our colleges towar science, there should exist a most cordial understanding, for it is often through the advance of scienc that art and literature have their own advancement.

### Memory.

Many philosophers regard the faculty of memory as being peculiar to mind, but Maudsley thinks this cannot be the case, for it must exist in all the nerve-centers of the body. How, were it otherwise, could these nerve-centers be educated to produce movements in answer to impressions? A nerve-center, whether of sensation or motion, that was devoid of memory would be an idiotic center and incapable of education. So far from memory being a faculty peculiar to the mind, it is, as Mr. Paget has suggested, a property of every tissue of the body. The scar of a cut is one evidence that the tissue recollects the injury it has received. The whole system remembers an attack of small-pox.

While we may admit that memory is a function of every tissue, nevertheless its highest development is in the greatest nerve-center or brain. Impressions received in times long past may here remain dormant almost for a lifetime. Consciousness and the utmost effort of the will may be powerless to arouse them, but sooner or later the poison of fever, the horror of a dream, or the agony of drowning may in a moment dissipate the cloud, and in an instantaneous flash the scenes of a long-forgotten act appear as vividly and as really as when they were first enacted. It may even be, as De Quincey has suggested, that the opening of the book at the day of judgment shall be the unrolling of the scroll of memory.

### The Steam-Engine and Civilization.

In discussing this question the *Quarterly Review* says: The steam-engine, mighty as a slave, is the hardest and most brutalizing of masters. It has called into existence a new class in the social scale, a class unknown save by name a century ago, a class which no great statesman has yet dared to look in the ce. This class is that of the operatives, the men, omen, and children who are the Helots of the steam-gine. Without that culture of the intelligence hich every craft necessarily produces in the crafts-an; without that healthy simplicity which attaches agricultural and open-air employments; shut out om the influence of man, in his industrial and social tivity, by the many-windowed walls of the factory; ut out from the light and voice of God as he speaks the aspects of nature, the operative class is hourly lding up a terrible score which society will some day ave to liquidate.

### Instinct and Education.

To those who explain the actions of all the lower reatures on the principle of "instinct," we commend he following observations of A. R. Wallace: "It s said that birds do not learn to make their nests as an does to build, for all birds will make exactly the ame nest as the rest of their species, even if they ave never seen one, and it is instinct alone that can nable them to do this. No doubt this would be nstinct if it were true, and I simply ask for proof of he fact. This point, although so important to the question at issue, is always assumed without proof, and even against proof, for what facts there are, are opposed to it. Birds brought up from the egg in cages do not make the characteristic nest of their species, even though the proper materials are supplied them, and often make no nest at all, but rudely heap together a quantity of materials; and the experiment has never been fairly tried of turning out a pair of birds, so brought up, into an inclosure covered with netting and watching the result of their untaught attempts at nest-making. With regard to the song of birds, however, which is thought to be equally instinctive, the experiment has been tried, and it is found that young birds never have the song peculiar to their species if they have not heard it, whereas they acquire very easily the song of almost any other bird with which they are associated."

### Petroleum Oils.

IN a recent report on these oils, Professor Chandler gives the following as the cheapest process for making an oil that will not flash, that is, emit an inflammable vapor below 100° F.

(1.) Run off the naphtha down to 58° R., instead of 65° to 62°, the usual point.

(2.) Then expose the oil in shallow tanks to the sun, or diffuse daylight, for one or two days.

The increased expense of this plan of refining would not reach more than three or four cents per gallon. This addition would be cheerfully paid by the consumer, to insure himself and his wife and children from a horrible death. But the refiner says, I cannot get the advanced price, because the consumer does not know my oil is safer than the cheaper article. This is true, and our only hope is in strict laws, rigidly enforced, which will make it a crime to sell an unsafe oil.

### Muscular Expression.

IN an admirable chapter on the relations of the mind to the body, Professor Maudsley says: Those who would degrade the body in order, as they imagine, to exalt the mind, should consider more deeply than they do the importance of our muscular expression of feeling. The manifold shades and kinds of expression which the lips present, their gibes, gambols, and flashes of merriment; the quick language of a quivering nostril; the varied waves and ripples of emotion which play on the human countenance, with the spasms of passion that disfigure it—all which we take such pains to embody in art, are simply effects of muscular action. When the eye is turned upward in rapt devotion, in the ecstasy of supplication, it is for the same reason as it is rolled upward in fainting, in sleep, in the agony of death: it is an involuntary act of the oblique muscles when the straight muscles cease to act on the eyeball. We perceive, then, in the study of muscular action the reason why man looks up to heaven in prayer, and why he has placed there the power "whence cometh his help." A simple property of the body, as Sir Charles Bell observes—the fact that the eye in supplication takes what is its natural position when not acted on by the will—has influenced our conceptions of heaven, our religious observances, and the habitual expression of our highest feelings.

### Truffles.

THESE fungi, so highly prized by gastronomists, and which enter so largely into the composition of the 'pâté de foie gras,' are found among the roots of various trees, as the beech, walnut, chestnut, though those growing among the roots of the oak are said to possess the finest flavor. Of some twenty-four varieties only four are edible: two of these ripen in autumn and are gathered in the beginning of winter; these are known as the black truffle and the winter truffle. They are common in Italy and the south of France, and are found occasionally around Paris and in England. They must vegetate on decayed wood, and they can only grow to advantage in groves where the shade is not too dense. A rainy July and August greatly favors their development. At the proper season they are hunted or found by trained pigs and dogs.

### The Preparation of Tea.

THE definite effects sought from tea-drinking over and above the mere comfort given by the hot liquid are produced by two ingredients of the leaf,—the alkaloid *theine* and the aromatic matter. The latter is what is chiefly valued by the refined connoisseur of tea; and accordingly he (or she) makes tea by pouring perfectly boiling water on a pretty large allowance of leaf, drinking off the first infusion and rejecting the rest. Made in this manner tea is, no doubt, not only a very pleasant beverage, but also a most useful restorative; but, unfortunately, so far from being cheap, it is a costly beverage, and the poor cannot afford to drink it. The plan which they adopt is that of slow stewing, the tea-pot standing for hours together upon the hob. The result of this kind of cooking is that a very high percentage of *theine* (and also of the astringent substances which are ruinous to fine flavor) is extracted; and the tea, though poor enough as regards any qualities which a refined taste would value, is decidedly a potent physiological agent. —(*Lancet.*)

### Insurance Losses.

THE large majority of loss payments made by fire insurance companies are the outgrowth of incendiarism. The existence of so bold and persistent an enemy to insurance capital has neutralized all hope of making underwriting a profitable field for the continuous employment of capital. A careful analysis of the cause of fires in London, New York, or Philadelphia, shows that nine-tenths of the fires originate by carelessness or crime.

In a London police court the startling disclosure was recently made that more than one hundred arson offenses had been committed by one individual, and in another case the fires ceased in a district when a certain individual was arrested. This person had set fire to sixty or more houses merely to obtain the informer's fee of half a crown or so.—(*Spectator.*)

### American Farmers.

THE *Artisan* says: We hazard the assertion that no class of equal average means live so well as American farmers. One of these possessing a farm and buildings worth say ten thousand dollars, will gather about him and enjoy more real comfort than could be obtained from the income of a hundred thousand dollars in New York. He may live in a more commodious dwelling than a metropolitan citizen having ten thousand dollars annual income. He may have his carriage and horses. His table may be supplied with everything fresh in its season. His labor is less wearing than the toil of counting-rooms and offices, and he has more leisure.

### A Curious Investigation.

IN a letter addressed to Professor Tyndall, a writer in the *Contemporary Review* makes the following proposition to test the efficacy or power of prayer to cure the sick: "I ask that one single ward or hospital, under the care of first-rate physicians and surgeons, containing certain numbers of patients afflicted with those diseases which have been best studied, and of which the mortality rates are best known, should be, during a period of not less, say, than three or five years, made the object of special prayer by the whole body of the faithful, and that, at the end of that time, the mortality rates should be compared with the past rates, and also with those of other leading hospitals, similarly well managed, during the same period." The writer closes the statement of his proposition with an expression of his belief that the ward or hospital thus favored will show a greatly increased percentage of cures.

### Memoranda.

THE hypodermic injection of vaccine lymph in the treatment of small-pox is worse than useless.

Professor J. C. Draper describes in the *Ameri* *Chemist* a new process for the quantitative determi tion of arsenic in cases of poisoning by this substan The peculiarity of the process consists in the precipi tion of the metal by red-hot platinum from arsenide of hydrogen.

The good effects of associated action have ne been better illustrated than in the establishment cheese factories in the United States. The improv ments that have been introduced into the manufactu of this important article of diet have through th agency been so great that the American product n competes with the best English in the London ma kets, whereas it was almost unsalable twenty yea ago.

The soul is by an ancient writer figured as the do ted outline of a man. The voice of the soul thought, by savages and half-civilized folk like Polyn sians, to be a murmur, or whistle, or a ghost of a voic and this idea still exists in some parts of England.

The construction of ovens heated by gas for th purpose of hatching eggs is now so perfect in Franc that the gas flame regulates its own rate of combus tion, and keeps the variations of temperature in th oven within one degree.

M. Boussingault finds as the result of a series o experiments on churning milk that only three-fourth of the butter is obtained by this method. He als states that it is not difficult to detect by the microscope the difference between this milk and the buttermilk that remains after churning cream. The mixture of buttermilk with skim-milk may also be detected and distinguished from fresh milk, which it closely resembles.

Black-lead pencil or crayon drawings may be fixed by smearing the back of the sheet of paper with a solution of shellac in alcohol.

Speaking of the climate of the Argentine Republic Professor Gould says: "A bowl of water left uncovered in the morning is dry at night; ink vanished from the inkstand as if by magic. The bodies of dead animals dry up instead of decomposing, and neither exercise nor exposure to the sun's rays produces perspiration."

If flowers do not mature well, they may be made to do so by placing half an inch of powdered charcoal on the earth in the pot. Another authority asserts that a solution or suspension of white hellebore in water may be used with great advantage in destroying the insects that infest so many flowering plants. A fair friend has tried the experiment with success, and reports that if the bugs sneezed as she did, it was no wonder that they lost their lives.

The white elephant recently captured in Siam takes rank next to the Queen, the heir-apparent ranking next after the elephant.

"A nation must endow science until that nation stands first in abstract science, first in the applications cience, and first in the amount of knowledge pos- ed by State servants of all classes. When this is ieved the question of continuing State aid may be ussed, and not till then."

Baldness is becoming so common among the Doc- s in England that in one of the large medical ools, out of a staff of twelve medical officers, all ler fifty, only four were not bald.

A new process for the preparation of very fine ors from pyrogallic acid has been recently intro- ced into France. (M. A. Baeyer.)

Insects can traverse far greater expanses of water n is generally supposed. Mr. Darwin once caught ocust 370 miles from land, and a white butterfly was ptured 400 miles from the Azores. It was still ite vigorous, for, on being placed in a drawer, it laid gs.

M. Claude Bernard finds that *glycogène* or sugar- nerating substance is produced in the eggs of birds ring incubation, and also in the placenta of mam- als. He concludes that the evolution of sugar during e development and life of all creatures is a physio- gical necessity.

The rust on peach-trees is, according to M. Pril- eux, a microscopic mushroom, and to prevent its in- ease the affected parts must be cut off as soon as ossible and burned.

MM. Bert and Jolyet state that carbolic acid, dministered internally, acts on the spinal cord like trychnine.

The injection of a solution of quinine under the kin of persons suffering from sunstroke is said to have een employed with advantage in India. It is supposed to act by virtue of its power of reducing the temperature of the body.

By the recent invention of M. Cauderay the movements of night-watchmen are recorded by electricity. It is impossible to falsify the record thus obtained.

At a meeting of the Paris Society of Civil Engineers, Mr. M. B. Thomas reported as follows on the oxyhydric light of Tessie du Motay:—

(1.) Theoretically the combustion with pure oxygen does not increase the illuminating power of coal gas.

(2.) Practically it enables a burner to consume four times the quantity of gas that can be burned in air without detriment to the utilization of the light developed. Consequently it would be disadvantageous to supply it for ordinary street lighting, on account of the limited consumption of the burners in practical use. Only in the case of sun-burners, where a very brilliant though expensive light is required, is it of any advantage. (*Gas-Light Journal.*)

Wines may be improved in quality by passing an electric current from platinum electrodes through them. (M. Scoutetten).

According to Professor Palmieri, the vaporous emanations during the recent eruption of Vesuvius were charged with positive electricity, while the ashes were charged with negative electricity. The lightning and thunder are therefore produced by the meeting of these oppositely electrified clouds of ashes and vapor.

Social science receives an important hint from the fact that during the sway of the Commune in Paris damage to the amount of one hundred millions of dollars was inflicted on the public buildings and their contents.

## HOME AND SOCIETY.

### Country Board.

"We are going into the country for the summer." How delightful it sounds! But when we get there, is it always so delightful?

Different eyes see different visions. Those words, "a country summer," represent to *Pater Familias*, what? A dull period of inaction, of belated newspapers, of noontide naps in hard rocking-chairs, with occasional slaps at flies, of nights made musical by the hum of the cheerful mosquito, of dull carving-knives and mysteriously cut joints of meat, attributable to no particular part of no particular animal, of a general sense of dissatisfaction and a longing to return to business, spring-beds, tenderloin steaks, and the newspaper at breakfast. To Mamma, on the contrary, it represents a very different thing. Baby is to be "good" in that pure air and to sleep all night, and Mamma is to sleep too. Little Tom's thin cheeks are to fill out. There will be no Bridgets to follow round, no sewing-machine, no consultations over butcher's bills. Mamma smiles over *her* visions. Isabel's notions are hazy. They include blue mountains,—and picnics; or perhaps rocks;—rocks with shawls spread over them, and white foamy waves dashing below in the moonlight —and—young gentlemen. Dick takes more practical views. A fellow is likely to be bored almost anywhere, but there are always cigars, and if a pretty girl happens along, and pretty girls usually do—why, one can stand it for a few weeks. As for the little ones, bless them, their dreams, sleeping and waking, are always the same and always rose-colored. What houses they build, what lovely imaginary games of hide-and-seek they play in the bushes, how tall are the trees which they climb, how brimful of birds and squirrels are the woods, "such alleys to search, such alcoves to importune," and Harry is ferociously bent on killing a bear, and Lucy, two years younger, is perfectly sure that he can and will.

And so on. Each journeyer country-ward goes with different intent. To some the change is merely change —to others it is respite, to others inaction after long and wearisome action. And to still another and more favored class it is renovation of the very springs of life. As the Giant Antæus, when dashed upon the earth, rose with renewed strength, so these find vigor and healing in all true contact with Nature. Drawn close to her heart, like tired children to a motherly breast, they sleep and wake, rocked by its pulsations as by divine lullaby. The tense nerves relax, the fevered brain grows cool—

> "All
> Their falser selves slip from them like a robe,"

—they are new-born into the kingdom of health. To such, the country is more than refreshment, it is life; and it is more than life, for it is peace and joy, and righteousness and the fruits thereof.

But where to find this ideal "country." Summer after summer we search for it, listening to siren voices which chant the Sunday-school chorus "Will you go? Will you go? Go to a beautiful land with me?" And we do go.

Perhaps it is to a farm-house, "oh! *so* delightfully situated, hills all round, and lakes, and trees, with *such* a clean house that you might eat off the floor; and cows and chickens, a land flowing with cream and maple molasses." Who could resist the picture? So we pack our trunks and buy our ticket, and what do we find? The farm-house, to be sure, and very nice and clean it looks with its white walls and green blinds and oil-clothed floors. But where are the trees? We gaze and gaze, and still the wonder grows that there should be none nearer than the top of a wooded hill some quarter of a mile away. Dahlias and a sun-flower ornament the little yard under our window, but the shade they afford, if any, is limited. And where is the lake? We stare about in search of that fabulous sheet of water. It is there —only, unluckily, an intervening hill cuts it off from view. Any time that we choose to walk half a mile we can see it to perfection, which is a comfort so far as it goes. The distant ranges don't strike us as imposing, but our host assures us that they are, and cites Professor Giles of something University in Iowa to prove that neither the Alps nor the Carpathians can be compared with a certain view of the Squabtown Mountains. We try to be impressed, and wish our eyes would deceive us—but they won't. "The stream will not run and the hill will not rise." Discomfited and depressed, we turn away from the Squabtown range.

The cream is as imperceptible as the scenery. A dozen cows graze upon the brakes and bunch-berries of the hill-side opposite our window, and every night come down a little stony lane lowing to be milked. But their affluent yield is all absorbed in butter and cheese. The milk which we pour over our daily blue-berries (that fruit which to the New England mind represents bed, board, lodging, and every other want of man) is a good deal paler than the city dealer in "Pure Orange Co. Milk" would dare to measure forth at our area door. The meat is queerly unlike the meat of towns. Vegetables are few, but "one never expects vegetables in the country." To atone for these lacks there is a great deal of lemon-pie, and cake tinctured with opposing spices. That the city mind requires lemon-pie to complete its happines
a maxim as indelibly imprinted on the New Hamps
soul as "S. T. 1860 X." on its fences. There is
considerable alkali. Those days are past or pas
when ten pounds of saleratus accompanied the sale
each barrel of flour as the natural and inevita
leaven thereof, but we are still a good way off fr
universal yeast.

Guided by our noses and a desire to discover
source of certain heavy and headachy sensations wh
begin to manifest themselves, we set forth for a rec
noissance of the premises. Everything within t
farm-house is spotlessly neat. The piazza is scou
each day, the grass regularly raked. But behind,
tached to the back buildings, appear a long range
unaccountable sheds and lofts and barns. We po
and peer. Ah! here is the focus of smell. To ser
convenience during cold days and winter storms, t
whole establishment is built *en suite*. Lofts stuff
with fleeces, strings of vegetables, all manner of ru
bish connect by various openings with the back be
rooms. The barn-yard opens into the barn, that in
the wood-shed where chickens live, and both throu
an interval of miscellaneous sheds into the kitche
while an ingenious arrangement of doors diffuses the
various atmospheres over all the clean, well-appointe
house. Everywhere we detect a pervasive sense
pig. The regular sty abuts against the barn, b
there are various casual and irregular burrows an
underground passages by which these chosen anima
are enabled to wander at will over large space
Next our horrified vision follows a rank green pat
which, beginning directly beneath a kitchen window
seems to lose itself in a sort of marsh on the other sid
of the field. Like Miss Ingelow's heroine, we "La
the grass from that youngling spring" and—yes—i
absolutely is—an open drain, carrying waste water an
vegetable refuse from the kitchen sink to a quagmir
not an eighth of a mile away! Our bed-room is immediately over it. No wonder we have grown yellow and slept so heavily and lost appetite. We prepare to depart, and, disregarding the entreaties of our benign old host that we will at least stay long enough to drive up Thompson's Hill, and see a view said by Professor Giles to be equal to anything in either hemisphere, we take a fond farewell and fly to the seashore, to qualify those piggy gales we have been inhaling with a wholesome admixture of salt.

Sea-side places, as a general rule, have this distinguishing peculiarity,—they get as far away from the sea as they can. Like a dear old lady, intent on reinforcing her constitution, but a little afraid of draughts, they stand as it were sideways to the fresh air, tucking their skirts well out of the way of a wetting, and edging gradually off inland, till only in name can they be said to be upon the shore. Your host, however, obligingly assures you that he sends a wagon down every day with such of his boarders "as desire to bathe." We have stipulated for a room on the seaside of the house. Sure enough, across a half-mile lat country, with a foreground of French-roofed ses and omnibuses, there *is* a long, narrow line ch is white in the morning and blue at noon and nmers in the sunshine. Now and then a sail floats vn this seeming ribbon of changeable hues, or the oke of a steamer stains the clear sky above. But all freshness, all sound, for the dash of spray, and companionship with limitless life and freedom ich is the real charm of ocean, we must take a long oll down a shadeless and dusty lane, where gorgeous lly Vardens confront us, and visions in basket-gons level eye-glasses in our direction. Like the le maid of story, we have got the wooden bowl for ich our souls longed, but we don't *feel* as if we had and therefore we cry. And after all, to have and feel that we have must be reciprocal experiences, there is no use or pleasure in having.

Whither then shall we go? The drainage question a serious one. A pervading and deadly ignorance common hygienic law lies like a thick cloud over l New England. Some of the loveliest mountain ots are converted thereby into nests of disease. ven beautiful North Conway is no exception, as is stified by the dysenteries and fevers which occur ere each summer. Gracious names occur to us— It. Desert with its blue, blue waters, its islands, its nchanting shore and air, in which the salt of sea and ne spice of mountains meet and mingle; Bethlehem, hat Gate of the House called Beautiful, standing on vhose high slope one comes into intimate relation with unsets and drinks the very wine of the autumn; Princeton Hill, hundreds of feet lower, yet seeming as ofty, by reason of the wide distance which it so unaccountably commands, and the grand sweep and rush of winds which visit it all day. We know one more—a spot as sweet, as lonely and peaceful as a dream. But we fear that in naming it we should emulate that boy who told the other boys where to find the bird's nest, and for the sake of summers to come we forbear.

But we cannot all be housed in these places at once. Doubtless there are others—there must be—haunts hardly less worthy, where summers bring their full flavor and the autumn its zest, where sunsets burn and glow, where red and golden leaves flash out on all the trees as September passes by, and brain and heart and foot dance alike in a certain rapture of life. Some of you who read have discovered these places,—are happy in them now. Won't you be generous and tell the rest of us about them?

### "Give it a name, I beg."

EVERY human being, as soon as possible after being born into this crowded world, should have two personal characteristics which ought to be, in the strongest possible sense of the term, distinctive. He should have a distinctive countenance and a distinctive name. The first, excepting in the occasional instance of twins, nature will give him, but for the second he must generally rely on his parents. And in few regards does Nature stand so immeasurably above Art as in this. For how many persons in a thousand have names which are really their own and which distinguish them from the rest of their fellow-beings? We once asked for an advertised letter at the City Post-Office, and the clerk hesitating to give it to us, we assured him that of course it was ours, for no one else in the city possessed our name. The clerk smiled derisively. "Humph!" said he; "I don't believe there's a man in New York who has a name all to himself." It is probable that this man, educated in personal nomenclature, was nearly right.

A name to be really a name ought to belong to one possessor. There is no sense in his sharing it with dozens of other people. But parents seldom look at things in this light. They do not consider the value to their offspring of a definite title, which shall nominally distinguish them from the rest of mankind, but give them names which please their parental fancies or inclination, without regard to the future needs of the poor little creatures. Thus is continually increased that dreadful crop of Johns, Williams, and Marys which threatens to overwhelm and render useless the nomenclature of civilization. We speak advisedly. We do not nowadays materially increase our stock of surnames. They must remain at about their present level while their possessors increase with the increase of the census. What, then, can we do but vary our Christian names? These are left entirely to our choice and judgment, and there is no reason why they should not be made of value to those who must wear them all their lives. And a good name—without any reference to reputation—is so very valuable indeed, that every man and woman is entitled to one. The law takes care that ships and streets and towns shall have distinctive titles, and there are even rules in force to prevent a confusion of names among race-horses and fancy cattle. But the poor babies are left to the whims and fancies of their parents, who from vanity or hope of gain, from the desire to please some friend or relative, or from admiration of some noted person, give their children names already owned—Christian names, surname, and all—by numbers of other people in their own family and elsewhere. The practice of using a family name as the given name is an excellent one, if said family name is applied judiciously; but this business of naming children "for" or "after" other members of a family ought to be stopped by law. It is often a compliment to the older owner of the name, but it is an imposition upon the child, who has a right to a name all its own. Handsome or not, let it be distinctive. We would rather be called Brompton Stolumite Higgs than G. W. Montmorenci. If there were any other male Montmorencis, it is ten to one some of them would be G. W., too. We know a leading journalist in a neighboring city who was suspected of being concerned in cheating wool-merchants, and was, at the same time, avoided by a large portion of his relations because of an improper and secret marriage, when all the time it was another man of his name who cheated in wool, and still another who had sought the secret altar. One of the most accomplished writers of the day is often credited with the most mournful trash because several other persons who write for the papers have exactly the same name. We know a large family, all living in the same house, where there are three ladies of precisely the same name. It was so pretty and touching—and cruel,—to give them that favorite family name. But examples are not needed of the mischief of this confusion of nomenclature; we all know enough of it. So if you have a baby to christen, take the advice of Sairey Gamp—we can't go to her for advice in many things—and give it a name, one that shall be all its own.

### Of a Cup of Coffee.

It has been truthfully said that even in these enlightened days, and in the lands most blessed by the influence of civilization, there are thousands upon thousands of persons born into the world who live long lives and then go down into their graves without ever having tasted a good cup of coffee. There are many reasons for this, and the principal one, of course, must be that so few persons know how to make good coffee. And yet there have been thousands of recipes and directions published which teach us how to make good coffee by boiling it; by not boiling it; by confining the essence and aroma; by making it in an open vessel; by steeping it; by not steeping it; by clearing it; by not clearing it; by grinding it fine; by grinding it coarse, and by many other methods opposed to each other and to all these. Now we do not intend to try to tell anybody how to make good coffee, but we just wish to say a word about the treatment of the coffee after it is made. And on this treatment depends its excellence, brew it as you may. The rule is simple: *never decant it.* Whatever else you do about it, bring it to the table in the vessel in which it was made. A handsome urn or gorgeous coffee-pot is the grave of good coffee. Of course, if it is considered more desirable to have the pot look well than to have the coffee taste well, we have nothing more say. But when hot coffee is emptied from one ve into another, the kitchen ceiling generally rece that essence-laden vapor which should have found way into the cups on the breakfast table. And word about these cups. When the coffee enters th it should find the milk or the cream already the By observing these rules, ordinary coffee, made in most any way, is often very palatable indeed.

### Suggestive Idiots.

The earnest and persevering work of those w have charge of the children in some of our ins tutes for imbeciles is not only wonderful in its resul but it is very suggestive. Here is a child six or sev years old, unable to walk, stand, talk, or taste, a hardly capable of noticing what happens around he The Superintendent of an institution for the instru tion of idiots takes this girl and spends days and wee and months teaching her to stand in a corner. Aft five months constant and daily labor he is rejoiced t see that she has moved, of her own accord, one fo a half an inch forward! Therefore this patient teache announces triumphantly that the child can be cure And she is cured, for in time she became one of th best dancers in the institution! Besides this, he mind and body improves satisfactorily in other re spects.

Now, if men and women can be found who will thu labor and toil for years, with unremitting attention an care and solicitude, to awaken the dormant energie of poor little idiots, who at first give about as much encouragement to their teachers as might be expected from a lot of clams or oysters, and such surprising and happy results are thereby brought about, what might not be expected if our intelligent and sane children were treated with something of that earnest, thoughtful, untiring care which these poor idiots receive? We will not discuss the subject, but merely throw out the suggestion.

## CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

### "The Popular Science Monthly."

Science is pressing its function in popular culture to the extent of claiming a certain paramount authority. It will now reach the people through its own organs, and present itself as the exponent of exactness in the study of facts, the very impersonation of unbiased truth; and, as the consummate issue of severe fidelity to fact and logic, it is a court of last resort whereby the world's opinions must be finally tested. Our attention is called to the justness of such claims, and, equally, to the peril of usurped authority, by the appearance of a new organ—*The Popular Science Monthly.* The Prospectus fully sets forth the dignity of the work undertaken. Science, as here expanded, breaks from the old-time limitation of "physical." "It means the analysis of mind as well as matter." "It means the tracing of cause and effect in the sequences of human conduct, as well as the sequences of atmospheric change." It means, in fact, a strict inductive inquiry as to all that concerns the problems of human life in every relation, high or low. Believing it to be "of the highest concern that thought should be brought into the exactest harmony with fact," the Editor, Prof. E. L. Youmans, commences this *Monthly* with the intention that it shall meet the wants of the day more perfectly than any other. To realize such a magnificent promise the Editor should indeed be a man of men for elevation of thought and judicial equipoise in mind. A public educator, in such an oracular seat, takes upon him the highest responsibility for fidelity to pure inductive truth.

It is therefore painful to find that when we pass m the well-taken prospectus to the actual *Monthly*, e "strict inductive inquiry" fades softly away, as a dissolving view, and in its place blazes out one the most high-flown of human speculations. The ong bias of the Editor as an evolutionist cannot be pressed, and the attempt is made to educate the pular mind into the phraseology and methods of hat is at best a speculation, under the name of ience. If this were called the Youmans', or Evoluon Monthly, the mischief would be circumscribed; ut as the doctrine of Evolution, with its offspring, arwinism, is nothing more yet than a provisional ypothesis based on *à priori* reasonings, and not on ny valid induction of facts, the attempt to clothe in the imperial garb of science and set it for an rbiter of all beliefs is greatly to be deprecated in he interest of true culture.

There are two leading theories as to the problems f existence. According to the one, all things have eveloped from a primordial state of simplicity into he present conditions by sequences of natural cause nd effect, without the interposition at any point of a special Creative power. According to the other, t is held that beyond the stable order and methods of nature, there are evidences also of a Divine mind entering into the problem as an essential element. Just as a piece of gold, subject in every step of its history to physical laws, may still bear the image and superscription of a higher mind-power which has pronounced a rule over the physical, so nature bears the stamp of a God's control and cannot be fully understood except in the recognition. This theory completes itself in the assertion that this same Divine mind has given a clearer manifestation of itself by holding speech with man, opening to his mind the conception of a superior realm of being, with a Supreme Ruler to whom is due a certain allegiance. The appeal of both theories must be to inductive science. But the theory of evolution, not waiting in patience for the proof from induction, which it lacks in essential particulars, would adroitly take a shorter cut to power. It says boldly: "Your other theory is unscientific, and must be ruled out of the domain of right reason. Any colorable solution of the problem without God in it which human genius can invent, whether yet proved or not, is better than that; therefore Evolution is master of the situation; great is Evolution!" This is a headstrong begging of the question. Dogmatism has never done worse on any subject, or carried itself more haughtily.

Science is engaged to discover truth, whatever that is. If the universe has been self-contained, or self-evolved, the proofs will doubtless not elude human search. If a Divine power has taken part in the problem, inductive inquiry will find out that also, just as it continually runs across the track of the human mind in nature. The truth may be one way or the other. The findings must be in accordance with facts, and those who would discount the future, and forestall its verdicts by their own arbitrary assertions of what they think ought to be, are false guides for popular culture, the more to be blamed when they loudly appeal to "strict inductive inquiry" in applying it to other people's cherished beliefs. Sir Wm. Thomson, referring to some of Darwin's theories, says he is in sympathy with the "feeling." He used the word discreetly. It is yet no more than a "feeling." Other people may have differing "feelings," which are quite as respectable. The "feeling" of the *Popular Science Monthly* is manifest, only if this is to take the function of science in education, it betrays the truth and its own promise as well.

### "Fifine at the Fair."[*]

It is the fatality of genius that it is sure some day to fall short of itself, and great men have always need to pray that they may never come to outlive their own glory. Poetic power, in especial, flowers early. Rarely does it happen to a poet to produce in the afternoon of life anything which will endure comparison with the rich first-fruits of his earlier manhood. If some of the world's great singers could but have resolved to lay down the lyre at, say, forty years of age, their worshipers might praise with more liberal confidence, and their detractors lack ground for their censure. Perhaps no one illustrates this better than Robert Browning. Had the author of "Men and Women," "The Blot," and "Pippa Passes" given up poetry, at the very latest, after the publication of the "Dramatis Personæ," his name might have gone down to posterity as ranking, almost without serious dispute, among the three or four greatest poets of the language. As it is, though nothing can absolutely take away the merit of his earlier writings, it is certainly obscured by the mass of comparatively bad work done since, and his friends, in urging the quantity of symmetrical and artistically noble poems he has written, are confronted with a terrible array—almost yearly, alas! growing larger—of those which are neither the one nor the other.

Mr. Browning's metaphysical subtlety and analytic keenness—always marked traits in his works—have grown to be the inveterate and predominant features of his style and habit of thought, while his imagination has become at once morbid and weak, and his constructive power of arrangement and statement has lost coherence, clearness, and logical simplicity to a degree which puts his later writings completely out of the power of any reader who will not dare a headache, and almost a heartache as well, in the perusal. "Fifine at the Fair" still further develops the tendency to the unintelligible which cropped out in much of his earlier work, especially in "Sordello," with the superadded diffuseness which makes "The Ring and the Book," with all its evident merits, such wearisome reading. It displays all the marked faults of his style with sadly few of its virtues. All his freakish, oversubtle wanderings, and abrupt, unjustified transitions of thought, the strained figures, the rugged, eccentric, and affected forms of expression, are here in tenfold force. The practiced Browning reader will recognize more than ever the old difficulty—so usual in reading poets in whom the imagination and sense of analogy have outlived constructive power and clearness of statement—the difficulty of knowing just how far any assertion or proposition is to be taken with any approach to literalness, how far any figure is to be made immediately or evidently applicable, and how far, on the other hand, figure, illustration, and statement are to be subtilized, idealized, and used to interpret others as ideal and impalpable in endless geometric retrogression of refined vagueness. The general import, or rather *one* import of the book is tolerably clear, especially if read in the light of the little poems—the prologue and epilogue—which accompany it. Additional light may be thrown on it by many passages of the poem in "Men and Women" called "Any Wife to Any Husband," which expresses from another point doubts, fears, and longings to which the present work seems to give a sort of veiled and problematic answer. Its general drift, then, is to set forth the nature of soul influence and personal affection and attraction, the power of sensuous fascination and the deeper might of character, of radical sympathy and relation, with the effect of all these matters in teaching us the truth of existence (the watchword of the book) in ourselves or others, in training us to bear with the unrealities of this world for the sake of the underlying reality, and, as he ingeniously puts it, to float contentedly, merged in, but upborne by, the sea of the phenomenal in existence, so long as with mouth and nostrils we may drink in the purer *aura vitalis* of essential verity.

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[*] *Fifine at the Fair, and other Poems*, by Robert Browning, Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

In another light, and especially in connection with the poems we have mentioned, "Fifine" may be read with pretty direct and personal interpretation as a sort of profession of faith, the candid avowal of a man who has loved and sorrowed and thought, who has lost the one guiding star of his soul, the love of a faithful wife, and—we hope we are not putting it with painful literalness—has tried a good many temporary substitutes, *chemin faisant*. If "Fifine" means anything but the vaguest and most impalpable rhapsodizing she means just this, and pretty distinctly too. Indeed, at the outset of the poem, the author had every appearance of addressing himself to the serious treatment of a problem of which all art, poetry, and even philosophy takes cognizance, but which for evident reasons has rarely or never got frank and logical discussion—*i.e.*, the nature, scope, and warrant, the inherent meaning, and the power for good or evil, of sensuous charm and personal beauty. But if he really meant to treat this subject he has shirked the question, and only hinted at it throughout the body of the poem in vague and veiled allusion; though the mischievous little touch at the conclusion, like the key-note of a sonata, may seem to set the mind back in the track of reflection suggested by the opening stanzas.

With all its faults and obscurities, and they manifold, the book is worth study. We do not cla in the hasty reading we have been able to give to thoroughly grasp either its scope or its detail, here and there even a superficial perusal will det gleams of the old familiar gold, and glimpses of t profound suggestiveness for which, at his best esta we are more indebted to Browning, probably, than any other poet of the century.

### "The Child."

It is curious how ancient some of our modern ide are; how their germs have lain dormant age after ag like the fabled measure of Egyptian wheat, whic planted in kindly soil after three thousand years sepulture, sprouted as though but a season had elaps since it ripened on the banks of the Nile, grew lustil bore an abundant harvest, and thereupon became working factor in the life of these latter days.

Every generation since the divine Plato walked ar taught, seeds of culture have been sown and the neve ending harvest of education, more or less generou has been reaped: yet the plan of early schooling whic Plato suggested—the only true and normal plan of ju venile culture that has been devised—had to wait twen ty centuries for development and practical applicatio at the hands of Froebel. He planted the ancient germ anew, and his disciples are spreading its increase amon the nations. Its acceptance in this country has bee extremely slow. The American people have ever bee stanch believers in the benefits of early education they have been liberal in their support of primary schools; but unfortunately they have been self-persuaded that their primary schools were the best in the world, something that it were little less than sacrilege to accuse of radical error. Besides they are a serious people, believers in the preciousness of time, and looking upon the pursuit of pleasure, even by children, as something inconsistent with the dignity and responsibility of immortal souls. It might be tolerated to a certain extent as a weakness of undeveloped humanity, but encouraged—never! A scheme of education, therefore, based on play, a scheme which made pleasure a controlling element in mental development, seemed beneath their serious consideration.

Plato recognized the truth more clearly; and knowing that "the beginning is the chiefest part of any work, especially in a young and tender thing, for that is the time at which the character is formed and most readily receives the desired impression," he desired that the citizens of his ideal State should begin their education with the beginning of their lives, careful that during their first three years they should have "as little of sorrow and fear and pain as possible," that their souls might be "gentle and cheerful."

The business of the next three years should be play; not random, disorderly play, but social sports regulated by just laws and properly superintended. After the age of six, manly and womanly accomplishments were to be provided for, with music and gymnastics, the omen superintending the nursing and amusements of e children, the men their education, "that all of em, boys and girls alike, might be sound hand and ot, and might not spoil the gifts of Nature by bad bits." The fashioning of the mind by proper asciations and instruction, Plato insisted should be as refully regarded as the training of the body.

" We would not have our guardians grow up amid nages of moral deformity, as in some noxious pasture, nd there browse and feed upon many a baneful herb nd flower, day by day, little by little, until they silent- gather a festering mass of corruption in their own oul. Let our artists rather be those who are gifted to iscern the true nature of beauty and grace ; then will ur youth dwell in the land of beauty and health, amid air sights and sounds; and beauty, the effluence of air works, will meet the senses like a breeze and inensibly draw the soul, even in childhood, into harnony with the beauty of reason."

This is the true spirit, the spirit that underlies and inspires the working methods of Froebel's Kindergarten—the practical expression of Plato's plan. In it the educational value of play is duly recognized. Play is made the medium of instruction, the developing, disciplining occupation of mind and body. The child follows its natural bent, is a doer, a joyous maker from the outset; and its making and doing are so ordered that they shall lead on the child's physical, mental, and moral culture in their natural order, socially, cheerfully, skillfully, reasonably.

Among the disciples of Froebel none has been more successful in spreading the knowledge of his system than the amiable Baroness Marenholtz-Buelow, as well through her writings as her lectures in her Kindergarten Normal School in Berlin, and latterly in Florence, whither she has been called to aid in the regeneration of Italy by the introduction of Kindergarten and Normal schools for teachers. One of the most important of her works, *Das Kind und sein Wesen*, has lately been made the basis of a little volume in English (*The Child*, E. Steiger) which offers to American teachers and parents the clearest expression of Froebel's principles and methods in the language. The author, Madam Kriege, and her daughter—both pupils of Baroness Marenholtz—are practical Kindergartners who have done much during the past two or three years to naturalize the genuine Kindergarten among us. This little volume will, we hope, greatly aid the good work. The chapters on "the child's manifestations" and "the child's education" are admirably suggestive; indeed the whole volume, barring an occasional lapse into uncertain metaphysics, is compact of practical instruction of value to parents and teachers—instruction fraught with immeasurable good to the future guardians of our commonwealth if duly carried out.

### Mr. Beecher's "Lectures on Preaching."

THE *Lectures on Preaching*, which were given to the students of the Yale Theological Seminary during the last winter by the Reverend Henry Ward Beecher, have been collected in a volume by his publishers, Messrs. J. B. Ford & Co., and form the first volume of a uniform series of his miscellaneous publications.

It was the constant testimony of those who listened to these lectures, that Mr. Beecher never appeared to such advantage as during the delivery of them. And it is easy to see the reason why. The lectures are evidently in a great measure autobiographical, full of anecdote and illustration drawn from his own experience; and the character of the audience to whom they were given permitted the lecturer to speak with an informal freedom and familiarity which was especially agreeable to him, and must have been extremely satisfactory to his hearers. Indeed, some of the best points in the book were made in the course of the colloquial discussion which followed upon the close of each lecture, when Mr. Beecher was "open to questions," and with extraordinary readiness and aptness responded to the criticisms, suggestions, and inquiries which were poured in upon him.

The book illustrates what has been well said concerning Mr. Beecher, that the most extraordinary of all his many gifts is his common-sense. The oddities and eccentricities with which he has been credited are really inconsiderable, and would long ago have ceased to attract any popular admiration or attention. But the substantial and practical common-sense of the man, making him so infallible in his recognition of the common-sense, the common wants and sins and strifes and hopes and aspirations of the men to whom he speaks, has made him, more than all his other and more brilliant gifts have made him, incomparably the foremost preacher of his times.

There are few preachers who can read this volume carefully and not be better preachers and better men for it. The tendency will not be at all to encourage that mimicry of manner, that swelling, frog-like affectation of the mighty eloquence of Plymouth pulpit, of which among the younger ministers of this generation we have seen altogether too much, and of which, happily, the congregations of the land, however patient, are beginning to be heartily tired. On the other hand, the tendency of these lectures will be to make an end of such false conceit and petty self-consciousness, and to arouse the Christian manhood of the preacher to all earnest and strenuous endeavor, in such ways as are most fit and natural to him, for the salvation of the souls to whom he speaks. To magnify his office, in an Apostolic spirit, Mr. Beecher is no whit afraid. He loves his work. It is of all works the noblest. "True preaching," he says, "is yet to come. Of all the professions for young men to look forward to, I do not know another one that seems to me to have such scope before it in the future as preaching." Of course by this he does not mean the mere reading of homilies from a pulpit. What he does mean by it, and what his own example of twenty-five years has admirably illustrated, this volume teaches. And it is worth the while not only of ministers, but of laymen to give heed to it.

### "Unawares."

WHAT *Unawares* may be we know not, was our remark the other day when speaking of that graceful little tale, *The Rose Garden.* Since then Messrs. Roberts have done us the favor to introduce *Unawares* to our intimate acquaintance. Written with all the sentiment and delicacy which distinguish *The Rose Garden*, the story is to our thinking even more charming. It does not turn on the inconsistencies of a little willful heart like Renée's, but portrays the gradual growth and development of a true womanly nature. *Thérèse*, its heroine, and her uncle come to the quaint French town of Charville, with its beautiful cathedral, its gutters, its steep, dirty, picturesque streets, and gay figures of peasant women passing up and down. Here the uncle dies, leaving an oddly framed will by which M. Deshoulières, the physician who attends his last illness, is left unwilling *dépositaire* of a large property, to be paid, if claimed in Charville and before a certain period, to a certain Fabian Saint Martin, nephew to the deceased, and resident in some unknown part of the world. Advertising for the heir, or employing the police to trace him, is prohibited under heavy penalty by the terms of the will.

*Thérèse* meanwhile, whom her uncle does not love, receives a meager provision on condition that she remain in Charville. M. Deshoulières, made thus greatly against his inclination the guardian of somebody's else fortune and niece, is a reserved man, absorbed in curing the bodies of men, but full of noble and tender impulses. He learns to love *Thérèse*, whose loneliness appeals to his sympathies, and finding too late that her heart is given to the absent Fabian, still continues his faithful and unselfish care of her interests. She, meantime, grows into recognition of his qualities, and unconsciously invests with them the boyish lover who for her sake quarreled with his uncle and left his home. Finally the heir appears, his return delayed by sundry machinations on the part of a little evil notary. And lo! as is often the case when lovers meet after long parting, *Thérèse* finds that her visionary hero is by no means the real Fabian, and he, on his part, has outlived the fancy which took no real hold on his shallow nature, is patronizing, indifferent, cold. The dream is broken, Fabian not even recognizing that there was a dream to break, and *Thérèse* by no means allowing the scattered fragments to impede the path of true happiness. All ends well, and M. Deshoulières realizes his vision of the "shining lady in the balcony" waiting to welcome him home.

We are struck afresh in reading this story by the same odd inconsistency between spiritual and material atmosphere which was so remarkable in *The Rose Garden.* The *entourage* is as distinctively foreign as the actors are not. It is an English mind thinking in French, a French landscape whose figures are full of the health, simplicity, and underlying reserve of En lish character. The point and delicacy, the finish phrase and picturable quality of the book cannot too highly praised. It abounds in tender thoug and happy touches. As for example:—

"When we are quite young we are so rigorous ov our sorrows that we are impatient of comfort; it is after-life that we learn to refuse no consolations."

"She thought of herself as if some day her longin must be satisfied, her troubles ended and laid asid everything completed, rounded off, perfect. Aft that, I think there came a golden haze. There something half-pathetic, half-comforting, in this unlimited faith in coming happiness. We see where fails, but every now and then it *acts upon our weari spirits like a breath of immortality.*"

"Though it be but a poor little hive, it makes great difference whether you are the queen or a working bee."

Or this, which rounds off the book like a benediction:—

"Charville has not changed very much, after all Down by the stone fountain the women chatter an gossip as shrilly as ever, and drown the under-tone o the river; the sun shines softly on the yellow cornfields, and the tall gabled roofs, and the Cathedra that crowns them all. One fancies it is a little like a life. Above broken imperfections, above din and ja and fret, there rises evermore the something higher towards which our eyes may turn, our weary feet may press. If it were not so we should be lingering in the cornfields and in the streets forever. But when we have once felt that other beauty, its desire can never again go out of our souls. And there are many ways by which we are led upward."

### Hazen's "School and the Army in Prussia and France." *

WHEN, in the summer of 1866, the Prussian army, in the short space of six weeks, overran the territory of her rival Austria, and, but for political considerations, would have dictated peace at the gates of Vienna, the world at large, looking on in awe and amazement, naturally enough asked, "How did she do it?" The less intelligent ninety-nine-hundredths of the questioners were easily put off with that simple shibboleth, *the needle-gun*, and the more inquisitive hundredth man was fain to be content with the more radical, but still not quite satisfactory explanation of superior discipline, preparation, and tactical skill. But when, only a year ago, she supplemented this first success by the complete subjugation of the so-called most military country in the world, the French Empire, and that in one continuous line of unimpeded success, popular curiosity among both thoughtless and reflecting people urgently called for minute and satisfactory information. It was clear that no mere accidental good fortune, no partial differences of personal bravery, no mere tactic superiority in individual commanders would explain a predominance so overwhelming, and a prosperity so absolutely unbroken. Foreseeing the necessity of just such an explanation, General Hazen of the American army early applied for and obtained leave of absence from his duties at home and the corresponding permission to accompany the movements of the main body of the German army, then at Versailles. During a protracted stay at the Prussian headquarters, and in the lines before Paris, he had good opportunities for noting the main features of army organization on both sides, as well as for much personal observation of daily life in camp, and other matters of suggestive detail. The resulting work, whose title heads our article, though it leaves much to be desired in minuteness and completeness, to say nothing of a certain lack of skill in massing and grouping facts and conclusions so as to bring the chain-work of the argument and the cogency of the main facts into clear relief, is still very instructive.

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* Harper and Brothers, Publishers.

The Prussian army, in brief, owes its immense superiority to the fact that it is an organization of intelligent men, officered in the field by men in the average still more intelligent, and directed by a staff of still higher commanders, not necessarily superior to their immediate subordinates, perhaps, in general culture, but trained to the last degree in their special science, and who have for many years past brought to bear on the study of war and its appliances a loving care and minuteness beyond all parallel in history. The rank and file are efficient, because they are on the whole well educated before entering the army, most carefully and sternly drilled while in it, and returned to their reserve condition of *landwehr* when they are thoroughly taught, and before they have had all individuality and stimulus for a civil career crushed out by too protracted service. The officers are excellent, because they are under the most admirable system of education and promotion, rendering it, if General Hazen may be believed, next to impossible for an incompetent man to get into a regiment, or to stay in if once admitted, and because they can at all times be drawn in in large numbers from the ranks of the *Freiwilligen* or educated volunteers. These, it may not be generally known, are young men who, on condition of a successful career at the gymnasia or other higher schools, are let off with one year's service in the army instead of three, treated with a certain deference and consideration during service, and considered in all respects as the standing supply from which to draw officers for the *landwehr* or first reserves, and consequently for the army in actual service in case of war, as the landwehr, in case of a general war, are sure to be called into action.

The army is efficient because it is admirably clothed, fed, and generally cared for in all material regards. The ranks of the regiments are steadily kept filled from reserve battalions organized and drilled on purpose, so that new-comers ripen with the maturity of the veterans, and the army organization is kept within limits; instead of the suicidal system which, during our own war, kept sending entirely green regiments to sicken in camp or be beaten in the field, while old regiments, fully officered, showed but a corporal's guard of privates on the roster. Of the magnificent management by which these regiments are fed, clothed, doctored, forwarded, armed, and equipped, by special organizations, without weakening the regiments by that curse of our own army, special details, the author speaks in emphatic terms.

For a further and more specific answer to the question as to the cause of the immense Prussian superiority in the late war, the following extract may serve. The italics are our own:—

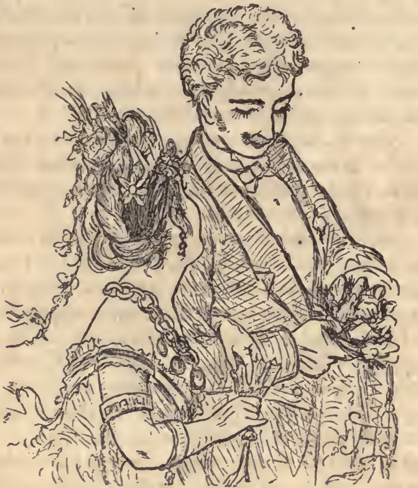
"We have seen that the emperor thought it well to go to war with *two hundred and thirty thousand men;* that with this force he undertook the invasion of a country whose government could oppose him on his own frontier, as soon as he could reach it, *with nearly six hundred thousand men in the front line. This he knew, as did every military scholar in Europe.* He was not deceived about the strength of his own army, as many have supposed; for the figures I have given were national property, and known to every officer in France—the same situation existing at the time of the Crimean War in 1855, and again with Italy in 1859. It is true, that a law creating the reserve and the Garde Mobile was passed in 1868, but sufficient time had elapsed for the creation of only about one hundred thousand of the former, and the latter had not been embodied at all. The fact that such an enterprise was undertaken can only be accounted for on the ground of inordinate French egotism, or as the desperate resort of a political gambler.

"The German soldier is about one-fifth larger than the French, vastly superior in education, and better instructed in his duties. He is plodding and steady in everything he does, thoroughly subordinate, has a tenacity of purpose that never flags, and a constitution that rises superior to all vicissitudes. He is as brave as the Frenchman, has less enthusiasm that wears out the will, marches lighter, has a more rigorous regimen, is more sturdy of purpose, and has a deeper respect for authority, and a more intense love of country. Had France been the equal of Germany in all these respects, twenty years of industrious preparation would have still been necessary to place her in a condition to challenge Prussia with an equal chance of success."

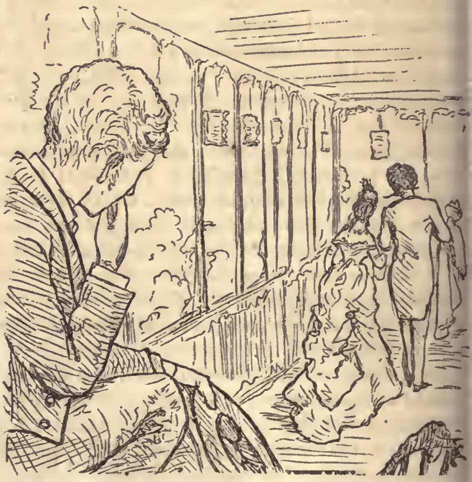
Our author's description of the military schools in Germany and France is of interest, but that of the civil schools, as inevitable with so important a subject, is rather sketchy and perfunctory. The whole book is a curious commentary on the pains and scientific acumen which the world has always laid out in human destruction, and the pacific reader will lay it down with a disagreeable conviction that men waste about half their available strength in putting each other out of existence.

# ETCHINGS.

## AT THE HOP.



“Yes, I'm here, I suppose you're delighted:
You'd heard I was not coming down!
Why I've been here a week!—‘rather early’—
I know, but it's horrid in town.
A Boston? Most certainly, thank you.
This music is perfectly sweet;
Of course I like dancing in summer,
It's warm, but I don't mind the heat—
The clumsy thing! Oh, how he hurt me!
I really can't dance any more—
Let's walk—see, they're forming a Lanciers;
These square dances are *such* a bore.
My cloak, oh! I really don't need it—
Well, carry it,—so, in the folds—
I hate it, but Ma made me bring it;
She's frightened to death about colds.
This *is* rather cooler than dancing,
They're lovely piazzas up here;
Those lanterns look sweet in the bushes,
It's lucky the night is so clear.
I *am* rather tired—in this corner?—
Very well, if you like—I don't care—
But you'll have to sit on the railing—
You see there is only one chair.
‘*So* long since you've seen me’—oh, ages!—
Let's see, why it's ten days ago—
‘Seems years’—oh! of course—don't look spooney,
It isn't becoming, you know.
How bright the stars seem to-night, don't they?
What was it you said about eyes?
How sweet!—why you must be a poet—
One never can tell till he tries.
Why *can't* you be sensible, Harry!
I don't like men's arms on my chair.
Be still! if you don't stop this nonsense,
I'll get up and leave you;—so there!
Oh! please don't—I don't want to hear it—
A boy like you talking of love
‘My answer!’—Well, sir, you shall have it—
Just wait till I get off my glove.
See that?—Well, you needn't look tragic,
It's only a solitaire ring.—
Of course I am ‘proud of it’—very—
It's rather an elegant thing.
Engaged!—yes—why, didn't you know it?
I thought the news must have reached here—
Why, the wedding will be in October—
The ‘happy man’?—Charley Leclear.
Now *don't* blame me—I tried to stop you—
But you *would* go on like a goose;
I'm sorry it happened—forget it—
Don't think of it—don't—what's the use?
There's somebody coming—don't look so—
Get up on the railing again—
*Can't* you seem as if nothing had happened?
I never saw such geese as men!



Ah, Charley, you've found me! A galop?
The ‘Bahn frei’? Yes; take my bouquet—
And my fan if you will—now I'm ready—
You'll excuse me, of course, Mr. Gray.”

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